

## Unter Dayne Vayse Shtern

by Avrom Sutzkever [http://www.nytimes.com/2010/01/24/books/24sutkever.html?\\_r=0](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 trem  
Want to rest in your hand  
Viln ruen in dayn hant  
See, it darkens their sparkle  
Ze, es tunklt 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.*