

Chaim-Leib Szwarc

My Desire...



My desire...

Before I die, I would have wished yet to have
A house on the seashore;
The roof will be doused, reddish-gold,
Violet window panes from the horizon's flame.
Colourful flowers around, with bunches of grapes,
And vegetables of all kinds, and ripe fruits.
The news will come – by way of pigeons flying,
And a blue creek shall wind its way through the garden.

My Leah, by the creek, books will read,
And feel like a young princess.
The grandchildren will sing my songs,
And bring Grandmother fruit to eat.
A cool breeze will refresh in the evening,
And it will radiate with heavenly colours.
And when my Leah will play my compositions
Then I shall ponder: To live? or –To die?...

Seattle, March 1952