From The Place Where We Are Right

קן הַמְּקוֹם שֶׁבּוֹ אָנוּ צוֹדְקִים, From the place where we are right לא יצְמְחוּ לְעוֹלֶם Never will there sprout פַּרָחִים בָּאָבִיב.

דהַמְקוֹם שָׁבּוֹ אָנוּ צוֹדְקִים The place where we are right הַמְקוֹם שָׁבּוֹ אָנוּ צוֹדְקִים Is trampled and hard . Like a courtyard.

אַבָּל סְפֵּקוֹת וַאֲהָבוֹת עוֹשִׁים

The world loose

The world loose

Like a mole, like a plow.

And a whisper will be heard in the place

שָׁבּוֹ הָיָה הַבַּיִת

Where the house once was,

Now destroyed.

Yehuda Amichai, *from* Shirim 1948-1962 Translated by Rabbi Steven Sager