

I. Poems for our Days

The calamity of October 7th and the war that followed, had left Israel and the Jewish world in shock and despair. The unimaginable became our reality. As more details of the horror unfold, as we are facing the painful daily losses in battle and above all the plight of the hostages and their families, we find ourselves less and less able to talk about it. The expression most commonly used is *אין מילים* *ein milim* – No Words!

And yet – there are those who struggle and find words to express pain and anger, despair and abandonment.

In our sessions we will read and discuss poetry written these very days. The poems are often raw and painful, while at the same time full of love and even hope. Some are written in forms of prayers such as a new “Kadish”, many reference biblical motifs such as the Akeida or Joseph. Others address the new “correct” language, since one cannot say any more simple things like “I am Okay”, or the two most horrible words in Hebrew nowadays: הותר לפרסום “released for publication” that precede the names of the fallen soldiers on Israeli media. The poems come from different parts of Israeli society and reflect a large variety of voices, new ones are added weekly.

Here is what one participant writes *“I think that poetry allows the expression of complex and sometimes conflicting feelings, vivid images, and resonance - which is why it touches the heart and soul so deeply.”*

<p>Beeri Adi Blechman Sofer <i>Translated by Adi Blechman, Heather Silverman, Michael Bohmen, Rachel Koratim</i></p> <p>Soon winter will be here, Weeping clouds will water the earth Making red carpets grow The anemone will flower first Yet no one will come to admire its beauty. The buttercup will bloom next And there will be no festival The poppy will flower last in silence Seen by none. The protected flowers had already been picked In the fall.</p>		<p>בארי עדי בלכמן סופר</p> <p>עוד מעט, יגיע החורף עננים בוכים ישקו את האדמה, ויצמיחו מרבדים אדמים תחלה תפרח האנמונית ואף אחד לא יבוא לצפות ביופיה. אחריה תפרח הנורית ולא יתקים פסטיבל ולבסוף יפרח הפופי, ושקט, אין איש. הפרחים המוגנים נקטפו קבר פסחיו.</p>
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