



Shabbat Shmot 5777 / January 20, 2017

Dear Shir Tikvah:

Sometimes as a rabbi, the Torah comes bursting out from deep inside my kishkes. I have so much to say I can't possibly contain it all!

Some days, I struggle to find the right words-or any words at all.

And then, like a beautifully wrapped gift, powerful words come from a friend.

This Shabbat is one of those moments. I share with you a poem from my friend Alden Solovy. May you it bring you meaning and blessing in abundance.

Shabbat Shalom,  
Michael

We Will Be Heard

Today

I am an immigrant,

A drag queen,

A rape survivor.

An African Methodist Church set on fire,

A mosque pelted with rocks,

A synagogue painted with hate.

I am disabled.

A woman paid half of a salary.

A Black man encircled by police.

I am Asian, Latino, Hispanic,

Native American and Multi-Racial.

Yes,

We pray for wisdom and grace

To land like a miracle

On the President,

Transforming his rhetoric of hostility and violence

Into deeds of compassion and love.

And still we stand in shock and fear

That our rights will be trampled in public

And repealed in law.

Don't say suck it up.

Don't say get over it.

We haven't forgotten the lynching,

The darkness of the closet,

The death by back-alley abortion.

Today

I am Roe v. Wade,

Obergefell v. Hodges,

Brown v. Board of Education,

The child of slaves,

The child of illegals,

The child of gay parents,

The child of a vision for freedom

And the yearning for inclusion

Rejected by those coming into power.

Today I am an American,

A citizen of the United States,

A child of democracy,

A patriot,

Dedicated to justice,

Dedicated to liberty,

Dedicated to action,

Demanding to be heard.