

Al tirah yaldi

Don't be frightened [Untitled Poem]
David Vogel (1891 - 1943)

Don't be frightened, my son,
They are only two mice
Jumping off the table to the chair.
They're smaller than you
And can't eat you.

Don't be frightened, my son,
It's only the rain's finger
Tapping, damp, on the window,
We won't let him in.

Hide snug in me,
I am your mother.
The dark night will stretch over us,
And no one will find us.

translation: A.C.Jacobs

A.C.Jacobs, *Collected Poems and Selected Translations*, Menard Press/Hearing Eye, London 1996. Translation copyright Menard Press on behalf of the Estate of A.C.Jacobs".

Chant : Zahava Seewald
z.seewald@mjb-mjb.org