

Dahlia Ephrat

Bialik/ Take Me Under Your Wings

Take me under your wings,
Be to me mother and sister.
your bosom shelter my head, Let
Nestle my banished prayers.

Then in twilight, the hour of mercy,
Bend down to me, my anguish I'll tell thee:
There is Youth in the world, they say.
My youth – where is it?

And another secret I'll tell:
My soul, it is all burnt out.
There is Love in the world, they say.
Love – what is it?

The stars have all deceived me.
There was a dream, it too has passed.
I have not a thing in the world now.
I have nothing, at last.

Take me under your wings,
Be to me mother and sister.
Let your bosom shelter my head,
Nestle my banished prayers.

Translated into English by Dahlia Ephrat

Dahlia Ephrat is a multilingual poet and poetry translator based in Israel.

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