

אני רוצה לבכות

I Want To Weep

By Dr. Ruhama Weiss, October 8, 2023

I want to weep but then I remember
That there's a long line now for weeping
(In fairness and to my great fortune) I'm off the list
Of those allowed
Tears.

אני רוצה לבכות אבל זוכרת
שיש עכשיו תור ארוך לבכי
(ובצדק ולמזלי) אני מחוץ לרשימות
של מי שמותר לה
דמעות

At moments like this, when life empties itself out of all
Content
Only one word has meaning:
Empty.

רגעים כאלה כשהחיים מתרוקנים מכל
תוכן
יש משמעות רק למילה אחת
ריק

Grandmothers taken prisoner. Babies slaughtered.
For some reason I'm reminded of Bialik
I have no right
To weep.

סבתות נלקחות בשבי. תינוקות נטבחים
משום מה אני נזכרת בביאליק
אין לי זכות
לבכות

Ashes

Written by Dr. Joshua Yarden

Civics/History teacher at the IB program at Givat Haviva in Israel, which welcomes Jewish Israeli, Arab Israeli (mostly Palestinian) and international students.

It gets so stagnant
in here sometimes
so hot and humid
my hair droops
I feel listless
lifeless
turn on the
air conditioner
cool things down
freshen the place up
shower and shampoo
pour on the hair conditioner
gives my tuft a shiny bounce
They make conditioners
for regular oily or dry
hair that's falling out
and the a/c has settings
for fan speed
temperature

humidity
What about humanity
can I get the machine
that cools things down
for the human condition
or pour on creamy liquid
that replenishes empathy
for when we feel so
listless and lifeless
that only fear
and anger
can get us
going
to war
again
to lose
the rest
of our humanity
only to regain it

again
when we have to
bury

those who fall
remind us
we still have something
they no longer do, but
with this heat
and the plague
of violence
beating on
our minds
need some
reconditioning
before ashes
ashes
we all
fall
d
o
w
n

Summons by Aurora Levins Morales

Last night I dreamed
Ten thousand grandmothers
From the twelve hundred corners of the earth
Walked out into the gap
One breath deep
Between the bullet and the flesh
Between the bomb and the family.

They told me we cannot wait for governments.
There are no peacekeepers boarding planes.
There are no leaders who dare to say
Every life is precious, so it will have to be us.

They said we will cup our hands around each heart.
We will sing the earth's song, the song of water
A song so beautiful that vengeance will turn to weeping.
The mourners will embrace, and grief replace
Every impulse toward harm.

Ten thousand is not enough, they said,
So, we have sent this dream, like a flock of doves
Into the sleep of the world. Wake up. Put on your shoes.

You who are reading this, I am bringing bandages
And a bag of scented guavas from my trees. I think
I remember the tune. Meet me at the corner.
Let's go.