

## Yom Kippur Poetry Study

### Each of Us Has a Name (Zelda 1926-1984)

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by God,  
and given to us by our father and mother.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by our stature  
and our way of smiling,  
and given to us by our clothes.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by the mountains,  
and given to us by our walls.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by the planets,  
and given to us by our neighbors.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by our sins,  
and given to us by our longing.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by our enemies,  
and given to us by our love.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by our fast days,  
and given to us by our craft.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by the seasons of the year,  
and given to us by our blindness.

Each of us has a name,  
given to us by the sea,  
and given to us by our death.

## Yom Kippur Poetry Study

### Yehuda Amichai – *From Open Closed Open*

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And what is my life span? I'm like a man gone out of Egypt:  
the Red Sea parts, I cross on dry land,  
two walls of water, on my right hand and on my left.  
Pharaoh's army and his horsemen behind me. Before me the desert,  
perhaps the Promised Land, too. That is my life span.

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Open closed open. Before we are born, everything is open  
in the universe without us. For as long as we live, everything is closed  
within us. And when we die, everything is open again.  
Open closed open. That's all we are.

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What then is my life span? Like shooting a self-portrait.  
I set up the camera a few feet away on something stable  
(the one thing that's stable in this world),  
I decide on a good place to stand, near a tree,  
run back to the camera, press the timer,  
run back again to that place near the tree,  
and I hear the ticking of time, the whirring  
like a distant prayer, the click of the shutter like an execution.  
That is my life span. God develops the picture  
in His big darkroom. And here is the picture:  
white hair on my head, eyes tired and heavy,  
eyebrows black, like the charred lintels  
above the windows in a house that burned down.  
My life span is over.

## Yom Kippur Poetry Study

### A Sad Melody - Rachel

Will you hear my voice my far-away one  
Will you hear my voice where-ever you are  
A voice is calling with strength,  
A voice is crying softly,  
Over time it sends a blessing?

This world is so big and has many roads  
They meet for a moment, separate forever.  
A man searches, but his legs fail,  
He can never find that which he has lost.

The last of my days is already close perhaps  
Already is near the day of goodbye tears.  
I will wait for you until my life will end,  
Like Rachel's wait for her lover.

### Shin Shalom

Why do I live?  
To give a gift.

In what should I believe?  
In the seed.

What should I do?  
Live.