

**Winds (1939)**

**By Yisroel Shtern**

Translated by Arnie Goldman (2006)

The bent-over city has gone.  
Nothing is here but the wind.  
Then in this hour of weeping  
Where can a home be found?

A wind still flutters the leaves,  
They fall towards him like to a saviour  
Leading them to a warm land.

A wind is a wind all the same,  
Though it cannot put out the sun.  
A child is less of a child  
When his mama's a poor washerwoman.

But while winds hurry and howl  
Prowling like hungry beasts, --  
Proud avenues and windows too, go along  
As if to their own funerals.

\*\*\*        \*\*\*        \*\*\*        \*\*\*        \*\*\*        \*\*\*        \*\*\*