

Tisha B'Av is not primarily about the Temple – *Chaza"l*, the rabbis, figured out how to live without the Temple long ago. Rather, *Tisha B'Av* is about homelessness, fleeing from war into famine, being thrown into a hostile world without shelter or protection – things all too present in our world. It's an opportunity empathize, to confront the ways we abuse our power, as individuals, as a society, as a people, and as a species, turning other people, and other species, into refugees.

This year, *Tisha B'Av* is especially weighty. Deaths from the COVID plague increase wherever political leadership is slow to face reality. So many suffer the loss of community, wealth, and mental well-being. In the U.S., many believe letting elders die is an acceptable cost for revving the economy. And as the world struggles to face racism, the U.S. government concentrates brown immigrants and refugees in detention camps, where their lives are endangered by COVID, while the corrosive legacy of slavery is still killing Black people in the U.S. And with all this, as Jews we face growing anti-Semitism.

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New this year from neohasid: Use the Omer Counter app to count the seven weeks and Sefirot between *Tisha B'Av* and *Rosh Hashanah*. For info go to:

[neohasid.org/omer/apps/](http://neohasid.org/omer/apps/)

Stop KKL-JNF from making the Sumarin family in East Jerusalem homeless!

Find out more: [neohasid.org/sumarin/](http://neohasid.org/sumarin/)

# Laments איכה

Translations of *Eikhah* for our world

<http://neohasid.org/resources/laments>



*Laments 4:1*, Margaret Adams Parker  
[www.margaretadamsparker.com](http://www.margaretadamsparker.com)  
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*This work is dedicated to all refugees*

*Eli Tsiyon*, selected verses

*Eli Tsiyon v'areha* My God, Zion and her towns,  
*k'mo ishah v'tsireha* like a woman in travail of labor,  
*v'khivtulah chagurat sak* like a virgin wearing sackcloth  
*al ba'al n'ureha* for the husband of her youth

*Alei hegyon m'choleha* For her dancers' concentration  
*asher damam b'areha* whose blood (ran) in her towns  
*V'al va'ad asher shamam* and for the mob that destroyed  
*uvitul sanhed'reha* and ended her high court of  
justice

*Alei galut m'shartei El* For the exile of God's servants  
*n'imei shir z'mareha* sweet singers of her songs  
*V'al kolot m'charpeha* and for her scorners clamoring  
*b'eit rabu f'gareha* while the corpses piled up

*Alei pasha asher av'tah* For the perversion she twisted  
*s'lol derekh ashureha* paving the path of the well-off  
*V'al tsiv'ot k'haleha* and for her amassed community  
*sh'zufeha sh'choreha* her field workers, her brown,  
her black people

*Alei shimkha asher chulal* For Your name desecrated  
*b'fi kamai m'tsareha* in the mouths who stand against  
her oppressed  
*V'al tachan y'tsavchu lakh* and for the plea they cry to You  
*Kashuv ush'ma amareha.* focus and listen to her word

“The Hope of How” - By Yehudah Webster & Zahara Zahav  
(via Detroit Jews for Justice)

“My insides are churning” –

A most sacred home, in flames, deemed worthless, disposable; How?  
Eikhah? A pastor and worshipers slain, heads bowed, in the  
sanctuary; How?

A mother sits in the street where her son's soul was poured out;  
How? A world turns its back again, again, again – there is none to  
comfort her; How?

A people shown their Black bodies, tears, families do not matter;  
How?

How have we fallen to such disgrace? How long will we slink away  
from justice? How do we allow? How do we hope? How do we dance  
when so heavy with grief? How do we turn to face each other?

A woman climbs where no one dared, tears down a flag of hatred;  
How? A mother refuses to back down, power yields to her demands;  
How?

A wave of clergy rise up to meet resounding call for a different world;  
How? A movement plants seeds everywhere, sprouts flowers over  
burial ground; How?

A black man's cry, “I can't breathe” amplified in the streets for all to  
hear; How?

With this hope we pray that we do not reach the point of total  
destruction. We pray that we desist from senseless hatred and  
brutality. That sacred places remain holy, unstained from the blood of  
racism. That we do not repeat the mistakes of our ancestors, taking  
instead honest account of our obligations.

May community, allyship and love forge new bridges of  
understanding and trust. That we continue to hope and believe in  
each other. Demanding as one that black lives truly do matter. All  
these things we pray in solidarity together