

Sunday Scholar's Series

Uri Feinberg – 2 poems

Homeward – Aharon Ashman

From East and West and all the ends
From desert rocks and depth of waters
Hearts are burning, hands are stretched –
Homeward,
Homeward, homeward, homeward,

What are gun fire, fear of jail
Darkness of sea and the teeth of rocks
To the soul of a Jew imprisoned by magic light
Homeward

If I die on the wandering erring boat
And my body is thrown to the fearful abyss
It will still go on its only unique road
Homeward

With my head adorned with seaweed
Eyes shut, hiding the fire
I will embrace the shore
With a yelling silence
Homeward

And behold my image
In the wandering cloud
And behold my image
in the dying light of the day
And my voice will chase you un-consoled, unsettled
Homeward.

Where shall I Run? Avigdor Hameiri

To be disgusted and love, to love and be disgusted
To carry the yoke:
Till trepidation to crash and heal-
Just be here, only be here

To suffer hellish torture for a penny
With a plucked soul
To see what is coming and no one regretting
Just among them, just among them.

To be as desolate as my people and a bastard
With no helping hand
To be disgusted by man, both evil and good
Just not to leave, just not to leave

To saw love, and healing and lamentation
For those sickened by hatred
Just stay, cut up and bleeding
In this inferno, in this inferno

But what if I am fed up with this tiny people
To death and revulsion?
What if the tender string will break?
Where shall I run? Where shall I run?