



חבורת שיר חדש Havurah Shir Hadash

A Jewish Renewal Community in Ashland, Oregon

185 N. Mountain Ave. Ashland, OR 97520 • 541.488.7716

Nine Poems For Passover

Collected by Jonah Bornstein and Rabbi David Zaslow
Nissan, 5776



Pesach

by Bruce Barton

Somewhere between the matza and maror
I brush against lives partitioned on a plate
broken and tearful
each with a place in the order
representing something in myself
Arab and Jew
in a ritual of reconciliation.

Wrestling habit-stained words
my tangled soul limp dances
into the recurring reed sea
on legs of faith.

Currents cleanse the slippery mud of doubt
as I watch the consensus liberator
with gossamer staff
crunch our disgrace
like pebbles under Egyptian chariots
transforming our bitter moans
into songs of possibility.

Filling in my own picture
with each frightened step
my heart brays at captivity
imagining blank sands
drying the sore eyes of the universe.

Incessant Mikveh

by Ima Yochanna

Pressing into the next instruction
Next miracle
Next contraction
"To sacrifice to our God"
One day Tabernacle and Rebuilding the Temple
Goals
Miracles surround, press, *push*
Idols performed for generations
One contraction after another:
Powers are judged
faster
Idols falling
harder
Illusory powers oppress; hurt
more intense
Embrace the pain. Moving forward
breathe – exhale – let it go
"Let them go!"
Existence pushes
Birth, freedom, exit
Shielding cliffs of constriction
One craggy path; one opening
Miracle contraction: pillar of fire and cloud
Waterbirth beckons
Swim or drown, but free!
Moving in contractions
Waves of miracles push forward
Walls of water
Children richly clothed
Wealth of Egypt upon them
Strange weight and decadence in flight
Heavy golden offerings
Bread of Humility to sustain strength
More contractions keep us alive
One miracle at a time

Artist's Guild

by Jonah Bornstein

Winter cocooned
in a leaf
its decayed flesh
and vein an ancestral trail
sifted from a branch
of time. My mother
might lift it, hold it
like a tender fledgling
in her palm, carry it
home, place it
on the mantle, light
from the window gilding
its sanctuary with a new season

Pass over

by Rebecca Gabriel

She lies in a field,
A cloud,
Falls across her –
Ethereal blanket

Darkness.
It passes over,

The sun creates a cosmos
Behind her eye lids

Light
Envelopes her –
Carrying her home.

Liberation

by Stephanie K. Nead

I have tasted
bondage.
Bitter waters.

I have felt
the granite-grip of fear.
Mitzrayeem.

I have dreamed myself apart,
believing freedom lay in the one me.
Gehinnom.

I forgot Echad.

Pentecost

by David Zaslow

Passover and Easter:
two moon-linked sisters
who long ago stopped speaking
yet each linked to the fullness of our hearts,
and the fullness of God's grace.
The moon of Sister Miriam desires freedom
and the rescue of her people
from the cruelty of Pharaoh,
by the outstretched, mighty hand of the Lord:
a hand of salvation reaching down from heaven,
and passing through my nation,
and down through yours,
and then to each and every one of us –
so may it be!

The moon of Mother Mary
desires to give her light
so that each man and woman
may know the power of the resurrection,
and the soil of death
that holds within the seeds of rebirth:
a resurrection reaching upward,
passing through all nations
and up to God Almighty!

Two celebrations: two women:
Miriam and Mary,
who don't even know
they have the same name –
one in Hebrew and one in Greek –
yet linked to a single full moon.
And then we each begin to count:
we both count to fifty –
beyond the forty days
of Moses on Mt. Sinai
and Jesus in the wilderness.

We go beyond, one cycle further:
to fifty, Shavuot, the Pentecost.
Ours to the revelation of Torah at Sinai.
Yours to the revelation of the Holy Spirit.
Freedom and resurrection.

Revelation and revelation.
Twelve tribes and twelve disciples.
One moon, two traditions.
Two covenants, one God
Shavuot and Pentecost:
two cousins
who have just begun to speak.
And King David sings to us
from his tomb today:
"Teach us to count our days
that we may open our hearts to Your Wisdom."
Some of us are listening!
Revelation and revelation.
Twelve tribes and twelve disciples.
One moon, two traditions.
Two covenants, one God
Shavuot and Pentecost:
two cousins
who have just begun to speak.
And King David sings to us
from his tomb today:
"Teach us to count our days
that we may open our hearts to Your Wisdom."
Some of us are listening!

Peace sings a cricket's chirrup
by Moshe Ross

tears pour living waters
love Ah the trillion rustle of trees
in the spirit breeze
A rider without stirrup
freedom is simple
lying on bright grass
warmly wrapt in honey syrup
of today's greengold sun
A smile a dimple
suns and daughters
body underpass
three two one

Hidden Footprints

By Fran Orrok

Hidden by scraps of desert beige cloth
Protecting your migrant feet
From thorns of desert flight
Worn through and abandoned
Hopes and dreams hidden in your feet

Bondage's Rock
by Stephanie K. Nead

From bondage's rock
Hardened heart of life distilled
I, sweet water
Draw minerals rich

My sweetness turns bitter
With life experience
As I sculpt pathways through stone
To Freedom

I bring my bittersweet blessing
To soil fallow from grief
Awakening new life
With tears

Upon composted fire and fear
Freedom grows
As seasons change
Sun shines
Bitter waters nourish

Earth soul breathes free
Flies on Ruach currents
Soaring through Gan Eden
On Earth
Now

Filling this life
With Shechinah tides
Being
Through you and me
Not singly
But One
Echad.



©2016 Havurah Shir Hadash | 185 North Mountain Ave, Ashland OR, 97520

[Web Version](#)

[Unsubscribe](#)

Powered by **Mad Mimi**®
A GoDaddy® company