

Yizkor (We shall remember) by Abba Kovner

Let us remember our brothers and our sisters  
the homes in the cities and houses in the villages  
The streets of the town that bustled like rivers  
And the inn standing solitary on the way.  
The old man with his etched-out features  
The mother in her sweater  
The girl with the plaits  
And the children.  
The thousands of communities of Israel with their families  
The whole Jewish people  
That was brought to the slaughter on the soil  
of Europe by the German destroyer.  
The man who screamed out suddenly and died while screaming  
The woman who clutched her baby to her breast and whose arms tumbled down.  
The baby whose fingers groped for her mother's nipple  
which was blue and cold  
The legs, the legs that sought refuge  
and there was no escape.  
And those who clenched their hands into fists  
The fist that gripped the steel  
The steel that was the weapon of the vision  
the despair and the revolt.  
And those with staunch hearts and those with open eyes  
And those who sacrificed themselves without  
being able to save others.  
We shall remember the day  
The day in its noon, the sun  
That rose over the stake of blood  
The skies that stood high and silent  
We shall remember the mounds of ash  
beneath flowering parks.  
Let the living remember his dead for  
behold they are here  
Before us  
Behold their eyes cast around and about.  
So let us not rest  
May our lives be worthy of their memory