

"*Yoreh u-Malqosh u-Vokheh* (Trigger warning)"

Yoreh, that's the early rain, fall's rain, hitting dry ground
like arrows — drops that strike, percuss
— we answer those strikes, planting sprigs,
like bullets they pierce earth, but spaced evenly,
like a little geometric prayer: may these shoots sprigging the soil
strike root and thrive
 yoreh yoreh, shoots shooting up upward

Yoreh, that rain we prayed for. But
before we could pray, bullets.
Bullets that sprayed, sprigged the people,
 hearts pierced, pelvises shattered

Yoreh yoreh,
they shoot, we shoot

So it goes. Missiles drumming concrete, artillery shells collapsing shells of buildings
(did you know you can't accurately aim artillery shells?)
Concrete pounds everything
where it falls — flesh and other relics of life,
 whole clans, wiped out, from a single strike,
exterminated ever after from the rolls of the living

An IDF soldier, they say, shoots and cries, *yoreh u-vokheh*,
Look, see — he is mourning the life of each fallen enemy,
or at least mourning that he had to do the killing.
Well, maybe not, as we all saw, it doesn't work that way IRL

Will we ever get that late rain called *malqosh*,
the one that dances with the loamy ground, and so
sweetening already sweetened soil? Or bringing home every captive? And then
ending winter, folding into dew —
Ana Hashem, please...
But the soil, still so bitter, *maror* has taken over a garden ordained
for dying, ordained to receive so many bloods,
consecrated like the priest, who afterword goes round
sprinkling purifying blood
 everywhere

Yoreh, he will teach, the priest will teach us, the rabbi will teach us,
to separate life from death, clean from corrupt, uplifted from fallen

Yoreh Yoreh, he will teach, he will teach
Yadin Yadin, He will judge, He will judge