

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

**LAWZ DIVVINE
AND HEWMAN**

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Trying tu Rememmer

Lt wuz the springtiem ov the day
 And the springtiem ov the yeer
 And the springtiem ov owver life.

The thot iz so plezzent and the memmer so kleeer
 The Expere itself koud not hav bin mor so.

And I, I sit uppon the stupe owver hous.
 The aer iz kool uppon my skin,
 Yet the morning iz worm
 After so long a winter and so kruwel.

The song sparro spinz hiz mellodee
 And the robbenz cherp refraning in korrus.
 Allong the flowwering privvet, tall az me –
 All trim and neet, like me,
 Befor the day had skufft my neez
 And grime had filld my naelz –
 The du wuz strung in silver beeded spider webz,
 And on the grass its kristel bellz.

The day lay all befor me, and nite –
 In wich I kerld in my bed,
 That narro plase, my room
 A den ov wolvz, and me allone –
 That nite had passt, its terrerz now withdrawn,
 And now the day, and my yung hart in gladness...
 I rememmer.

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Iyz Opend on Twu Werldz

Ldreemd the retern tu my parents manshen.
 A nu path led tu Thaer dor;
 A path I had never seen befor,





Kaerfullee brikt and well-kept.

Thare iz a forres,
Intu, Reb Yosee dissappeerenz.

Allong that path so determind, I wuz krawling ,
My iyz kloezd tite, making my way
By hand and by hart, trying tu see
If it wuz tru, I shoud kno the way.

Befor this Hows
A deth, standing ar my Parenz.

And my left hand fownd the kornerstone
Ov the porchulokka bed, left ov the entrans.
And my rite hand brusht the iyern raeling
Rite tu the portikko, I kno this plase, even bliend.

In this getto
Street ov beggerz, deth dansing.

The seen chaenjz. I thrust my handz intu a pit ov ashez,
The Tempel ov Ewrope, tu por them on my hed.
My fingerz feel wormth, glowing emberz.
I lift them owt in a marvel ov paen.

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The kornerstone,
And entrans tu owver Tempel, I kan feel.



Open Wun Skroel, Enter the Ferst Wave

*Shabbat Pesukh khoel Ha-mowaed 5760
Shakhreet Shemmona Esray*

And then I kame tu the Grate See.
And the darkness in the forres
Reseeded intu oek shrub
And yello flowwer brume.





Then sharp ej beech grass rubbd my shinz,
And the roer ov brakerz washt akross my fase.

My foutprints krosst the beech in her singing,
Her armz spred wide with fraktel pattern tallit*.
** praer shawl; sandz*
She dessendz and the wotterz rize up tu her,
Erasing the aengziyetteez that hav echt thaer furroez,
Beests that mar her in thaer kors unknowen,
A histerree re-riting in dalee immerzhenz.

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I lay with her, lips tu her lips,
Brest tu my brest; the shape ov my boddee
Imprest in her Soel, an expans ov sand.
The see sang its versez tu me by thowzendz,
Wave after wave, vers after vers,
Storee after storee, letter after letter,
Era after era, the brakerz ov the song,
Reveled tu eech Soel and tu all the werldz,
Hu evver iz reddee tu approech and lissen.

I gaezd on the skroelz unroeling befor me
Trying tu interpret thaer infinnit vois.
Eech skroel az it opend reveeld ferther skroelz,
Eech werd expanding tu hewman lievz,
Eech skroel re-roeling and klozing at my feet,
Swerling a foming arrownd my aenkelz.

I reecht down tu gather and lift up a handful.
Between my feengerz a dimend kaskade.
I splash my fase. Senshuwus and koeld;
It wuz teerz, an illumens,* a likwid siyens.
** living*

The songz kaskaden; thay rize and re-spirel,
And I, huze steps will be eraest frum the beech,
Konkluden my praerz, I steppt back and bow.





My Razel Frum a Narro Plase

*Ejpt iz "Meetsriyam" in Hebru,
wich also meenz "a narro plase."
For my sister, Razel Laya*

Lt happend wuns, **R**abbiy **Y**osee wuz wokking
Ammung the ruwenz ov the Tempel, the nashenz.
The saekred stoenz wer a sarro dissarray,
The pure mortar intu krumbelz and lime.

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Pressing between the falen piller
A witen dust on hiz tungz and breechez,
Thare kumz he intu a dirj, a breth
Ov wind, a Dotter ov a Vois*, a rushing.

** In Hebrew: "But Koel," where Koel is "voice"
and But is "daughter/feminine." The phrase
is usually translated "Divine Voice."*

And she sed:

"I hu am dowting; unwerthee, unwerthee!
"No mor may I enter in dwelling the Lor.
"I must liv my sarro, an unspeken exxile;
"No mor may I heer the salmz on my hart.

"Silens, silens, wut a punnish yu ar!
"Tu understand no mor the ling ov my Soel*!"

** Utherz say: yewth*

Then **R**eb **Y**osee sat down on the shardz and ponderd,
Tu heer this vois a razel in hiz Soel,
Him huze hole life a devvoten tu the ling
In hiz Soel, hu kan heer her praerz so klare.

Then this faent breez, this wind breth, **R**eb **Y**osee:

"O Sister ov a Vois, so dowtful, dowtful,
"Huze iyz ar blerring in this Tempel a Ruwenz,
"Huze vois iz chok ov the dust all a werl,
"Lissen, o lissen and yu will heer
"The praerz ov yur Soel, the joy ov yur yewth,
"Weeping, weeping. **R**eturn frum yur exxile.

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“Ammung the Ruwenz, Sister Vois, arize!”



In a Vallee ov Shaddoez

*We ar taught in the Zohar
That God has created 3 worlds:
A world hidden, that cannot be known at all;
A world that is known;
And a world that is known and unknown.
– for my Reb Lynn*

Wut iz in the sine owver **D**ivvine **P**rezzen
Inkreesen the lite in the **T**empel?
The paganz tern tu wor.
The **H**olee **W**unz ar worn tu ashen.
The chieldz in toen a revvellaten.

Az abbu, so the **S**eel in owver helasseez
Ar re-kut tu a hiyer lite.
The shaddo self in bitterz, in kersez.
The waken sellz ar teerz a brethless.
The holee fazez desifer and express it.

Or, pulling back one curtain, we can see it this way:

In a Vallee ov Shaddiy

still for my Reb Linn

Wut ar the fazen owver **D**ivvine **P**rezzen
Wen lite inkreesen the **B**aet **S**haddiy?
The nayseerz fomen a furee.
The **S**ajez ar faent in t'fela. *

** Hebrew word for pryae;
the 18 blessings (Shmona Esray) more
specifically*

The unborn ar soen a nu proffessee.

Az abbu, so the **S**eel in owver hows
Re-karven with a finer skriber.
The mattereya fasez kontorten a kers.
Frum terrafying trommaz a speren reternz.





The **Messiya** self, unsifer and deklaer it.

*For the first, prayer is useless,
for he cannot know the world;
For the second, God is always a companion,
so prayer is unnecessary;
Prayer is for the third,
who receives no Divine help
except through prayer.
– Mordechai Yosef of Ishbitz*



Midrash Tzav II: Pagan Richuwelz

These Wer the Lawz ov the Bernt Offer*

** In Hebrew the word for "burnt offering" is "olah", translated into Greek as "holocaust."*

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And the pepel persued the userping preests.
With fervor thay persued, and full ov furee.
Userping preests, expert in kasting
The bronz idel and the hewman form.
The pepel persued; thay showted and thay addord,
And the userping preests re-rote thaer lawz.

“We and ower sunz ar now kommando:
“We karree the instrukten for the offering up,
“In the blazing harth and in the slotter site,
“Wut bernz all nite till the lite a day.”*

** Viyeekra, 6:2, Fox translation,
with help from JPS and Kaplan translations.*

The pagan preests inkanten thaer kersez
And the worshipping massez repeeten after them,
“These ar the chieldz ov the Shaddai werl.
“In thaer shaddo the Volkeree ar dying aaway.
“Volkeree vois ov streng dreenk and fiyer!
“Restor the Volker in the blud and the flesh.”

The pagan preests dresst in thaer roebz.
The sonderkommando in thaer brokade ov deth.
They set asside the ashez gatherd frum the fiyer,





The offering konsuemd in the slotter site.*

* *Viyeekra, 6:3, Fox translation, et al.*

Then thay strippt thaer roebz and touk on nu wunz –

The sakrafise kloethz wer spred arrownd the land –

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Then thay karreed the ashez owtside the kamp,*

* *Viyeekra, 6:4, Fox translation, et al.*

And plowd them deep in the baren feeldz.

Now the Vois ov Yisroyel rizez frum the grownd

And the pezzents kry owt, “We kannot endor!

“Ower soelz gro faent. We need streng dreenk.

“O volkeree vois; O volkeree!”



Volkeree, Retern!

Shabbut Behar, 5762

“O volkeree vois, retern tu me!
 “O vois ov the muskee Ertha, retern.
 “O vois prowld, o vois unrepenten,
 “O volkeree vois, retern tu me.”

“Rize up frum owwer unknoen ansest, arrize;

“Kwik ov sharp ejjez, sord and nife;

“Lowd in the charjing ov horsez hoovz.

“Pord like hot oyl, harts karvd in ise.”

“Frons, prepare! Ittalya, prepare!

“Naderland, Doyshland, Osterland, prepare!

“Danmark, Shvaden, Polanya, Espanya,

“All Ewrope, obesens tu yur volkeree soel!”

“Prepare wuns aggen the infernel offerringz:

“Blud ov oeld ramz, blud ov the kidz;

“Brake the wingz ov the lark and the duv;

“Konsume the Preesthoud with fiyer and klub.”

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“Hael the grate artists, thaer graffetee spastikaz.
 “Hiel the Fillisteenz and thaer Mollokh richuwelz*.”

** The Palestinian cult of suicide terror*

“Hael tu the brownshirt and kaffeya waring yewth,
 “And hiel the saentlee bishups showing ‘deth tu Jewz!’

In Yerueshalliyimz sinnaggogz the Sajez ar bent
 Over parchmen skroelz, rekording theze events.
 Behiend them, soft chanting, the salmz ov sorro
 And the salmz tu redeemen, the vois ov Yisroyel:

“6 dekkade sins the paganz ov Ewrope broke owt
 “On the land, a wor aggenst the Preesthoud ov God.
 “Thaer ruwen, thaer shame thay hav kleen forgot,
 “And aggen thay revert tu thaer pagan hart.”

“Unna Uddoniy, hoesheya nuh.
 “Unna Uddoniy, hoesheya nuh.
 “Unna Uddoniy, hutsleekha nuh.
 “Unna Uddoniy, hutsleekha nuh.*”

** Please God, redeem now.
 Please God, bring success now.
 From Psalm 118*



Sin Offering

Yitro to Tetzaveh, 5760

L stoud on the roof ov a mennee storeez bilding.

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A dreem. I wokt ammung the pallassaedz ov hevven
 Beheld in the fewcherz ov Ertha tokking sperets.
 Like a brilliyent blu, an indiggo sky
 A shimmer in the radeyen magnettek vortesseez,
 Thaer interweeven time-skaeps spred owt befor me.

And then I wuz fleeing thru konvoluten baesmen,
 Trying tu eskaep owt ov goestlee assassinz.





Ammung the narro korridorz ov Ertha I fled,
 Within the shaddoez and spekterm ov Addom.
 Koyeld in mass, a kontra diktem lite,
 I am bownd in the werlz dessenden frum hevven.
 Vortex in vort, impossabbel tu beleev
 Until yu see them; impossabbel tu see
 Until yu refuze tu beleev wut yu see.

I resseld with wun; I thot I koud subdu.
 We fot, seenking az we struggeld in a marsh.
 With a sudden twist I broke frum hiz grip,
 Oenlee tu be pinnd in a mor paenful vise.

Exxiel frum hevven for kriemz I kant say,
 I hav fled intu Ertha, her sitteez ov reffuej.
 Persued owt ov landskaeps, lumennes and stark,
 My kaftan streemz bak, roebz ov deluzhen
 On my Soel, unstabeld in the serfassez ov Addom.

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Swooning under punishmen for sinz so suttel,
 Thay ar interweeven with the wind ammung the grassez,
 Ware the eyz ov hevven neether serch nor enkwire.
 Then wut ov me? And I kannot eskaep.
 I had set a tabel, now an utter dissorder.

Izek staerz up frum ware hiz fother haz bownd him,
 An alter wejld within the stark and wind-bloen kragz.
 “Wut iz my sin?” he wunderz a repenten,
 Wile hiz fother louks agon on divvine intend.



Offeringz Thru the Nite

21 Tevet, 5761, entering Shmote

And the Lor enterd intu Proffets,
 Frum Moesheh tu Ezra,
 Tu emmerj a Torra thru them.





And Uddoniy askt them,

“Yu hu kry ekstattek weepingz

“In Owver speretchuwel kohabbettate:

“How will the chieldz rememmer This Moment,

“And how will the knowen My Prezents be sustaend?

“In the day wen My rezen iz unfathem.

“The paganz will hak at the branchen ov my Tree.

“Thay will wieldlee tare at its illumennaten leevz,

“And bern owt the nests in its swaying arberz,

“And the dellakkut frute thay will kast in the street

“Tu krush with the heel ov thaer pawlish boots.

“And the faent iyz pepel will refuze tu see.

“Thay will fill thaer iyz with delluezhen and mith,

“And no mor deziyer the taest ov trueth.

“And thus My riten

“Until yu understand:

“The offer on its piyer on the Alter all nite

“Until the morning the fiyer on the Alter keep barning.*

** Viyeekra/Leviticus 6*

“If yu keep the fiyer barning all nite

“Then my absens will kum tu an end.

“If not, tu hume and tu wut will I retern?

“Hu iz slaying the bullz?

“Hu iz laying a hart-wept peese on the flamen?



END OV THE BOUK OV LAWZ DIVVINE AND HEWMAN

