

FOLD

FOLD

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FOLD

ON BOARDING SHIP IN ALEXANDRIA

YEHUDA HALEVI

At such a time, my eyes can't hold
The tears back any more.
They pour like hailstones,
Hot from a storm-wracked heart.
To part from Yitzhak was the easy part,
Even though the shock of it was rude.
But now that Shlomo is gone too,
I'm left in solitude
With no hope of seeing anyone again.
And that's the last of all my friends from Spain!

MY HEART IN THE EAST

YEHUDA HALEVI

My heart in the East
But the rest of me far in the West --
How can I savor this life, even taste what I eat?
How, in the bonds of the Moor,
Zion chained to the Cross,
Can I do what I've vowed to and must?
Yet gladly I'd leave
All the best of grand Spain
For one glimpse of Jerusalem's dust.