YOUR EYES
by Yisroel Shtern
Translated by Miriam Koral (2005, 2013)

So he tells her:
  Your eyes are pearls.
  Yet pearls lie in the sea
  and the waves ever restless be –
  How can I be sure of thee?

And she replies:
  Where the waters roil wilder
  is where the swimmer his measure seeks.
  If that is thy way – then come to me!

Then he tells her:
  Your eyes are children,
  black laughing children.
  All day they run around
  from street to street, and from the streets
  to the trees – and from the trees
  they dance the sun to greet,
  and late at night they weep:
  Give the moon to me! –
  How can I be sure of thee?

And she replies:
  He who a good father is
  laughs when his children laugh;
  when they cry – their tears are his.
  If that is thy way – then come to me!

Then he tells her:
  Your eyes are tablets,
  black fire on white fire.
  It may yet be
  that long our desert sojourn takes
  with sins occurring along the way,
  and they will break --
  How can I be sure of thee?
And she replies:
  When hands grow scorched
  by the fiery stones,
  letting them drop to the ground,
a Moses sprung from compassion ascends
  between the heavens and the hills,
and upwards he cries:  Forgive them!
  And he brings new tablets again.
If that is thy way – then come to me!

(Ed. - date of composition unknown – but before 1935)