

בְּקִרְבָּה תַּדְבֵּר אֶתְכָּתָרָה שֶׁל יְהוּדָה

Suicide Attempts of Jerusalem

גְּדֻלָּתְךָ אֲנָזְנָן מַעֲכָבָה
אֲתָה בְּדִינְךָ. הַנְּ וְהַ קְּשֹׁוֹת
וּבְבִּירְקָה תְּחַזֵּק נְפָנֵים, כְּמוֹ סְלָעָם.

בְּקִרְבָּה תַּדְבֵּר אֶתְכָּתָרָה שֶׁל יְהוּדָה,
אֲבָבָה בְּשִׁבְעָה אֲרָבָה
שְׁאֲלָמָה בְּאֲדָמָה בְּאַדְמָה;
וּבְתִּרְבָּה אֲשִׁישָׁה אֲבָקָה לְבָנָה;
עַם רְחוֹתָה. לְעַזְלָם לֹא תְּחַזֵּק
אֲזָדָה אֲזָנָה שֶׁבָּשָׁבָה.

Tears, here, don't soften
the eyes. They only polish
the hardness of faces, like rock.

Suicide attempts of Jerusalem:
She tried again on the ninth of Ab.*
She tried in red and in fire
and in slow destruction
by wind and white dust.

She'll never succeed;
but she'll try again and again.

Translated by Harold Schimmel

* The anniversary of the destruction of the temple.

11 Loneliness is always in the middle,
protected and fortified. People were supposed
to feel secure in that, and they don't.
When they go out, after a long time,
caves are formed for the new solitarys.
What do you know about Jerusalem.
You don't need to understand languages;
they pass through everything as if through the
People are a wall of moving stones.
But even in the Wailing Wall
I haven't seen stones as sad as these.
The letters of my pain are illuminated
like the name of the hotel across the street.
What awaits me and what doesn't await me.

12 Jerusalem stone is the only stone that can
feel pain. It has a network of nerves.
From time to time Jerusalem crowds into
mass protests like the tower of Babel.
But with huge clubs God-the-Police beats her
down: houses are razed, walls flattened,
and afterward the city disperses, muttering
prayers of complaint and sporadic screams from churches
and synagogues and loud-moaning mosques.
Each to his own place.

אָלֶה נָהָר שְׁלֵמִים יְלִיחָד

Ecology of Jerusalem

אֲוֹרֶה מַעַל לְיִרְחָה וְרַחֲםָה תְּלִימָד
בְּמַה אֲוֹרֶה קָדְשָׁה עַל עַמְּנָה בְּבָדָן.

אֲוֹרֶה לְזָהָר וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה אֲרָזָה וְלְבָדָן,
אֲוֹרֶה דָּמָם וְלְבָדָן
בְּצָרָמָה.

אֲוֹרֶה אֲבָנָם וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה אֲבָנָם וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה אֲבָנָם וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה אֲבָנָם וְלְבָדָן.

אֲוֹרֶה גְּמָנִים וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה גְּמָנִים וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה גְּמָנִים וְלְבָדָן
אֲוֹרֶה גְּמָנִים וְלְבָדָן.

The air over Jerusalem is saturated with prayers and dreams
like the air over industrial cities.
It's hard to breathe.

And from time to time a new shipment of history arrives
and the houses and towers are its packing materials.
Later these are discarded and piled up in dumps.

And sometimes candles arrive instead of people,
and then it's quiet.
And sometimes people come instead of candles,
and then there's noise.

And in enclosed gardens heavy with jasmine
foreign consulates,
like wicked brides that have been rejected,
lie in wait for their moment.

Translated by Chana Bloch

ପାତ୍ରବିଦ୍ୟା

ଦୟ କାହିଁ ଯାଇଥିଲା କହିଲା ପାଦିଲା
ମୁଁ ଲେଖିଲା ଯାଏତ୍ତା ଯାମନ୍ତର ଦେଖି ଲେବି ନାହିଁ

ଦୟାପ୍ତି ଏକା ଯେବେଳେ ଉଚ୍ଛବିଦ ପାଇଲା
ପରିବେ ପରିବେ ଉଚ୍ଛବିଦ 'ହୁନ୍ତିଷ ସଂ କୋରିମ୍ ଦୂରିଶିତ
ଦୂରିଶିତ ରାଜ୍ୟପ ହେଲାନ୍ ପାଇଲା ଦୂରିଶିତ
ମାତ୍ର କୋରିମ୍ ପାଇଲା ଯାହାର ସଂ ଯାଇ ହେଲା
ଯାହା ମାତ୍ରକିମ୍ବଦିମ କୋରିମ୍ ; ଯାହା କୁଣ୍ଡଳିମ୍ ପାଇଲା
ଯାହା ମାତ୍ରକିମ୍ବଦିମ କୋରିମ୍ ; ଯାହା କୁଣ୍ଡଳିମ୍ ପାଇଲା

ଦ୍ୟୁମ୍ନାମ୍ବାଦ୍ୟମ୍ବାଦ୍ୟମ୍ବା

ପ୍ରକାଶକ

Jerusalem is Full of Used Jews

Jerusalem is full of used Jews, worn out by history,
Jews second-hand, slightly damaged, at bargain prices.
And the eye yearns toward Zion all the time. And all the eyes
of the living and the dead are cracked like eggs
on the rim of the bowl, ~~underneath the city~~
~~and under the land~~

Jerusalem is full of tired Jews,
always goaded on again for holidays, for memorial days,
like circus bears dancing on aching legs.

What does Jerusalem need? It doesn't need a mayor, it needs a ring-master, whip in hand, who can tame prophecies, train prophets to gallop around and around in a circle, teach its stones to line up in a bold, risky formation for the grand finale.

Later they'll jump back down again to the sound of applause and wars.

And the eye yearns toward Zion, and weeps.

Translated by Chama Bloch

Visits of condolence is all we get from them.
They squat at the Holocaust Memorial,
They put on grave faces at the Wailing Wall
And they laugh behind heavy curtains
In their hotels.

They have their pictures taken
Together with our famous dead
At Rachel's Tomb and Herzl's Tomb
And on the top of Ammunition Hill.
They weep over our sweet boys
And lust over our tough girls
And hang up their underwear
To dry quickly
In cool, blue bathrooms.

Once I sat on the steps by a gate at David's Tower, I placed my two heavy baskets at my side. A group of tourists was standing around their guide and I became their target marker. "You see that man with the baskets? Just right of his head there's an arch from the Roman period. Just right of his head." "But he's moving, he's moving!" I said to myself: redemption will come only if their guide tells them, "You see that arch from the Roman period? It's not important: but next to it, left and down a bit, there sits a man who's bought fruit and vegetables for his family."

Translated by Glenda Abramson & Tudor Parfitt

B. How much mourning is appropriate?

C When the second Temple was destroyed, large numbers in Israel became ascetics, taking vows upon themselves not to eat meat nor to drink wine.

Rabbi Joshua got into a conversation with them and said, "My sons, why do you eat no meat and drink no wine?" They replied, "How can we eat meat, which used to be brought as an offering to God on the altar, when the Temple and the altar have been destroyed? How can we drink wine, which used to be poured on the altar, now that it is poured no more?"

Rabbi Joshua said, "If so, we shall eat no bread, because we used to offer bread in the Temple as well." They answered: "You're right. We shouldn't eat bread. Maybe we can manage with fruit."

Rabbi Joshua said, "We shouldn't eat fruit either, because we used to offer the Bikkurim (first fruits) in the Temple!" They answered, "Good point. We'll try to get by on other foods."

Rabbi Joshua answered, "Well, then, we shouldn't drink water, because the rite of pouring water is no longer observed!" The other people had no answer, so they kept silent.

Rabbi Joshua continued, "My sons: let me give you some advice. Not to mourn at all is inappropriate, because the Temple has been destroyed. But to mourn too much is also inappropriate, because you can't make a decision for the people if the majority aren't going to follow it. Therefore, the sages have decided the following: A man who is preparing a feast should leave out some small ingredient. If a woman is putting on all her jewelry, she should omit one item..." *J*

(Bava Batra 60b)