

# Empty echo (the longing for Israel)

Sonia Weitz (1972)

I am hurt and bleeding  
and still I know not  
the depth of my wounds  
which fester and rot.  
I am lost and frightened  
my spirits in shreds.  
It is getting late  
and the darkness spreads  
upon torn and tattered  
dreams that fate laid bare  
with the empty echo  
of hollow despair...

There is but one place  
my soul to restore  
one brightly lit haven  
'pon the rugged shore  
of a tiny nation  
whose eternal glow  
whose power to heal  
I may never know...

Whose power to heal  
I may never know...