

The moon in the window

by Yisroel Shtern (1920)

Translated by Miriam Leberstein (2006)

My eye
is fixed on the sky near the moon.
The reflection of silvery trees
settles into the dark corners
of my young heart.
I rise from my bed.
Beautiful is the night,
as beautiful as a bride
who's in love with her groom;
who for many years
has wept and waited
and comes to the wedding
with shining eyes...
Quiet is the night,
as quiet as a mother
who sits by the cradle
smiling to her child
(already drifting off to sleep)
and still dreaming of the lullaby
she never got to finish.

I long to fling
open the window:
"Whoever has wept today
whoever has torn
hair from his head
asking with each hair,
what's wrong with me,
what's wrong with me;
whoever is unhappy
tonight
should dry his tears
at the spark of my heart
and with rejuvenated eyes
behold, how the shadows
at our heels
dissolve into silver.
And let us, all as one,
illuminate

that distant place where the
scattered days
gather together,
and with one voice pray
for a new dawn"...

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