

Unter Dayne Vayse Shtern

by Avrom Sutzkever http://www.nytimes.com/2010/01/24/books/24sutkever.html?_r=0

Under your white stars
Unter dayne vayse shtern
Stretch to me your white hand
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant
My words are tears
Mayne verter zaynen trern
Want to rest in your hand
Viln ruen in dayn hant
See, it darkens their sparkle
Ze, es tanklt zeyer finkl
In my cellar view
In mayn kelerdikn blik
And I have even not no corner
Un ikh hob gor nit keyn vinkl
Them to send you in return
Zey tsu shenken dir tsurik

Begin chasing me strange ones
Nemen yogn mikh meshune
Stairs and courtyards with howling
Trep un hoyfn mit gevoy
Hang I a broken violin string
Heng ikh a geplatste strune
And I sing to you thusly
Un ikh zing tsu dir azoy

Unter dayne vayse shtern...

Under your white stars, stretch your white hand to me. My words are tears that want to rest in your hand. See, their sparkle darkens in my cellar view. And I have no corner to send them back to you.

And yet I want, dear God, to entrust in you my fortune, because a fire rages inside me, and the fire consumes my days. Only in cellars and pits cries the murderous quiet. So, I run across the rooftops searching, where are you, where?

Strange ones begin to chase me on stairways and in courtyards howling.

I hang like a broken violin string, and I sing to you thusly.

Under your white stars, stretch your white hand to me.

My words are tears that want to rest in your hand.