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Then from the tight cell of my narrow grief  
The voice of all who suffer rising strong  
Will cry to me like kin to kindred crying,  
Will ring out cleansed, transmuted in my song.  
(Mani Leib, "Ode to Simplicity")

There in the shadowy, dank hall  
Right alongside the ground-floor stair—  
A weeping girl, attended by  
A grimy hand in the mussed-up hair.  
—A little love in big Manhattan. . . .

It isn't that he's ill, the sad one  
Who contemplates these things at night;  
But sick of his own sadness only  
He lies and broods, his pipe alight.  
—A little love in big Manhattan.  
(Moishe Leib Halpern, "Song: Weekend's Over")

