

Yossi Suede

Prophecy Return Policy

How to revive prophecy in seven easy steps:
Hot tips for reigniting your national passion!
What do your fatherlands really want?
What really interests your national home?
The eight biggest secrets of prophets of doom!
Learn how to martyr yourself like a pro!
Radical individualism – do it yourself!
A seven-part plan for resurrecting your primordial culture.
How can you conquer any territory with one opening line?
A winning recipe for existential angst.
An easy recipe for feeling that sovereign entity after prolonged exile.
Three simple ways to quit the consensus, cold turkey!
An amazing way to write canonical dirges.
“Rousing the People”– try it free for thirty days!
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Park and ride: “The Disgrace of Moriah.”

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Trans. Joe Schwartz

Yossi Suede

Fascistic Love

Fascistic love in my heart
hides beneath an enlightened lung
inhaled by nocturnal cigarette
into my reptile brain
weaving thick fanatic stratagems
below a thin liberal membrane
in a café I finished off
a portobello mushroom
and it bled black blood
I volunteered with refugees
handcuffed them all
took a spellbound road
to the foot of Mount Moriah
tied my winged steed to
a corner of the Western Wall
and deep deep deep I dove
to the guts of the earth
to a tiny coin
to a stubborn coin
stamped with the profile of Emperor
Uri Zvi

Trans. David Hyatt



Ilan Baruch > **Ziad Sleeping**, 2016-2017, oil on canvas, 130x140



Ilan Baruch > **Avshalom**, 2017, oil on canvas, 60x80

Shoshana Karbasi

Along the West Bank Barrier Wall

On the separation seam,
 at the bus station,
 along the sidewalk
 the group gathers, waiting,
 Jews, Arabs,
 stand
 in measured distance,
 each in the bounds of his own
 body,
 with an additional security zone
 between bodies.

Perhaps it was the Jerusalem chill
 at that time
 that forced them to stand on call,
 hands clenched
 in pockets and fastenings,
 without the ease
 of morning.

And from those frozen depths
 their pupils,
 surprisingly vital and sharp,
 drew back like bowstrings,
 with the tense readiness
 of bullets.

Trans. Batnativ HaKarmi and Michael Weingrad



Arik Weiss > **Trace the Line**, 2016, print on insulating tape



Debbie Kampel > **Reality Check**, 2003, from the "Checkpoint" series, oil on canvas, 100x110



Debbie Kampel > **Mitsubishi Magnum**, 2004, from the "Checkpoint" series, oil on canvas, 85x147

Tsur Ehrlich

The Promised Land

At first, this was the promised land.
Since then we need protectors.
And so we live with walls and checkpoints,
bomb shelters and metal detectors.

It's true, it's not the calmest land.
They check our bags for bombs,
and walls (of some effectiveness)
are built among the palms.

And when the walls are everywhere,
the coop shut up with locks,
we sleep like nervous chickens
at the mercy of the fox.

It's more like a pogromist land.
Pursued with knife and gun,
we try to grab some milk and honey
and eat them on the run.

Around us is Islamist land,
our neighbors spewing forth
grad missiles on Sderot, Ashdod,
Katyushas on the north.

Some think this is the balmiest land
the winters are so short.
And yet the deadly hail continues,
with more in the weather report.

Each rocket, missile, bomb must land
as gravity is true—
more true than experts telling us
they'd stop when we withdrew.

Withdrew, and disengaged, and fled.
Our children go to school
protected by the government
and a security guard on a stool.

Take heart, this is the Psalmist's land.
Lift up your heads, O gates,
Ye everlasting doors! he wrote.
The meaning resonates.

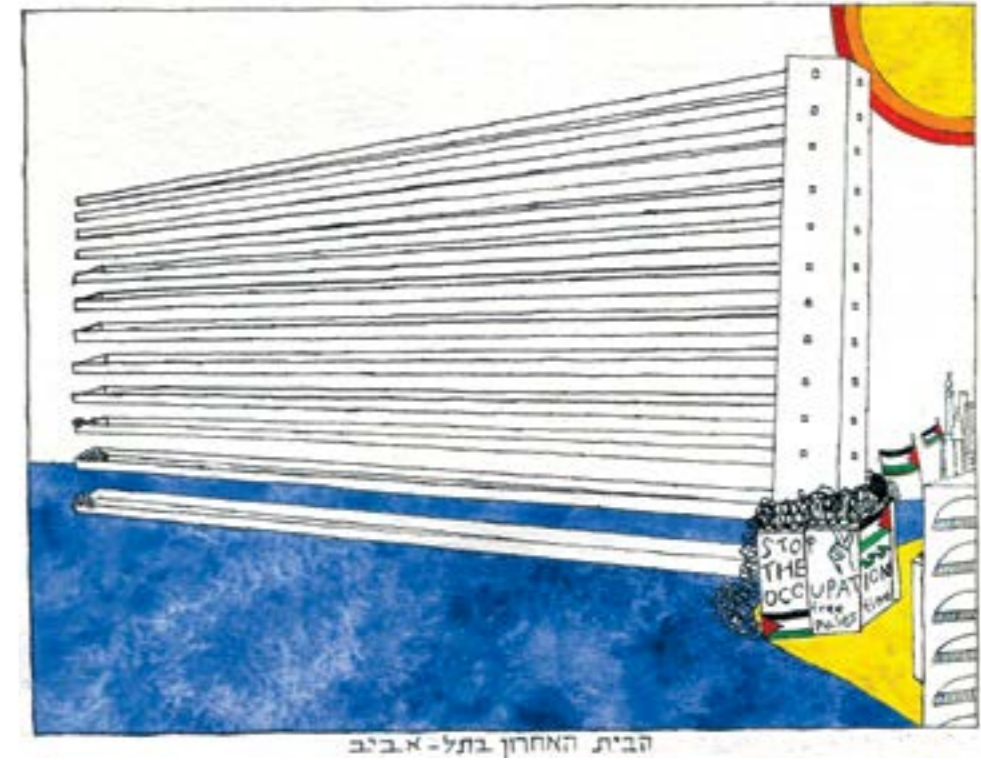
For this is still the promised land,
and here's a bit of proof.
I promise: gates and doors will stand
while they destroy the roof.

March 5, 2008

Free rendering (rather than translation) by Michael Weingrad



Shimon Engel > **Disengagement**, 2018, from the "Fear Itself" series, digital drawing



Miriam Vilner > **The Last House in Tel Aviv**, 2016, ink and watercolor on paper, 15x25

Rafael Azran

Soros Says

Soros says raise your hands.

Soros says turn the other cheek

and serve it at room temperature on a silver plate bordered in gold and
studded with diamonds.

Soros says jump in place.

Soros says stick the knife in

Soros says spin twelve times counterclockwise

Soros says change your sex.



Trans. Michael Weingrad

Miriam Vilner > **Messiah**, 2017, silk thread and beads on silk, 25x35



Arik Weiss > **Untitled**, from the "Frontlets-Totafot" series, 2016



Arik Weiss > **Untitled**, from "The Other's Home" series, 2017

Eliaz Cohen

Poems Written in Sand

In rage – the blood recall
In rage – the binding recall
And who is the greater:
Tali and her four daughters, or
Hannah and her seven sons?
Lord, O Lord of the Mothers

*

Lord O Lord of the Mothers and Fathers
In rage – the feet recall
The feet of budding priests, lopped away
Like uprooted thorns
Fingers will no longer stamp their scents
Into the glimmering sands

*

The sands of Katif were better unto me,
Than thousands of gold and silver
And the tongues of rabbis and pupils
Merited to lick the dust thereof

*

And once more, I'm a boy-of-the-sands
Seeking traces. Here once was Gerar
Abraham, Isaac. But surely
The fear of God is not

In this place
And they will slay me

*

I see the sea keen the Song of the Sea
A strip of that blue torn
From my eyes
By the concrete wall
A girl's doll drifts to the shore. All of thy billows
And breakers
And now just as then, in song
The Lord shall reign forever and ever.

*

Inscribe on the shore
A great missive in sand:
"The Land of Israel belongs to the People of Israel"
Adorn it with shells and nacre.
Now watch from the side
How a great, foaming wave
Smashes it all.

Passover, 2005

Trans. Batnadiv HaKarmi

Editor's note: The opening of the poem quotes the Tahanun prayer, recited in personal extremis. Tali Hatuel, eight months pregnant, was murdered with her four daughters, ages 11, 9, 7, and 2, on May 2, 2004 by Palestinian terrorists who repeatedly shot them at point blank range. The Hatuels were returning to their home in Gush Katif, which would be uprooted by the Israeli government one year later.



Benjamin Reich > **Untitled**, 2015, Saas Fee, Switzerland



Moshe Ripner > **Young Torah Scholar**, 2019, ink on paper, 60x114



Uri Zvi Greenberg

Song of the Miracle of the Song

Every true poem is a miracle –
is the opening of a gate, the parting of a curtain:
returning the sweet scents of the lost garden:
from the flowering stream, from the breath of well and pail:
to where birds soar with eyes closed:
one wing down, one wing skyward* *

Childhood is on the far side of the abyss:
the sun rises there like a shining heart of flame
that roars its longing above a dream.

I caress the branches, the warm tree trunks,
the slender legs of the hinds of the field,
their bodies too,
and where the bird hops, there hop I.

My mother is gone. I know not the place of her dust,
yet she is stamped into my being
with her silver years and girl's innocence.
And the lullaby of the golden kid
who set out to deal in delicacies,

in almonds and raisins and roses
sighs in my soul like the Kinneret – my father's melody.
I love the foods and the fragrances he loved.
I ache for the Shekhina in exile as he ached.

Trans. Batnadiv HaKarmi and Michael Weingrad