

**AMMUNG THE RUWENZ
OV THE TEMPEL,
I HERD...**

**IN THE YESHEVA
WITH REB YOSEE**

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to the commandments and privilege of building a sukkah to the best of their ability. The unschooled man was not much concerned by the rabbi's rebuke, and the rabbi was not much concerned by his sukkah's unsightliness. Can we not rightly ask: is the rabbi sitting in his sukkah any closer to God than the unschooled man in his sukkah? Where are the nearer surfaces of the Divine Dimension as they inter-penetrate our light-fields?

But events take unexpected turns. Early in the festival a high wind rose up and blew all night. In the morning the rabbi's sukkah lay in a heap. While Halakha points toward an ideal, it, too, is incomplete.

Now consider these more disturbing faces. The pagans of Europe burned down nearly every Jewish house of prayer in their lands. The most devoted and observant Jews were shot in the squares or murdered in camps. Very few foresaw the coming Shoah, that they might escape.

But those that threw off the mantle of orthodoxy and chose instead Zion, they in large numbers escaped. Most went to Palestine, and instead of bending their knees and bowing their heads in prayer, they bent their knees in the fields and bowed their heads at the anvil. They revived the Hebrew language and rebuilt the land of Ya'akob/Yisroel. Is this an anomaly?

With the destruction of the second Temple animal sacrifice came to an end. Its performance had long since ceased to serve as a means of T'shuvah/atonement/remembrance. But the Priesthood refused to acknowledge its end until the place of sacrifice was torn to the ground.

In our own time, in living memory, we have seen the destruction of the Temple of Europe. In that Temple Halakha had ceased to serve its purpose. As with animal sacrifice, the people had grown beyond the Halakhic behavior doctrine. And worse, turned to Halakhic minutia, they did not take cognizance of the danger boiling up around them. But the Priesthood will still not acknowledge.

Oh God, You pass among us like a shadow. We catch a glimpse and call that place holy. We cling to the places and call them Torah; we call them Mishnah and Gemara. But how can we hold a moving shadow? Wherever we look, if we look rightly, there we see You. For every interpretation, a hundred, a thousand have slipped through our hands.

Oh God, our holy places are burned to the ground, and we must rebuild yet again. Rabbi Yehoshua would ring his hands and cry out "Alas! We cannot live without Halakha!" But Rabban ben Zakkai will comfort them: "My sages, we must take a still higher way..."





For Saffiyerote

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*Soelstis, 5758, Reb Ovvee Hillel tellz sum hiz
followerz he iz leving for Yavneh, now knowen
az Newt Senter.*

Ldreemd Rebbie Yosee kame tu me.
He sed he woud leed me thru a dark forres.

Or I dreemd I kame tu Rebbie Yosee,
And he sed I shoud follo him thru a dark forres.

Or I dreemd Rebbie Yosee wuz entering a dark forres,
And I wunderd if I shoud follo him.

In my dreem, in my aw, befor a dark forres,
Rebbie Yosee iz past and I am enter.

All my knowen iz but a theree ov this werl,
Its superpozen fazez, its embedden perpos.

This dark forres, this now I am in,
Ware iz my Rebbie? Wut muzzel iz he heer?



A Lite Enterz my Hart

Ammung silent bentchen, I rekownt tu Rabbiy Arya:
“I wuz wokking allone in a land, vast and full ov bewtee.
“My wife and chieldz wer waeting for my retern this hevven.
“In my dessenden, a man approech. He raez hiz hand
“And fiyer a gun.
“A bullet taerz thru my hart and owt my bak.
“I fall, knoing I am ded. I koud feel my Sol
“Taring owt ov my boddee with ethereyel aengwish.

*In the taring ov eech hart
God haz laen a Torra.*

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“I am a dessenden ferther frum hevven
“And aggen I am seeing the man. I begin tu flee.





“He shute a bullet thru my bak. It taer thru my hart
 “And owt my chest. I kan not eskape deth!
 “The Sol taring owt ov my boddee, and ethereyel aengwish.”
*In eech taring ov the hart
 God iz laening Torra.*

Rabbiy Yosef sed tu faro,
 “Yur tuu dreemz ar wun an the same.
 “It meenz it iz shorlee akkomplish.”
 I sed, “The Ferst and Sekkend Tempel ar ruwen.
 “Twise owwer Sol iz tare frum my boddee.
*And in twane my Sol iz tare frum owwer
 boddee.*
 “The man approeht yet aggen. He shot.
 “And now the Tempel ov Ewrope iz tor tu the grownd.”

Sez Rabbiy Arya:
 “Du not weep, my sun.
 “This haz shone that yur Sol will not dy.
 “And neether will the Preeesthoud parish frum the erth.
 “God will not abbanden us.
 “Even now the bended shuets ar pushing thru the moissen soyel.
 “The nashenz will rebell; thay will kik in feer; thay will bray.
 “But thay will take the saddel, and God will ride in owwer mist.”



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And so I will rekownt how the Sol iz torn frum my boddee thrise,
 In theze, the dayz following the ruwen ov the Tempel ov Ewrope.

But, du we begin with events ov boddeez,
 Or du I push bak the kertenz
 So minuetlee foelden, so interkut weven,*
** Utherz say “waven”*

And louk at the Addom patternz
 And Hem iz kreyaten Addom?





Meshal ov the Korrupt Orejjen

*Shabbat Behalotekha
Reading in Beraysheet Rabbah, I:V:1:P
from Neusner's Confronting Creation.
For Reb Duvveed Stern*

Reb Huna sez:
 “If a keeng ov flesh and blud bildz a pallas
 “In a plase ov sewwij and deokay
 “Woud not hiz kritteks gather and say,
 “Wut kiend ov pallas iz this,
 “Bilt frum filth, offending sens?”
 “Du thay mok the pallas,
 “Or, du thay abbuze the keeng?”
 Tho he hiyer teeming arkettek
 And serch the naeshenz for kworree
 Such a bilder iz but a lowlee vassel
 And not a keeng at all.

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A tru keeng goez owt in himself
 Tu fiend a siting with vista.
 Thus he make knowen hiz awthorettee hiz wize.

Wut iz this meshal² like?
 Reb Huna haz stumbelez aggenst a siyens.
 Rather than opening a Bouk,
 It klozez wun, like thozе hu lak vizhen
 And say owwer Seel iz not Divine,
 That we ar meerlee entrael and spittelz;
 We ar form arrownd a hart ov sin.
 Du thay dennegrate the pallas
 Or ar thay a rejekten hem Keeng?

Rather! The pallas iz bilt on holee grownd,
 Overlouking seez ov krash en foelden kayos,
 At the base ov mownten stark and vaken.
 Bewtafful, aterna, a fitting home
 For the Tora that iz laen within us.

2. Meshal: a Rabbinic parable with a classic form and variants. See Parables in Midrash by David Stern for a fuller definition and analysis.





Sing, sing! o Tora that we may heer.
Sing, that we may be liften in Song.

*"May You shine a new light on Tseyone
And may we speedily merit its light."
[From blessings before Shakhreet Shi'ma]*



Tu Pull Bak a Holee Kerten

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This iz a dreemen, and wen the awwake
I will be a vessel repaerd.
I, the werl, will hav kros the brij
Between this Moment that kannot lift my Soel
And my Soel that kannot grasp this Moment.
A step at a time.
A step at a time.

That Plase that Messejjerz kall "End ov Dayz,"
Tu me seemd the end ov life.
I will wake frum this dreemen
This impossibbel Deth Song,
Hummd in the vallee ov the shaddo ov Life,
Frum morning a breez she iz mermeren Kuddish,
Tu the Kuddish a mokkingberd reternen at dusk.

Here in this dellakkat wume
Holloed owt from the soft kervz
Ov lite that iz shape owwer owter spasez
And owwer inner Moment ov Divvine Being.
Here we ar kum
With dreem poring frum a braken vessel.

And far ahed, down the kerven wayz
I see the sun ov my rebbee,
Reb Yosee. Hiz Fother shienz in hiz iy.
And I weep tu be this dreemen.
I hu am trying the unertha mass graevz,





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Milk sowwerz in the lite ov day –
 In the mist ov gaggen this bitter kup –
 Reb Ovvee Hillel passez by.
 Ware iz my tullit I kast on the grownd?
 All I hav iz my Bouk ov Noets.
 I tuch him with it and I kiss it.
 “Exxalt God and worship...” I heer hiz sing.

I am this dreemen.
 Such goudness approechez.
 And all I kan du iz moen,
 Tossing and terning, this sleep ov Ajez.



Thare Iz a Perpos

Ln my oen prehistoree I stoud befor Tzeyone,
 The Hi Place owwer God, and I sed,
 “God iz befor me and I am aware.
 “Wut need I for a hullekha³?”
 Then God sent me on a travvael
 Tu an iland far away,
 Tu an iland ov lite, tu a Rebbbee.
 And me, I simpel thot, “I will go travel.
 “That iland haz bewtee. I will see it.”

Aggenst my habbet I went tu this Rebbbee,
 And evree week I sat in hiz Hows.
 And he never sed, “Yu must say this praer.”
 And he never sed, “Yu must not eet this.”
 And he never sed, “Yu must make a distinkten.”
 And he never sed, “Wut iz this profane riting?”

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And I, I began tu say the praer.
 And this began tu reveel the distinkten.
 And my tabel became a rememberring.

3. See footnote 1 above for a brief definition of “Halakha”





And my powem iz a weeping retern.
 And all those agez wen I prowdelee klaemd
 "God iz befor me. I need no richuwel."
 Thay seem like ajez ov darkness.

Now, hu sez the bliend kannot be restoren?



And a Deepen Perpos

So now my iyz ar open? Like a dreem
 I flownder a gleen a glimps ov the Werl
 Thru narro slits. And wut du I see?
 A speret rizing frum the soyel,
 Shaking off the dens karben roebz?
 Aenjelz assending and dessending
 Thru the layerd fabrek ov hewman nerv?
 Poppulatenz labering tu perfekt the loomz;
 Tu weev the kloth ov morrel kulcher?

No! No. I am not so werthee.

Insted I see a gothek katheedrel
 With soring towwerz and gorjes werk ov stone.
 Its staerz a spirel so ellaggent.
 Its kortyardz shimmer aflutter with flowwerz,
 And evree manner ov delietful tree.

I struggel fervent tu open my iyz,
 Tu see this katheedrel in all its gloree.
 But the mor I undreem, the mor I see:
 Its wallz ar a krumbel, a ruwen at my feet.

No! Let not the waken reveel this true.

The towwerz ar lit with an inner glo.
 No! Owt ov thaer portelz unferrel flaemz.
 The gardenz, so happee with dansing kuller,
 Gro frum pits ov merderd pepelz.
 The treez bare frute, boeth bitter and wikked.





This my iyz ar werthee tu see.
 Oh! All the arts and kulcher ov Ewrope
 Befor my iyz, thaer korrupten reveeld.

*...Shall the horn be blown in a city,
 And the people not tremble?...*



Hows ov Praer, Bar Mitsva

*Shabbat Shmoet, 5758
 Theze ar the Naemz...*

With tullit over hem hed
 Like a feerful messajer
 Frum annuther werl,
 A faseless reeper kum tu my feeld...

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Teerz bler my iyz.
 Praerz choke my tung.
 Ammung a minyen ov such reeperz
 In gatherd and bownd up, I am safe.

Rebbee Ovvee Hillel, Reb Arya Zev,
 Reb Hillel the singer, Reb Barruekh Ha-Lavee,
 Reb Pinkhus the Keyevver, Reb Shlomo in Hevven;
 Naemz that roel and naemz that jar,
 Naemz broken and stutterd by the tung.
 Reb Mawlkha Udeet, Reb Reesha frum Vorsaw,
 Reb Khunna Laya , Reb Khuvva Rukhamma, Reb Nayomee Fradel,
 Sum ov my Rebbounim, harvesten a feeld,
 Eech ov hem karrying a Seel ov the Lor
 Weepingz pord thru thaer komplex vizhenz;
 Thaer seeringz ar a maze werk,
 A silver goblet ov sorroez,
 A fillagree kup that kannot be tucht,
 Withowt its teerz be a spilling.

The Rebbounim wok a yung boy tu Torra.
 Thay leed him up tu the kerten.





Thay push it asside.
 He ternz and thay lay a shawl on hiz shoelder.
 Weeping, weeping, a chield led tu the Vortes;
 Trembling, he louks owt intu the Werl.

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Reb Ovvee Hillel weeping tu see
 The dellakkut vase shorlee be braken.
 Reb Hillel with rapped breths hoeldz bak teerz,
 Lissenz intentlee; will the lad hav a Vois?
 Reb Arya Zev, hiz lips a trembel;
 The rinkelz at hiz iyz glissen a silver;
 Seez the ten kandelz flikker, saffiyer lite,
 Az the wind owtside howlz on the dor
 And the Mitsva boyz fase groez pale.
 Reb Mawlkhah Udeet sternlee staerz,
 Tu the infinnit spasez behiend the iyz
 Ware hiyer jeyommetreez kallide and merj,
 Jenneraten ov lite interferen in hiz Sol.

Shabbat Viyaera, 5758

Wut shoots ar theze, and wut will be harvest,
 This chield planten in my feeld?
 Amid frost and hael, spring-time in the land.
 Them hu poecht on the land,
 Now hiding ammung us, and thaer chieldz.
 The sno not long melted, staend red,
 Staend with blud that now darkenz owwer soyel;
 In this we hav planten, ware sordz hav hewn,
 Now the harro werks tu smooth the ferro,
 Az the aenshent harvesten straenz in the laber,
 Bending tu drive the Torra.

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And the boy must chants proffettek werdz...





Ponderingz ov Effeks Befor a Kawz

*Neh'eela ov Nuddav ben Reb Hillel Bar Mitsva
Viyeekra, 5758: "Khorbonnoet"*

L marvel az rebounnim magnaffy Torra,
The naemberz in the letter, and the werlz in the naemz.

Reb Hillel, the studen ov Rebbec Shlomo,*

Puts a skope tu the porshen Pekuday⁴ **May a Tsuddek memmer enliven foreverver*

“Kan a man be termd goud, or a wouman riechus

“Bekawz thay ar weel in thaer vestmen?”

Yahoudda, a yung sun ov a teecher, interpelz,

“No, the Sol duz not tranzferm tu vestmen.”

Reb Ovvee Hillel ferther magnaffyz;

“But wut if that persen iz the Hi Preest,

“And the vestmen ar them ordaenen tu the Lor,

“Goeld and fiyerstoenz and fines fabreks

“Serven the Prezzens az owver neer approech?”

Yahoudda, werd kalken: “He must be holee,

“For wy els woud he kum Hi Preest?”

The sunz ov Aren;

The Hi Preest az keeng;

Kownter refformen in Torra and Tawlmed

Reb Ovvee Hillel touk the boyz handz

And loukt him in hiz iyz and sed,

“Yu ar goud.”

Then tender he led the boy deeper

Intu the Werl, az deeper intu Torra.

“In Hebrew ov werlz, the werd tord 'jacket'

“And the werd tord 'deseet' ar tu bupee shuets

“Frum the same ruetsee tuets.⁵ Thay valv a kuvver;

“A robe the rob the iyz the vizhen.

“And so the Werlz ar a jacket we ware

“That iz maken a sepshen* tu owver Seel.

4. Rabbinic name of the Torah portion, Shmote (Exodus) 38:21 to 40:38

5. The rebbee iz bebop playful with the boy.





* *Resepshen, insepsheh, desepshen, exsepsheh*

But the boy pulld away frum Torra
Tu werk a puzzel ov a chield purpes.

Then I askt,

“If we konform intu Law,
“It sayz, ‘Raen in its sezen,
“‘Pees tu owwer border,’
“And all owwer duing, baskets ov frute.
“Iz not the Werl prufe ov owwer Lor?
“So the jakket tu reveel the essens;
“How iz it then a deseet?”

Reb Ovvee Hillel in hiz paeshents, still winst:

“Warevver we ar, howwevver remoovd
“Frum the Moment that iz tru, still we must try
“Tu rebild the Tempel and lern the Law.”

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And I thot with regret,

“I am spoke a Divvine kawzallittee
“But he iz not understoud.”

All the day I wonder the streets.
I louk at theze skyz, the klowd thik layerren.
I jingel the keez in my pokket. I mumbel.
I forget tu louk az I kross straets.
My sun grabz my arm, “Dad, a kar!”

Ah, but my Rebbie haz understoud.
Beneeth the skyz and thru theze deseets
The Divvine kawz iz a braken weel.
No matter how perfekt owwer holee vestmenz.
We kannot trade mitsva for Divvine protekt;
We kannot bargaen kiendness for shoratee a justis.
The pereyod ov ellemeniz deflekt Hem Lite;
The silkee fabrek ov thot tranzfraks it
And the effeks a skatter and pass and fewcher.





Wen we ar fulfill the Momen ov the Lor,
 The Tempel wuns aggen rizen in owwer mist,
 And the pepelz will bring up thaer vareyus frute,
 Then the lenz will fokus and the iy will see
 And the jakket ov Addom* will be a reveel.

* Sum say "lievz."

But until, the iy and the I will interfereer.
 The lite on far hillz will flikker the nite,
 And the Werl will ware owwer deseets.

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And the boy still werks hiz serkuler puzzel.
 And my sun grabs my arm, annuther tiem.
 And the liets down the way still flikker.



Arizing frum Helesseez

There is a lesson which is necessary due to the "goof," the physical side of Addom-Eve. Prepare yourself to study Torah, for it does not come to you as an inheritance. (The implication of an inheritance is that you get it without the need to expend any effort yourself.)

Ch. 2, Mishna 19, Pt. 4

"In the woond ov eech hart G-d haz laen a Torra. In the helesseez ov owwer sellz it reziedz."

The Ferst Revvellaten

It iz such a dark forres.

I try a kreyaten the appeeren ov strenth
 But still my hart I am a trembel.
 I stop tu sit on a rok by a tree
 And open my Mishna,

And my Rebbee, Reb Yosee, speeks tu me!
 Iz this a Vizhen in this Aje ov Sinniks?

"I hav bin with yu sins arrownd the las kurv,
 "O trembler, o tokking speren ov God."

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“Oh Rebbee, I see a vortext in my vort,
 “Drawing me owt ov yur narro straets
 “And intu a swerling oeshen.
 “Sez. Torra iz laen in owwer helesseez,
 “Sez. Not inharet frum the paren tu the chield.”

Then Rebbee Yosee askt frum me,
 “My sun, wut ar yur feerz tu me?
 “Wut ov the woolf and wut ov the thief
 “And wut ov the troops hu may not qwesten?”

“Rebbee, my feerz ar small wen yu teeche.
 “Yur toenz and yur oen obedeyen troeps
 “Will ster me frum this Vort ov Ajez.”

Then Rebbee Yosee askt,
 “How mennee paren duz a chield hav?”

“Oy yoi yoi,” I sed, “Ov kors!”
 “Three paren in the helix ar wienden.
 “The tuu that kall forth the boddee
 “And the Therd that iz laen in Torra.”

Then he ask wun mor qwest az he woks away,
 “Wen iz the Knowen arizen?”

And wen I opend my iyz and loukt arrownd,
 The werl still blerree,
 I sat on this Rok
 Support by this Tree,
 And I ask myself blerree,
 “Ware iz the knoen horrizen”?”

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Aenjel ov God; Hero ov Yisroyel

Shabbat Naso, 5758
HafTorra ov Shimshone



❁—————❁

Godz aenjel appeerd tu the wouman and sed, “Observ, yu liv in a baren plase and ar baren no chieldz. But yu will be opend and the sun emerjen. Thaerfor, be kaerful. Du not deokay yur Soel with dreenk nor yur boddee with unkleen food. For yur wume iz being devoted tu God and yur chield will ferther deliver Yisroyel frum theze paganz. Still yung, he will be a hero.

– Jujjez, 13:2-5

And in a dreem this wouman sed tu me,
 “I hav seen a man ov God.
 “He spoke tu me,
 “Ferther down in yur Soel
 “Ware yu hav not yet lern tu lissen.
 “And wen I askt him tu take me tu God
 “He anserd, 'It iz tuu far
 “'And yu kannot liv that long,
 “'Gowing and reterning. But if yu begin,
 “'Yur jenneratenz will be kloster.'”

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The wouman wept, so grate wuz her longing
 And she sed, “I will kreyate a dreem
 “And that dreem will rize like a fiyer
 “With mennee hewz and shaddoez,
 “And enter the werl the boddeez.
 “Thare it will take the shape ov a Rebbbee
 “He az awaken mennee harts,
 “Sterring up yernz that lay baren and forgot.
 “And Seelz will begin tu puraffy,
 “Tu start tu arrowz a Divvine Senter.
 “And the Preesthoud, Yisroyel will repare the hows,
 “For this embreyo dreem in my wume.”

And then I awaken, and here I wuz,
 In this werl and in this Plase
 Ammung the nu Preesthoud ov Yisroyel.
 And we see owwer rebbbee rizing in a flame.
 The lite iz so brite I louk away.

And wen I tern bak





Here I am ammung the nu Preesthoud,
Weeping and trembling, klaring the way
Az the flame that passt ammung us enlite
The dreer and shaddo ov owwer mist.

And here we ar, the Preesthoud renuwing
Trembling and weeping, making a knowen
Thru this Tempel in ruwenz
In the wake ov an aenjel.

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How varee straenj.
I koud hav sworn he wuz a man!
Now, how kan I tell all my chieldz
In such a way
That thay will also begin tu kno aw?



Naked Befor a Seer

After huvdulla, Shabbut Korach, 5758

Ay fother tot me a kalkules.
My muther shoed me intenshenz in praer.
In induest vizhenz I glimpsst suttel pulsen
Charjing the addom werl with life.
And my rebbee touk my hand and led me
Thru the ruwenz ov the Tempel ov Ewrope
And he gave me a trowl, a level and a skware.

Befor I wuz reddee tu fiend my rebbee
Or lern frum my muther, or klare my vizhen,
And all wayz seemd open and eqwallee tru,
I went tu the mowntenz sowthwest ov Tabbet
And sot owt a Bueddist holee man.

He sat in a larj rume full ov student.
A meel wuz brot, oenlee for him,
And I thot:
“Iz he holee or oenlee self serven;





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“Relijjen powwer tu keep hiz bellee full.”
 He touk the food, and loukt at me,
 And thru it tu hiz students. He ate not a thing.

I wondered in shame:

“Did he see my koeld kalken?
 “Wuz he bernt by my sinneks?”



A Lark, A Laffing

Shabbat VaYeshev, 5760

*Reeding Buberz Origin and Meaning
of Hasidism*

Reb Yosee lafft at me last nite!
 He did a littel dans -- terning a werl --
 And az a blessing he bowz and laffs.
 Me, I am so weeree and so sick ov mysellz,
 Straening tu fill a praer with life,
 Konsentrek tu fill a life with meenz,
 Tu raez it frum dust and breeng it tu seeng.
 This stone, kan it spark?
 This fiyer, will it die?
 This praer, this dust and ash in my hand.

Reb Yosee iz dansing and klapping hiz hand.
 Hiz fase iz a glo. Hiz sparks ar karroning.
 He songz a seeng like a lark assenden:
 “Dust and ashez ar not wut will bern.
 “Dust and ashez kan never be born.
 “At the flaming fownten I wosh and bless.
 “In the likwid fiyer am awash in bliss.”

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Over and over he repeats hiz seengsong.
 Over and over but never the same.
 Sumtiemz he seemz tu dissappeer,
 But still I heer a lark a bentching.*

** Yiddish for “saying blessings.”*

Or sumtiemz just a flikkering silens.





Reb Yosee; Reb Yosee...

I wuz tot but it taeks a long time tu lern...
 Thare iz a streem flowing thru me.
 Now it iz wotter; now fiyer, it seemz.
 It iz hidden in a forres ov dens, narreld praerz.
 I du not kno the way, but I hav fownd mysellz thare.
 Immers and the wotterz karree me waetless;
 Absolbd and my nervz ar helesseez ov lite.
 Wen I open my mowth, a lark seenging salmz...

Last nite in a dens and tangel forres
 I herd Reb Yosee laffing the way.



A Berd at Reb Ternerz Windo

L stumbel thru this narrel forres
 Weep and los, entangel ov addom.
 Wuns I stoud uppon a hi hill
 Louking over theze shaddowee vaelz.
 The russelling leevz mone thaer lammentaten.
 The brouks proffessy, a gergel in my eer.

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I karee my noetbouk like a reffugee hiz bundel.
 Am I wokking a serkelz? This forres! Theze voisez!
 Till a lite braeks thru a branchen, diffracten,
 An illumen border in the vannetteez and vienz.

A ragged begger noks on a dor.
 Branchez trembel, neer hiden, I woch.
 Appeerz, disappeerz, branch-born, a shivver,
 The dor openz, a suffuzen in lite.

“Kum in, my fren; I hav bin waeting.
 “Yu karee a messij within yur kloek.
 “If yu giv it tu me, I tuu kan deliver.





“Let me serv a morsel, then kompare niggunnem.”⁶

Like a berd on a branch, I lissen at the sill:
 “The messij I karee, hav yu alreddee herd?
 “A hundred, a thowzen ar breenging it heer.
 “Like a berd on a branch in a flok ov berdz,
 “Yu heer the mellodee that we ar all seeng.
 “Iz it chans or perpos if yu heer it frum me?
 “Iz it chans or perpos that a flock fillz a tree?
 “Perpos or chans that it rushez awway?
 “Now yu ar ammung annother thowzen,
 “Yu, allone; reheers it in yur sellz.

“But wut ov the messij?” my hungry Seel kryz.
 “Ah, wut ov the messij?
 “The messij, the messij...”
 The berdz in thaer kwiyerz sang and repeeted,
 Seeng and repeeten ontu the wind.
 And the wind up and kareez intu the forres:
 “Wut iz the... hu iz the...
 “Ware iz the, go tu the...
 “The musjeed⁷, the messij, the muggid?!⁸”

And a distent kwiyer it ferther iz taken.
 “Hu iz the muggid? Yu ar the musjeed.
 “Warevver yu go, yu karee it thare.
 “Wut yu theenk, and wut yu feel
 “Iz skriebd on the Seel, an endoring Torra.
 “Yu, all ov yu, ar enfoeld tu it.”

Like blowing leevz Yur voisez russel.
 Like a gergelling brouk Yu seeng.
 And I hu wonderz the forres, morning,
 In this morning I vois yur versez, tuu.



6. Local or personal melodies to which prayers are chanted.

7. ‘mosque’ in Arabic

8. ‘holy person’ in Hebrew





Kinder, Prepare Yurselz

*A speret tranzmitten from Rabban
Kalfonnimmus Kalmon down thru Reb
Shlomo Karleebakh*

We hav lernd:
 Thare wuz wuns a map that charted the suwwerz
 Beneeth the ruwenz ov the Vorsaw getto.
 And thare wuz wuns a map that shoed the tunnelz
 Beneeth Yerushalliyim tu the Yezreyel vallee.
 And thare wuz wuns a text that reveeld the evvolvenz
 Frum the Vois on Seniy⁹ tu the orel Torra.

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But all that remaenz ar the nervwayz tu the braen
 And haf remember dreemz in the twilite ov owwer day.
 For yu hu ar awwaken in this loenlee way
 And see my foutprints; kan yu see ware thay go?
 Yu tuu will be marvel how faent ar the traelz
 Thru the ruwenz ov Ewrope on the way tu Tzeyone.¹⁰

So I inkwiyerd all the Sagen wut I kno,
 "Tell me, wen ar the sienz, and how will be vizhen?
 "Wut will be the See, and ware ar we immersen?"

I loukt tu the see, thay hu woud speak,
 But the waevz ternd away, and over the tiedz
 A Spere it hovverz, in silensez extendz.
 O Preesthoud, O Proffets, hav yu lost owwer Vois?

I rememben a saying Reb Yosee:
 "We see akkording tu owwer powwer tu abzorb."

Rabbi Sara bat Rute wuz ferst tu venter,
 "Wut ar the Bouks ov the Lor
 "Thar braken frum owwer Seel and ar loss?"
 Then Rabbi Dillen ben Zimmerman repeeten mennee time,
 "Wut ar the Bouks ov the Lor
 "Wuns rit but now a blowen in a wind?"

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9. Hebrew pronunciation of "Sinai."

10. Hebrew pronunciation of "Zion."





And Rabbi Shlomo Karleebakh serchen the land,
 “Wut ar the Werdz ov the Lor
 “Reveeld but nevvver rekord?”
 And Zalmen ben Sha-uel,
 “Hu ar the Proffets thar speken even now
 “Huze trueth iz not yet liften from the ruwenz*?”
 * Utherz say “silens.”

But Rabbi Yosee sed,
 “Nuthing evver wuz or will be loss,
 “But oenlee owver powver tu open owver Iy.
 “Nuthing iz forgot, and nuthing stayz unherd,
 “But waets on a klarefyd deziyer ov knowen.”

Here I am, a studdee, a lissen...



Du not say, “We hav los the way.”
 But neether say, “It iz shor a knowen.”



The Messij Chaenjez Az Yu Delivver

Deth dreemz and merkee thots.
 I end eech sentens with a haking koff.
 This werld, the wun so dim,
 It wuz not so long ago I wanted tu flee:
 “I ternd away and yet ternd bak.”
Elmallah 1:1, p. 2

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Louking thru the thin and frayen fabrek,
 A kotten shrowd that bloez in the wind,
 It fanz my fase; so thin but so kors.
 Deth and its dreemstaets waver like a kurten.
 “I dident kum here tu fiend mor luv.”
Elmallah 1:1, p. 9





But now? Tu retern tu the Divvine Presens...
 How kan I go bak allone ennee mor?
 Withowt my wife? Withowt my sunz?
 Withowt the luv wunz hu bare my Seel,
 "Hu ar woven in the varee fabrek ov my hart."

Elmallah 1:5, p. 8

I wuz rong, in the dim lite ov Soel,
 I, the messijer misunderstandoud
 My mishen. I misunderstandoud myself.
 I am not the messijer. I am the messij.
 "In mennee boddee iz my Seel indwell."

Harvest ov Nashenz, Part 3



Sweet Wotterz

*Week of Lech Lecha
 "The unholy surrounds the holy"
 -- Rebbe Nachman*

Whare iz a pool ov wotter
 And evree day I see it,
 Sitting still and kalm
 Reflekteng the shaddoez and liets.

I see it and it kallz tu me:
 "Kum dreenk. Defer
 "Frum yur duing a minnem.
 "This Momen ammung mennee momen.
 "Take a sip and reflekt."

A kleer pool in a kleering.
 Wy du I feel such dout?
 Wy du I hezzatate tu go
 Tu take the steps, tu neel,
 Tu kup my hand and dip it in?

Thare iz a well, deep and silent.
 If yu wisper down, nuthing reternz;





If yu speek, garbeld sowndz will ekko;
If yu drop a rok, yu heer but a splash.

A deep well, not far away.
Wy duz it draw me
Tu lowwer a bukket, tu werk the pullee?
Wy du I not draw frum it?

Iz thare not a tumarro an marro?
Hav I not drunk mennee time?
Iz it not kleen and kleeer and refressing?
Iz thare a feer or a lak ov therst?

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Thare iz a gergelling brouk, not far...
A path I kno well; I see it now,
That leedz ammung the russelling boushez.
I louk at my woch and I tern...

Evree path arrownd me overgrowen,
Wen Reb Arya Zev, sent by Reb Yosee
Kumz frum behiend and wochez me awile.
Then he asks, "Du yu theenk the wotter iz safe?"

"This iz not just wotter
"And yu ar no littel sipper.
"This iz a likker that taerz yur Seel,
"And that iz a mikveh intu Deth-Staets.

"Wen did yu last dans naked down the street,
"Or ly konvulsen yur oen vommet?
"Ar yu reddee tu sakrafise yur luv wun, Izak
"Or tu maek yur bed in a lyon den?"

Then Reb Arya smielz hiz smielz, and askt,
"How ar theengz?" and befor I waested
Hiz time, he left; and I, I just marvelld.
Thare iz a pool, dellereyen sweet...





**END OF THE BOOK
IN THE YESHIVA
WITH REB YOSEE**

