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.

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