

REFUSED DREAM

In my refused Jewish soul
It was born,
Into refused Jewish brain
It entered,
And lively, as if by refused Jewish eyes
It was seen,
Refused dream:

Refused Land of refused People
Of refused G-d,
Who built refused state
And won refused wars,
And desperately paves its road to refused Future,
To the advent
Of the refused Messiah.

1983

KIPPA

The kippa on the head of my father is
Like the dome of the sky, so blue and bright.
And the stars on its velvet fabric
Are my friends that wink at me in the night.

No, that's not true, my father
Does not wear a skullcap,
And the sky of my being is another, rather
Grey and cloudy one. Are they broken, the roots?

And you, my unknown brother,
Will you wake up in the night
When the wild beast tears up my body,
Trying to reach to my soul?

1984

RESURRECTION OF THE RAVEN

Once I woke up in the morning, with my heart inside me
burning
After an endless night of dreams I'd dreamt for seven years
or more.
Like a spark came to appear such a brilliant idea,
And like a lightning the decision I could never make
before.
Why did I, by what misfortune, never find it out
before
For these seven years or more?

Then I went out, almost running, to the place which name's so
Cunning,
To the Palace of the Hopes that we were applying
for.

With a countenance of menace there it stood, that awful
Palace,
A gloomy place of cruel tortures it was widely known
for,
To that Tower my footsteps I directed
therefore.
There I went, and nowhere more.

When I came into the office, petrified I was to
notice:
There sat an old Raven at the desk beside
the door.
So great was my amazement that I almost felt
abasement,
'cause the job so much important only Human was suited
for,
Gambling on the fates of Humans only Human was suited
for.
Only Human - and none more.

But the Raven in his chair had so confident
an air,
And a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his beak he lordly
wore.
Though his plume was rather rare so as tired was his
stare
And it was completely clear that for him I was
a bore.
I might have anticipated that for him I'd be
a bore.
Such a bird - I'd seen no more.

Never fearing any fear I began with my
idea:
"Comrade," - said I - "Your relation to our case I much
deplore.
As you've likely come to know, four millennia
ago
There was a nasty pharaoh who had waged with us
a war.
You should very well remember what he suffered in that war!"
Quoth the Raven: - "Nevermore".

"Comrade," - said I, - "Loosen ropes, reconsider our
Hopes,
It'll be only to your profit if you end this silly
war.
Tell me, please, just what's the reason that my friends are still
in prison?
Let them go to their freedom, truth and justice thus
restore!
For the innocents and martyrs you would justice thus
restore!"
Quoth the Raven: - "Nevermore"

"Fool!" - I cried then to the Raven, - "Still there's G-d
in Heaven,

He will come to save His People, as He did it years
before.
To the Land which He had promised He will certainly
return us,
To the Land of our longing that we've so
cared for,
In that Land we'll live forever by His Law we've
cared for.
Quoth the Raven: - "Nevermore".

"You," - I said, - "Are as my foe as of
Edgar Allan Poe,
Who created you for being our common dreadful
sore.
Aren't you perfectly aware that you're just a bad
nightmare?
Leave this place for good and close behind you this
office's door!
And forever don't appear at the Palace's
entrance door."
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore".

But his voice was clearly fainting as his form was slowly
melting
In the dense air of the Palace which I ceased not
to abhor.
In a moment he vanished as if he by that was punished,
In a sign that our hopes will come true just as
before.
Nothing will destroy our hopes, as it never did
before,
Nobody, nevermore.

1986

THE INQUISITION AND WE

The Great Inquisitors of years that passed,
They say, you were cruel, corrupt and unjust.
You set up your glamorous auto-da-fe
For our people to be their prey.
You wanted to have us dissolved and displaced,
Dishonored, dislanguaged, disjoined and disfaithed.
But People of Hard Neck we always have been,
The history branded it on our skin.
You did not succeed to make us repent,
Enslaved, though, slaughtered we were, but not bent.

The Great Inquisitors of nowadays,
We heard you're reputed to have modern ways,
To be educated, enlightened and keen,
And so humane ones there never have been.

You changed your attire, performance and name -
The fate which you destine to us is the same.
But you are mistaken, the prophets were right:
There will be an end to our terrible plight,
Messiah will come and exiles be rejoined.
Despite all your tricks there's no return.

1986

HOME

There is a word in the world I used to hear,
And it sounds well accustomed for my restless ear,
But its meaning's somewhat vague to me:
It's composed of the letters H,O,M,E.
Home, sweet home, green, green grass of home and so on,
The house where your daddy and you were born,
The garden, the forest, the river and the lake
And even Xmas turkey and a cake,
A birch or a maple, red color or blue,
The idol that is so tempting to you.
So they say: - "Your home is where You are!"
And you have to thank them and not to cry -
'Cause I know it quite well, I almost feel:
Once they'll come to take it all, and even kill.
And among them very well might be
Teachers, friends and neighbors who were kind to me,
Those who believed in our common Paradise -
Only blood and hatred in relentless eyes.
May a real home be so insecure,
So unstable, defenseless and obscure?
No, mine is far away, in Fairy Land,
That of milk and honey, of olives and sand,
Which was promised to forefathers of our kin
By the Lord our G-d, though never was he seen.
And the National Home for exiles we built there up.
We - there're always we - that's our set-up.
And we'll guard our Home, never we'll give in -
There once again our history begins.

1984

UNDER IMPRESSION OF THE NEW REFUSAL DATED 27.06.1986

Nonsense grips my throat like a gallows noose,
And absurdity sets fire in my aching brain,
Crowning my head with red-hot iron hoops,
Piercing my heart with never-ceasing pain.

Words that have no meaning tantalize my ears,
Pictures of grotesque exasperate my eyes.
Crazy allegations behind mindless sneers,
Mad considerations, idiotic lies.

If I were old man I'd be reconciled,
Childless and alone, I would overcome.

Seven years that passed in the world outside
Were millennia of my internal time.

But my children what crime did they commit?
Why should they be cards in the gambler's hand,
Be betrayed and sold, tempted and deceived,
Cheated of the life, cheated of their Land?

No, I'll neither stop, nor will I forget,
Our sacred path never will I leave.
And Almighty G-d gives me strength and faith,
Hope of Next Year, reason to believe.

1986

MY CHILDREN

David, my first-born son!
Like our ancient king you reign over me
Not knowing what mercy is.
And I, your wordless slave,
Rush by your minute's order,
Well satisfied with my lot.

Between the Days of Awe you came
To the enormous world of love and hatred.
So strong you were, so nice,
That all my guests to Your milah
Said that the name well matched,
Or maybe just Messiah came?

And I, your very happy dad,
Saw you returning to your Kingdom,
To our Holy Land. Alas!
When being only one month old
You had to enter Book of Guinness,
The youngest of refuseniks in the world.

Years will pass and you'll forget
Those awful days of terrible disease,
When you were swaying between life and death.
So many people came to help, and one of them
Put then a note, asking G-d to save You, child,
Between the stones of the Western Wall.

Imanuel Moshe, my second one!
Your first name's meaning is the hope,
That our Almighty G-d,
Blessed be His Holy Name,
Will be with us forever
And take us to Tsiyon, His dwelling place.

Moshe's your father's Grand-dad's name.
He wore a skullcap, and at a Passover seder
So brightly used he to narrate
About Exodus of our ancient kin,
That all the problems of nowadays

Seem to me through the prism of his tales.

My uncle that I never saw
Lived very short life of 19 years.
A soldier he was in a bloody war,
And innocent he fell on prickly snow.
Moshe his name was, and he knew
That you'd succeed him on his broken path.

My sunny sonsy son,
Now you cry and now you are laughing,
Without any notion of your fate.
But, maybe, like your great namesake,
You'll lead us from the House of Slaves
To hills and valleys of the Promised Land?!

Fanya! Doesn't it sound funny?
Fane of fine I'd fain build up,
And you'd be a priestess there.
Your Grandmother wasn't aware
Of your going-to-be coming.
She would be so happy then -
So eager was her longing for granddaughter.
But she slowly was dying.
Blessed her soul be, we won't forget her.
You inherited her name.
Be as kind and selfless as she was,
Ready to forgive and to sacrifice.

And so, children, all you are
A pretty company of naughty boys and girl.
Sometimes you drive your father mad,
Sometimes you make me happy and content.
But you are growing up, and in the end, indeed,
You'll have your own children to deal with.

Who you will be and what,
And where will you live is mystery for me.
But all my hopes, so do I pray,
Are that you'll follow our endless route,
And never break the promise that we gave,
And so it will be with children of your own.

1985

ZION

Through the snow and frost, through the clouds and rain,
Through the prisons, and tortures, and gallows
Thy magnificent light kills the pain, breaks the chain,
Thou, Zion, will come and redeem us.

When I dream in the night, Thy mysterious sights
Are revealed to me, ancient and Holy:
At the Wall here I stand, and the tears in my eyes
Are the dew of Thy power and glory.

And that dream never ends as I never forget
Thee, 'cause it was promised forever.
So, remember my right and remember my left,
We'll come back and this time that's forever.

1984

MY FRIEND

In the wired world of sorrow
Through the hollow hell of days
Healing hopes of the morrow
One by one have gone away.

My friend, my tortured friend!
How lonely you are....
I hear you pray
Shema.

I know you understand:
That's our own way.
So, keep your stand.
Pray.

In the sacred space of sphirot
Martyr's Star was just reborn.
That's Shehina. She shows, shining
Rising route to your Tsiyon.

* * *

Tsiyon!
Blessed be thy caressing hand,
Take my tired, my tormented friend
To Thy glorious and holy land,
Keep him with Thou - from now on.

1985

RUNAWAY

I run away from starless nights,
From dusky days and pain.
I long to love, to build, to fight,
I won't come back again.

In vague reflections of the past
I see not any sense.
I did my best. The lot's been cast.
My path is rising hence.

It's rising from the depth of hate,
Malevolence and scorn,
From where I, by evil fate,
Was destined to be born.

To Prophets' Land I never saw,
(But soon I'll see, at last!)

To grace and guidance of the Law,
The gates of true and just.

1987

THE WINDS

The northern wind, my hateful foe!
You come with snow, ice and frost.
You make me crazy when you blow
By singing: "Everything is lost..."

The dreams, the prayers and the hopes
Of sacred Wall and ancient Cave,
Of olive trees and orange groves -
You bury in your crystal grave.

The eastern wind, your heavy breathing
Betokens distances you passed.
Have you a message from my missing
Beloved and dear friend, at last?

His track was lost and never found,
But he's alive - I know that.
The wheel of fate should turn around,
And he'll come back, he will be saved.

The western wind, you smell of freedom,
Of little pleasures, peaceful life.
You just forgot what is martyrdom,
Desire, hatred, vengeance, strife.

I envy much your calm composure,
The thoughts you bear, good and new.
But let my heart be to exposure:
The wind I wait for is not you.

Oh, here it comes, the wind from south,
It heals my wounds, kills my pain,
Caresses me and fills my mouth
With taste of honey, apple, grain,

Which are the fruits of fields and orchards
Of distant Land of Prophets' dream,
The land of warriors and searchers,
Of yeshivot and kibbutzim.

It tells me tales about sunrise
From golden-green of the Red Sea,
About tough, but hearty sabras
On guard of Peace of Galilee.

The wind, my friend, you are the only
Connection between those and me.
You've got to see: I'm so lonely
I pray, my brother: stay with me!

You say you can't - your job is blowing
And roaming from place to place.
You've gone. The time is gently slowing
Its never-ending crazy pace.

And stops. The stillness so unfitting
Embraces me with stony arm.
What can I do? I'm only sitting
And waiting for a wind to come.

1985

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

I was left once again
In unmerciful rain
By the monstrous bulk
Of the taking off plane.
In the plane was my friend and my brother.
In the mud I remain,
And the track of the plane,
Quickly melting away
In the showering rain
Is the last sight of my dear brother.

He was almost the last,
All the others had passed
This unreachable point
Between Future and Past,
To the threshold of our Home.
I'm so glad for his luck,
That I make myself laugh,
Though the tears in my eyes
Seem to whisper: "Enough!
He's just gone. And you stay here alone!"

But my son, here he stands,
Waving with both his hands
To the fairy plane,
Carrying our friends,
And he says: "Father, let's go home!"
"Yes, my son", - then I said , -
"Just believe, in the end -
Maybe not so soon,
But, indeed, we shall stand
On the threshold of our Home".

1987

HANUKKA 5747

A woman and her seven sons
Appear in the golden light
Of tiny candles that my son David
Light on the eve of Seventh Day,
The seventh day of Hanukkah, a merry feast.

The woman's face of beauty, pride and pain,
The sons being tortured one by one to their death
By cruel pagan conquerors of those days' world,
Respected and adored in our time.

But what exactly do they want
From their victims? Is there escape?
And if there is one, what's the price?
The answer is so simple, it's just this:
One little piece of pork, for freedom and for life.

It does not even matter, really not,
And what's the value of the loyalty to their unseen G-d?
To their people, history, severe
Relating to the benefits they all could have
Just in a second, if they only wished?!

But firmly it's rejected, this forbidden food,
A step to idolatry was never made.
Would you have been so firm, my David,
Rejecting all temptations of the modern world?
Will You? Will I?

1987

NEVER AGAIN

The day of the Holocaust and Heroism,
Spring 1987:
At the Jewish cemetery's fence
In the outskirts of the capital
Of the Great Russian Empire,
Which has been trying to melt us down
Into gray mass of faceless and godless,
Destined to serve Her own purposes,
And, breaking the laws, both G-d's and Human's,
Refuses to let us go
To our ancient Motherland, the Promised Land,
Here we stand, remembering our dead,
Exterminated by the Big Slaughtering Machine
Of another empire, which did not want us
To exist.
We light our candles and recite Kaddish.

The day of the Holocaust and Heroism,
Spring 1987:
The 27th day of Nissan, 5747,
The Day of Warsaw ghetto Uprising.
At the Jewish cemetery's fence
In the outskirts of the capital
Of the Great Russian Empire,
Which has been trying to melt us down
Into gray mass of faceless and godless,
Destined to serve its own purposes,
And, breaking the laws, both G-d's and Human's,
Refuses to let us go

To our ancient Motherland, the Promised Land,
Here we stand, remembering our heroes,

Who rose up against that hideous Machine
And, like their ancient forefathers,
Preferred death and glory to dishonor. They became
The victors in the war for freedom,
The war that never ends.
So we remember
Our brothers all over the world,
Who are oppressed, enslaved, defamed,
Our brothers who are in jail,
Ourselves.
And what we say to our torturers
And their apprentices, that in abundance
Are present here, surrounding us,
Flicking their cameras and holding microphones
(Their masks of faces grinning and grimacing),
Is NEVER AGAIN

1987

TO ELIE WIESEL

The author of "Dawn", "Night", "The Jews of silence"

There's no sunshine in the world of darkness,
There're only searchlights, only pain and death.
Who has just survived that? Only those who dared,
Only those who save their sacred faith.
And the sky was cleared, and the dawn peeped out
Over hills and valleys of the Promised Land.
And the humble became proud, and the victim victor,
And an orchard blossomed on a desert's sand,
And the light has woken up those who were sleeping
In the formerly silent a voice of wrath was born.
Though the path is thorny, perfectly we know:
After nights of nightmares always comes a dawn.

1987

TO E.A. POE

The genius of a poet, You described
The tortures of a soul when it dies,
The depth of horror when you lose your faith.
What can I add when everything's been said?

Just like the Pendulum my hope swings:
Now it comes so near, almost touches my hands
Which eagerly I reach to catch it. But, alas!
It goes far away, it hardly can be seen.

Into the Pit of black despair then I fall,
It seems to be forever my enchanted home.
But slowly I'm lifted by unnatural force,
And suddenly I see the hope comes again.

My torturers, what do they really gain
By playing all their pack of dirty tricks?
My fragile body is of no use,
My brain they can destroy, but not enslave.

They think they've been the first ones on the earth
To exercise this maddening machine!
They, maybe, just forgot how it ends...
Then they must only open the Book!

1987

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU, AMERICA!

America! You know very well
What Freedom is, and that it costs dear.
The burden that you bear
Is so heavy, one could hardly tell.

But strong you are, and through the iron walls
Behold the suffering, enslaved and crippled,
Displaced, disrupted and dishonored People.
Persistently you stand for our cause.

In G-d You trust, with Him in heart we live.
He once redeemed us from the dreadful bondage.
The victory will come to those who has courage
To know, to remember, to believe.

1986