No. 17. "Scorched Bees".

You don't even know how well off we are, we Jewish orphans, who lay out our pain in Yiddish, like bricks added to a doomed building, a building where angels sing near the walls and the song reaches the heavens.

You have no idea how sweet it is to sing with an angel. Melodies circle round like scorched bees - they will yet discover honey in a Yiddish word.

(Translation by Barnett Zumoff.)