Is It True

Is it true - will there ever be days with forgiveness and mercy?
And you will walk in the field, like a simple wanderer.
Your feet on the small leaves will be gently caressed,
Or the stings will be sweet, when you are stung by the rye's broken stalks,
Or the downpour will catch you as the raindrops pound,
On your shoulders, your breast, your neck, and your mind will be clear.
You will walk the wet field, and the silence fills you -
Like the light that lines a cloud.
And you breathed in the furrows, a breath calm and even,
And you saw the sun in the reflection of the golden puddle,
And the things will be simple and alive, and it is permitted to touch them,
And permitted, and permitted to love.
You will walk in the field by yourself, never scorched by the heat,
Of the fires on the paths paved with horror and blood,
And in your heart you again will humbly surrender,
Like one blade of grass, like one of humanity.
My little girl (Goldberg’s Fields) / Meir Ariel

My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself,
Don’t walk by yourself in the golden field.
My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself,
It will sell you the expanse, the golden field.
It will enchant you through a thousand shades, the riddle of its distances.
Yet every place, its heart is evil.
In your eyes, it is false and disappointing.

My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself,
Don’t walk by yourself in the golden field.
My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself,
It will sell out even mother and father, the golden field.
It will give you clarity,
It will bring you a downpour, Pardes Hanna Karkur, the shadow of banana leaves,
Only your pounding heart, plucked, scratched, and crushed.

My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself,
Don’t walk by yourself in the golden field.
In life, a week goes by, The heart wandering toward a spring will soon fall asleep Rainwater in the pomegranate orchard villages with small leaves.
My little girl,
Don’t walk by yourself, Don’t walk by yourself in the golden fields, My little girl.