Poetry for 7 October

Yizkor By Rabbi Charles Middleburgh

A true memory is not something you forget between one room and another.

True memory stiffens the hairs of your arms and sends adrenalin pulsing through the synapses of your brain.

True memory recalls a voice a touch a conversation

that catapults you, heart and mind, into the past. True memory mixes joy and sorrow, true memory reaches back to jewels of experience, accomplishment and insight.

True memory pierces like a knife and sets the heart's beat racing, true memory pricks the conscience, releasing long forgotten guilt. For Jews, true memory fuses us to men and women, places and events long forgotten.

places, and events long forgotten that, though experienced by others, inform our attitudes,

sharpen our minds, clear our reasoning, and set our peculiar existence in a time continuum that stretches back to the most distant

past and forward to a far distant future.

True memory links me to my ancestors and intimately connects my descendants to me.



Darkness over the Surface of the Abyss By Tzur Gueta

My teacher Michal once asked us: 'Who can tell me the meaning of the verse, "The earth was chaos and confusion, with darkness over the surface of the abyss."'?

All these years, from then to this very day, That question has echoed within me, the teacher's eyes As she was looking for a raised hand, echoed in me, That all-encompassing silence echoed in me.

On October 7th the ringing telephone echoed In the silent home of my teacher Michal. 'It's me,' I said, 'Here's your chaos and confusion. Here's your darkness. Here's your abyss. Goodbye.

A Prayer for the New Year By Eyal Ziv

Give us one year of real silence A year of white blooms and green grass A year of fervoured love and a toasty warm home And that we should know only once 'what is good and pleasant'.

A year without the voices of hate and the cries of the bereaved Without pictures of blood without the drums of war Without the paralysing fear of the worst Without missing the future laughter of the one who

was buried

Afterall, we didn't ask for kingdoms' treasures Nor subliminal happiness nor luxury cars Only a pinch of real silence and white blooms In which we could be adorned

As in the past to get excited from the autumn smells To gallop to happiness as the whistle of the train To build us a sukkah of peace now And to be deserving of sitting in it

הַמּוֹרָה מִיכַל שָּאֲלָה אוֹתָנוּ: מִי כָּאן יוֹדֵעַ לוֹמַר לִי מָה פָּרוּשׁ הַפָּסוּק וְהָאָרֶץ הָיְתָה תָהוּ וּבָהוּ וְחשֶׁךְ עַל פָּנֵי תְהוֹם

פָל הַשָּׁנִים הָאֵלֶה מֵאָז וְעַל הַיּוֹם הדהדר אוֹתָהּ שָּאֲלָה בַּתֻּכִּי הדהדו בִּי עִינֵי הַמּוֹרֶה הַמְּחַפְּשׁוֹת אֶצְבַע מוּנֶפֶת הדהדר בִּי אוֹתָהּ הַשִּׁתִיקָה הַגּוֹרֵפֵּת

בַּשָּבְעָה בְּאוֹקְטוֹבֶּר הדהר צִּלְצוּל הַטֶּלֶפּוֹן בְּבִיתָה הַדּוֹמֵם שֶׁל הַמּוֹרֶה מִיכַל זֶה אֲנִי אָמַרְתִּי הִנֵּה הַתֹּהוּ וּבָהוּ הִנֵּה הַחשֶׁךְ הִנֵּה הַתְּהוֹם שָׁלוֹם

> תפילה לשנה החדשה אייל זיו

תֵן לָנוּ שָׁנָה אַחַת שֶׁל שֶׁקֶט אֲמִתִּי שָׁנָה שֶׁל לובן הַפְּרִיחוֹת וְיֶרֶק הדשאים שָׁנָה שֶׁל לַהַט אֲהָבוֹת וְחוּם תַּנוּר בֵּיתִי וְשֶׁנֵדַע רַק פַּעַם מַהוּ טוֹב וּמָה נָעִים וְשֶׁנֵדַע רַק פַּעַם מַהוּ טוֹב וּמָה נָעִים

שָׁנָה לְלֹא קוֹלוֹת שִּׁנְאָה וּזְעָקוֹת הַשַּׁכּוּל לְלֹא מַרְאוֹת הַדָּם לְלֹא הלמות תַּפֵּי הַמִּלְחָמָה לְלֹא הַפַּחַד הַמְּשֻׁתָּק שֶׁל הַנּוֹרָא מִכָּל לְלֹא צְחוֹקוֹ שֶׁל הָעָתִיד אֲשֶׁר נִטְמָן בָּאַדָמָה לְלֹא צְחוֹקוֹ שֶׁל הָעָתִיד אֲשֶׁר נִטְמָן בָּאַדָמָה

הֵן לֹא בִּקַשְׁנוּ לָנוּ אוֹצָרוֹת שֶׁל מַמְלָכוֹת לֹא אֻשַׁר עִלָּאִי וּמְכוֹנִיּוֹת פְּאֵר קַרְטוֹב אַחֵד שֶׁל שֶׁקֶט אֲמִתִּי ולובן שֶׁל פְּרִיחוֹת אֲשֶׁר נוּכַל בָּהָם בלאט להתהדר

> לְהִתְרַגֵּשׁ כְּפַּעֵם מְרִיחוֹת הַסְּתָוּ לִדְהֹר אָל הָאשֶׁר כִּשְׁרִיקַת רַכֶּבֶת לִבְנוֹת לָנוּ סֻכַּת שָׁלוֹם עַכְשָׁוּ וְלָהִיוֹת בָּה רָאוּיִים לַשַּׁבַּת

Wish

Words by Aviv Peretz, Dror Mizrachi & Guy Dezanshvili

(Music by Ivri Lider and Valarie Chamaty)

And we will still talk of the craziness that was

And how we connected you and I And how beautiful is the hour

When the sun rises from the darkness

Come let's see

Miracles happened here and that's not a question

And if it's difficult to accept the blow? But you should know that that's how it is

To love unconditionally That's between you and me

Inshallah

Ooh Inshallah

When will we understand that not everything comes from

above A wish.

Ooh a wish

That the sun will shine on you and on me

וְעוֹד נְסַפֵּר עַל טֵרוּף שֶׁהָיָה וְאֵיךְ שֶׁחִבַּרְנוּ בֵּינִי לְבֵינְךְ וְעֵל כַּמָּה יְפָה הַשְּׁעָה שֻׁמֵחשֶׁךְ עוֹלֶה הַוְּרִיחָה בֹּא תַּרְאָה גַּם אַתָּה וְיֵשׁ פֹּה נִסִים לֹא זוֹ לֹא שָׁאֲלָה וְגַם אֵם קָשָׁה לְקַבֵּל אֶת הַמַּכָּה

אֲבָל כָּכָה זֶה שֶׁתַּדַע לֵאֵהֹב אוֹתִךְּ בִּלִי תִּמוּרָה

ָּהֶ זֶה בֵּינְי לְבֵינְךְ

בֵּינִי לְבֵינְךְ

אינשאללה

אווו אינשאללה

מָתַי כְּבָר נָבִין לֹא הַכֹּל מִלְּמַעְּלָה

מִשְּאֵלָה

אווו מִשְּאֵלָה

שָׁהַשֶּׁמֶשׁ תִּזְרַח עוֹד עָלֶיךָ, עָלַי

We Need a New Torah Now

By Elchanan Nir

Now like a breath of fresh air

We need a new Torah.

Gasping for air and with choking throats We need a new Mishnah and a new Gemara

A new Kabbala and new Elevations of the Soul And from the midst of all the wreckage, the salt and

the desert land, now

A new Hasidism and a new Zionism A new Rabbi Kook and a new Brenner

A new Leah Goldberg and new Yechaveh Da'at

New art and new poetry

New literature and new cinema

And new-ancient words

New ancient souls from the treasury

And a new love out of the terrible weeping.

For we were all washed in the rivers of Rei'm and

Be'eri.

And we have no other mountain within us

Nor another ten commandments

No other Moses and no more strength

From this moment everything is

In our hands.

עַכְשָׁו כְּמוֹ אֲוִיר לַנְשִׁימָה אֵנַחָנוּ צָרִיכִים תּוֹרֵה חֵדַשָּׁה

עַכְשָׁוּ בְּתוֹךְ הָאָוִיר שֶׁנִּגְמָר וְהַצַּיָּאר שֶׁנִּמְחַק

אָנַחְנָּוּ צְּרִיכִים מִשְּׁנָה חֲרָשָׁה וּגְמָרָה חֲרָשָׁה

וְקַבֶּלָה חֲדָשָׁה וַעֲלִּיּוֹת נְשָׁמָה חֲדָשׁוֹת וּבִתוֹךְ כַּל הַשֶּׁבֵר וְהַמֵּלֵח וְהַחַרָבַה עַכִּשִׁוּ

ָּחָסִידוֹת חַדַשַּׁה וִצִּיוֹנוֹת חַדַשַּׁה מַסִידוֹת חַדַשַּׁה וִצִּיוֹנוֹת חַדַשַּׁה

וְהָרֵב קוּק חָדָשׁ וּכְרֵנֶר חָדָשׁ

וְלֵאָה גוֹלְדְּבֶּרְג חֲדָשָׁה וִיחַנֶּה דַעַת חָדָשׁ

וְאָמָנוּת חֲדָשָה וְשִׁירָה חֲדָשָׁה

וְסִפְּרוּת חֲדָשָׁה וְקוֹלְנוֹעַ חָדָשׁ

וּמִלְּים חַדְתִּין-צְתִיקִין וּנִשָּמוֹת חַדָשׁוֹת-עַתִּיקוֹת מֵהַאוֹצֵר

וְהָאַהְבָה חֲדָשָׁה מִתּוֹךְ הַבְּכִיָּה הַנּוֹרָאָה כִּי נִשְטַפִנוּ כִּלֵּנוּ בִּנָהַרוֹת רַעִים וּבָאֵרִי

ָוְאֵין בַּנוּ הַר וְאֵין בַּנוּ הַר

ואין עוד לוחות

וְאֵין לָנוּ מֹשֶׁה וְאֵין בָּנוּ כֹּחוֹת

וּבְיָדִינוּ עַכְשָׁו הַכּּל

נַתַּן

Shabbat Candles By Osnat Eldar

When I come into Your chambers Will You receive me? I'll be walking awkwardly And won't worry about dropping my candlesticks on the way. You already broke the 'Protect' commandment Lam left with the 'Remember' On which are heaped the memories of that Shabbat When You sealed your chambers So You wouldn't see So You wouldn't hear. So You wouldn't know. For weeks I have been walking, An exile in my land and a stranger in my home Shabbat candles continue to cast light Like a shameful customary habit. Between the revealed and the hidden My soul flickers Signalling to me that there is still an opening Inviting me to unite the fragments of the 'Protect' To light the 'Remember' To welcome the Shabbat as a need, an expectation To make sure that tears do not extinguish the candles.

עת אָבוֹא בַּחֲדָרַיִּךְ התראני אַתִהַלֶּךְ בֵּינֵיהֵם בִּגַמְלוֹניוּת לא אחשש להפיל בדרכי את הפמוטים כבר שברת לי את ה'שמרי' 'נִשְאַרִתִּי עִם הַ'זִּכִרי' שַעַלַיו נַעַרְמוּ זִכְרוֹנוֹת הַשַּׁבַּת הַהִיא שַבָה אַטַמְתַּ אֱת הָדְרִיךְ שלא תראה שלא תשמע שלא תדע שבועות מתהלכת גולה בארצי וביתי זר לי נרות שַבַּת מַמְשִיכִים להַאִיר כָהַרגַל מִגַנָה שַׁסִּגַּלְתִּי בין גלוי לכסוי מְהַבְהֶבֶת נְשָׁמַתִי מסמנת לי שיש עוד צהר הַמַּזְמִין אוֹתִי לְאַחוֹת אֵת שָׁבְרֵי הִשָּׁמְרִי להדליק את הזכרי להַכנִיס אַת הַשַּבַת כִצרֶך כִּצְפַיָה לדאג שהדמעות לא יכבו את הנרות

Half the People in the World By Yehudah Amichai

Half the people in the world love the other half, half the people hate the other half. Must I, because of those and the others go and wander and endlessly change, like rain in its cycle, and sleep among rocks, and be rugged like the trunks of olive-trees. and hear the moon bark at me. and camouflage my love with worries, and grow like the timorous grass between the railway tracks. and live in the ground like a mole, and be with roots and not with branches, and not rest my cheek upon the cheek of angels, and make love in the first cave, and marry my wife under the canopy of beams which support the earth, and act out my death, always to the last breath and the last words, without ever understanding, and put flag-poles on top of my house and a shelter

at the bottom. And set forth on the roads made only for returning, and go through all the terrifying stations – cat, stick, fire, water, butcher – between the kid and the angel of death?

Half the people love, half the people hate.

And where is my place between these halves that are so well matched? And through what crack shall I see the white housing-projects of my dreams, and the barefoot runners on the sands or, at least, the fluttering of the girl's handkerchief, by the hill?

Kaddish By Marge Piercy

Look around us, search above us, below, behind. We stand in a great web of being joined together. Let us praise, let us love the life we are lent passing through us in the body of Israel and our own bodies, let's say *amen*.

Time flows through us like water. The past and the dead speak through us. We breathe out our children's children, blessing.

Blessed is the earth from which we grow, blessed the life we are lent, blessed the ones who teach us, blessed the ones we teach, blessed is the word that cannot say the glory that shines through us and remains to shine flowing past distant suns on the way to forever. Let's say *amen*.

Blessed is light, blessed is darkness, but blessed above all is peace which bears the fruits of knowledge on strong branches, let's say *amen*.

Peace that bears joy into the world, peace that enables love, peace over Israel everywhere, blessed and holy is peace, let's say *amen*.