

Dor Sheni (Second generation)

I am also second generation, my sister says,
A second generation of a different experience,
Dad is silent, Mom is talking,
He is angry, she is manipulating.

Five steps from corner to corner are counted,
Accounts on marble and granite stones he whispers,
To and fro, coming and going he returns,
Sand and cement for the foundation of a grave that he chooses.

A number of letters of the name of a “kundschaft” (*Client*) he counts,
With a sigh of sorrow the name of Moishel’ he suddenly remembers,
..... Szegény gyerek, szegény gyerek (*Poor Child..Poor Child*),
He says.
While the name of his parents is erased, like a tyrant.

There is no need for the name of a person whose grave is unknown,
For those who do not have a burial place, they also do not have a tombstone.

Szegény gyerek, szegény gyerek (*Poor Child..Poor Child*)
Moishel’!! Suddenly he screams,
He goes and shouts, goes and shouts,
He remembers the glaring look of his black eyes,
Szegény gyerek, szegény gyerek (*Poor Child..Poor Child*)

In front of him stands a memory that does not go away,

Pain, returns and agonizes, sorrow forever returns,
Although the memory of the subject of his love fades,
fading away.. fading away
Only the sorrow and the pain, do not leave.