

A SHTIK FUN HARTS

ir shrayt az yene zenen nit keyn gantse layt,
nor oysgehoyle gufim on neshomes.
ikh leyn ayere verter un ikh ken zey nit banemen
un es rayst zikh op a shtik fun harts.

mir zenen oyfgevoksn in der zelber vig,
gefirt in eynem kindershe milkhomes.
nor kh'her itst ayere koyles un ikh ken zey nit banemen
un es rayst zikh op a shtik fun harts.

kh'hob veynik vu tsu zayn—do nit zits! do nit shtey!
ikh zikh mayn velt, mayn dor.
es mont bay mir in kop: dos nit trakht, dos nit zog.
es brent in moyl dos vort.

ir grobt alts oys un grobt alts oys a tife grub,
un meynen, meynt ir az es iz far yene.
mir shteyen zikh baym sheydveg tsvishn mentshlekhkayt un tume
un es rayst zikh op a shtik fun harts.

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A PIECE OF MY HEART

You scream that “they” aren't whole people,
Just hollowed-out bodies with no souls.
I read your words and can't fathom them
And it tears off a piece of my heart.

We grew up in the same cradle,
Played childish wars together.
But now I hear your vitriol and I can't fathom it,
And it tears off a piece of my heart.

There's no room for me—Don't sit here! Don't stand there!
I can't find my world, my generation.
The voice inside my head demands: Don't think this! Don't say this!
The words burn in my mouth.

You keep digging and digging a deep grave,
Thinking it's for “them.”
We're standing at the crossroads between decency and “No,”
And it tears off a piece of my heart.

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The voice inside my head demands: Don't think this! Don't say this!
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We're parting at the crossroads between decency and “No,”
And it tears off a piece of my heart.

Text by Josh Waletzky, 2014-2016