

אשר ישמע בקולות

LISTENING AMONG THE VOICES

Rosh Hashanah II, 5785

I. *Sh'ma Koli* Meir Banai (d.2017)

<https://genius.com/Meir-banai-shma-koli-lyrics> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4_AYyzuYM0w

*Sh'ma koli asher yishma b'kolot. V'ha■Eil ha-M'kabel ha-tefilot; V'ha■Hakham v'ha■Kayam l'Olam V'ha■Gibor
alei kol ha-yekholot V'ha■Eil ha-M'kabel ha-tefilot; Sh'ma koli asher yishma b'kolot*

שמע קולי אשר ישמע בקולות והא-ל המקבל התפילות
והחכם והקיים לעולם והגיבור עלי כל היכולות
והא-ל המקבל התפילות שמע קולי אשר ישמע בקולות

Heed my voice, among the voices You discern God, attending prayers; Wise, ever enduring; Powerful,
transcending all possibility. God, Who receives prayer. Who listens amidst the voices – please hear my voice

II. *Yom Teruah* Avi Schild (9/30/2024) <https://thelehrhaus.com/culture/poetry/yom-teruah/>

The weeping of the shofar For a son lost—

The mother's wail, Simple and wrenching, Rachel cries for her son...*Shevarim* and *Teruot* flood the heavens.
Some composed though most are distraught. How did we get here?

So far away From simplicity and purity Love and intimacy A world of everlasting good.

We try to hear the soft, quiet cry Beckoning with no more than a whisper My children, My love Where are you?

How do we return to that purity, in this universe of brutality? To that simplicity, in this field of complexity?
To Godliness, in this world of Godlessness?

I can hardly hear the soft and quiet cry now. The howling winds The earth-shattering tremors
The raging inferno Are drowning it out. Return...

III. *Earth's Cry* Rebecca Ford <https://rsliterature.org/poems/earths-cry/>

Will you listen to me now? cries Earth. Do you understand?

From mountain peak to forest floor, In jungles dark and oceans deep, I offer all you need.

But need turns to greed and you plunder and despoil, Abuse your fellow creatures; Fill your pockets, your faces.

And I... can take no more. This is my extinction rebellion. It is a moment to midnight.
Will you listen to me now?

IV. *Flint Teen Cries out against Gun Violence* (8/2024) Lakayla Watson

<https://www.mlive.com/news/flint/2024/08/turning-hurt-anger-and-confusion...>

There's something in the city, there's something in the air. Why are they dying? These are kids, it ain't fair.

I know you see them coming, God. Can you catch your breath?

This is not a game; we cannot just reset.. Once they're gone, ain't no coming back, they left....

I don't want another balloon release; I don't want another funeral. We don't want to wake up to bad news.

These kids are dying and we don't know what to do. Our babies are angels that we can't get to,

Everyone's broken How we was just with 'em, and now they ain't here.

A bullet took their life...? We crying our heart out, don't want to get out of bed.

Let us all come together, let us all hold hands. We all lost someone, let's put this to an end.

This an endless cycle, Flint is cursed. This a little city, so we all feel the hurt.

Like, how is this so big? It's on every news. We at home hoping it's the next thing a bullet doesn't go through.

V. Things We Carry on the Sea Wang Ping <https://poets.org/poem/things-we-carry-sea>

We carry tears in our eyes: good-bye father, good-bye mother We carry soil in small bags: may home never fade in our hearts. We carry names, stories, memories of our villages, fields, boats. We carry scars from proxy wars of greed. We carry carnage of mining, droughts, floods, genocides

We carry dust of our families and neighbors incinerated in mushroom clouds.

We carry our islands sinking under the sea. We carry our hands, feet, bones, hearts and best minds for a new life

We carry diplomas: medicine, engineering, nursing, education, math, poetry, even if they mean nothing to the other shore We carry railroads, plantations, laundromats, bodegas, taco trucks, farms, factories, nursing homes, hospitals, schools, temples...built on our ancestors' backs

We carry old homes along the spine, new dreams in our chests. We carry yesterday, today and tomorrow. We're orphans of the wars forced upon us, We're refugees of the sea rising from industrial waste. And we carry our mother tongues As we drift...in our rubber boats...from shore...to shore...to shore....

VI. If I Must Die Refaat Alareer <https://inthesetimes.com/article/refaat-alareer-israeli-occupation-palestine>

If I must die, you must live to tell my story to sell my things

to buy a piece of cloth and some strings, (make it white with a long tail) so that a child, somewhere in Gaza while looking heaven in the eye

awaiting his dad who left in a blaze— and bid no one farewell not even to his flesh not even to himself— sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up above

and thinks for a moment an angel is there bringing back love

If I must die let it bring hope let it be a tale

VII. One Tiny Seed (abridged) Rachel Goldberg

<https://forward.com/fast-forward/573260/one-tiny-seed-rachel-goldberg-poem-hersh-goldberg-polin/>

There is a lullaby that says your mother will cry a thousand tears before you grow to be a man.

I have cried a million tears in the last 67 days.

We all have. And I know that way over there there's another woman who looks just like me because we are all so very similar and she has also been crying. All those tears, a sea of tears they all taste the same. Can we take them gather them up, remove the salt and pour them over our desert of despair and plant one tiny seed. A seed wrapped in fear, trauma, pain, war and hope and see what grows?

VIII. Answer us Leah F. Cassorla, Ph.D. <https://ajr.edu/forms/these-holy-days/>

A year ago, we returned in atonement We confessed to you and begged mercy
Today, we're here Again, but this time We've returned in doubt, hearts broken

Answer us, Answer us Don't hide from us You; return to us

Answer us, Answer us We await you . Give response, give compassion, give peace
We didn't leave or forget We returned, searching Where were you?

What have you done? Have you perhaps erred?

Answer us, Answer us Don't hide from us

And You; return to us. Answer us, Answer us We await you
Give response, give compassion, give peace