Afn toyt fun Boris Nemtsov

A ponem, erev shabes, beys malokhim shtil ayln zikh arop af undzer erd, do tuen rotskhim op besod, in khashkhes, akhzoriesn zeyere, kedey gevagte, dreyste menchn zoln shtarbm, vi martirer - un oykhet vi tsadikim...

* * *

Nit ikh bin gelegn ba nakht a geteyter antkegn dem Kreml, nit mikh vi a held hobm laytishe menchn baveynt un baerdikt, un nit in mayn ondeynk geshpant hobm tsendliker toyznter menchn in mayn heymshtot Moskve, gebrakht hot men blumen un likht ongetsundn in London, New York, in Pariz, Prog un Kiev oykh nit in mayn ondeynk - vayl ikh bin nit er...

* * *

Nit bekoyekh bin ikh umkern dayn lebm un far dir nekome nemen nit bekoyekh... Kon ikh itster in makhtlozikayt un yiesh nor bloyz shraybm proste shures in dayn ondeynk zol er likhtik zayn, gebencht un eybik. Omeyn.

* * *

Un tsu vos hobm moyre far toyt?

Oyb s'iz do oylem-habo,
iz nit vikhtik, vi lang iz dos erdishe lebm.

Un oyb nit,
vet alts teykef farshvindn - un gor.

On the Death of Boris Nemtsov

Apparently, on the eve of the Sabbath, while angels are hurrying down to the Earth, murderers perform their cruel acts in secrecy and in darkness so that daring bold people should die like martyrs, and also like saints.

* * *

It was not I who lay killed at night across from the Kremlin; it was not me that decent people mourned and buried as a hero; and it was not in memory of me that tens of thousands of people marched in my home city of Moscow, brought flowers and lit candles in London, New York, Paris, Prague, and Kiev.

Not in memory of me, for I am not he.

* * *

I don't have the power to restore your life to you, nor do I have the power to take revenge for you. Now, in powerlessness and anguish, I can only write simple lines in your memory: may it be bright, blessed, and eternal. Amen.

* * *

And why be afraid of death?

If there is a next world,
it's not important how long one's earthly life is,
And if not,
everything will disappear immediately—and that's all.

Nit di eygene ptire iz shreklekh,
nor far undzere noente, kroyvim,
un bazunders far yene,
vos in laydn undz gebm dos lebm...
Oh, vi mutik un shtark iz dayn yidishe mame:
i in onheyb zi hot dikh bagaystert
geyn on pakhed af yenem geferlekhn veg,
i atsind, nokh dayn mord,
durkh dem troyerveg hot zi geshpant on shum trern.
Nit aza iz mayn mame,
un ven ikh volt geshtorbm far ir,
volt zi es nit gekont iberlebm.
Vel ikh tomid deriber zi hitn un kol-zman s'lebt mayn mame, vel ikh zayn mekane dayn toyt...

It's not to ourselves that our death is frightful, but to our dear ones and relatives, and especially to those who, in pain, gave us life.

Ah, how courageous and strong is your Jewish mother, both in the beginning, when she inspired you to walk fearlessly on that dangerous road, and now, after the murder, when she marched on the road of sorrow without any tears.

My mother is not like that—
if I had died before her, she wouldn't have been able to survive it.

So I will therefore always protect her,

and while my mother lives, I will envy you your death.