

Listen to the voice.
Joy in the linked longing.
From sheafed flames
the longing of origins
their joy, their joy.

YANKEY "YASH" GLATSHTEYN

הזר טיר אין אין קול.
פון ניקויילטער ברעקעאט איז די פרייד.
פון געזענע פלאצן
די ברעקעאט פון טלאצן—
טויזער פרייד, טויזער פרייד.

יגנב גלאטשטיין

*I will be for you—only a voice, My words
will come to you with the joy of revelation, a luminous
has not deafened them, not their melody, not their meaning*
The secular Jews sang the loudest in the streets they called by numbers
for they had long ago rejected names. They called man 1 and woman 2
house 3 and tree 4 they called child 5 and sky 6
and when it rained they called the rain rest and sat under rest until 8 the sun
rose and 9 their lips opened and 10 their hands turned up like leaves towards the
11 moon and when the plane 12 landed on the narrow strip they cried 13,
tears of joy, for they were being saved from those who chose to see them 14,
as nothing but Jews, rehudim, rootless cosmopolitans, homeless wanderers,
shylocks 15 with sidelocks 16 and when they ascended to the heavens 17
after fastening their seat belts after rejecting even wonder as a substitute
for faith they observed the rabbis 18 pray 19 before they ate
and they looked down at the land they were forced to leave
and they touched their hooked noses 20 their hearts 21 and like babies
like monkeys they mouthed the words the children mouthed
as they climbed and climbed they sang Shema 22
they sang echad 23 they sang ve'ahavta 24 and when,
after a thousand years they landed on new soil they bent their tired bodies
and kissed 25 the soil and their tears mixed with dirt 26
so the secular Jews sowed seeds of mercy,
became trees of life, wrestled their way back to a wilderness,
a tent with no trace
ליסה גרונברג
awakening of song, The rusted bell of time

I Was Found

And I found myself
in the belly of a pregnant woman
my eyes small and blind
and I all dumb.
I heard voices whispering.
I was dressed in feathers.
The grass rose up in me
earth covered me.
I was not born.
I was restored to life.

RIYKA MURIAM

נמצאתי

ואני עצמי נמצאתי
בקטן אשה הרה
זיני קטנה וזוהרת
והנני לוי אלוהה.
שמעתי קולות אלוהים לי.
השתי שעריתי נוצה.
שעלה קי הרעב
וכסמה אותי אפרהי.
אני לא נולדתי.
קחתי לחיהי.

רבקה פרים