

Elijahu (Elijah)  
by Martin Buber  
rendered in English by Rabbi Zev-Hayyim Feyer

With fury like a hurricane's to earth did you descend,  
And strong in deed were you just like the storm.  
Being unto being then your storm-wind's breath did bend,  
And men's souls did you bless but scourge their form.  
You stirred the stiff-necked people into agitated light  
And castigated them with whirlpools hot.  
- You sought Me on your stormy heights throughout the day and night  
And found Me not.

On wings of storm-fed fire did you soar into the sky,  
Consuming all who failed to reach their best.  
Sun-strong, you made whole worlds burnt offerings to the One on High  
And flame-refined them 'til they passed your test.  
The soul of holy poetry your flame enkindled then,  
Brought into being from a youthful nought.  
- You sought Me in the searing heat of your abyssal den  
And found Me not.

My messenger did come to you and gently bent your ear;  
He placed it by the still life of My earth.  
Growing things moved 'round you, and at last you came to hear  
As seedling after seedling had its birth.  
In silence hammered blood on blood, quite overcoming you,  
So whole, so soft, so motherly and warm.  
- When you were forced to search within, to see yourself anew,  
You found My Form.