

Wherever I go . . .



Wherever I go, I hear footsteps:

*My brothers on the road, in swamps, in forests,
Swept along in darkness, trembling from cold,
Fugitives from flames, plagues and terrors.*

Wherever I stand, I hear rattling:

*My brothers in chains, in chambers of the stricken.
They pierce the walls and burst the silence.
Through the generations their echoes cry out
In torture camps, in pits of the dead.*

Wherever I lie, I hear voices:

*My brothers herded to slaughter
Out of burning embers, out of ruins,
Out of cities and villages, altars for burnt offerings.
The groaning in their destruction haunts my nights.*

My eyes will never stop seeing them
And my heart will never stop crying "outrage";
Every one will be called to account for their death.

*The heavens will descend to mourn for them,
The world and all that is therein
Will be a monument on their grave.*

Shin Shalom, translated by David Polish



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