

# APPENDIX WITH A SELECTION OF POEMS (CHAPTER 3)

These poems regained significance again after October 7 or were specifically created to commemorate those events.

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Source: The poems by Michael Zats, Lital Kaplan, Asaf Gur, Itay Lev and Osnat Eldar can be found at “A new poetry, post-Oct. 7” (religionnews.com, 14 March 2024), <https://religionnews.com/2024/03/14/october-7-poetry-rachel-korazim/>

## Illusion – Michael Zats

Amazing  
How everything looks  
Unchanged,  
Even  
When nothing  
Remained  
The same.

## A Word Is Needed – Vered Trumer

I need a word  
None are enough to describe  
What happened is beyond words  
horror  
fear  
disaster  
horrible  
inferno  
terror  
hell  
it is not enough  
The Hebrew language needs a new word  
Because the word “Shoa” is already taken

Source: Post on Facebook of Vered Trumer in Hebrew, 10 October 2023, <https://www.facebook.com/share/p/3B87su74dw5MaVWd/> [last accessed 30.04.2024]

## Home Front Command's New Regulations for Small Talk – Lital Kaplan

“What’s up?” Cancelled. Instead use: “What’s shaken up?”

“What’s beaten up?”

“What’s blown up?”

“What’s going on?” Banned. Alternatives: “What’s breaking down?”

“What’s forever gone?”

Instead of the rude “How are you?”

We must frown in the face of our friend and ask — “How war you?”

And instead of the standard response, Forbidden by strict veto power:

“I’m fine, in fact.”

It is required to say — “Everything’s cracked.” And the truthful ones will answer —

“Everything is shattered. Everything is shattered”

*(translated by Maya Valentine)*

## Kaddish – Asaf Gur

Yitgadal V'yitkadash Shmei Raba  
And no one came  
Many thousands called Him on Shabbat morning  
Crying His name out loud  
Begging Him with tears just to come  
But He ceased from all His work  
No God came  
And no God calmed  
Only Satan celebrated uninterrupted  
Dancing between kibbutzim and the slaughter festival  
And our correspondent goes on to report  
All the while sobbing  
Saying there is a burnt baby  
And there is an abducted baby  
There is an orphaned baby  
And there is a day-old baby  
Still linked to his mother's body by the umbilical cord  
He hadn't even managed to find out his name  
What will be inscribed on the tiny headstone  
With a single date for birth and death  
This is what the kibbutz looks like after Satan's visit  
Turning the broadcast back to the studio  
Quiet now they are shooting  
They are also launching rockets  
And there is no government  
And there is no mercy  
Just the screaming and the pictures  
That will never leave the mind  
The seventh of October  
Two thousand twenty three.

*(translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim)*

## Mom Is Always Right – Itay Lev

Mom said that when I grew up there would be no army. Mom was right.  
I haven't yet grown and already there was no army.  
It wasn't there when I heard the screaming outside.  
It wasn't there when I saw dad so scared and stressed.  
It wasn't there when the door was kicked in.  
It wasn't there when I hid under the bed.  
It wasn't there when we three pushed back on the door of the safe room.  
It wasn't there when time just stood still.  
It wasn't there when they suddenly entered.  
It wasn't there when they tore dad off mom  
Mom had said that when I grew up there would be no army.  
Mom was right  
Now all I want is to tell her that she is always right.  
I cried, I screamed, and still she is silent.

*(translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim)*

## Mothers – Osnat Eldar

They are gathering at night

One by one

She whose daughter was abducted and her bloodstained picture doesn't allow her any peace

She whose son fell in battle

She whose children will remain forever in the little safe room in the corner of the house on the kibbutz

She who remained mute on the other end of the line scratching the horrors onto her skin

She who whispered from time to time to him. Or to her

"I love you"

'I am with you'

I am here

Hello?!

She who wasn't able to say goodbye

She who is holding onto a fragment of a film clip showing him alive

She who woke up on Shabbat with the knowledge of death germinating within her.

At night, in my darkened room, they are wandering in circles

Drooped shoulders, restless, sleep crazed.

Mothers

If only they could change places with the boy or the girl

Ready for captivity or death

Mothers.

Not yet used to wandering.

They come to me at night

One by one

I am hugging them with compassion, with longing

Absorbing into my body the feelings of guilt, the helplessness, the abyss

And caressing silently their new maternal title

Imposed on them.

*(translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim)*

## October – Adi Keissar

I'm not sure  
if I could go back to life this time  
A morning run, bike trip, party  
without the face of the dead  
haunting me  
I'm not sure  
if I could come back alive this time  
An empty baby bed, a blanket  
coloured red.

What I'm sure of  
Automatic weapons, fire and smoke  
shattered windows and a broken door  
sirens going up and down  
ashes and wreckage  
The world is burning  
and I am the flames

The hours blended  
also, the days  
At night came the dreams  
and the mosquitos  
to suck my skin  
As from a hidden signal  
swirled around me  
all night

buzzed in the darkness  
asked for my blood.  
All through the night  
the air stood still  
between me and the world  
not going in and not coming out  
In the morning I opened a window  
the sun was shining in the sky  
the silence filled the empty streets  
I'm not sure  
if I could ever hear silence  
that doesn't hide a disaster within.

Source: "Poem | October | by Adi Keissar", December 2023, <https://fathomjournal.org/poem-october-by-adi-keissar/>