

## **Without Jews**

By Jacob Glatstein

*Translated by Cynthia Ozick*

Without Jews, no Jewish God.  
If God forbid we should quit this world  
Your poor tent's light would out  
Abraham knew you in a cloud  
Since then you are the flame of our face  
The raze our eyes blaze  
Our likeness whom we formed  
In every land and town  
A stranger

Shattered Jewish skulls  
Shards of the divine  
Smashed, shamed pots  
These were your light-bearing vessels  
Your tangibles  
Your portents of miracle

Now count these heads  
By the millions of the dead  
Around you the stars go dark  
Our memory of you obscured  
Soon your reign will close  
Where Jews sold a scorched waste  
Jews weep on dead grass

The dream raped  
Reality raped  
Both blotted out  
Whole congregations sleep  
The babies, the women  
the young, the old  
Even your pillars, your rocks

The tribe of your saints, sleep their dead eternal sleep

Who will dream you?

Remember you?

Deny you?

Yearn after you?

Who will flee you?

Only to return over a bridge of longing

No end tonight for an extinguished people

Heaven and earth wiped out

Your tent void of light

Flicker of the Jews' last hour

Soon Jewish God

Your eclipse