

# Poemas i Pinturas de Isaac Habib



Isaac Habib  
2018



## Los Sheshicos

Pisa estos sheshos\*  
 Tan hermosos por sus colores blancos y pretos!  
 Pasharos bolando, flores blancas y pretas.  
 Mira la hermosura de sus diseños!  
 Pisa los sheshos que encontras  
 Por la Chica Yerushalayim!  
 Siempre blancos y pretos.  
 Vida y muerte.  
 Pisa estos sheshos  
 Los pies descalzos!  
 Te duelen y saltas,  
 Te duelen y corres,  
 Te duelen que queman.  
 No llores!  
 Sudavan muestras madres  
 Al limpiarlos para que relucieran  
 Al venir la noche de Pesakh.  
 La hermosura de sus casas  
 Embasho se veia  
 Pos los sheshos blancos y pretos.

Tapalas! Duelen.  
 Tapalas! Queman.  
 Tapalas! Mos hace recordar  
 El tiempo que ya no esta mas.

Y las taparon por la mas parte,  
 Asi como taparon muestra historia.  
 Miles de sheshos ya no se ven mas.  
 Miles de Djudios ya no pisan mas en  
 Lo que fue la hermosura  
 De la Chica Yerushalayim.

\*sheshicos, sheshos: piedras blancas y pretas

## The Sheshicos

Walk on those sheshos\*  
 So pretty in their white and black colours!  
 Birds flying, white and black flowers.  
 Look at the beauty of the designs!  
 Walk on the sheshos that you see  
 In Little Jerusalem!  
 They are always white and black.  
 Life and death.  
 Walk on these sheshos  
 Bare foot!  
 They hurt and you jump,  
 They hurt and you run,  
 They hurt and burn you.  
 Don't cry!  
 Our mother's sweat,  
 To have them clean, so that they would shine  
 When came Passover night.  
 The beauty of their homes  
 Could be seen on the floors  
 Thanks to the white and black sheshos.

Cover them! They hurt.  
 Cover them! They burn.  
 Cover them! They remind us  
 Of the days that are no longer.

So they covered most of them.  
 Likewise, they covered our past.  
 Thousands of sheshos cannot be seen.  
 Thousands of Jews no longer walk  
 On what was, once, beautiful  
 In Little Jerusalem.

\*sheshicos, sheshos: black and white pebbles



## La Sinagoga Shalom

Entra! Entra!  
Las puertas estan aviertas!  
Ven! Ven en la hora buena!  
Talet quieres? No te estreches!  
Un monton toparas alli adentro.

Siente con que boz hermosa  
El khakham el Lekha Dodi lo canta!  
Escucha la riqueza de las oraciones!  
El Shema Israel, lo sientes? Dime, lo sientes?  
Como grande y poderoso es su Santo Nombre!

Détente! No hagas un paso mas!  
El mumuro de la Amida, no la oigo;  
Y el Kadish, se lo olvidaron?

Entra! Entra en muestra Kehila!  
Da tus oraciones de alma y de corazon!  
Ven! Pisa los sheshos\* de la sinagoga!  
No sientes el Cantar de los Cantares?

Entro en ella, y esta vacilla.  
Dingunos dan las oraciones.  
Dingunos minean los lavios.  
Las caras no tienen rasgos.  
Solo permanece la hermosura  
De la Antigua Sinagoga.

## The Shalom Synagogue

Enter! Enter!  
The doors are open!  
Come in! You are most welcome!  
Do you want a prayer shawl? Do not worry!  
There are heaps in there.

Listen to the beautiful voice of the cantor  
Singing the Lekha Dodi!  
Listen to the riches of the prayers!  
The Shema Israel, can you hear it?  
Tell me, can you hear it?  
How big and powerful is his Holy Name!

Stop! Don't take a step further!  
I do not perceive the whisper of the Amida;  
And the Kadish, have they forgotten it?

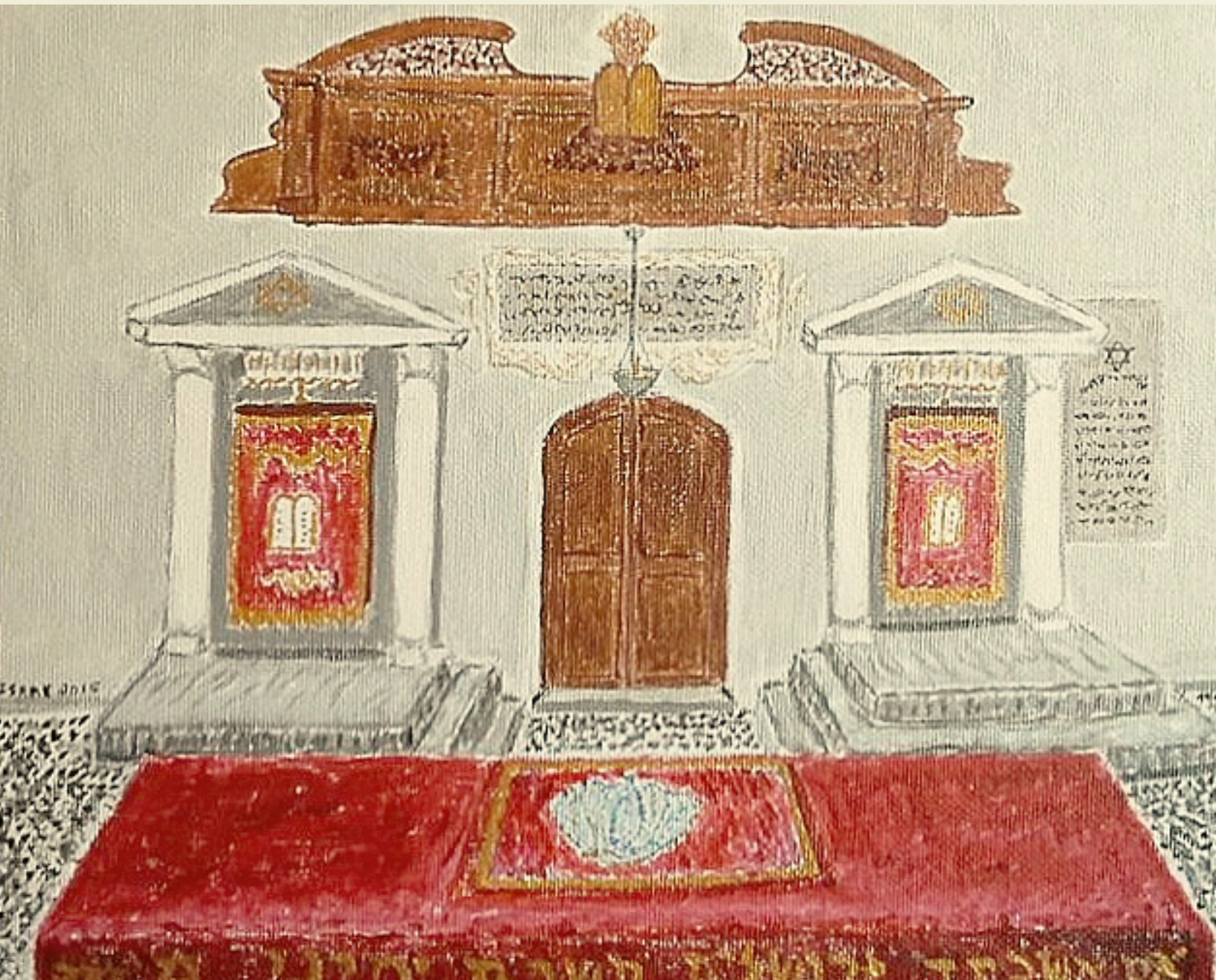
Enter! Enter in our temple!  
Pray whole-heartedly!  
Come inside! Step on to the sheshos  
in the synagogue.  
Can't you hear The Song of Songs?

I enter, and the place is empty.  
Nobody is praying.  
No lips are moving.  
Faces have no features.  
Only the beauty  
Of the old synagogue remains.

# Kahal Kadosh Shalom



# Santuario de la Tora



## A Los Que Se salvaron

Mueve meses para que nesca la criatura;  
Mueve meses para que desaparescan los de la Djuderia.

Mas de dos mil alli entraron.  
Poco mas de cien de alli salieron.

Los que de este enfierno se salvaron,  
Poco o mundo a sus hijos contaron.

Unos, sin reposo, de los campos havlavan,  
Mientras otros, siempre mudos quedavan.

Dos ellos, hoy, pocos en vida quedan.

La mayoría en países leshanos ahora reposa  
Con su tormento encerrado en tierra ajena.

Unos, a Dio reñgraciaron por su salvacion,  
Otros a Dio odiaron por su interna destruccion.

Fueron los testigos de la Shoah  
Que en los libros de historia  
Su calamidad apenas se menciona.

Madre, por ti, repetir la tu desgracia es mi dover,  
Sin que yo todo lo pueda dar a entender.

En el pecho mi pincha la dolor,  
Al contar con palavrás sin color,  
Tus mueve meses de maldicha vida,  
En que pedrites el poder llorar,  
Hasta mismo el poder amar.  
Seres humanos ya mas no erash.  
Tus palabras estas, en mi, son como rash.\*

En estos mundos andelantre,  
Que con tus compañeras de la Shoah,  
Conoscas serenidad eterna,  
En tu lugar de reposo, Madre querida.

\*Seismo.

## For The Survivors

Nine months to give birth to a child;  
Nine months for those of the Djuderia to vanish.

More than two thousand entered there,  
A little more than a hundred came out of there.

Those who came out of Hell  
Relate much or little to their children.

Some restlessly spoke of the camps,  
While others remained forever mute.

Few of them are alive today.

Most of them rest now in far-off countries,  
Entombed, their torment enclosed, in foreign lands.

Some thank God for their salvation,  
Others rejected God for their internal destruction.

They were witnesses of the Shoah,  
That the history books  
Barely mention their calamity.

“Mother, for you, I have the duty to speak about your  
anguish,  
But I’m unable to make myself fully understood.

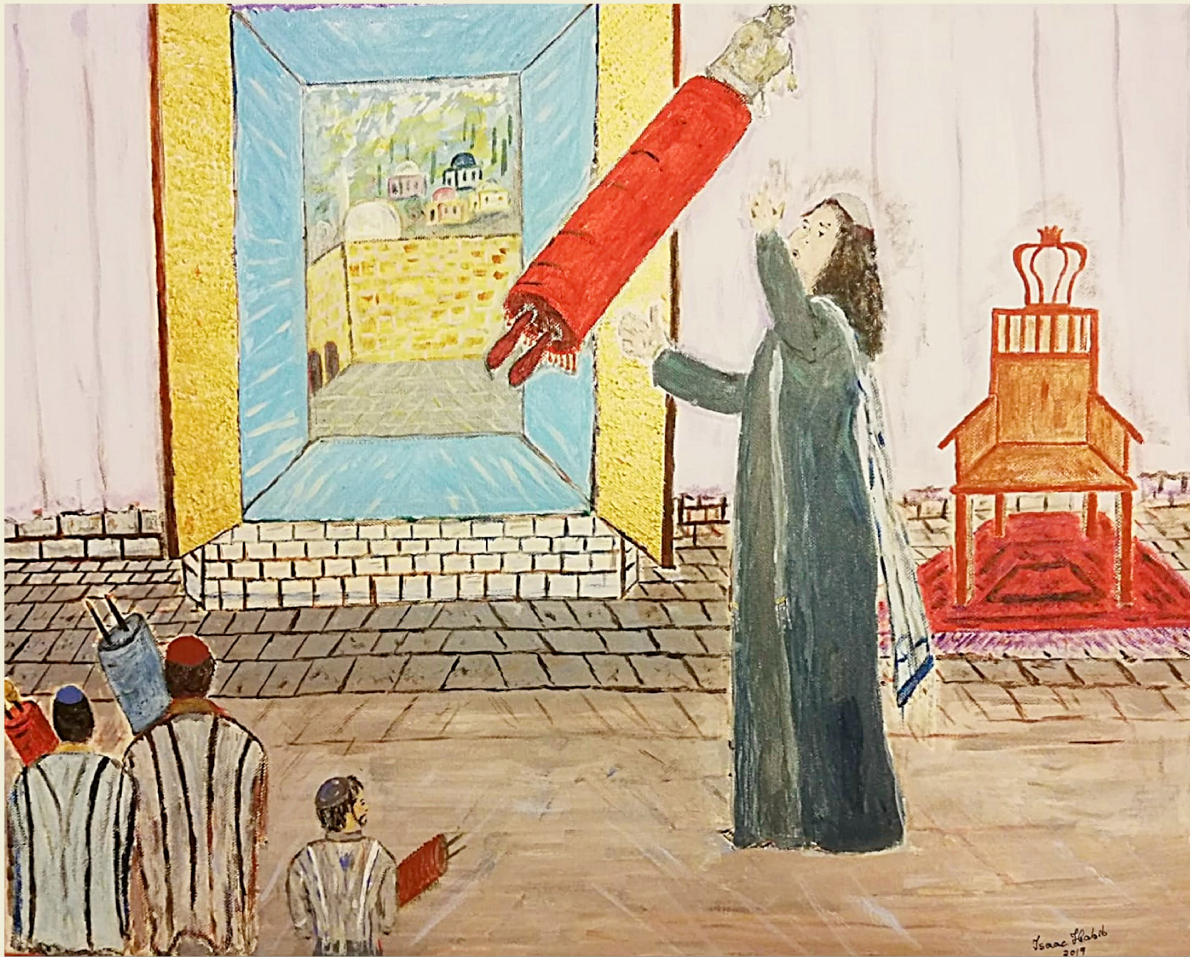
I feel pain in my heart  
When I recall, the colourless words,  
Your nine months of cursed life,  
When you could cry no more,  
Even love no more.  
You and your inmates were no more Human Beings.  
Your words were for me like an earth tremor.

In the next world,  
May you have eternal peace  
With your sisters of the Shoah,  
In your place of rest, Mother dear.”

Ilseac Shabib  
2018



Isaac Habibi  
2018



Isaac Habib is a Judeo-Spanish poet and artist. In 2010, his book, "La Djuderia de Rhodes," a compilation of Ladino poems, was published. In 2017, he held an exhibition of his paintings called "Art in the Making" at the Alliance Française du Cap, Cape Town.

Isaac is the son of Gershon Habib and Lucia Capelluto, a Holocaust survivor. He lives in South Africa and has been a source of knowledge about the history of "La Juderia". During the summer months, he dedicates his time on the island of Rhodes providing educational tours to the Rhodesli descendants and visitors.



Painting images and Ladino poems © Isaac Habib

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