

Noa, Yalda Im Zamot

I remember years ago
a little girl with her laughter
from high up on your shoulders you would tell
me stories,
and sing to me softly

once I had a little girl
with two braids swinging on her back
when she undid her thick black braids
my heart would also come undone

in the meadow, I unraveled them
friendly old moon smiled down on us
but in the fall, she'd shed them all
to the autumn of our souls

in the meadow, I unraveled them
friendly old moon smiled down on us

once I had a little girl
with two braids swinging on her back
she has gone, this little girl
and taken spring away with her

now that same girl stands before you
long black hair caped over her shoulders
stage lights shine
and in my mind
I send a song out to you

"once I had a little girl
with two braids swinging on her back"
but autumn's past
and she will laugh
fall is all but gone away
a lovely spring
begins
today