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אוי ללב שאינה שבורה [1]
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אריה כהן

אוֹי לַלֵב שָׁאֵינָה שְׁבוּרָה

וְלַעֵנַיִם שָׁאֵינָם זוֹלְגוֹת דִמְעָה

אוֹי לַאוֹזְנַיִים שֶׁאֵינָן שׁוֹמְעוֹת

וְלַפִּיוֹת שֶׁאֵינָן זוֹעַקוֹת

וּבְּאֶמֶת פֶּלֶא הוּא אֵיך הַעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד אַחַר כ״כ הַרְבֵּה צַעַקוֹת כּאֵלוּ" [2]

אוֹי לָנוּ עַל שָׁאָטַמְנוּ אֶת לִבֵּנוּ

לְעַרְלֵי לֵב וּפֶה נִהְיֵינוּ

הַלֹא אָם לֹא צָעַקנוּ הִסְכַּמנוּ

וּבְּעַצַת רְשָׁעִים נִתְּפַּסְנוּ

"וּבְּאֶמֶת פֶּלֶא הוּא אֵיך הַעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד אַחַר כ״כ הַרְבֵּה צַעַקוֹת כּאֵלוּ"

אוֹי לַמֶּמְשָׁלָה שֶׁכָּכָה מוֹשֶׁלֶת

וּלְמִשְׁטֶרֶת הַגְבוּלוֹת שֶׁכָּכָה מְקַלְגֶסֶת

וְאֵיפֹה אַנַחְנוּ שְׁלוּחֵי הַצֶּדֶק

קוֹל דְמָמָה דַקָּה בִּמְקוֹם קוֹל תְּרוּעָה

"וּבְּאֶמֶת פֶּלֶא הוּא אֵיך הַעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד אַחַר כ״כ הַרְבֵּה צַעַקוֹת כּאֵלוּ"

ַכּי לֹא מֵרָחוֹק הֵם הַזְדוֹנוֹת וְהַפְּשָׁעִים ַּ

אוֹי אֶלוֹהִים - בִּשְׁמֵנוּ עוֹשִים אֶת הַדְבָרִים הַבְּזוּיִים

פִּי קָרוֹב מְאוֹד אֱלֵינוּ הַמַעַשִּׁים

וּפִינוּ שְׁקֵטִים וְלָבֵּנוּ רְדוּמִים וְאֵינֶנוּ מִתְקוֹמְמִים

"וּבְּאֶמֶת פֶּלֶא הוּא אֵיך הַעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד אַחַר כ״כ הַרְבֵּה צַעַקוֹת כּאֵלוּי"

בַּיוֹם אַשֶׁר צָעַקנוּ וְלֹא עָנוּ לָנוּ

אָמַרָנוּ לֹא כַּכָה יֵעַשֶׂה בִּמְקוֹמֵינוּ

וּבְבוֹא הָעֵת, הִבְטַחְנוּ, נָקוּם בְּרֹאשׁ הָעֵדָה

וְהָנֵה הַיוֹם וְאַיֵה הַתְּגוּבָה אַיֵה הַזְעָקָה

מְמַלְמְלִים "הַמָּקוֹם יְרַחֵם"

וְאוֹמְרִים עוֹד תְּחִינָה

"וּבְּאֶמֶת פֶּלֶא הוּא אֵיך הַעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד אַחַר כ״כ הַרְבֵּה צַעַקוֹת כּאֵלוּ"

קַבֶּתָה צוֹם אֶבָחָרֵהוּ - יוֹם אֲשֶׁר רְעֵבִים לַלֶּחֶם?

הָלוֹא זֶה צוֹם אֶבְחָרֵהוּ - יוֹם אַשֶּׁר נָקוּם אֱלֵי צֶדֶק.

יוֹם פָּתִיחַת חַרְצוּבּוֹת רֶשֵׁע,

יוֹם שַׁלַח רְצוּצִים חַפִּשִׁים,

יוֹם הַכָּרַת אֶנוֹשׁוּת כָּל אָדָם,

בַּך נָגְאַל אֶת מָקוֹמֵנוּ וָאֶת הַמָּקוֹם בַּרוּך הוּא

כִּי קַרוֹב אֱלֵינוּ הַדָּבָר בִּפִינוּ וּבִלְבֵּנוּ לַעֲשׂוֹתוֹ

Woe to the Heart that is not Broken

Aryeh Cohen

Woe to the heart that is not broken

and to the eyes that do not cry

Woe to the ears that do not hear

and to the mouths that do not scream

"And in truth, it is amazing that the world is still standing after so many cries for help such as these"[3]

Woe to us that closed our hearts

we have become uncircumcised of heart and mouth

for lo if we have not cried out we are in agreement

we have become entrapped in the counsel of evil

"And in truth, it is amazing that the world is still standing after so many cries for help such as these"

Woe to the government that governs in this manner

and to the Border Patrol that behaves like stormtroopers

And where are we, the messengers of righteousness?

A soft murmuring sound rather than the blast of a trumpet.

"And in truth, it is amazing that the world is still standing after so many cries for help such as these"

For these crimes and venalities were not committed far away

Oh God—in our name they do these disgraceful things

For these actions are very close to us

And our mouths are silent and our hearts are asleep and still we are not outraged

"And in truth, it is amazing that the world is still standing after so many cries for help such as these"

On the day that we cried out and no one answered us,

We said: "It shall not be thus in our places"

"When the time comes," we promised, "we will rise up at the head of the people."

And yet here is the day, and where is our reaction? where is our outcry?

We mumble "God have mercy"

and we just say another prayer.

"And in truth, it is amazing that the world is still standing after so many cries for help such as these"

Is this the fast that I would choose—a day in which people hunger for bread?

Is this not the fast I would choose—a day on which we rise to righteousness.

A day of opening the fetters of wickedness,

A day of sending the oppressed free,

A day of recognizing the humanity of people,

Thus we will redeem our places, and The Place blessed be s/he

For the thing is very close to us, it is in our mouths and in our hearts, to do it

NOTES

- [1]. With thanks to Maeera Schreiber.
- [2]. This line is from the אש קודש written in the Warsaw Ghetto by Kalonymous Kalmish Shapira of Piasczena.
- [3]. This line is from the אש קודש written in the Warsaw Ghetto by Kalonymous Kalmish Shapira of Piasczena.