



**UJPO/MWS
ROSH HASHONAH
OBSERVANCE
5782/2021
SONGS AND
POETRY**

Hine Ma Tov — How Good It Is
Traditional Hebrew Folk Song

Hebrew:

Hine ma tov umah nayeem
Shevet amim gam yachad.
Hine ma tov umah nayeem
Shevet amim gam yachad.

Yiddish:

Oy, vee gut un vee voyl s'is
lebn vee mentchen tsuzamen.
Oy, vee gut un vee voyl s'is
lebn vee mentchen tsuzamen.

How good it is for nations/peoples to live together in peace.





by Kathy Jetnil-Kijiner

Dear Matafele Peinam

Kathy Jetnil-Kijiner

dear matafele peinam,

you are a seven month old sunrise of gummy smiles
you are bald as an egg and bald as the buddha
you are thunder thighs and lightning shrieks
so excited for bananas, hugs and
our morning walks past the lagoon

dear matafele peinam,

i want to tell you about that lagoon
that lucid, sleepy lagoon lounging against the sunrise

some men say that one day
that lagoon will devour you

they say it will gnaw at the shoreline
chew at the roots of your breadfruit trees
gulp down rows of your seawalls
and crunch your island's shattered bones

they say you, your daughter
and your granddaughter, too
will wander rootless
with only a passport to call home

dear matafele peinam,

don't cry

mommy promises you

no one

will come and devour you

no greedy whale of a company sharking through political seas

no backwater bullying of businesses with broken morals

no blindfolded bureaucracies gonna push

this mother ocean over

the edge

no one's drowning, baby

no one's moving

no one's losing

their homeland

no one's gonna become

a climate change refugee

or should i say

no one else

to the carteret islanders of papua new guinea

and to the taro islanders of fiji

i take this moment

to apologize to you

we are drawing the line here

because baby we are going to fight

your mommy daddy

bubu jimma your country and president too

we will all fight

and even though there are those

hidden behind platinum titles

who like to pretend

that we don't exist

that the marshall islands

tuvalu

kiribati

maldives

and typhoon haiyan in the philippines

and floods of pakistan, algeria, and colombia

and all the hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidalwaves

didn't exist

still

there are those

who see us

hands reaching out

fists raising up

banners unfurling

megaphones booming

and we are
canoes blocking coal ships
we are
the radiance of solar villages
we are
the rich clean soil of the farmer's past
we are
petitions blooming from teenage fingertips
we are
families biking, recycling, reusing,
engineers dreaming, designing, building,
artists painting, dancing, writing
and we are spreading the word

and there are thousands out on the street
marching with signs
hand in hand
chanting for change NOW

and they're marching for you, baby
they're marching for us

because we deserve to do more than just
survive
we deserve
to thrive

dear matafele peinam,

you are eyes heavy
with drowsy weight
so just close those eyes, baby
and sleep in peace

because we won't let you down
you'll see



Kathy and baby Matafele by the lagoon on Majuro.

Photo: <https://bit.ly/3jeYyAa>

Dancing in the Smoke

KEiNO

Smoke is raging
Colors flicker in the night sky
Streetlights are fading
Fading

I got the feeling we won't make it to heaven
I got the feeling we won't try
When the streetlights are fading
Fading

We're not running when the world's on fire
We'll be dancing in the smoke
No, don't you worry when the flames get higher
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke

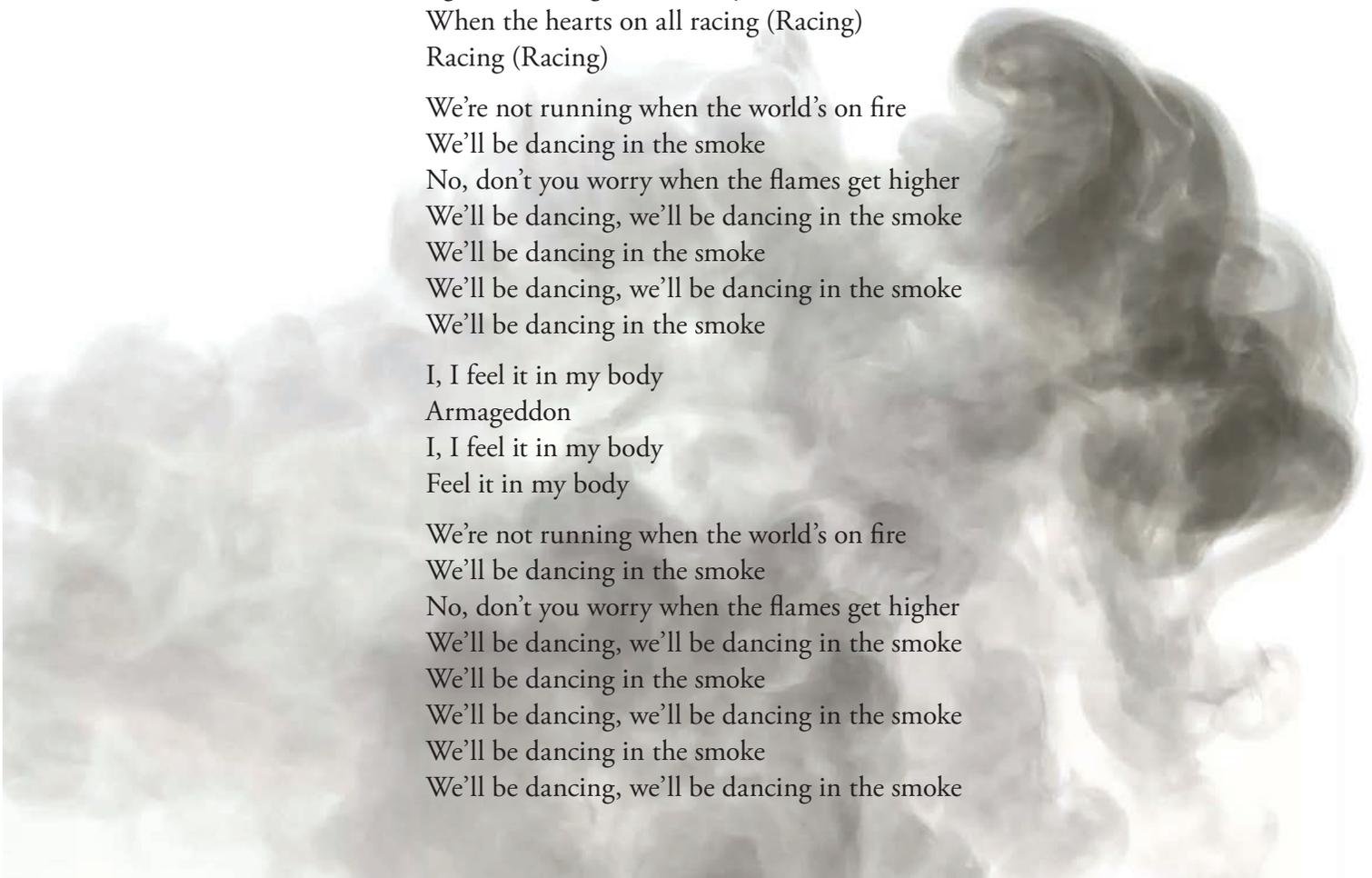
Lovers, wasted
People rushing in the moonlight
Hearts on all racing
Racing

I got the feeling we won't make it to heaven
I got the feeling we won't try
When the hearts on all racing (Racing)
Racing (Racing)

We're not running when the world's on fire
We'll be dancing in the smoke
No, don't you worry when the flames get higher
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing in the smoke

I, I feel it in my body
Armageddon
I, I feel it in my body
Feel it in my body

We're not running when the world's on fire
We'll be dancing in the smoke
No, don't you worry when the flames get higher
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing in the smoke
We'll be dancing, we'll be dancing in the smoke





Solidarity

Remi Kanazi

I.

you can speak
you always do
never minded replacing
indigenous syllables
with Western vernacular
politics on paper
but never in practice
cleansed native tongues
on soapboxes built on
stolen land

we would no longer smile
hold the door, take your coat
get on our knees and praise
this fool's gold

not palatable
not reasonable
never white enough
narratives ghostwritten
poorly and without
our permission

I am not looking for you
academic savior
know-it-all solidarity activist
condescending anti-Zionist
owe you nothing for introspection
will award you no medal as you shout
your own name at the top of your lungs

Palestinian women worked decades in camps
weaving fabric until fingers bled
watched their children die
as they built foundation for return

their names have never been mentioned
faces put on a poster or hailed as heroes
they built classrooms because their hearts
willed it, memory could not erase it

II.

when we make saviors out of movements
organize around egos and forgo campaigns
pedestal and ivory towers must be critiqued
your contribution is just that, a contribution

I wake thankful
for those who speak out
refuse, resist
but solidarity
comes with recognizing
and checking privilege

solidarity comes with knowing
that you are not better than others
simply because you hold a mic
students are not worker bees
while you take all the credit
Palestinians are not victims
that need to be saved
children that need to be dictated to
solidarity is not a golden pass
to stomp, abuse, and run over
you want to battle oppression?
confront your own complicity
in communities of solidarity



Giants

Leela Gilday and Hill Kourkoutis

We are brilliant as the snow
Ten million years of atoms glow
Shining through the deepest night

Trust the stars to bring you home
Though you're out there on your own
Ancestors guide you to the light

Ancestors guide you to the light

Chorus:

Shine Bright

Feel Strong

We are giants in our

Giants in our hearts

Took some time to get you here
Looking back we feel the tears
We remember what we gave

Letting go of all your fears
Thankful for a thousand years
Courage in our DNA

Courage in our DNA

Chorus x4

We are giants in our

Giants in our hearts



Photograph of the Matterhorn, Getty Images.



The Health of Us

Claudia Rankine

We heard health care and we thought public option
we thought reaching across the street across the lines
across the aisle was the manifestation of not a red state
not a blue state but these united states we thought
we could be sure of ourselves in this one way sure
of our human element our basic decency
and if justice was how love showed itself in public then love
was defined by access to care when someone anyone
thought that cough that burned the chest
was probably nothing but who knew that fever
after three days that inability to breathe to sleep
to wake in justice in love we thought
we were ready to be just as good to be better
and despite all the ways we exist alone no one
would be on their own we were ready to take a stab
at a kind of human kind of union we were ready to check-up
to look after in this one way we were ready
to care for each other we were ready to see
our range of possibilities as a precious commodity
to know every other as another to live in the width
of our being and we weren't ignorant or stupid or naïve
or idealists or socialists or communists or Canadians
we understood the private options would still keep us
alive longer we understood the private options
would treat the disease not the symptoms
the private options meant access to specialists
to privacy to elective procedures to a team of doctors
to radiology imaging to brand-name drugs we understood
the impossibility of real equality but this single shift
toward a national community we thought
despite being founded on genocide and sustained by slavery
in God's country we thought we were ready
to see sanity inside the humanity we thought
the improbability of the face on capitol hill meant possibility.

Tates, mames, kinderlekh

Tates, mames, kinderlekh (Yiddish: טאַטעס מאַמעס קינדערלעך, 'Fathers, mothers, children'), also known as *Barikadn* (באַריקאַדן, 'Barricades'), is a Yiddish song from the 1920s. The song was associated with the socialist General Jewish Labour Bund movement. The song describes a workers' strike in Łódź; as men, women and children joined in to construct barricades in the streets of the city. *Tates, mames, kinderlekh* was written by Shmerke Kacerginski, who later became a Communist Party activist and a partisan fighter. Kacerginski was only 15 years old at the time the song was written in 1926. The song rapidly became widely popular in the Jewish community in Poland.

Lyrics

טאַטעס מאַמעס קינדערלעך בויען באַריקאַדן	<i>tates, mames, kinderlekh, boyen barikadn,</i>	Fathers, mothers, children, raising barricades,
אויף די גאַסן גייען אַרום אַרבעטער־אַטריאַדן	<i>oyf di gasn geyen arum arbeter- otryadn.</i>	Workers' battalions taking to the streets.
ס'איז דער טאַטע פֿרי פֿון שטוב אַוועק אויף דער פֿאַבריק	<i>s'iz der tate fri fun shtub avek oyf der fabrik,</i>	Father left home early, to the factory gone,
וועט ער שוין אין שטיבעלע ניט קומען היינט צוריק	<i>vet er shoyen in shtibele nit kumen haynt tsurik.</i>	Won't be coming home to us any time too soon.
ס'ווייסן גוט די קינדערלעך דער טאַטע וועט ניט קומען	<i>s'veysn gut di kinderlekh, der tate vet nit kumen,</i>	The kids know well the reason why father won't return,
ס'איז דער טאַטע היינט אין גאַס מיט זײַן ביקס פֿאַרנומען	<i>s'iz der tate haynt in gas mit zayn biks farnumen.</i>	He's taken to the streets today and brought along his gun.
ס'איז די מאַמע אויך אַוועק אין גאַס פֿאַרקויפֿן עפל	<i>s'iz di mame oykh avek in gas farkoyfn epl,</i>	Mother too is in the street, off to sell some apples,
שטייען אין קיך פֿאַריתומטע די טעלער מיטן טעפל	<i>shteyen in kikh faryosemte di teler mitn tepl.</i>	Leaving orphaned in the kitchen all the pots and dishes.
ס'וועט ניט זײַן קיין וועטשערע זאַגט חנהלע די יאַטן	<i>— s'vet nit zayn keyn vetshere — zogt khanele di yatn, —</i>	Don't expect to eat, says Khanele to the boys,
ווייל די מאַמע איז אַוועק צוהעלפֿן דעם טאַטן	<i>vayl di mame iz avek tsubelfn dem tatn...</i>	

Ale Brider/Ale Shvester — All Brothers/All Sisters

Morris Winchevsky

Un mir zaynen shvester /brider
Ay, yay shvester/brider
Un mir zingen freylekhe lider
Ay, yay, yay!

Un mir haltn zikh in eynem,
Ay, yay, zikh in eynem!
Kayn bessers iz nito bay keynem,
Ay, yay, yay!

Un mir zaynen ale shvester
Ay, yay, ale shvester
Azoy vi Rokhl, Rut un Ester
Ay, yay, yay!

Un mir zaynen freylekh munter
Ay, yay, freylekh munter
Zingen lider, tantsn unter
Ay, yay, yay!

For we are all brothers,
singing happy songs.

We stay together, always united,
caring for one another.

We are all sisters
like Rachel, Ruth and Esther.

And we're happy and cheerful
singing songs, dancing along.



Open Memo To The Congressional Appropriations Committee And The Military Department Of Defense

Sandra María Esteves

To Whom It Does Concern:

Could we please have just one space flight,
one nine-million dollar adventure into the great breath,
so that we could divide the loaves and fishes
and put 900 more people to work for a year.

Or could we please have one nuclear missile,
so we can difuse it, sell the used parts
for one-point-ten billion worth of more than just
rice krispies breakfast-lunch-dinners.

What if we could exchange an M-1 rifle for a solar reflector
so that our building could have heat all the time,
not wait for avaricious gun-toting landlords
to remember to call the oil company tomorrow
for the child next door with pneumonia today.

We would even accept a leftover bomber,
or one two-million dollar high tech space suit,
however patronizing it may seem,
or a decommissioned aircraft carrier to relieve tight housing problems.

Its not much, is it?

When you add it up, pull together the sum total
of the four billion dollars-a-day catastrophe fantasy,
the whole is worse than its parts.

So to continue our list,
could you please refund on our next tax return
the difference between the limousines you drive,
and the tokens we do not have
to build our nation strong.

Signed,
The People of the Rest of the World



Jacob Lund Photography © 2020, <https://jacoblund.com>

Prison Trilogy (Billy Rose)

Joan Baez

Billy Rose was a low rider, Billy Rose was a night fighter
Billy Rose knew trouble like the sound of his own name
Busted on a drunken charge
Driving someone else's car
The local midnight sheriff's claim to fame

In an Arizona jail there are some who tell the tale how
Billy fought the sergeant for some milk that he demanded
Knowing they'd remain the boss
Knowing he would pay the cost
They saw he was severely reprimanded

In the blackest cell on "A" Block
He hanged himself at dawn
With a note stuck to the bunk head
Don't mess with me, just take me home

Come and lay, help us lay
Young Billy down

Luna was a Mexican the law called an alien
For coming across the border with a baby and a wife
Though the clothes upon his back were wet
Still he thought that he could get
Some money and things to start a life

It hadn't been too very long when it seemed like everything went wrong
They didn't even have the time to find themselves a home
This foreigner, a brown-skin male
Thrown into a Texas jail
It left the wife and baby quite alone

He eased the pain inside him
With a needle in his arm
But the dope just crucified him
He died to no one's great alarm

Come and lay, help us lay
Young Luna down
And we're gonna raze, raze the prisons
To the ground

Kilowatt was an aging con of 65 who stood a chance to stay alive
And leave the joint and walk the streets again
As the time he was to leave drew near
He suffered all the joy and fear
Of leaving 35 years in the pen

And on the day of his release he was approached by the police
Who took him to the warden walking slowly by his side
The warden said "You won't remain here
But it seems a state retainer
Claims another 10 years of your life."

He stepped out in the Texas sunlight
The cops all stood around
Old Kilowatt ran 50 yards
Then threw himself down on the ground

They might as well just have laid
The old man down
And we're gonna raze, raze the prisons
To the ground
Help us raze, raze the prisons
To the ground



Blockprint by Roger Peet, Just Seeds Collective, 2020

Lo Yeesa Goy

Isaiah 2:4

Music by Shalom Altemnan

Lo yeesa goy el goy cherev
Lo yeel m'du od meelchama
(repeat)

And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree
Shall live in peace and unafraid.
(repeat)

And into plowshares beat their swords
Nations shall learn war no more.
(repeat)



Some samples of responses we received to the question, “Where do you find hope and inspiration?”

In community, especially the Winchevsky Shule community. In the creative actions of resistance and resurgence being demonstrated by BIPOC peoples, opening up possibilities for decolonial futures. In the BDS movement. In the community gardens being built by Indigenous residents of homeless encampments of Toronto — an assertion of land-based sovereignty. In poetry. In children and their connections to other generations. In nature.

In my kids; also in the degree of positive change in response to difficult situations (such as renaming Dundas Street).

Flowers and trees and fresh air.

From ordinary people doing ordinary things that make a difference for others

In new and strengthened connections between struggles for justice in Israel/Palestine and around the world.

My children and students.

Black and Indigenous movements.

In the goodness of people.

In my friends and in nature and the hope that we can live in a world where there is trust, caring and respect for one another.

Community activism.

Palestinian resistance to oppression and occupation.

In grandchildren.

By still being able to date at 71!

From living 6 months of the year next to the ocean in Newfoundland. Family and friends are nearby. It gives me tremendous satisfaction.

From getting to stay alive in a pandemic, to the social justice that we build together.

L'Shana Tova — A Good Year

Mir bagrisn hoich un klor
L'Shona Tova, A Gut Yor.
Mir bagrisn un mir vintshn
Ale kinder hoykhmun klor.
L'Shona tova, Tikosavu
A Gut Yor, A Gut Yor.

Tates, mames, dem gantzen dor
L'Shona Tova, A Gut Yor.
Tates, mames, shvester, brider
Kroyvim fraynd, dem gantzn dor
L'Shona Tova, Kol Yisroel
A Gut Yor, A Gut Yor

We greet you loud and clear
A good year! A good year!
We greet and we wish
All the children, loud and clear;
May you be inscribed for a good year.
A good year! A good year!

Fathers, mothers, the whole generation
A good year! A good year!
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Relatives, friends, the whole generation
A good year to all Jews!
A good year! A good year!



L'Shanah Tovah Tikatevu