

Rivka Basman Ben-Haim,
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.