

(Acrostic Poem on the Occasion of his 60th Birthday by Moshe Leib Liatski)

My birthday is on Adar 7, Wednesday 16th February
So nice, even until 100 years one should make a party

Hey, people live well in their old years, I've heard
Lezer has gotten old, but I've been punished by God

In my old age, I must sit in Orla all alone
Beside strangers, I'm lonely as a stone

Living by counting out pennies makes me sore
It's true everyone wants me to give them more

And when I become sick no one will bother
Zero is what they offer to refresh their sick father

Can you now fully understand what I've shown?
Every day is lonely if an old person lives alone

(This is the story of my present life alright
I will end my writing, time to sleep, good night
From me your father, father-in-law, and zayde:
Morris Light)