# BABI YAR [1961]

*Posted @ http://remember.org/witness/babiyar*

By Yevgeni Yevtushenko  
Translated by [Benjamin Okopnik](mailto:ben-fuzzybear@geocities.com), 10/96

No monument stands over Babi Yar.  
A steep cliff only, like the rudest headstone.  
I am afraid.  
Today, I am as old  
As the entire Jewish race itself.

I see myself an ancient Israelite.  
I wander o’er the roads of ancient Egypt  
And here, upon the cross, I perish, tortured  
And even now, I bear the marks of nails.

It seems to me that Dreyfus is myself. [\*1\*](http://remember.org/witness/babiyar#1)  
The Philistines betrayed me – and now judge.  
I’m in a cage. Surrounded and trapped,  
I’m persecuted, spat on, slandered, and  
The dainty dollies in their Brussels frills  
Squeal, as they stab umbrellas at my face.

I see myself a boy in Belostok [\*2\*](http://remember.org/witness/babiyar#2)  
Blood spills, and runs upon the floors,  
The chiefs of bar and pub rage unimpeded  
And reek of vodka and of onion, half and half.

I’m thrown back by a boot, I have no strength left,  
In vain I beg the rabble of pogrom,  
To jeers of “Kill the Jews, and save our Russia!”  
My mother’s being beaten by a clerk.

O, Russia of my heart, I know that you  
Are international, by inner nature.  
But often those whose hands are steeped in filth  
Abused your purest name, in name of hatred.

I know the kindness of my native land.  
How vile, that without the slightest quiver  
The antisemites have proclaimed themselves  
The “Union of the Russian People!”

It seems to me that I am Anna Frank,  
Transparent, as the thinnest branch in April,  
And I’m in love, and have no need of phrases,  
But only that we gaze into each other’s eyes.  
How little one can see, or even sense!  
Leaves are forbidden, so is sky,  
But much is still allowed – very gently  
In darkened rooms each other to embrace.

-“They come!”

-“No, fear not – those are sounds  
Of spring itself. She’s coming soon.  
Quickly, your lips!”

-“They break the door!”

-“No, river ice is breaking…”

Wild grasses rustle over Babi Yar,  
The trees look sternly, as if passing judgement.  
Here, silently, all screams, and, hat in hand,  
I feel my hair changing shade to gray.

And I myself, like one long soundless scream  
Above the thousands of thousands interred,  
I’m every old man executed here,  
As I am every child murdered here.

No fiber of my body will forget this.  
May “Internationale” thunder and ring [\*3\*](http://remember.org/witness/babiyar#3)  
When, for all time, is buried and forgotten  
The last of antisemites on this earth.

There is no Jewish blood that’s blood of mine,  
But, hated with a passion that’s corrosive  
Am I by antisemites like a Jew.  
And that is why I call myself a Russian!

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**NOTES**  
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1 – Alfred Dreyfus was a French officer, unfairly dismissed from service in 1894 due to trumped-up charges prompted by anti- Semitism.

2 – Belostok: the site of the first and most violent pogroms, the Russian version of Kristall Nacht.

3 – “Internationale”: The Soviet national anthem.

**Comments:**

This is not my story, but it is a story worth telling. A poem, actually; one I haven’t seen translated into English – strange, I would have thought it rendered in every language.

Submitted by [Ben Okopnik](mailto:ben-fuzzybear@geocities.com)

Growing up in Russia, I experienced antisemitism; personally directed, ubiquitous, and violent, covertly approved of by the government. Yevgeni Yevtushenko’s poem, written to expose the inhumanity of Babi Yar, and the subsequent injustice of the government’s refusal to raise a monument to the thousands of Jews executed there by the Nazi troops, produced a tremendous effect in Russia. Overt antisemitism slowly decreased, and many Russians to whom this had been normal and accepted practice, woke up to a new realization.

I learned this poem by heart when I was very young, without understanding anything except the basic ideas. Recently, I saw a copy of it, and remembered.

I still cannot read it without tears.

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