

## Yom Kippur

Oh, merciful God, forgiving God –  
Your People stand, from great to small,  
And beseech You for their sins,  
And beat their hearts. I am the only one  
[whose] mouth is shut, without *Al-Chet*<sup>\*1</sup>  
My gaze is mute, my heart as hard as stone;  
Yet grant me, God, I am Your child –  
Your child who feeds on Your pain.  
And had I desired to repent,  
And weep – God, I shall no more.  
Oh, my heart has no more sighs,  
And my eyes no tears!  
I gave my last tear  
To a sister in a distant land,  
Who in the Dniester's deepness,  
Extinguished her pain and shame.  
I gave my last sigh,  
Together with a grind of teeth,  
To an old man whose ardent spirit  
Went out being flogged.  
I have, God, no longer anything for you,  
No sigh and no tears:  
My eyes are as dry as thorns,  
And my heart is void...

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<sup>\*1</sup> [TN: "For the Transgression"; prayer of repentance enumerating one's sins.]