

● “……我们是波兰犹太人……”

血的大海在远方滚动
破船的阴影庇护着我的童年
我又干又渴的睡去。
海洋送上来一股鱼腥
为了安慰那些眼窝深陷，充满眼泪的老人。
我突然从睡梦中惊醒
孩子们就站在我的脚前：

“……我们是波兰的犹太人……”

又苦又涩的口水从我嘴角上淌下来
我伸出了两手，叨念着梦中的诗句：

“……我们是波兰
犹太人……”

孩子们慢慢地散去。
我面对着被沙子咯扁了的太阳
还在想着那些波兰的犹太人。

“..... We are Polish Jews”

Blood's great sea tumbles in the distance
The shadow of the wreck sheltering my childhood
I go to sleep dry and thirsty
The ocean brought up a fishy odor
To comfort the sunken tear-filled eyes of the old
I suddenly woke from a dream
Children standing just before my feet

“.....We are Polish Jews....”

Bitter, acerbic saliva drips down from the corners of my mouth
I extended my two hands, pronouncing a line from a dream:

“.....We are Polish
Jews.....”

The children slowly dispersed
Facing a sun flattened by sands I
Am still thinking of those Polish Jews.

