

CLASS OF 95

1922-1995 יצחק רבין



A Literary Anthology
on the Assassination
of Prime Minister

**Yitzhak
Rabin**

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Sella

AFTERWORD BY
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Joskowicz

CLASS OF 95

*A Literary Anthology on the Assassination
of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin*

מחזור 95

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A Literary Anthology
on the Assassination
of Prime Minister
Yitzhak Rabin

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Editor's Notes

"We do not forget for a moment that whether you support our actions or oppose them, we are all brothers, we are all Jews, and we all share the same destiny."

Yitzhak Rabin
address to Jewish Federation leaders, 1994

On November 4, 1995, while my parents watched the news, I laid in bed crying silently and thinking that the whole country might be lost because of the vile actions of one man. I was ten years old, newly returned to Israel with my American-born siblings, drawn back by my parents' hope that Rabin and his vision meant peace, perhaps normalcy, was finally within reach. That night, after Yitzhak Rabin was murdered by a fellow Jew, I understood for the first time that the country we had come home to could shatter from within.

Earlier that day, my mom took me to visit a friend of hers. My parents were not the political type that went to protests, but I remember my mom asking her if she was going to the peace rally in Tel Aviv that night, maybe hoping they could go together. The friend declined. Her husband, Moti, was on call that evening. We didn't know then that Dr. Mordechai Gutman would spend those hours

trying desperately to resuscitate the Prime Minister, only to announce his death to a devastated nation. For me, as for an entire generation, Rabin's assassination became a moment of political and societal awakening, our violent introduction to the fragility of democracy and the price of Jewish division.

The assassination of Yitzhak Rabin is not merely an Israeli trauma but a defining rupture in modern Jewish history. Jews have always lived in tension: between the universal and the particular, between the centripetal force drawing us inward to our homeland, "*a people living alone*" (Numbers 23:9), and the centrifugal force propelling us outward as "*a light to the nations*" (Isaiah 49:6). Our enduring challenge has been learning how to live as both a diasporic and sovereign people, bound by an unbreakable tether.

Rabin's murder, the first time an elected Israeli prime minister was killed by a fellow Jew, symbolizes the long and painful road of relearning Jewish sovereignty. In that sense, it must be remembered as a watershed moment, not only for Israeli society but for the entire Jewish people. In the years immediately following, Jewish communities worldwide observed Rabin Memorial Day as a significant date on the Jewish calendar. Ceremonies

filled major institutions, schools integrated the assassination into curricula, and community leaders used the occasion to discuss democratic values, civil discourse, and the costs of unchecked hatred.

But memory fades. Few today recall that Rabin's assassination sent shockwaves through the Jewish world comparable to those we experienced on October 7th, 2023. Both events represent moments when the fabric of Jewish society was torn, first from within, then from without. Both forced us to confront uncomfortable truths about violence, safety, and the limits of Jewish unity. As we struggle to process the trauma of October 7th, we must recognize that healing requires addressing not only our present wounds but those that have festered, unresolved for decades.

"Remember the days of old; consider the years of past generations. Ask your father, and he will tell you; your elders, and they will teach you" (Deuteronomy 32:7).

L'dor va'dor, from generation to generation, the Jewish people have sustained themselves by transforming both triumphs and tragedies into stories that become the foundation of collective identity. Most of those stories were passed down from our ancestors. Today, it is our turn to tell a new story, to transform trauma into power. But such stories cannot be written only in op-eds or academic articles. They require art and poetry, a literary space where we can lay aside our political uniforms and engage in the deeper work of meaning-making. As the

American artist Ben Shahn observed in "The Future of the Creative Arts" symposium, 1952: *"The time is past due for us to decide whether we are a moral people, or merely a comfortable people... If it falls to the lot of artists and poets to ask these questions, then the more honorable their role. It is not the survival of art alone that is at issue, but the survival of the free individual and a civilized society."*

Memory has always held sacred space in Jewish life, but remembering Rabin requires us to resist the comfort of forgetting and embrace the moral imperative of remembrance.

For many over the age of thirty, the assassination remains viscerally personal. For younger generations, it risks becoming a forgotten footnote. Yet in historical terms, in human-geological time, it happened only yesterday. We are still too close to experience it without pain, but maybe far enough to begin writing a shared story.

Years after that terrible night, I dedicated much of my life to educating young Israelis about Rabin's legacy and the fragile work of democracy. On the 18th anniversary of his death, I organized a poetry reading alongside the main memorial rally. We discovered something striking: Rabin's assassination was nearly absent from our poetry, "a tree falling in the woods." Our call for submissions unearthed dozens of unpublished poems waiting in drawers across the country.

In 2013, together with Alon Bar and Yarden Ben-Zur,

we published *Machzor 95*, the first literary anthology dedicated to Rabin's assassination. We chose the name for its double meaning: the "Class of '95", those unfortunate graduates of this collective trauma, and the Hebrew *machzor*, the prayer book for holidays, reflecting our belief that healing is not linear but cyclical, always requiring our return. In 2022, joined by editors Dr. Ilan Yosef Berkovitz, Dani Efrati, and Dafna Barchilon, we published a second and expanded edition.

Now, thirty years after the assassination, we offer *Class of 95*, an English translation that invites readers worldwide into direct conversation with how Israeli society continues grappling with this history. From the Hebrew editions, we selected forty poems and arranged them according to five stages of Jewish mourning, creating a literary framework that honors both the specificity of this trauma and the Jewish rhythms of grief.

The first chapter, **Aninut**, the period between death and burial, captures the stunned immediacy of assassination. Agi Mishol's "4.11.95" distills the moment: "*Something so oof / dropped in the heart.*" Maya Valentine, in an unnamed poem, invokes Genesis 22:12, "*Do not raise your hand against the boy*", pleading for divine intervention that might have saved our modern Isaac.

The second chapter, **Shivah**, reflects the stage of communal grief and early processing. In Roy Zemach's *Letter to Yitzhak and Inbal*, memory returns in fragments of terror and loss, as if spoken as an oath to remember

yet tinged with remorse: *"Thank you for writing. Too bad you didn't write when Yitzhak was alive."* Yehezkel Nafshi's *When a Man Dies* turns the public square itself into a site of mourning, giving voice to the sense of loss and abandonment felt by the "candle generation": *"When a man dies in Kings of Israel Square / there is no consolation for him. Or for us / Even his name could be lost. And our name."* Shahar-Mario Mordechai's *State Ceremony* stages us into the all-too-familiar rhythm of official, militarized ritual, satirizing the surreal attempt to formalize the intimate pain of a people tired of war and death.

The third chapter is **Shloshim**, the thirty-day period after burial, when some mourning practices continue but normal life begins to resume. The poems here turn toward a reckoning with absence. Nitzan Mintz's *It's the Wound's Birthday* transforms the wound itself into a grotesque companion: *"We'll tie balloons for the wound / Wish for it to grow."* Yosef Ozer voices the bitterness of religious Jews who mourned Rabin but felt collectively blamed: *"I know that my matzot are white / that I never baked with blood."* Daniel Baumgarten refuses to shy away from the incitement that preceded murder: *"recall the spell / stoke their flames / then all at once / in a flash of cameras / unleash the leashes / release the chains!"*

The fourth chapter, **Yud Bet Chodesh**, the twelve months of mourning, stretches into memory and private recollection. In Ron Dahan's *My Life as a Soundtrack*,

Rabin's death blends with everyday detail, becoming another nostalgic tune on the radio: *"I remember three notes from the soundtrack of the early 90s: / Bono's wondrous scream in One / Eddie Vedder's sob in Black / and the silence after the shot that killed another one, Yitzhak Rabin."* Dafna Barchilon's (Un)Easy Math transports us back to the experience of a teenager who truly hoped for peace, and now, as an adult, struggles to comprehend what has been lost: *"I was 15 years old then and today I'm 30, 15 years have passed. This might sound like easy math, but for me this math is incredibly uneasy."*

One year concludes the official stages of Jewish mourning, which are then repeated annually in the *yahrzeit*. Yet we chose to add a fifth chapter, **Avelut Yeshanah**. Jewish tradition distinguishes between *avelut chadasha* (new mourning) for immediate losses and *avelut yeshanah* (old mourning) for historical tragedies embedded in our calendar. By including this final section, we suggest that Rabin's assassination belongs not only to personal or generational memory but to the canon of Jewish trauma. Like Tisha B'Av, which marks the destruction of the First and Second Temples in Jerusalem, it demands an ongoing ritual of return, but also a narrative, a way of carrying the wound forward while insisting that it remain part of our collective story. *Class of 95* offers no closure. Instead, it provides language, rhythm, and imagery to keep this memory alive

and productively unsettled. In our current moment, as Jewish communities worldwide grapple with new forms of division, as Israel faces unprecedented challenges to its democratic fabric, as antisemitism resurges globally, this anthology models a crucial kind of work: the patient, honest examination of how we arrived at this moment and what wisdom our wounds might teach.

Through this translation, we return again and again to a night that changed the trajectory of Israel and the Jewish people. We do so not to reopen wounds but to ensure they teach us. We honor Rabin's legacy not only as a leader whose life was cut short, but as a reminder that the fragile, urgent work of democracy, dialogue, and peace remains unfinished.

Will we be a moral people, or merely a comfortable one? *Class of 95* insists that true comfort can only come through the moral courage to remember, to reckon, and to rebuild.

Foreword

I was on a bus from Ra'anana to Jerusalem when I heard the panicked news reports coming in over the radio about the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin. It was just a few months into my second gap year in Israel, studying in a *yeshiva*, and I was returning from a weekend of my religious Zionist youth movement with over 100 of my peers. Most of the people in that network were right of center, raised to despise Rabin and the Oslo process that he was leading, and inclined by the values of the movement to cherish the holiness of the land of Israel more than the contingent hope for what they expected to be a fractious, foolish peace that would require significant territorial compromise. I was an outlier who believed deeply in the peace process – I was literally raised to support it, by a father who was one of the lead American negotiators – and I admired the imperfect Rabin. I saw him as the archetype of the Israeli story: a rugged military icon with an often-heroic, often-morally spotty past, who was now remolding himself with visible discomfort into a peacemaker, like the pain that the sword must feel when it is beaten into a ploughshare. That evening, on the bus, I quickly became a translator. I lived in Israel when I was a child in elementary school, and my Hebrew has stayed fluent, much more so than most of

the American Jewish kids with me on the bus, so I leaned in close to the radio, grabbed the microphone, and did my best to help my peers understand what was going on. I remember being on the bus that night, trying to parse both my own shock and terror about what was happening, as well as trying to endure the periodic expressions of glee I heard from some of my American Jewish peers who experienced the killing of Rabin as victory, with a banality that looked to me like they were celebrating winning color war at camp. I had no curiosity or empathy for those kids until a few days later, when nearly the entirety of Israeli leadership, including those leading the red-hot protests, knelt in sorrow for Rabin. Sometimes American Jews perform our relationship to Israel in caricature, out of proportion to the attitudes of Israelis. I think those kids were making a bad guess about how they were supposed to react. They were reading something in translation, and they misunderstood it.

Translation gets a bad rap – like kissing through a veil, it is said – and that suspicion is affirmed when we believe we understand something through a myth of proximity only to discover we are speaking different languages. I spend much of my life thinking, writing, and teaching about Israel and regularly confront moments when I become

fully aware of what I don't know or understand. But we humans translate all the time, often in more subtle ways than on a microphone in front of a busload of students. We don't really have a choice: we travel through the world with our biases and beliefs, and the encounter with new people, experiences, and truths requires that we engage in translation to make meaning.

Literature is one of these acts of translation, whether in prose or in poetry. Borges wrote that "*the original is unfaithful to the translation*," suggesting that not only is the literary rendering of a truth or an event its own independent contribution, but more provocatively that the literary captures something that the "original" cannot." A staccato recitation of the news comes no closer to accurately depicting events as they happened than does the stuttered spoken word, or the white space between the letters of spare verse. Trauma, especially, needs poetry to help us assimilate into our minds and hearts not just what happened, but how we felt, what it meant, and what it continues to mean. When I think of that night on the bus, I can tell you the story of what happened. I can try to describe the images that are stained in my mind from the experience – the darkness stabbed by the flashes of headlights of cars passing us on the highway, the feeling of being too close to an anxious bus driver, the strangeness of narrating an experience to others who were struggling to understand it – and all of these words fall short in telling you as

honestly as I can what it felt like then, and how I feel about it all now.

Maybe the poetry of others can help - even, as in this collection, in translation. Three poets - Roy Zemach in *Letter to Yitzhak and Inbal*, Jeremy Fogel in *Song for Peace*, Shabtai Majar in *What is the event that* - make reference to Aviv Geffen and his iconic performance of his song *To Cry for You* both at the peace rally in November 1995, where Rabin was assassinated, and then a week later at the memorial service concert. Geffen's song, originally composed following the tragic death of a friend, became encoded as a prophecy of Rabin's death and then a requiem for him. The song layered tragedy upon tragedy; the memory of the song on each verse adds another layer, and we are gifted all this thickness now onto the original trauma, such that we can't remember the event without the music or hear the music without remembering the event. In *Blank*, Raanan Ben Tovim writes, "*the historians will tell us what occurred from a distance that omits the candlelight.*" Do you remember the candles burning at that concert? I do; I also remember a lot of darkness from an assassination that took place at night, and the darkening by fear of so much of the hope that was present in that moment.

In a strange way, I feel fortunate to remember something of this tragic story. The time will come, not too far off, when most will only know Rabin - his leadership during that turbulent era, the precipice of peace on which we sat

(and which proved far more fragile than it appeared to us optimists), the trauma of his death, the inevitability of the violence and warmaking that followed – through the prism of the cold history that they read or study rather than through the warm, interpretive lenses of their own memories. The invisible stain that comes with forgetting the past afflicts the young Israelis born ever since, something that Daniel Baumgarten hints at in his haunting *Silence*: “*Dear students / please raise your hands / what does it feel like to have peace / within reach?*” The tragedy of a broken past is not just what was lost in that moment, but the loss of alternate possible futures that were closed off in that public square in Tel Aviv on that deadly night. For all of us who dream of peace, the sense that it might once have been in reach feels more stinging than the experience of it now as being hopelessly elusive. I’m glad to remember Rabin, to have a sense of proximity to who he was and why he mattered, and to have lived through his loss. I worry for American Jews that in forgetting him, all we see are the inevitabilities of what has gone wrong in Israel over the past several decades, and not the availabilities of alternative endings to this story that once presented themselves and could, with the benefit of our imagination, inspire us again. Now, at the time of this writing – after October 7 and two years into the violent destruction of Gaza – we are now farther from peace than perhaps any other time in Israeli and Palestinian history. The poets and translators

of peace in Israel/Palestine are more silent than ever, the ploughshares are rendered back as swords, and we wait – as we waited for this *Class of 95* – for the break in the fighting for them to make meaning of all this horror, and then we will wait again for it to become discernible in translation for all of us who are not in proximity to the horror to fully understand it. And maybe all of this is backwards: maybe instead of waiting for the poets to make meaning of our traumas, we should find ways for the poets to stand side by side with the policymakers again and translate a better world into being. Let them stand at the microphone of our bus, careening down the highway; let them translate for us not just our past but what we are seeing and hearing and feeling, with the wisdom that makes it intelligible to us, with the words that inspire us to lead our way out of this mess. Maybe, if we have the courage to let them, the poets can save us from ourselves.

Aninut

אָנִינּוּת

The period between death and burial, marked by shock and exemption from religious obligations.

Agi Mishol

4.11.95

Something
in the shoulders
slumped low
something stuck
in the neck

Something so oof
dropped in the heart
peh-nee-mah
peh-nee-mah

Something in the room
the words
the crowding of things
or the light
something in the light

Something outside
in the branches
or the crows
their caws

Or something in the world
hard to explain
the pain

Something so fraught
the sorrow

Something oh so
oof.

4.11.95

מִשֶּׁהוּ בַחוּץ
בְּעֵנָפִים
אוּ הַעוֹרְבִים
קוֹלָם

מִשֶּׁהוּ בִכְתָּפִים
מוֹשֵׁךְ לְמִטָּה
מִשֶּׁהוּ אֵיזָה דָּבָר
בִּצְוָאר

אוּ מִשֶּׁהוּ בְּעוֹלָם
קֶשֶׁה לְדַעַת
הַכָּאֵב

מִשֶּׁהוּ אוֹף
שְׁמוּט בִּלְבָב
פִּי-נִי-מָה
פִּי-נִי-מָה

מִשֶּׁהוּ הָרָה מְאוֹד
צֶעַר יֵשׁ

מִשֶּׁהוּ בַחֲדָר
הַדְּבָרִים

מִשֶּׁהוּ אוֹף
מְאוֹד.

אוּ שְׂכָנוֹת הַחֲפָצִים
אוּ הָאוֹר
מִשֶּׁהוּ בְּאוֹר

Before the Government of Israel Announces With Astonishment

There is a country that walks the hiking trails
but never stops to look at the view.
Her eyes are always focused on the dusty path
lest she trip on a stray branch, an untied lace, a cliff
into the mouth of the abyss

Her ground makes a gulping, metallic ring
like coins in a wide-open purse.
In the blazing days of summer there are falling leaves
and her muzzle flashes burn even in storms of winter.

Life happens in the shadow of assassination and death
love for her always comes with a fear of parting
therefore right now, her Prime Minister is leaving
the rally in the square. Ready for
Labor

לפני שממשלת ישראל מודיעה בתדהמה

יֵשׁ מְדִינָה פּוֹסַעַת בְּדַרְכֵּי הַשְּׁמוּרוֹת לְטִיָּלִים
אָבֵל אֵף פֶּעַם לֹא עוֹצֶרֶת לְהִבִּיט בְּנוֹף.
עֵינֶיהָ נִשְׂוֹאוֹת תְּמִיד אֶל אֶפֶר הַשְּׂבִילִים
פֶּן תִּמְעַד מֵעֲנֹף שׁוֹטָה, שְׂרוֹךְ פְּתוּחַ, צוּק
אֶל פִּי תְהוֹם

לְאֲדָמָה שְׁלֵה יֵשׁ צָלִיל גּוֹמֵעַ שֶׁל מִתְכַּת
כְּמוֹ שֶׁל מִטְבְּעוֹת-קָפָה-פְּעוּרָה-לְעֵדָף.
בְּבִעֲרַת הַקֵּץ יֵשׁ לָהּ גַם מְרֹאוֹת שְׁלֶכֶת
וּרְשָׁפִיָּה רִשְׁפִּי אֲשֶׁר גַּם בְּסֶעַר הַחֹרֶף.

לְחַיִּים שְׁבֵה יֵשׁ צֶל שֶׁל הַתְּנַקְשׁוֹת וּמּוֹת
בְּאֶהָבָה אֶלֶיהָ יֵשׁ תְּמִיד חֶשֶׁשׁ פְּרֻדָּה
לְכֵן רֹאשׁ הַמִּמְשָׁלָה שְׁלֵה עוֹזֵב מִמֶּשׁ עֲכָשׁוֹ אֶת
הָעֶצְרֶת בְּכֶכֶר. יֵשׁ לוֹ
עֲבוּדָה

Maya Valentine

★

"Make for Me a sanctuary
that I may dwell among you"

(Exodus 25:8)

It was said to David:
You shall not build a House for My name,
because you have shed
much blood on the earth in My sight.
and when the House was built,
on Mount Moriah,
in the place it was said to Abraham:
Do not raise your hand against the boy
they brought sacrifices and there was peace.

The Third Temple was built by Israel
and coated inside and out with the blood of strangers
and he murdered his son, Yitzhak.

And I feared God
who did not dwell among us.

"וְעָשׂוּ לִי מִקְדָּשׁ,

וְשָׁכַנְתִּי בְּתוֹכָם"

שמות כ"ה ח'-ט'

לדוד אמרה:

לֹא-תִבְנֶה בֵּית לְשָׁמִי, כִּי דָמִים רַבִּים שִׁפְכָתָ אֶרֶצָה לְפָנַי

וכשנבנה הבית,

בהר המוריה,

במקום בו אמרה לאברהם:

"אַל תִּשְׁלַח יָדְךָ אֶל הַנֶּעֱר"

זבחו והיה שלום.

את בית המקדש השלישי עשה ישראל

וציפה אותו מבית ומחוץ בדם גרים

ורצח את בנו, את יצחק.

ואני יראתי אלוהים

אשר לא שכנה בנו.

Blank

Someone said "traitor."
Someone else moved it onwards
from mouth to hand, overland
currents flow, evading view.
First, the ear hears.
Then the eye, as always, is blindsided.
It takes time to process a whole picture
from signals of sounds and sights.
And the shock
and the dismay
and an unreconciled nation announces, stunned,
someone has heard "Blank, blank,"
and the picture cracks back.

The historians will tell us what occurred
from a distance that omits the candlelight
and swallows the flame in data
having nothing to do with that day –
including the endless wall,
the graffiti,
the tears,
and the idolatry.

And back to us,
to the deranged game of musical thrones,
The hope is working overtime,
peace twitching like venom.
Death recognizes all of us.

Translated by Vivian Eden

סרק

מישהו אמר "בוגד".
אחר המשיך את התנועה.
מהלשון ליד, זרמים קרקעיים
חומקים מהעין.
האזן הראשונה לשמע.
אחריה, העין משתאה כהרגלה.
לאותות נדרש זמן כדי לעבד את הקולות
ואת המראות לתמונה שלמה.
וההלם
והמבוכה
ומדינה לא-שלמה מודיעה בתדהמה.
מישהו שמע "סרק, סרק",
והתמונה שוב נסדקת לקרעיה.

מָחָר יִסְפְּרוּ לָנוּ הַיִּסְטוֹרִיוֹנִים עַל שְׂאֲרֵעַ
מִמָּרְחָק שְׂאִינוּ מִכִּיל בְּתוֹכוֹ אֶת אוֹר הַנֵּר, וְהַלְהָבָה
תְּבַלֵּעַ בְּנִתּוֹנִים, שְׂבִינֵיהֶם לְבִין אוֹתוֹ הַיּוֹם
אֵין וְלֹא כָלוּם –
כּוֹלֵל הַקִּיר הָאִינְסוֹפִי,
וְהַגְרָפִיטִי,
וְהַדְמָעוֹת,
וְהַעֲבֹדָה הַזָּרָה.

וּבַחֲזָרָה אֵלֵינוּ,
אֶל מִשְׁחָק כְּסָאוֹת מְפָרַע.
הַתְקוּהָ תִמְשִׁיךְ לַעֲבֹד שְׁעוֹת נוֹסְפוֹת.
הַשְׁלוֹם יַפְעִפֵּעַ כְּמוֹ אָרֶס.
הַמּוֹת מְכִיר בְּכָלָנוּ.
הַזְמַן – פָּגַע רַע.

Cheli Tal Shalem

Chilled shellfish

The night Rabin was murdered they brought to the
table some seafood and wine
Did we cross a line?
(can the fault for what happened be mine?)
A strange fusion place, in Rishon LeZion,
I remember it clearly
I did not like the wine
I said the seafood was cold and bad and it's mad
how these right-wingers are staging
a funeral for a Prime Minister
as the lefties rally and are shocked to announce, that –
there are no vital signs,
he answered as he ate, his eyes cold as the plate
too bad it wasn't an Arab who did the crime.

פירות צוננים

בְּעֶרְב שְׂרָבִין נִרְצַח הַגָּשׁוּ לְשִׁלְחָן כּוֹסוֹת יַיִן וּפְרוֹת־יָם לְפִי הַזְמִנָּה
וְאֶסּוּר הָיָה
(אֲזִי אוֹלִי בְּגִלְל זֶה זֶה קָרָה?)
מִסְעֶדֶת כָּלֵאִים בְּרֹאשׁוֹן, מוֹזָרָה, זֹכֶרֶת כְּמוֹ אֶתְמוֹל
אֵיךְ הַמָּנָה הִיְתָה קָרָה.
אֶמְרָתִי לוֹ שֶׁלֹּא טַעַם וְאִיזָה הַזּוּיִים
הַיְמָנִים שְׂמִימִים הִלּוּהָ שֶׁל רֹאשׁ מְמִשָּׁלָה
מוֹל הַפְּגָנָה שֶׁל שְׂמֵאלָנִים וּמוֹדִיעִים בְּתִדְהָמָה שֶׁ-
זֶה קָרָה, הוּא עֵנָה בְּעֵינַיִם קְרוֹת כְּמוֹ הַפְּרוֹת
וְחִבָּל שָׁזָה לֹא עֶרְבִי, שְׂיָרָה.

Riki Daskal

Yitzhak On the Way to Heaven

November 4, 1995, 11:16 PM,
Middle East Standard Time

In those moments the soul of Yitzhak floats upward
freed from its inwardness
God will meet him there
just as he whispered in Yigal's ear the command to kill
and in the three-way space created
between the sublime and the vile
between clarity and hatred
between the murderer and the murdered
between peace and war
between life and death
between Yitzhak and Yigal
we must tighten the strings
and keep on playing.

יצחק בדרך לשמים

4 בנובמבר 1995, 23:16

לפי שעות המזרח התיכון

ברגעים אלו מתאבדת נשמתו של יצחק מעלה
משתחררת ממפגמותה
שם תפגש אותו אלהים בדיוק
שיצק לאזנו של יגאל את הוראת המות
ובחלל המשלש שנוצר
בין הנשגב לשפל
בין הפכוון לשנאה
בין הרוצח והנרצח
בין השלום והמלחמה
בין החיים ובין המות
בין יצחק ויגאל
נצטרך למתח החוטים
ולהמשיך לשחק.

Ronny Someck

Kings of Israel Square, The Day After

Memorial candles flicker in tin cans,
flame after flame like spots
on the skin of a leopard shot in the jungle of its dreams.
His eyes, that almost saw wolves dwell with lambs,
suddenly hang on the bloodied wall
on the pathway to the heart.

5.11.95

כיכר מלכי ישראל. היום שאחרי

בְּקַפְסָאוֹת הַפֶּח נִדְלָקִים גְּרוֹת הַנְּשָׁמָה,
לְהִבָּה אַחֵר לְהִבָּה כְּחִבְרִיבוֹרוֹת
עַל עוֹר נֶמֶר שְׁנוֹרָה בְּג'וֹנָגֶל חִלּוּמוֹתָיו.
עֵינָיו, שְׁכַמְעֵט רָאוּ כֶּבֶשׂ גֵּר עִם זֶאֵב,
תְּלוּיוֹת פֶּתָאוֹם עַל קִיר הַדָּם בְּדֶרֶךְ
אֶל הַלֵּב.

Shivah

שבועה

The first seven days of
mourning, when mourners
remain at home and
receive visitors.

State Ceremony

The President, may his glory be exalted
the Prime Minister, honorable and gifted
the Minister of Defense and his trusted aide
the Commander-in-Chief – sharp and creased –
and some guy in his shade
the ruling class and all the top brass
(and here's where I get a little lost, alas);
officers of the armed forces,
experts in building-up forces
in preserving power, exercising power and strength
of the social structure of fighters and support
and I have no strength anymore
for your fucking wars.

טקס

הנָּשִׂיא יָרוּם הוֹדוּ
רֹאשׁ הַמִּמְשָׁלָה, כְּבוֹדוֹ
שֶׁר הַבְּטָחוֹן וְאִישׁ סוֹדוֹ
הֶרְמֵטִיכָל – רַעַד קַל – וְזֶה שְׁאֲנִי לֹא מִזְהָה לְיָדוֹ
הַדָּרָג הַשְּׁלִיט וְכָל צִמְרֵת הַפְּקוּד
(כָּאֵן אֲנִי מִתְחִיל לִלְכֹּת לְאֲבוֹד);
מִפְקָדֵי הַכּוֹחוֹת הַמְּזֻיָּנִים, כָּל הַמְּצַטִּינִים
בְּבִגְדֵי כּוֹחַ, בְּשִׁמּוֹר כּוֹחַ, בְּמִנוּף כּוֹחַ, בְּנִהוּל כּוֹחַ, בְּהַפְעָלַת כּוֹחַ
שֶׁל הַמַּעְרָךְ הַתּוֹמֵךְ וְהַלּוֹחֵם
אֵין לִי כּוֹחַ כּוֹשֵׁלֶּאמָא שְׁלָכֶם
לְמַלְחָמוֹת הַמְּזֻיָּנוֹת שְׁלָכֶם.

Jeremy Fogel

Song for Peace

⌘

So just sing a song for peace
write a song of murder
go get 'em, Rabin, go get 'em
go get two bullets in your back
choke on your blood on the way to Ichilov
but look, Yitzhak, look out the window
see Ibn Gabirol
and the dark skies over Rembrandt Street
see Tel Aviv
the Hebrew city, city of nightmares
remember Rabin, the Kadouri school
how you worked the land
remember how you conquered Jerusalem
you gathered the exiles,
now the exiles have gathered you
Camp David, terror attacks
let Peres have his share, fasten seat-belts
the tribe has spoken
your Israel exists in Channel One footage
your Israel is in the teardrops
on the blue shirts of *Hashomer Hatzair*
that nobody wears anymore

John Lennon also went down those stairs
in Kings of Israel Square,
Kennedy too, Lincoln, even Mahatma
go get eternal rest
the doors of heaven aren't locked
Gamal Abdel Nasser's waiting for you
with a flute of champagne
and the ghosts of the Altalena
on a carpet of broken bones
and for us Machiavelli's Fortuna awaits
an evil smile in Zion Square
the city you conquered, Rabin
has conquered us
and elected Yigal Amir Prime Minister

ב

And so just sing a song for peace
and sing *HaRe'ut*
hum *A Walk to Cesaria*
announce in shock and sorrow
take 'em, Rabin, take 'em
take the bullets from the kid you didn't take
without a red booklet, but with a little blacklist
waiting for you by the drivers, between the bodyguards
at the rally of Second Israel's new guard
where nobody would notice a murderer wearing a *kippa*
smiling like a boy, like an angel
by the stairs

meanwhile you have to say
that you too are moved
but the end of the night was far more moving, Rabin
everyone was moved to the bones
when they filled your back with lead
Ibn Gabirol was in tears
and there was a flood in Florentine
the night they got you Rabin
my father said we're going
and I said *yalla* let's go
and when we landed Aviv Geffen sang
just like he did on stage
the night they shot two bullets in your back
your strong upright Hebrew back
you establish a whole new state
and end up dying like an old ghetto Jew
you, the Marlboro Man
where is King Hussein's lighter now
when we need to light candles for you
candles upon candles upon candles
the autumn night falls on the Negev
while you fall on the stones in Tel Aviv
and gently, gently lights the stars
I don't remember if your glasses broke

א

Let the sun rise
and shine on the angels of destruction
you've messed up with wicked angels Rabin
coalition angels
and with the Lord of the messiah's armies
Yasser Arafat can't deliver you from your troubles
God will deliver us, *Yigal* will deliver you
Pulsa Denura on all our mothers
and a curse on all the women you loved
think a moment about Leah
while you're dying in that Cadillac
always eloquent, mesmerizing hair,
the peak of elegance
from dollar accounts to the pit at *Har Herzl*
and what a beauty your granddaughter was
at the funeral
right next to Bill Clinton and Prince Charles
Shalom buddy, *Shalom* Hanna Senesh
Shalom Theodore, *Shalom* to the *Revolution*
the Jewish State became Judea
on the night they prayed against you in the cemeteries
the righteous suffer the evil rejoice
injustice for generations
srak and *srak*, all is empty and vain
and forever returns to the people suffering
in the Square of their Kings
King David sent us off to die

Solomon exploited everyone to build the Temple
not even a loaf of bread to heal the dead
between the golden statues in the Holy of Holies
and the breaking news on TV
Ya'akov, Araleh, Yishmael, Yitzhak and Esav
hollow point, tip of a spear
ministering angels, Rabin
angels of peace
messengers of the Most High
Shema Yisrael, Rabin, Shema Yisrael
wallow in your blood on the way to Ichilov
what is happening to you
is what happened to everyone who ever was
ashes to ashes
you
peace
ashes and dust
fire, brothers, fire
fire, sisters, fire
dust and ashes
by the sand, near the water
you can almost hear the rustling of the waves
between the blasts and the wails
they shot Rabin
they shot Rabin
Oh God full of mercy
they shot Rabin
Rabin is dead

שיר לשלום

א

אז רק שירו שיר לשלום
ושוררו שיר לרצח
וקבל, רבין, קבל
קבל שתי יריות בגב
תחנק בדם שלך בדרך לאיכילוב
אבל תסתכל, יצחק, תסתכל מהחלון
תראה את אבן גבירול
את השמים החשוכים מעל לרחוב רמברנדט
תראה את תל אביב
העיר העברית, חלום בלהות
תזכר רבין, את כדורי
איך שעבדתם את האדמה
תזכר איך שכבשתם את ירושלים
קבצתם גלויות, עכשו הגלויות קבצו אותך
קמפ דייויד, פגועים
תן גם לפרס, שים חגורה
השבט אמר את דברו
הישראל שלך היא בצלומים של הערוץ הראשון
הישראל שלך היא בדמעות על החלצות הכחלות של השומר הצעיר
שאף אחד כבר לא לובש
גם ג'ון לנון ירד מהמדרגות בככר מלכים
גם קנדי, לינקולן, אפלו מהטמה

קבל מנוחת עולם קבל
 דלתי מרום לא נגעלו
 מחכה לך גמאל עבד א-נאסר עם כוס שמפניה
 ורוח הרפאים של האלטלנה
 על שטיח של עצמות שבורות
 ולנו הפורטונה של מקיאבלי
 בחיוף שטני בככר ציון
 העיר אשר כבשת, רבין
 כובשת אותנו
 ובחירה ביגאל עמיר לראשות הממשלה

ב

לכן רק שירו שיר לשלום
 ושירו את הרעות
 תזמזמו את ההליכה לקיסריה
 תודיעו בתדהמה
 ותחטף, רבין, תחטף
 את הכדורים של הילד שלא חטפת
 בלי פנקס אדם, עם פנקס שחר
 מחכה לך ליד הנהגים, בין אנשי האבטחה
 העצרת של ישראל השננה
 בה אף אחד לא יזהה רוצח עם כפה
 שמחיד כמו ילד, כמו מלאך
 ליד המדרגות

בִּינְתִים אֶתָּה חֵיב לומר שְׁגָם אֶתָּה מִתְרַגֵּשׁ
 אָבֵל הִיא עוֹד הִרְבָּה יוֹתֵר מְרַגֵּשׁ בְּסוֹף הָעָרֵב, רַבִּין
 כָּלָם נוֹרָא הִתְרַגְּשׁוּ
 כְּשִׁחוּרְרוֹ אוֹתָךְ מֵאַחֹר
 אָבֵן גְּבִירוֹל הִיתָה בְּדַמְעוֹת
 וּבְפִלֹרֶנְטִין הִיתָה הַצָּפָה
 בְּלִילָה שְׁיָרוּ בָּךְ רַבִּין
 אָבֵא שְׁלִי אָמַר לִי עוֹלָיִם
 וְאֲנִי אִמְרָתִי יֵאלֶלֶה
 וְאֵבִיב גֶּפֶן שֶׁר בְּנִחִיתָה כְּמוֹ עַל הַבִּמָּה
 בְּלִילָה בּוֹ יָרוּ לָךְ שְׁנֵי כְּדוּרִים בְּגֵב
 הַגֵּב הָעֶבְרִי הַזְּקוּף הִזָּה שְׁלָךְ
 מְקִימִים מְדִינָה שְׁלָמָה
 בְּסוֹף אֶתָּה מֵת כְּמוֹ יְהוּדוֹן בְּגִטּוֹ
 אֶתָּה, אִישׁ הַמְּרִלְבוֹרוֹ
 אֵיפֹה הַמְּצִית שֶׁל הַמֶּלֶךְ חוּסִין
 עֲכָשׁוּ שְׁצָרִיךְ לְהַדְלִיק לָךְ נֵרוֹת
 וְנֵרוֹת וְנֵרוֹת וְנֵרוֹת
 עַל הַנֶּגֶב יוֹרֵד לֵיל הַסֶּתֶו
 אֶתָּה נוֹפֵל עַל הָאֲבָנִים בְּתֵל אֵבִיב
 מְצִית כּוֹכָבִים חֶרֶשׁ חֶרֶשׁ
 לֹא זֹכֵר אִם נִשְׁבְּרוּ לָךְ הַמְּשַׁקְפִים

תָּנוּ לְשֹׁמֵשׁ לַעֲלוֹת
לְמַלְאָכֵי הַחֲבֵלָה לְהַפְצִיעַ
הַסִּתְבָּכֶת עִם מַלְאָכֵי הַזָּדוֹן עֲכָשׁוּ רַבִּין
מַלְאָכֵי הַקּוֹאֲלִיצִיָּה
וְעַם אֱלֹהֵי צְבָאוֹת הַמְּשִׁיחַ
לֹא יֵאָסֵר עֲרֻפָּאת יִגָּאֵל אוֹתָךְ מִיִּסּוּרֶיךָ
יִהְיֶה יִגָּאֵל אוֹתָנוּ יִגָּאֵל יִגָּאֲלֶךָ
פֶּלֶסָא דָּאֵם אִם אִמָּא שֶׁל כָּלָנוּ
קָלָלָה עַל כָּל הַנָּשִׁים שְׂאֵהֶבֶת
תָּן שָׁם בְּקִדְיִלֵק הַגְּסִיסָה עוֹד מַחְשָׁבָה לִלְאָה
רְהוּטָה תְּמִיד, שֶׁעַר מֶהֶפֶנֶט, שִׂיא הָאֶלְגִּנְטִיוֹת
מַחְשְׁבוֹנוֹת הַדּוֹלָרִים וְעַד לְבוֹר בְּהַר הַרְצֵל
וְאִיזָה יִפָּה הֵיתָה הַנִּכְדָּה בִּלְוִיָּה
לִיד בִּיל קְלִינְטוֹן וְהַנְּסִיף צ'אַרְלֵס
שְׁלוֹם חֲבֵרִיקוֹ, שְׁלוֹם חֲנָה סֶנֶשׁ
שְׁלוֹם תְּאוֹדוֹר, שְׁלוֹם לְמֶהֶפֶכָה
מְדִינַת הַיְּהוּדִים הַפֶּכָה לִיְהוּדָה
בִּלְיָלָה בּוֹ הַתְּפִלָּה נִגְדָּךְ בְּבִתִּי הַקְּבָרוֹת
הַצִּדִּיק וְרַע לוֹ הָרַע וְצִדִּיק לוֹ עוֹל שֶׁל דּוֹרוֹת
סָרַק וְסָרַק, הַכֹּל סָרַק וְסָרַק
וְתִמִּיד שׁוֹב סָבְלוֹ שֶׁל עִם בְּכַכּר מְלָכִיו
דּוֹד הַמֶּלֶךְ שֶׁלַח אוֹתָנוּ לְמוֹת
שְׁלֵמָה נֶצַל אֶת כָּלָם לְבָנוֹת מִקְדָּשׁ
כֹּכַר לָחֵם לְרִפּוּאָה לְמֵת לֹא הֵיתָה שָׁם
בֵּין פֶּסְלֵי הַזָּהָב בְּקִדָּשׁ הַקִּדְּשִׁים
וּבִטְלִיּוּזִיָּה יֵשׁ עֲדָכּוֹנִים
יַעֲקֹב, אֶהְרָלִיָּה, יִשְׁמַעֵאל, יִצְחָק וְעֵשָׂו

חֵד חֵלּוּל, חֵד חֲנִית
 מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׂרֵת, רִבִּין
 מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם
 מִלְאֲכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
 שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, רִבִּין, שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל
 תִּתְּבוֹסֵס בְּדַמְךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ לֹאִיכִילוֹב
 קוֹרָה לָךְ מָה שֶׁקָּרָה לְכָל מִי שֶׁאֵי פֶעַם הָיָה
 מֵאֶפֶר לְאֶפֶר
 אֶתָּה
 הַשָּׁלוֹם
 אֶפֶר וְעֶפֶר
 שְׂרָפָה, אֲחִים, שְׂרָפָה
 שְׂרָפָה אֲחִיּוֹת, שְׂרָפָה
 עֶפֶר וְעֶפֶר
 לֵיד הַחוֹל, קְרוֹב לַמִּים
 כִּמְעַט שׁוֹמְעִים אֶת רִשְׁרוּשׁ הַגָּלִים
 בֵּין הִירִיּוֹת וְקוֹלוֹת הַיָּלְלָה
 יָרוּ בְּרִבִּין
 יָרוּ בְּרִבִּין
 אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים
 יָרוּ בְּרִבִּין
 רִבִּין מֵת

Roy Zemach

Letter to Yitzhak and Inbal

I remember why they changed the square's name
I remember a moment of space to breathe in
between scents of gun powder
I remember *shalom*
not as a word of parting
I remember lava bubbling
under the sidewalk
I remember an evil wind blowing
entering the capital city
I remember inflamed zealous eyes
like in a horror movie
I remember one poisonous balcony
I remember marchers with their torches
I remember light surrendering to darkness
I remember swastikas on uniforms
I remember the suits of a false religion
pronouncing death sentences
I remember a man with purplish hair
and a coffin behind him
I remember *In Blood and Fire*

a raging mob
shouting expel them, expel them
I remember the off-key notes
of *Shir LaShalom*
sung by the Chorus of Hope
I remember
an embarrassed smile
going downstairs
a breached perimeter
three bullets
an announcement in shock

I remember silence
I remember they closed the college
on the day of the funeral
I remember spontaneous graffiti
on the bloody wall at city hall
I remember teenagers
singing Aviv Geffen's *To Cry for You*
to the strumming of a campfire guitar
I remember Bach's *Agnus Dei*
playing on the TV news
I remember Inbal saying
she had some sort of awakening
(you good witch, you always put words to how we felt)
I remember somber faces
blowing empty declaration bubbles
flavored "soul searching" and "lesson learning"

I remember that as always
we hurried to offer up
the other cheek

I remember I showed this poem to Leah in my dream
she came close and whispered softly in my ear:
*Thank you for writing. Too bad you didn't write
when Yitzhak was alive.*

I remember why they changed the square's name

P.S.: I remember when I told my son about those days.
He didn't believe a word I said.

"There are things that exist inside us, and we're kind of not... not really aware of them. We're all cynical all the time, so much, and so numb to it all. We open the newspaper and say, 'Oh well, another disaster.' But this isn't like that – it's not. It's a shame that... that it took such a terrible moment for us to wake up. I know I woke up – I woke up, in some way."

**Inbal Perlmutter, singer-songwriter,
during a program in memory of Yitzhak Rabin in 1995.**

מכתב ליצחק ולענבל

אֲנִי זֹכֵר מִדּוּעַ שָׁנָו לִכְפֹּר אֶת שְׁמָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר דְּקָה שֶׁל מְרוֹחַ נְשִׁימָה
בֵּין נִיחוּחוֹת אֶבֶק שְׂרָפָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר שְׁלוֹם
שְׁלֹא כְּמִילַת פְּרִדָּה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר לָבָה מְבַעֲבַעַת
תַּחַת מְדַרְכָּה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר רוּחַ נוֹשֶׁבֶת רָעָה
בּוֹאֶכָה עִיר הַבִּירָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר רֶשֶׁף עֵינַיִם לְהוֹט
כְּמוֹ סָרֵט אֵימָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר מְרַפֶּסֶת אַחַת רְעִילָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר לְפִידִים בְּתֵהֲלוּכָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר אֹר נִכְנָע לַחֲשֻׁכָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר צֶלֶב קָרֵס
לְבוּשׁ מִדִּים
אֲנִי זֹכֵר חֲלִיפוֹת שֶׁל דֵּת מְדָמָה
פּוֹסְקִים דִּינֵי מִיתָה
אֲנִי זֹכֵר אִישׁ עִם תְּסֻרָקֶת סֶגְלָה
מֵאֲחוּרָיו אֲרוֹן קְבוּרָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר "בְּדָם וְאֵשׁ"

הַמּוֹן גּוֹעֵשׁ

מִגֶּרֶשׁ וּמִגֶּרֶשׁ

אֲנִי זֹכֵר זִינְפִי

"שִׁיר לְשָׁלוֹם"

בְּמִקְהֶלֶת הַתְּקוּהָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר

חִיּוֹךְ מְבִישׁ

יְרִידָה בַּמַּדְרָגוֹת

מִעָגֵל לֹא סְטֵרִילִי

שְׁלוֹשָׁה כְּדוּרִים

הוֹדָעָה בְּתִדְהָמָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר דְּמָמָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר שְׁסָגְרוּ אֶת הַמַּכְלָלָה

בַּיּוֹם מִסַּע הַלְוָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר לֹחַ גֶּרְפִּיטִי מְאֻלָּתָר

עַל קִיר הַדְּמִים בְּעִירָה

אֲנִי זֹכֵר נְעָרִים נְעָרוֹת

שָׂרִים "לְבָכוֹת לָךְ"

עִם גִּיטָרַת מְדוּרוֹת

אֲנִי זֹכֵר אֶת "אַגְנוֹס דְּאִי" שֶׁל בָּאָךְ

מִתְנַגֵּן בְּמַהְדּוּרוֹת חֲדָשׁוֹת

אֲנִי זֹכֵר אֶת עֵנָבֵל מִסַּפְּרָת

שֶׁהִיא הַתְּעוּרָה בְּאִיזוֹשָׁהִי צוּרָה

(מִכְשַׁפֶּת פִּיּוֹת שְׁכֵמוֹתֶיךָ, תָּמִיד יִדְעֶתָ לְבִטָּא אֶת הַתְּחוּשָׁה)

אֲנִי זֹכֵר פָּנִים קוֹדְרוֹת

מִפְּרִיחוֹת בּוֹעוֹת רִיקוֹת

בְּטַעַם "חֲשָׁבוֹן נָפֶשׁ" וְ"הַסָּקֶת מִסְקָנוֹת"
 אֲנִי זֹכֵר שֶׁכְּמוֹ תָּמִיד
 מֵהָרְנוּ לְהִגִּישׁ
 אֶת הַלְּחֵי הַשְּׁנִיָּה
 אֲנִי זֹכֵר שֶׁבְּחִלּוּמֵי הָרְאִיתִי אֶת הַשִּׁיר לְלֵאָה
 הִיא קָרְבָּה לְאֲזִנִּי וְלַחֲשֵׁה בְּרִכּוֹת:
 "תֹּדָה שֶׁכְּתִבְתָּ. חֶבֶל שֶׁלֹּא כְּתִבְתָּ כְּשִׁיחֶקֶק הִיָּה בְּחַיִּים."
 אֲנִי זֹכֵר מִדּוֹעַ שָׁנוֹ לִכְפֹּר אֶת שְׁמָה

נ.ב.

אֲנִי זֹכֵר שֶׁסָּפַרְתִּי לְבָנִי אֶת שְׁאֲרֵע. הוּא לֹא הֶאֱמִין לְמִילָה.

"יש דברים שהם קיימים בפנים ואנחנו כאילו לא... לא
 מודעים אליהם. כולנו ציננים כל הזמן, כל כך הרבה,
 וקהי חושים ופותחים עיתון ואומרים: "נו, עוד אסון."
 אבל זה לא ככה, זה לא ככה. חבל ש... שהגענו לכזה מצב
 נוראי בשביל להתעורר ולראות את זה. אני יודעת שאני
 התעוררתי, אני התעוררתי באיזושהי צורה."

ענבל פרלמוטר,

מתוך תוכנית זיכרון ליצחק רבין ב-1995.

When a Man Dies

according to an ancient Canaanite poet

When a man dies in Kings of Israel Square
his chosenness is silenced

Certainly if he is shot and no *kaddish* is said for him
or consolation
since Kings of Israel Square is Holy of Holies
and there should be weeping in the Holy of Holies

When a man is slain in Kings of Israel Square
the night sky will tremble
and like memorial candles,
like prayers, the masses will follow

and all those for whom no *kaddish* is said, fall silent
because there is no *kaddish* for them

When a man dies in Kings of Israel Square
there is no consolation for him. Or for us.
Even his name could be lost. And our name.

And if he is murdered – all the more so. And ours too.

אדם כי ימות

ע"פ שירו של משורר כנעני עתיק

אָדָם כִּי יָמוּת בְּכַפֵּר מֶלְכִי יִשְׂרָאֵל
סְגֻלִּיּוֹת תִּדְמָנָה

לְבָטַח אִם נוֹרָה וְאִין עָלָיו קְדִישׁ, אוֹ נְחֻמָּה
כִּי קִדָּשׁ קְדָשִׁים הוּא כָּפֹר מֶלְכִי יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְיֵשׁ לְבָכוֹת בְּקִדָּשׁ הַקְדָּשִׁים

אָדָם כִּי יוֹמֵת בְּכַפֵּר מֶלְכִי יִשְׂרָאֵל
שְׁמִי הַלֵּילָה תִזְדַּעֲזַעְנָה.
וְכִמּוֹ גֵּרוֹת נְשָׁמָה, כְּמוֹ מֵתוֹךְ תִּפְלָה, יִהְלְכוּ הַהִמּוֹנִים

וְכָל הַלָּלוּ אֲשֶׁר אֵין עֲלֵיהֶם קְדִישׁ, יִדְמוּ
כִּי אֵין לָהֶם קְדִישׁ

אָדָם כִּי יָמוּת בְּכַפֵּר מֶלְכִי יִשְׂרָאֵל
אֵין לוֹ נְחֻמָּה. אוֹ לָנוּ.
אֶף שְׁמוֹ כְּמוֹ יָכוֹל לְהֶאֱבֹד. וּשְׁמֹנוּ.

וְאִם נִרְצָח – כָּל שְׂכָן. וְאָנוּ.

Yddo Loker

Writing on the Wall

My mother woke me up
she called me down to the living room
The Prime Minister was murdered
that's what she said
and the next morning, in school
the writing on the wall –
Shalom First Grade
became
Shalom, Haver.

אמי העירה אותי משנתי

קראה לי לרדת לסלון
"ראש הממשלה נרצח"
כך היא אמרה
למחרת בבוקר, בבית הספר
הכתובת על הקיר –
"שלום כיתה א"
התחלפה בכתובת
"שלום חבר".

Shloshim

שלשים

The thirty days after burial,
when some mourning
practices continue but
normal life begins to
resume.

Nitzan Mintz

It's the Wound's Birthday

It's the wound's birthday
We'll throw it a party
We'll tie balloons for the wound
Wish for it to grow
We'll make sacrifices to the wound
So that it may be hallowed.

Translated by Yarden Greenspan

ניצן מינץ

*

יום הַלֵּדָת לַפָּצַע
נַעֲשֶׂה לוֹ מִסֵּבָה
בְּלוֹנִים נִקְשֵׁר לַפָּצַע
נֶאֱחַל לוֹ שִׁיגִדֵּל
קִרְבָּנוֹת נִקְרִיב לַפָּצַע
תִּגְדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ.



Arlette Minzer

Cain

I waited for him. I thought if I came, I would find him. I forgot he is no longer here.

Now I know. He is dead. Forever. He fell here, by the statue, in the middle of the square. They washed everything clean. Nothing's left, not even a drop of blood. They hide the evidence, deny, distort, lie. They murdered him. They still murder, and they blame me.

Not a day passes without death. They all lie to themselves, they know and are silent. The darkness swallows the crime, and afterward vomits it back.

Alone in the dark I write on my forehead:
I saw everything.

קין

חיכיתי לו. חשבתי שאם אבוא, אמצא אותו. השכחתי מעצמי שהוא איננו.

עכשיו אני יודע. הוא מת. לתמיד. נפל כאן, ליד הפסל, באמצע הכיכר. ניקו הכל. לא נותרה ולו טיפת דם אחת. מעלימים ראיות, מכחישים, מסלפים, משקרים. רצחו אותו, ממשיכים לרצוח, ואותי מאשימים.

אין יום שאין בו מת. כולם משקרים לעצמם, יודעים ושותקים. החושך בולע את הפשע, ואחר כך מקיא אותו.

לבדי בחושך אני כותב על מצחי: ראיתי הכל.

Hanan Buller

Korach's Tallit

And if I said every shot split a hillside
would you believe me?
That even my heart was divided into parts A and B
that iron domes melted on our heads
leaving no shield from the stares
all the bars of words whispering *that's not me*
silenced by tears over square-filled eyes.

No, there was no comfort
from fingers of disgrace skipping over my forehead
there was only mourning
orphanhood of a people
and a spray of guilt about something
about someone
who is gone.

טלית שכולה

ואם אמר שכל יריה פלחה גבעה
תאמין?
שגם הלב שלי נכבש לחלקים A ו-B
שכפות ברזל נמסו על הראשים
ואין מגן ממבט
כל מסרגות המלים הלוחשות "זה לא אני"
דממו בכי על כפרות העינים

לא, לא היתה נחמה
מאצבעות הקלון שדלגו לי המצח
היה רק אבל
יתמות של עם
ותרסיס אשם של משהו
שמשהו
שאינו

I Never Baked With Blood

Scrawled on a wall in the Tel Aviv square:
"Murdered by a *kippa*-wearer"
and anyone who comes close steps away
and when I approach with my faith and invisible *kippa*,
I am, immediately, suspected of murder.
I know my *matzot* are white
that I never baked with blood
but how can it be that the Rambam's *kippa*,
leader of the spiritual kingdom,
is now a suspect and blushing
in a cruel lineup of criminals,
the Vilna Gaon's *tallit* is also dripping,
the *streimel* of a Rebbe burned somewhere
and the safety pin stuck in the thigh of a Jewish virgin
dragged through the days of history
The look in the eyes of Samuel Hirszenberg's
Eternal Jew comes back to me
running barefoot between crosses in *Sheikh Munis*,
which is Ramat Aviv
and my grandfather, of blessed memory,
his *tarboosh* reddens on his head,
in a black and white photo from Baghdad
and the scrawled slogan still fires off shots

in the Jewish time hastily baked out of flour and water
oh Zionism hides behind Yitzhak's corpse
oh entry wound
and my white *matzah*, so white,
oh I never baked with blood
oh what my heart tells me

מעולם לא אפיתי בדם

בכּכר בתל אביב כתבת:
"נרצח על ידי חובש כפה" וכל מי שהתקרב לתרחק
עם כפה שקופה אני מתקרב, אני מיד חשוד ברצח.
אני יודע שהמצות שלי לבנות,
שמעולם לא אפיתי בדם
ואיך הכפה של הרמב"ם, מנהיג מלכות הרוח,
חשודה ומסמיקה
במסדר זהו אכזר,
טלית הגאון מוילנא גם היא נוטפת,
השטרימל של אדמו"ר שרוף אי שם
וסכת הבטחון שתקעה בירכה, בתולה יהודיה
נגררת לארך ההיסטוריה
חוזר אלי המבט מעיני "היהודי הנצחי" של שמואל הירשברג
רץ בין צלבים יחף בשיף מוניס היא רמת אביב
וסבא שלי, עליו השלום, מאדים התרבוש על ראשו,
בתמונה בשחר-לבן מבגדד
והכתבת בככר עוד יורה צורות

בְּזֶמַן הַיְּהוּדִי הָאֶפּוֹי בְּחֶפְזוֹן מְקַמַּח וּמְמַם
הוּ צִיּוֹנוֹת נְחִיבָאֵת מְאַחֲרֵי גּוֹפֵת יִצְחָק
הוּ פָּצַע כְּנִיסָה
וּמִצּוֹתֵי הַלְבָּנוֹת, לְבָנוֹת, הוּ אֲנִי שְׁלֹא אֶפִּיתִי בְּדָם
הוּ מָה לְבִי אוֹמֵר לִי

Yiftach in His Generation

And they shall make this declaration:

“Our hands did not shed this blood,
nor did our eyes see it done.”

(Deuteronomy 21:7)

Yiftach in his generation
was murdered in *halacha* class.
The teacher gave a lesson
and during her instruction
she mentioned
how something awful had happened.

Yiftach in his generation
was hung
on a wrinkled poster
of Israel's leaders
(though sometimes the poster fell down).

Yiftach in his generation
was killed
by an evildoer
(that's exactly what she called him)
and then she hurried to draw a chart

two rows and columns:
Unintentional. Intentional.
Torah-law. Rabbinical.

Oh how a breaking deluge
fell upon the city of refuge.

The 12th of Heshvan
was rushed and bitter
a day the hilltop girls
endured their pain.
They didn't stop the cries in their voices
or the tears in their eyes.
Even when the rumor spread in school
that

★

The 12th of Heshvan
tav-shin-samech-vav
ten years later
in a university seminar
on the later writings
of Kafka
I am simply
sitting
quietly
but the lecturer

an evildoer
(who didn't even bother drawing
a chart on the board)

looked in my direction
and said in passing:
you all murdered him.
That's exactly what he spat out.

Since then all I hear
are the hollow shots
of blanks
going
Srak.
Srak.
Srak.

יפתח בדורו

וְעָנָו וְאָמְרוּ
יָדִינוּ לֹא שָׁפְכוּ אֶת הַדָּם הַזֶּה
וְעִנֵּינוּ לֹא רָאוּ.
(דברים כ"א)

יפתח בדורו נרצח בשיעור הלכה.
המורה נשאה הרצאה
ובמהלכה
היא סיפרה
שקרה משהו נורא.

יפתח בדורו
היה תלוי
על פוסטר מקומט
בלוח תקומת
ישראל.
(ולפעמים הפוסטר היה נופל).

יפתח בדורו הומת
בידי בן עוולה
(כך בדיוק היא אמרה)
ומיהרה לשרטט בטבלה
שני טורים כפולים:

שוגג. מזיד.
דאורייתא. דרבנן.

על עיר המקלט
רבץ שבר ענן.

י"ב חשוון
היה מר ונמהר
בו נשאו את כאבן
בנות גב ההר.
הן לא מנעו קולן מבכי ועיניהן
מדמעה.
אפילו שפשטה בבית הספר השמועה
ש

★

י"ב בחשוון
תו שין סמך וו
סמינר על כתביו
המאוחרים
של קפקא
אני יושבת
ודווקא
שקטה
אבל המרצה
בן עוולה
(אפילו לא טרח לשרטט טבלה)

הביט לעברי
ובדרך אגב:
אתם רצחתם אותו.
כך הוא זרק.

מאז אני שומעת

רק
סרק.
סרק.
סרק.

Gal Nathan

Ambiguity

I considered telling mom about my latest relationship
the same way she told me
about Rabin's murder,
filled with ambiguity.

Instead of

murdered

she said

shot.

And then what?

Did the doctors save him?

Definitely

not.

עמימות

חֲשַׁבְתִּי לְבִשֵּׁר לְאִמָּא עַל הַזִּוּגִיּוֹת הַחֲדָשָׁה שְׁלִי
בְּאַפֵּן דּוֹמָה לָזֶה שֶׁהִיא בִּשְׂרָה לִי
עַל רֶצַח רַבִּין,
מוֹתִיָּרָה עֲמִימוֹת.
בְּמָקוֹם
נֶרְצַח
הִיא אִמָּרָה
נוֹרָה.
וּמָה קָרָה?
הַרּוֹפְאִים הִצִּילוּ אוֹתוֹ?
לֹא.

Daniel Baumgarten

You Didn't Come Then

19.10.10 / 11 Heshvan, 5771

You didn't come then, but you came now
cried the shrill voice from the loudspeaker
into the square
and since then it still cries out
and responsibility doesn't release
but going there is like passing into exposed territory
vulnerable and hazy
with a fear of being swallowed by the crowd
of becoming a passive statistic
easy on the eyes and ears, rhythmic
photogenic –
simply cut and paste into the broadcast
of the latest now.

And all the lava at its heart
that built up and led there
and tried to burst its way to the surface
collapsed back down without a crack to blow through
its remains making the way back up
even harder to break.

לא באתם אז

19.10.10, י"א בחשוון, תשע"א

"לא באתם אז, אבל באתם עכשיו"
זעק הקול הצורם מהרמקולים אל הככר
ומאז הוא עדין זועק
והאחריות אינה מרפה
אבל הכניסה לשם היא כמעבר שטח נחות
פגיע ועמום
עם חשש להבלע בהמון
להיות נצב סטטיסטי רתום
נוח לעין ולאזן ומחרז
מצטלם היטב –
פשוט לחתך ולשים בתשדיר
של הנוכחי־הארעי.

וכל הלבה בלבה
שלחצה והובילה לשם
ונסתה לפלס את דרכה אל פני הארץ
צנחה מטה בהעדר סדק התפרצות
ושאריותיה מקשות עוד יותר את הדרך הבאה למעלה.

Bewolf the Snoozing House Dogs Into Wolves / Operating Manual for an Inciter

Bewolf the snoozing house dogs into wolves
stroke and remind them of their roots, of their fangs
seduce their imagination
fill their noses
arouse their salivary glands
round them up into a pack of adoring fans
rise up
recall the spell
stoke their flames
then all at once
in a flash of cameras
unleash the leashes
release the chains!
Self-guided human missiles will lock-in their target,
close your perfect window
savor the exploding candies
sink into your spotless sofa
– the hairs of your hounds
have scattered in the streets.

הזאב את כלבי הבית המנומנים / הוראות הפעלה למסית

הזאב את כלבי הבית המנומנים
לֹטֵף וְהִזְכֵּר לָהֶם אֶת שְׂרָשֵׁיהֶם, אֶת נִיבֵיהֶם
פִּתָּה אֶת דְּמִיוֹנָם
מִלֵּא אֶת נְחִירֵיהֶם
דִּגְדַּג אֶת בְּלוֹטוֹת הָרֶק
קִבֵּץ אוֹתָם כְּעֵדֶת מְעֲרִיצִים
הִגְבִּה עֲצָמָךְ
הִזְכֵּר אֶת מְלוֹת הַלַּחֵשׁ
זָקֵר אֶת לֵהָטָם
וּבִאֲחֶת
בְּפֶלֶשׁ הַמְצַלְמוֹת
שִׁחְרַר אֶת הַמוֹסְרוֹת
שִׁחְרַר אֶת הַמוֹשְׁכוֹת!
שִׁגְר וּשְׂכַח:
טִילִי-אָדָם יְעוּטוֹ לְבִדָּם לְמִטְרָתָם,
סָגֵר אֶת חִלּוֹנָךְ הַשָּׁלֵם
הִתְמַתֵּק בְּסִכְרֵי־הַמִּתְפַּצֵּצוֹת
הִתְרוֹחַח עַל סִפְתְּךָ הַנִּקְיָה
— כָּל שְׁעָרוֹת כְּלָבְךָ כָּבֵר הַתְנַדְּפוּ בְּרַחוּבוֹת.

Dead Again

When the TV in the living room said Rabin was dead I went to the bedroom where my sister was watching the movie *Dead Again*, grabbed the top of the door-frame with both hands and said, with excitement for some unclear, inappropriate, dubious reason — “Americanization has won”. Every year since then, around the date when his death is marked by the Left, I try to reflect on myself, but quickly withdraw inward out of shame. These days I’m less snail-like, less ashamed of myself, and can say a few things about the matter.

The immediate reference, the primary suspect behind that strange declaration, is the history of political assassinations in the United States, along with the feeling that Israel is at least partially an American colony. That’s a simple explanation, but since I despise Occam’s razor, I’m happy to use it to dig deeper.

Maybe it was a story of two televisions — those philosophical machines imported from the West via Far East factories. In one, there’s a reflection of reality: blood, panic. In the other, similar elements are lit

up in the hollow glow of entertainment. So maybe Americanization won because of that conflict, around which culture and politics also operate together. In other words — because of *srak*, that is, emptiness?

Or perhaps it was just the absurd enthusiasm of an idiotic teenager — emphasis on *idiotic* — caught in the crossfire of BB guns: one kind of television here, another kind there. And maybe I wasn't entirely foolish. The effective, intentional absurdity my declaration may have tried to express — in its tune, or atop a whole embodied performance — the absurdity of the situation: the unbearable lightness of death.

It may be, of course, simply part of a known schizotypal symptom, having an emotionally inappropriate response to events. But still, what is this Americanization, and how did it win? Maybe it's the America of *Dead Again*, where nothing has substance. That moment in which a Prime Minister is assassinated didn't feel real. This, after all, is the truth that allows violence to spread, that death feeds on the illusion that life isn't real.

רצח מן העבר

כאשר הטלוויזיה בסלון אמרה שרבין מת הלכתי לחדר השינה בו אחותי צפתה בסרט "רצח מן העבר", תליתי שתי ידיי על משקוף הדלת ואמרתי, באיזו נלהבות לא ברורה, לא במקום, מפוקפקת – "האמריקניזציה ניצחה". מאז מדי שנה באזור תאריך פטירתו המצוין בשמאל הארץ, אני מתחיל לתהות על קנקני, אך מהר משתבלל מבושה. כיום אני פחות שבלולי, פחות מתבייש בעצמי, ויכול לומר כמה דברים על העניין.

הרפרנס המיידי, חשוד מספר אחד, מבין העומדים מאחורי אותה הכרזה תמוהה, הוא ההתנקשויות הפוליטיות בארה"ב, יחד עם התחושה שישראל היא לפחות בחלקה קולוניה אמריקאית. זה הסבר פשוט, אבל היות ואני מתעב את התער של אוקאם אני רוצה לחפור איתו פנימה יותר.

אולי היה זה סיפור של שתי מערכות טלוויזיה, אותה מכונת פילוסופיה המיובאת מהמערב דרך מפעלות המזרח הרחוק. באחת רואים השתקפות של מציאות, דם, פאניקה. בשנייה מרכיבים

דומים מוארים במאור הריק של הבדייה. אז אולי האמריקניזציה ניצחה בגלל הקונפליקט הזה, שסביבו פועלות מפעלות התרבות והפוליטיקה גם יחד. במילים אחרות, סרק?

ואולי זו פשוט הייתה נלהבות אבסורדית של בן טיפש עשרה, דגש על טיפש, שנקלע לרוח הצולבת של רובי אוויר, טלביזיה כזו מכאן, טלוויזיה אחרת משם. ויתכן שלא היה אני טיפש כה גמור. האבסורדיות האפקטיבית והתוכנית של הצהרתי רצתה אולי לשדר במנגינתה לטקסט, או מעל כפרפורמנס גופני שלם, את האבסורדיות שבסיטואציה, הקלות הבלתי נסבלת של המוות.

יתכן כמובן שזהו אך חלק מסימפטום סכיזופרזיס מוכר, של תגובה רגשית לא מקובלת לאירועים. אך עדיין, מה היא האמריקניזציה, ובמה ניצחה? אולי זו אמריקה של "רצח מן העבר" שבה הכל לא ממש. הרגע הזה בו נרצח ראש ממשלה לא נחווה כאמיתי. זו ככלות הכל האמת שמאפשרת לאלימות להתפשט, כי המוות בונה על כך שהחיים יראו פחות מציאותיים.

Yud Bet Chodesh

י"ב חודש

The twelve-month mourning period observed for a parent, involving extended practices such as reciting Kaddish.

(Un)Easy Math

We were in 10th grade, we were about to become youth movement counselors. Channel 2 had just started. Some people even connected this with what happened. I loved Aviv Gefen, *The Friends of Natasha*, and *Hamachshefot*. *Florentine* was a TV series and an ambition. The Arad festival and the Kinneret were the embodiment of freedom.

I was in Meretz Youth and Peace Now Youth and went to every protest in Jerusalem. We accidentally got caught up in that infamous protest at Zion Square while wearing our youth movement t-shirts (we were scared for our lives) but it was clear that now was our turn. Meaning we had won. We were the Sticker Empire, we were ready to give up the Golan and Jerusalem. Even Gilo. In Jerusalem everything was either all or nothing, so it was clear which side we were on.

Things that haven't happened again since then:

1. Having a Prime Minister you can identify with and believe is doing his best for you. (In '99 we thought we were feeling that, but very quickly realized we were wrong).
2. Going to a mass peace protest.
3. Feeling that things are getting better.

Things that haven't gone away since then:

1. The moment I heard they murdered Rabin. Totally cliché, but it never leaves me.
2. A creeping, seeping, deep, and sucking despair.

I don't believe peace will come is a line from a song by Evyatar Banai. In the last ten years I've given maybe a hundred classes and exhibits, and the hardest thing to explain, more than every *how could this happen and we didn't know and yes we knew and the incitement and you need to understand who Rabin was and to suddenly call him traitor* etcetera – was to explain what it felt like to believe that peace would come. Today I can barely recall this feeling, but I know, almost absolutely, that this is how I felt. I felt in my bones that peace was about to come. Can you imagine? This feeling brings me back to a photo of me standing in the Square clapping and knowing that from now on things would be ok.

Since then things have not been ok. Since that moment our youth has been stained black. Crushed into newspaper headlines. Once, I was on Ben Yehuda a minute before that terrible suicide bombing, when three girls from my school were killed. Two or three times we cancelled the Purim party at the youth club. The day Bibi became Prime Minister I sobbed and didn't want to go to school. Once, my house's garden was covered with pieces of a blown-up bus, after that the city built a wall

for us. Once, they destroyed my favorite café. I'd give just about anything to go back to that moment, not only because I was young with the wind in my hair, or because I met cool people at the counselor's course, or because Aviv Gefen was performing onstage. We weren't living in a 60's movie, we already knew a thing or two about life in Israel. I'd give anything to go back to that moment to see exactly how it feels, what you think to yourself in such an enormous hopeful moment like that. I was 15 years old then and today I'm 30, 15 years have passed. This might sound like easy math, but for me this math is incredibly uneasy.

2010

חשבון (לא) פשוט

היינו בכיתה י', היינו בסמינר המד"צים האחרון שלפני. רק התחיל ערוץ 2. יש כבר מי שקשר בין שני הדברים. אהבתי את אביב גפן, את החברים של נטאשה ואת המכשפות. "פלורנטיין" הייתה סדרה ושאיפה. ערד וצמח היו החופש בהתגלמותו. הייתי בנוער מר"צ ובנוער שלום עכשיו ובכל הפגנה שהייתה בירושלים. בטעות נקלענו גם להפגנה ההיא בכיכר ציון ועוד עם חולצות תנועה (פחדנו פחד מוות) אבל היה ברור שעכשיו תורנו. במובן של ניצחנו. היינו אימפריית מדבקות, היינו מוכנים לוותר על רמת הגולן ועל ירושלים. אפילו על גילה. בירושלים אתה בדרך כלל או-או, אז ברור באיזה צד היינו.

דברים שלא חזרו מאז:

1. יש ראש ממשלה שאתה מזדהה איתו ומאמין שהוא פועל לטובתך. (ב-99' חשבנו שככה אנחנו מרגישים, התבדינו די מהר.)
2. ללכת להפגנה ענקית למען השלום.
3. להרגיש שהדברים הולכים ומשתפרים.

דברים שלא עזבו מאז:

1. הרגע ששמעתי שרצחו את רבין. קלישאתי ככל שזה יהיה, זה לא עוזב אותי.
2. ייאוש מזדחל, מחלחל, עמוק וביצתי.

"לא מאמין שיבוא שלום" זה משפט משיר של אביתר בנאי. בעשר

השנים האחרונות העברתי אולי מאה שיעורים ותערוכות, ומה שהיה לי הכי קשה להסביר, יותר מכל האיך-זה-קרה-ולא-ידענו-וכן-ידענו וההסתה-ואתם-צריכים-להבין-מי-זה-היה-רבין-ופתאום-לקרוא-לרבוּגד וכולי – היה להסביר איך זה מרגיש להאמין שיבוא שלום. היום אני כמעט לא מצליחה לשחזר את זה, אבל אני יודעת, כמעט יודעת בוודאות שככה הרגשתי. הרגשתי שהשלום הולך לבוא. קטע-קטע. ההרגשה הזו מתחברת לי לתמונה שלי עומדת בכיכר ומוחאת כפיים ויודעת שיהיה טוב מעכשיו.

מאז לא היה טוב. מהרגע שהוא הנעורים שלנו הוכתמו בשחור. נמעכו לתוך כותרות בעיתון. פעם אחת הלכתי במדרחוב דקה לפני הפיגוע הנורא, שלוש בנות מבית הספר שלי נהרגו. פעמיים או שלוש ביטלנו את הפורימון בקן. ביום שביבי נהיה ראש ממשלה בכיתי ולא רציתי ללכת לבית ספר. פעם הגינה של הבית שלי התמלאה רסיסים של אוטובוס מפוצץ, מאז העירייה בנתה לנו גדר. פעם הרסו את בית הקפה שהכי אהבתי.

הייתי בערך נותנת הכול כדי לחזור לרגע הזה, לא רק כי הייתי צעירה והרוח בשערי, ופגשתי אנשים מקורס מד"צים, ואביב גפן היה על הבמה. לא חיינו בסרט של הסיקסטז, ידענו כבר משהו על החיים בישראל. הייתי נותנת הכול לחזור לרגע הזה, לראות איך בדיוק זה מרגיש, מה את חושבת לעצמך ברגע עצום כזה של תקווה. אז הייתי בת 15 והיום אני בת 30, עברו 15 שנה. זה אולי נשמע חשבון פשוט, אבל בשבילי זה חשבון מאד-לא-פשוט.

2010

Ron Dahan

My Life as a Soundtrack

1

The entirety of masculinity
spreads in the ever-narrowing gap between
Bruce Springsteen and Kurt Cobain.
I curl up in the burning womb of adolescence
walk the streets of Ashdod as if they were
the streets of Philadelphia.

I wonder –

Where are the peacock feathers I once groomed?
Where is the proud rooster comb?
It's hard for me to believe the man in the mirror
isn't Cobain or Springsteen
just some guy behind on his mortgage.

2

I remember three notes
from the soundtrack of the early 90s:
Bono's wondrous scream on *One*
Eddie Vedder's sob on *Black*
And the silence after the shot that killed another One,
Yitzhak Rabin.

After that came the buzz of the computer,
Britney, Jason and all that stinking jazz.

3

My mother's soundtrack:
the sounds of her three children suckling her breast

My father's soundtrack:
his trembling voice when he said:
divorced, divorced, divorced

My older sister's soundtrack:
the sound of footsteps that aren't chasing her

My younger sister's soundtrack:
the shattering of secrets that refuse to come out

My dog Fred's soundtrack:
local dogs whining when he stares at their behinds

My soundtrack:
the rubbing of these memories against each other

החיים כפסקול

1

כל הגבריות כלה
משתרעת במרחק ההולך ונדבק בין
ברוס ספרינגסטין לקורט קובין.
אני מצטנף ברחם הדלוק של הנעורים
מתהלך ברחובות אשדוד כאלו היו
רחובות פילדלפיה.

תוהה,

היכן נוצות הטוס שטפחתי?
היכן כרבלת התרנגול הזקופה?
אני מתקשה להאמין לגבר שמשתקף במראה
לא קובין ולא ספרינגסטין
סתם אחד שמאחר בתשלומי המשכנתא

2

אני זוכר שלושה צלילים מהפסקול של תחילת שנות התשעים:
הצרחת הנפלאה של בֶּוֹנוּ בֶּ-ONE
הבכי של אֵדִי וֶדֶר בֶּ-BLACK
והדממה לאחר הִירִיָה שֶהֲרָגָה אֶחָד,
יצחק רבין.

אַחַר כֵּךְ בָּא זְמָנוֹם הַמַּחֲשָׁב,
בְּרִיטְנִי, גִּ'יסוֹן וְכָל הַג'ז הַמַּסְרִיחַ הַזֶּה.

3

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שֶׁל אִמִּי:
צִלִּיל יְנִיקַת הַשָּׁד שֶׁל שְׁלֶשֶׁת יְלָדֶיהָ

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שֶׁל אָבִי:
רַעַד קוֹלוֹ כְּשֶׁאָמַר: מְגַרֶשֶׁת מְגַרֶשֶׁת מְגַרֶשֶׁת

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שֶׁל אָחוֹתֵי הַגְּדוֹלָה:
רַעַשׁ הַרְגָּלִים שְׁאִינָן רוֹדְפוֹת אַחֲרֶיהָ

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שֶׁל אָחוֹתֵי הַקְּטָנָה:
הַתְּפַקְעוֹת הַסּוּדוֹת שֶׁמְסַרְבִּים לְצֵאת

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שֶׁל הַכֶּלֶב שְׁלִי, פֶּרֶד:
אֲנָקוֹת הַכֶּלְבוֹת בְּשִׁכּוּנָה כְּשֶׁנִּנְעֵץ בְּאַחוּרֶיהָן

הַפֶּסְקוֹל שְׁלִי:
חֲכוּךְ הַזְכְּרוֹנוֹת אֵלּוּ בְּאֵלּוּ.

Dror Parpar Sulami

I was only three, for me it's a fairy tale

Little Red Riding Hood

Yitzhak's killer

Blank voting slip

Fake news and more

Whoever believes won't be afraid of wolves

Whoever's afraid gets stuck with grandmothers

Most dangerous of all

is the hunter

and that's not even the true story

they've been feeding us bullshit for thirty years

הייתי בן שלוש מבחינתי זו אגדה

כיפה אדומה

רוצח יצחק

פתק לבן

שיר מפוברק

מי שמאמין לא מפחד מזאבים

מי שמפחד נתקע עם סבתות

הכי מסוכן

זה בכלל הצייד

וזאת אפילו לא הגרסה האמיתית

30 שנה מאכילים אותנו חארטות

Lali Michaeli

I Wasn't in Israel When Rabin

I'm not qualified to be an eye-witness
I sobbed in front of the TV as if they murdered me.

The distance of time can deceive:
did this happen
— based on slippery politics
— on top of a shaky democratic foundation

was this
— an especially religious act
and were these Jewish hands
— grounded in belief
and were the motivations
— philosophic or poetic
and when all was said and done
was this forgiven

כשרבין, אז לא הייתי בארץ

אני לא יכולה לשמש כעדה למקרה
בכיתי מול הטלויזיה כאלו רצחו אותי.

את מרחק הזמן נתן לתעתע:

ההיה זה

— על בסיס פוליטי חלקלק

— תחת בסיס דמוקרטיה מערערת

ההיה זה

— אקט דתי בעליל

ואם ידי יהודי

— בבסיסה של אמונה

ואם היה זה

— ממניעים פילוסופיים או פואטיים

יושב על הטוטלי

האם זה נסלח

Proper Rest

Let us give the dead a proper burial.

We will return him to dust

not facing right or left,

we will lay him facing God,

the way a child is returned to his parent.

We will lament, because there is one pain shared by all

we will shake, because there is one shock shared by all

we will speak gently, we will say *my brother, my sister*,

we will ask: what have we learned since then?

Have we strengthened the foundations of our home?

Have we cast from our land the whips and scorpions?

If only we might slightly cover the wound

and grant the dead and us

proper rest.

מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה

נָבִיא אֶת הַמֶּת לְקַבֹּרָה נְכוֹנָה.
לְעֶפֶר נְשִׁיבָנוּ,
לֹא עַל מִנַּח יָמִין וְלֹא עַל מִנַּח שְׁמָאל,
נְנִיחוּ כְּשִׁפְנִיו לֵאלֹהִיו,
כָּפִי שְׁמִשִּׁיבִים בֶּן לְמוֹלִידוֹ.
נְקוֹנֵן כִּי כָאֵב אֶחָד לְכָלָנוּ
נִזְדַּעַע, כִּי זַעְזוּעַ אֶחָד לְכָלָנוּ
נִדְבֵר יָפָה, נִדְבֵר "אַחִי", "אַחוֹתִי",
נִשְׁאֵל: מָה לְמַדְנוּ? הָאֵם חִזְקָנוּ מְאֹד יְסוּדוֹת הַבַּיִת?
הָאֵם הִרְחַקְנוּ מֵאֲדָמָתָנוּ אֶת הַשּׁוֹטִים וְהָעֶקְרָבִים?

לוֹ בִּמְעַט נִכְסָה עַל הַפָּצַע,
אֲזַ נִמְצִיא לְמֶת וְלָנוּ
מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה.

Efrat Yerday

Home

My home
is not mine
It's not like me
I don't feel
at home
in it
I don't want it
as a home
It was decided for me
that this is my home
and I will fight for it
because this home
is mine
and one has to die for it

I don't want to die:
not for a home
and not for a not-home
This home is yours
you die
with it.

Translated by Noga Shevach

בית

הבֵּית שְׁלִי
הוא לא שְׁלִי
הוא לא דוֹמָה לִי
אֲנִי לא מְרַגֶּשֶׁה בּוֹ
בְּבֵית
אֲנִי לא רוֹצֶה אוֹתוֹ
קְבֵית
הַחֲלִיטוּ בְּשִׁבְלִי
שָׁזָה הַבֵּית שְׁלִי
וְאֲנִי אֶלְחֶם עָלָיו
כִּי זֶה הַבֵּית
שְׁלִי
וְצָרִיךְ לְמוֹת בְּשִׁבְלִי

אֲנִי לא רוֹצֶה לְמוֹת:
לא בְּשִׁבְלִי בֵּית
ולא בְּשִׁבְלִי לא בֵּית
הַבֵּית הַזֶּה הוא שְׁלָכְם
וְתַמוֹתָיו אֵתוֹ
אֲתָם

Dido (S. Didovski)

The Field

We survived the dry season
wallowing in puddles of dust.

We crossed the desert,
age-old pool of hopes.

God waited at the crossroads
beaten, bent, pathetic, broken,
worthy of mercy.

There are things time doesn't color:

Sometimes a murderer will prevail.
The Prime Minister for a royal banquet
and common people for starters and dessert.

And what might this field do alone
beneath so much sky?
Lay on its back, sheave of wheat on its belly,
and wait for the rain.

השדה

צִלְחָנוּ אֶת הָעוֹנָה הַיְבֵשָׁה
מִתְפַּלְשִׁים בְּשִׁלּוּלֵי אֶבֶק.

עֲבֵרְנוּ בַּמִּדְבָּר,
מִקְוֵה תְקוּוֹת וְתִיק.

בְּצִמְת חֲכָה אֱלֹהִים,
שְׁבוּר וְרִצּוֹץ מְכֹיץ וְעֶלּוּב,
רְאוּי לְרַחֲמִים.

יֵשׁ דְּבָרִים שֶׁהִזְמַן לֹא צוּבַע:

מַעַת לַעַת יִנָּצַח רוֹצֵחַ.
רֹאשׁ מְמַשֵּׁלָה לְאַרוּחַת מְלָכִים יְחוּדִית
וּסְתֵם אֶזְרָחִים לְפִתִּיחָה וְקִנּוּחַ.

וּמָה, יַעֲשֶׂה הַשָּׂדֶה הַזֶּה לְבָדוּ
מוֹל כָּל הַשָּׁמַיִם הָאֵלֶּה?
יִשְׁכַּב עַל הַגֶּב, פְּלוּמַת חֹטָה עַל בִּטְנוֹ,
וְיַחֲכָה לְגֻשָּׁם.

Ora Cohen

After All

To ask where we were
before we were swallowed
by a penal colony
infected with baobab tumors
To ask what we heard
before the doves
hoarsened to dogs
To ask what we were
before we were tattooed
with a dragon of missed chances
To ask what we had
where the sleeve
covers a stump
Means to ask
where is your brother Abel
there is no point

אחרי הכל

לשאל היכן היינו
לפני שנבלענו
לתוך מושבת עונשין
נגועה בגדולי באובב
לשאל מה שמענו
לפני שהיונים
הצטרדו לכלבים
לשאל מה היינו
לפני שקעקענו
בדרךקון של החמצה
לשאל מה היה לנו
במקום שהשרוול
מכסה גדם
פרוש לשאל
אי הכל אחיד
אין בזה טעם

An Unsatisfying Answer to the Question

What do you think about the murder
of the Prime Minister?

Yes, what do you think about the murder
of the Prime Minister?

And what do you feel?

Are you shocked

or depressed?

The question is asked.

And are you stuttering

or you don't know what might happen,

are you speaking in a daze

because of the future or the present,

the question is raised.

And perhaps you feel stupid

or have no opinion?

Answer already.

So I answer:

everything you said is correct

and you are such a dear.

But another word, if I may,

the Prime Minister died a happy man.

Shalom to the dust of my Prime Minister

husband, father, and let it be said

the son of Rosa the Red.

תשובה לא מספקת לשאלה

מה את חושבת על רצח ראש הממשלה?
כן, מה את חושבת על הרצח
של ראש הממשלה?
ומה את מרגישה?
האם את בשוק
או בדכאון?
נשאלה השאלה.
והאם את מגמגמת
או שאת לא יודעת מה יהיה,
האם את מדברת בסהרוריות כזאת
בגלל העתיד או בגלל ההנה
נשאלה השאלה.
ואולי את מרגישה מטמטמת
או חסרת דעה?
תעני כבר.
ואני עונה:
כל מה שאמרת נכון
ואתה איש יקר.
ואני רוצה להוסיף עוד דבר
ראש הממשלה מת אדם מאשר.
שלום לעפר ראש ממשלתי
בעל ואב ועוד דבר מה
הבן של רוזה האדמה.

Avelut Yeshanah

אַבְלוּת יֶשָׁנָה

“Old mourning”;
commemoration of national
or historical tragedies
through ritual and annual
remembrance.

Yael Ran

Foxtrot

A step to the right
a step to the back
a step to the left,
and again.
Right,
back,
left –
and again
from the top:
to the right,
to the back,
left –
and all over again.
The nation's daily rhythm,
a choreography of fear.

Right,
back,
left –
and again,
between the siren and
forgetting,
repression and
remembrance.
To the right,
back,
left –
and once more,
the drumbeat of peace –
foxtrot of war.

פוקסטרוט

זְמִינָה,	צֶעֶד זְמִינָה,
אַחֲוָה,	צֶעֶד אַחֲוָה,
שְׁמֹאלֶה –	צֶעֶד שְׁמֹאלֶה וּבִחְזָרָה.
וּבִחְזָרָה.	זְמִינָה,
בֵּין שְׂכָחָה לְצַפִּירָה,	אַחֲוָה,
הַדְּחָקָה לְזָכִירָה,	שְׁמֹאלֶה –
זְמִינָה,	וּבִחְזָרָה,
אַחֲוָה,	וְחוֹזֵר חֲלִילָה
שְׁמֹאלֶה –	שׁוֹב זְמִינָה,
וְחֲזָרָה.	אַחֲוָה,
מְטְרוֹנוֹם שְׁלוֹם –	שְׁמֹאלֶה –
פּוֹקֶסְטְרוֹט מְלַחְמָה.	וְחֲזָרָה,
	רוֹטִינַת לֵאָם,
	מְחוֹל הָאִימָה.

Different Language

listen to a story about me and all the land of Uz /
look out and see how it spreads like weeds / when they
murdered Rabin our language changed / that state of
emergency was a time for quickly spreading the word
to marionette students / whoever had their ears open
learned the rules / and whoever listened differently
learned from the wicked / but before I get carried away
I'll take a deep breath and go back a decade and a decade
more to my city Tel Aviv / when I was a kid and lights
stained my soul / suddenly a news bulletin in the middle
of a shoot-em-up cowboy movie / what? where? shots
in the square and a day and a half later they gathered
the evidence / loss remembrance candles lit / some
kids tremble in the center of the square / not three
not thirty / and I see and I believe / this is a kind of
house or culture for children / and on Fridays we'd visit
the kids of my smart Persian uncle / but they spoke a
different distant language there / the same words Yigal
Amir with opposite meaning / no worries when you grow
up you won't understand / how to speak only stay silent
/ that's an educational method / purifying the language
/ that's where it started / since then it has only become

much more violent here / I put my thoughts to sleep /
wake up in the morning and don't remember my dreams
/ at 18 you start to get old / at 21 it's enough to just
move forward / you go back to mom / smoke alone /
then life begins / go back a bit and from there you
begin / someone knocks in the room can you hear my
voice? / knock knock / how deep am I stuck in time
/ the idiot-teen years of the 21st century bring more
terrible hatred / now it's not the Second Intifada / in
my 30 years I went from dazed shock to chaos / surprise
how your story falls from your heart to the ground now
/ don't cry in broad daylight over milk spilled on a
black sheet / you bring forth a dream billow the cloak
reveals the plot / the dance of the strange animal in
your blood / where did you leave your spirit behind /
bind your hand / what drug did you take or what drug
took you / no thanks the line breaks here / I won't hold
the handgun with a wall in its heart / are you lovers of
violence? I count the violence / I carry her many faces
like in a retirement home / only your eyes stare back
from the mirror / all the demons are mine and all the
road ahead is yours

שפה אחרת

תשמעו סיפור עליו ועל כל ארץ עוץ / שורו וראו זה מתפשט כמו
קוצים / כשרצחו את רבין התחלפה לנו שפה / שעת חרום זאת
הייתה שעת תפיסה מהירה להפצת המילה לתלמיד המריונטה /
מי הייתה אוזנו פתוחה למד את החוקים / ומי אוזנו אחרת למד
אצל רעים / אבל לפני שאסחף אנשום עמוק כדי לחזור לתל אביב
עירי לפני עשור פלוס עשור כשהייתי ילד ואורות בי נכתמים /
פתאום מבזק חדשות באמצע סרט של קאוובוים מוזר / בכיכר
יריות עבר יום וחצי וליקטו את העובדות / אבדון זיכרון הנרות
נדלקים / במרכז רועדים / לא שלושה לא שלושים / ואני רואה
ואני מאמין כן זה סוג של בית או תרבות לילדים / ובימי שישי
היינו נוסעים לילדים של דוד חכם פרסי שלי / אבל שם דיברו
שפה אחרת רחוקה / אותן מילים יגאל עמיר משמעות הפוכה /
לא נורא כשתגדל לא תבין / איך לדבר רק לשתוק / זאת שיטה
חינוכית / את השפה מטהרים / משמה זה התחיל / בינתיים
נעשה פה רק הרבה יותר אלים / אני מרדים את המחשבות

מתעורר בבוקר / לא זוכר חלומות בן 18 שנים / אתה מתחיל
להזדקן בגיל 21 / כבר מפסיק להתקדם קדימה / אתה חוזר אל
אמא / מעשן בלי חברים / אחר כך החיים / מעביר טיפה אחורה
/ ומשם מתחיל מישהו טוק בחדר את קולי שומע טוק טוק /
כמה עמוק בתוך הזמן אני נתקע / אלפיים וטיפשעשרה היא עוד
שנה רעה של שנאה / אינתיפאדה לא שנייה / בשלושים שנותיי
מתדהמה למהומה / הפתעה עכשיו מה הסיפור שלך נופל לך
מתוך הלב ונשפך על הרצפה / לא בוכה על חלב לאור יום בסדין
שחור / אתה מוליך חלום תעופף את הגלימה תחשוף תעלילה
/ את הריקוד של החיה המוזרה בדם שלך / איפה עזבת רוחך
/ עקדת את ירך / איזה סם אתה חיבקת או הוא חיבק אותך /
לא תודה פה שובר את השורה / ולא מחזיק את האקדח שבלבו
חומה / אוהבים אלימות אני סופר אלימות / לי פנים שונות שלה
/ כמו בבית אבות בך בוהות רק עיניך במראה / כל השדים כולם
שלי וכל הדרך היא שלך

What is the event that

What is the event that established
the beginning of the state's death
Rabin's murder in the public square ?
The second Intifada ?
The first ?
The Six-Day War ?
Yom Kippur ?
The glorious victory over CSKA Moscow ?
The rise of *Shas* on the map ?
The career change Tommy Lapid made ?
The murder of the taxi driver by teenage boys ?
The raise in salary for elected officials
while thousands are unemployed ?
Opening the gates to foreign workers ?
The mass *Aliya* ?
The *Yerida* ?
The election of Bibi ?
His downfall ?
The rise of Ehud Barak ?
His dismissal ?
Sharon ?
Operation Litani ?
Shalom Hagalil ?
Peace Now? Peace Now ?

The question mark ?
Emil Grunzweig who was killed at the peace protest ?
The massacre in the Cave of the Patriarchs ?
The assassination of Minister Rehavam Ze'evi ?
The prophecies of the furious Jerusalem professor ?
The articles written by Gideon Levy ?
Aviv Geffen in his songs ?
Yehonatan, in his sketches ?
The song for peace? Its ban from broadcasting ?
Whistles of contempt at the football stadium
for the Austrian anthem ?
Polluting the Kishon ?
Ignoring Ephraim Kishon ?
The abandonment of Avidan the poet to sighs ?
The disrespect for the disabled people ?
The letter of dismissal that was carefully sent
to the actor lying unconscious in his bed ?

Her establishment ?

מהו האירוע שקבע

מהו הארוע שִקבע
אֶת ראשית מוֹתה שֶל הַמְדִינָה
רִצַּח רַבִּין בְּכֶכֶר הַהַמוֹנִים ?
הַאיִנְתִיפָדָה הַשְּׁנִיָּה ?
הַראשׁוֹנָה ?
מִלְחַמַּת שִׁשֶּׁת הַיָּמִים ?
יוֹם הַכְּפוּרִים ?
הַנִּצְחוֹן הַמְהֻלָּל עַל צֶסֶק"א מוֹסְקוֹה ?
עֲלִיתָהּ שֶׁל ש"ס עַל הַמֶּפֶה ?
הַהֶסְכָּה הַמְקַצוּעִית שֶׁעָשָׂה טוֹמִי לִפִּיד ?
רִצַּח נֶהַג הַמוֹנִית בִּידֵי נְעָרִים ?
הַעֲלָאת הַשָּׂכָר לַנִּבְחָרִים
כְּשֶׁאֲלָפִים מִבְּטָלִים ?
פְּתִיחַת הַשְּׁעָרִים לְעוֹבְדֵי הַזָּרִים ?
הַעֲלִיָּה הַהַמוֹנִית ?
הַיִּרִידָה ?
בְּחִירָתוֹ שֶׁל בִּיבִי ?
נִפְּלָתוֹ ?
עֲלִיתוֹ שֶׁל אֶהוּד ?
הַדְּחָתוֹ ?
שָׁרוֹן ?
מִבְצַע לִיטָנִי ?
שְׁלוֹם הַגָּלִיל ?
שְׁלוֹם עַכְשׁוֹ ? שְׁלוֹם עַכְשׁוֹ ?

סִימֵן הַשְּׂאֵלָה ?
 אִמִּיל גְּרִינְצוֹיִג שְׁנִקְטֵל בַּהֶפְגָּנָה ?
 הַטֵּבַח בַּמַּעֲרָת הַמַּכְפֵּלָה ?
 הַהֶתְנַקְשׁוֹת בְּשׁוּר רְחֻבָּעַם זְאִבִי ?
 נְבוֹאוֹתָיו שֶׁל הַפְּרוֹפֶסוֹר הַזֹּעֵם מִירוּשָׁלַיִם ?
 הַמֶּאֱמָרִים שֶׁכּוֹתֵב גִּדְעוֹן לִוִי ?
 אֲבִיב גֶפֶן בְּשִׁירָיו ?
 יְהוֹנָתָן, בַּמַּעֲרֻכּוֹנִיו ?
 הַשִּׁיר לַשְּׁלֹם ? פְּסִילָתוֹ לַשְּׁדוֹר ?
 שְׁרִיקוֹת הַבוֹז בְּאַצְטֵדִיוֹן הַכְּדוּרְגָל
 לַהֲשַׁמַּעַת הַהֶמְנוֹן הָאוֹסְטְרִי ?
 זֶהוּם הַקִּישׁוֹן ?
 הַהֲתַעֲלָמוֹת מִקִּישׁוֹן ?
 הַזְנַחַת אֲבִידוֹן לְאַנְחוֹת ?
 הַזְלָזוֹל בְּנֻכִּים ?
 מִכְתָּב הַפֶּטוּרִין שֶׁנִּשְׁלַח בַּקִּפִּידָה
 לַשַּׁחֲקָן שֶׁשׁוֹכֵב מִחֶסֶר הַכֶּרֶה ?

הַקִּמְתָּה ?

Haim Sefti

The Dove Wishes to Live

Dedicated to Yitzhak Rabin,
of blessed memory

The dove wishes to live free
her blood runs hot, her eyes see
she values her life more than a patch of land
from her flight on high, she carries her vision
 with the wind,
it's not the clods of earth that give her soul life.
Lift up your eyes
she carries your lives on the wings of her vision
not by the merit of her ancestors,
but her right to live now that she demands.

Sit on stones and weep, over earth wailing and eulogy
 about her,
the few who love her, the many who torment her from
 all directions
she dwells alone in her lofty vision.

היונה מבקשת לחיות

מוקדש ליצחק רבין ז"ל

היונה מבקשת לחיות
דמה חם, עיניה רואות,
חיה יקרים לה מפסת אדמה
מעופה במרומים, נושאת חזונה עם הרוח,
לא רגבי העפר יחיו נפשה.
שאו עיניכם
היא נושאת חייכם על כנפי חזונה
לא זכות אבותיה היא דורשת עתה, זכותה לחיים היא תובעת.
על אבנים שבו גם בכו, על עפר נהי ומספד לה,
אוהביה מעט, רבים עוקריה מכל עברים,
לבדה היא שוכנת ברום חזונה.

Yudit Shahar

God's Terrible Garden

For Dr. Abu El-Ayish whose daughters
were killed in war:
Bissan (20), Miyar (15), and Aya (13).
May he know no more sorrow.

I envy people who have truth
etched on the tablet of their heart
righteous in their ways and *totafot* between their eyes
they are the voice of the living God
without hesitation, without stutter
straight shooters of answers
that there is no choice but war
that war is but a choice
that the army are murderers, that the army are victors
they always know who the aggressors and the victims are
they always count the dead bodies
of one side.

I envy people who blaze on hilltops
lighting rivers of righteous fire
franchisees of the love of the homeland
settlers in the houses of others
they talk and talk from inside God's mouth
in the name of miracles of wonders

I envy those who shout in the squares
No more murder!
and accuse local generals
in foreign colonial countries
of war crimes,
they are the moral ones, they have a heart
only they feel the pain
that war is a blood-suckling whore

Because in God's ruined garden,
chaos and desolation,
discarded truths shatter in the icy radiance
hidden doubts darken under a stone.
I envy, envy, envy.

גן אלוהים הנורא

לד"ר אבו אל-עייש

שבנותיו נהרגו במלחמה:

ביסאן (20), מיאר (15) ואיה (13).

מי ייתן ולא תדע עוד צער.

אני מקנאה באנשים שהאמת

על לוח לבם

נר לרגליהם וטופות בין עיניהם

הם קול אלוהים חיים

לא מהססים, לא מגמגמים

הם יורים רק תשובות

שהמלחמה אין ברירה

שהמלחמה יש ברירה

שהצבא רוצח, שהצבא מנצח

תמיד יודעים מי הפוגעים מי הנפגעים

תמיד סופרים גויות

של צד אחד

אֲנִי מְקַנָּאָה בְּאֲנָשִׁים שְׂבוּעָרִים עַל גְּבֻעוֹת
מְדַלִּיקִים נְהָרוֹת אֵשׁ אֶמֶת
זְכִינִי אֶהְבֵּת מוֹלְדֵת
מִתְשַׁבְּבִים בְּבִתִּי אַחֲרִים
חוֹצְבִים אֶת לֵעַ אֱלֹהִים וּמְדַבְּרִים וּמְדַבְּרִים
עַל הַנְּסִים וּבְשֵׁם הַנִּפְלְאוֹת

אֲנִי מְקַנָּאָה בְּצוֹעְקִים בְּכַפְרוֹת
דִּי לְרֹצַח
וְתוֹבְעִים גִּנְרָלִים מְקוֹמִיִּם
בְּמַדִּינוֹת קוֹלוֹנִיָּא לִיסְטִיוֹת זָרוֹת
עַל פֶּשַׁעֵי מַלְחָמָה,
הֵם מוֹסְרִיִּם, יֵשׁ לָהֶם לֵב
רַק לָהֶם כּוֹאֵב
שֶׁהַמַּלְחָמָה זֹנָה יוֹנֶקֶת דָּם

כִּי בָגַן אֱלֹהִים הַמַּחְרֵב, הַנּוֹרָא
תְּהוֹ וְבִהוּ,
אֲמֵתוֹת מְשֻׁלְּכוֹת מְנַתְּצוֹת בַּזֶּהָר הַקָּר,
סִפְקוֹת נְחָבָאִים מְחַשְׁכִּים תַּחַת סֵלַע.
אֲנִי מְקַנָּאָה, מְקַנָּאָה, מְקַנָּאָה

Jimbo J (Omer Havron)

Remember

Don't remember where I was when Rabin was murdered
or when Likud beat Labor and Hayim Yavin said on TV it
was a *revolution*

I don't remember where I saw Eyal Golan sing *To Buy
You a Diamond* at the March of the Million,
till this day I don't remember the war
or the one that came after.

You hear? Don't remember where I was when I watched
Usain Bolt break the 100-meter world record

Dude, where were you when the Towers fell?
What were you doing when they knocked down
the Berlin Wall?

Or when Gaddafi and Mubarak were toppled?
When they discovered Gilad Shalit was still alive
in Hamas captivity

when we won the Nobel Prize,
when you saw a shooting star for the first time
do you remember what you wished for?
No? No need to apologize!

There are countless defining moments
in the end we remember so few
but hey, this is one we'll cherish
and believe me one day so will you

Remember where you were
the first time you heard the hit song *Remember*

Don't remember where I was
when they landed on the moon
or when OJ and Roman Zadorov
were accused at high noon
when Pushtak's *Young Rapper* video
made everyone swoon
when Yehuda Barkan's *Kiss on the Forehead*
ended too soon
I don't remember where I saw Michael Jordan
fly into eternity
beat the Utah Jazz, school them again,
and lift a sixth trophy
When playmaker Reuven Atar
made Meir Einstein scream *Gooooaaaaa!*
When Maccabi Shear'ayim made it to the National league
When rapper Muki D met Nimi-nim
When Inspector Gashash got caught with his pants down
When Giraffe suspected Mitz Petel
of being a tiger with a frown
And Pzazty's amp became a collector's item around town
Don't remember the Intifada
When a suicide bomber crashed
the Purim Parade in Holon
When an ambulance was called for Arik Sharon
When Ada Yonath won the... what, was it Eurovision?

When the United States elected a black president
When Arik Einstein sang *Guitar and Violin*
Where was I when Maccabi Tel Aviv took the Final Four?
Don't know, bro, I can't remember any more

There are countless defining moments
in the end we remember so few
but hey, this is one we'll cherish
and believe me one day so will you

Remember where you were
the first time you heard the hit song *Remember*

There will always be more presidents caught raping
Prime Ministers stopping protests
from moving and shaking
Celebrities knocking at death's door
There's nothing that hasn't been done before
But a song like this, you might call me naïve
There's never been, there'll never be
It's worth burning into the collective memory.

תזכרי

לא זוכר איפה הייתי כשרבין נרצח
או כשהליכוד ניצח את המערך וחיים יבין טבע את המונח "מהפך"
אני לא זוכר איפה ראיתי את אייל גולן שר בהפגנת המיליון
לקנות לך יהלום
עד היום לא זוכר את המלחמה
גם לא את זו שאחריה
שומע? לא זוכר איפה הייתי כשצפיתי ביוסיאן בולט שובר את
שיא העולם בריצת מאה מטר
גבר, איפה היית כשנפלו התאומים?
מה עשית כשחומת ברלין נפלה?
או כשהמשטרים של קדאפי ומובארק הופלו?
כשגילו שגלעד שליט שרד את הנפילה
בשבי החמאס
כשזכינו בפרס נובל, כשראיתם כוכב נופל בפעם הראשונה
אתם זוכרים מה ביקשתם משאלה? לא? אין מה להתנצל

יש אינספור רגעים מכווננים
בסוף נזכור כל כך מעט
אבל הי, זה רגע שננצור
והאמיני לי שיום אחד גם את

תזכרי איפה היית, בפעם הראשונה ששמעת את הלהיט "תזכרי"

לא זוכר איפה הייתי כשנחתו על הירח
כשאו ג'יי סימפסון ורומן זדורוב הואשמו ברצח
כשערוץ 24 שידר את ראפר צעיר בשטח
כשהודה ברקן נתן נשיקה במצח
אני לא זוכר איפה ראיתי את מייקל ג'ורדן נחקק בנצח
מנצח את יוטה ג'אז מלמד אותם לקח וזוכה באלופות שיטית
כשבזכות ראובן עטר מאיר נחנק וצעק – "שער"
כששעריים עלתה ללאומית
כשמוקי די פגש את נימינים
כשגשש בלש ביצע מעשים מגונים
כשג'ירפה חשדה שמיץ פטל נמר
והמגבר של פצצתי הפך פריט אספנים
לא זוכר את האינתיפאדה
כשמחבל מתאבד התקדם ל-"עד לא ידע" בחולון
כשמד"א הוזעקו לאריק שרון
כשעדה יונת זכתה ב... אירוויזיון?
כשארצות הברית בחרה נשיא שחור
כשאריק איינשטיין שר גיטרה וכינור
איפה הייתי כשמכבי לקחה את הפיינל פור?
לא יודע אח שלי תבין קשה לי לזכור
כי יש אינספור רגעים מכווננים
בסוף נזכור כל כך מעט
אבל הי, זה רגע שננצור
והאמיני לי שיום אחד גם את

תזכרי איפה היית, בפעם הראשונה ששמעת את הלהיט "תזכרי"

עוד יהיו נשיאים שיאנסו
ראשי ממשלה שינסו לטרפד מחאות עממיות שיתססו
מפורסמים שיגססו
אין דבר שלא עשו
אבל שיר כזה, ותקראו לי נאיבי
לא היה, ולא יהיה
ושווה לצרוב אותו בזיכרון הקולקטיבי

Daniel Baumgarten

Silence (4.11.15)

Dear students
please raise your hands,
what does it feel like to have peace
within reach?

שתיקה (4.11.15)

תלמידים יקרים,
ענו לי בבקשה בהצבעה
מהי תחושת שלום בהשג-יד?

Dafi Ben Tzvi

Forgetting

I am afraid of forgetting
the housekey
to call mom and wish her *Shabbat Shalom*
all the oaths I swore in elementary school
all the sentences that ended with
when you grow up you'll understand
all the songs and people I loved but no longer do
and more than the fear of forgetting
is the fear of remembering alone
that they'll tell me it didn't happen,
at least not like that
that I'm making it up
that it makes no sense

that time heals
that it doesn't matter so much now
that only the dead know the truth
I am afraid of giving in to temptation
and so I shout
a Jew murdered him,
there was incitement,
leaders defeated the masses in Zion Square,
I will name the guilty – and demand justice
and get looks of pity
we all moved on
and only you remember alone
and oh, don't forget to call mom
to wish her *Shabbat Shalom*.

שכחה

אני מִפְחַדֵּת לִשְׁכַּח
אֶת הַמִּפְתָּח לְבֵית
לְהִתְקַשֵּׁר לְאִמָּא לְהַגִּיד שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם
אֶת כָּל הַשְּׁבוּעוֹת שֶׁנִּדְרָתִי בְּבֵית הַסֵּפֶר הַיְסוּדִי
אֶת כָּל הַמְשַׁפָּטִים שֶׁנִּגְמְרוּ בִּי כְּשֶׁתִּגְדֹּלִי תְּבִינִי
אֶת הַשִּׁיר שֶׁאֶהְבֵּתִי וְאֶת מִי שֶׁאֶהְבֵּתִי וְכִכָּר לֹא
וְיוֹתֵר מִהַפְחָד לִשְׁכַּח
קִיָּם הַפְּחָד לְזָכֹר לְבִדִּי
שֶׁיִּגִּידוּ לִי שֶׁלֹּא הָיָה, לְפָחוֹת לֹא כָּכָה
שֶׁאֲנִי מִמְצִיָּאָה
שֶׁאֵין הַגִּיּוֹן
שֶׁהַזְּמַן מְרַפָּא
שֶׁעֲכָשׁוּ אוֹלֵי זֶה פָּחוֹת חָשׁוּב

שָׁרַק הַמֵּתִים יוֹדְעִים אֶת הָאֵמֶת
 אֲנִי מַפְחֶדֶת לְהִתְפַּתּוֹת
 וְאֲנִי צוֹעֶקֶת
 יְהוּדֵי רֶצַח אוֹתוֹ,
 הִיָּתָה הֶסֶתָה,
 מִנְהִיגִים נִצְחוּ עַל הַהֲמוֹן בְּכֹכֶר צִיּוֹן,
 אֲנִי אֶצְבִּיעַ עַל הָאֲשָׁמִים – אֲבִקֵּשׁ צֶדֶק
 וְאֶקְבֹּל מִבֵּט רַחֲמִים
 כָּלֵנוּ הַמְשֻׁכְּנוּ הַלָּאָה
 וְרוֹק אֶת זֹכָרְתָּ לְבַד
 אֶה, אֵל תִּשְׁכַּחֲנִי לְהִתְקַשֵּׁר לְאִמָּא,
 לְהִגִּיד לָהּ שֶׁבֶת שְׁלוֹם

Eden Avitubul

Forgiven

My father tore in two the sticker that said
We won't forget – We won't forgive
then stuck one half on the Subaru's bumper
and crumpled up and threw away the other and lit
a cigarette.

Now and then I wrestled with my conscience
about the fact
that I would break into locked closets,
pull out memories
and play all the oldies
roll a boulder of nostalgia
down the slope of disillusionment
threatening to shatter every figurative wall.

I remember one Friday afternoon
you picked me up from yeshiva in the blue Mitzubishi
and I put on *Shafshaf's Song* and suddenly
you joined in with Meir
shouting together – *we can go together to the light*
and everything about everything was in that shout
and it gave me goosebumps
even though I didn't need it
to know how quickly we forgave
to know that you and mom could never stand a chance
against cynicism and indifference
and the song played on
and you lit a cigarette.
I spent my whole childhood staring into this smoke.

נסלח

אבא שלי גזר לשנים את הסטיקר "לא נשכח לא נסלח"
חצי אחד הדביק על פגוש הסובארו וחצי שני קמט וזרק והדליק
סיגריה.

לעתים רחוקות התיסרתי עם מצפוני על שהייתי
פורץ ארונות נעולים, שולף מהם זכרונות ומשמיע
תקליטים

מדרדר במדרון ההתפכחות

גוש נוסטלגי מאים

לבקע כל חומה מדמה.

זוכר צהרי ששי אחד

אספת אותי מהישיבה במיצובישי הכחלה

השמעתי לך את שפשף ופתאום

הצטרפת למאיר

בְּצַעֲקָהּ וּבְצַעֲקָהּ הִיא הָיָה הַכֹּל מֵהַכֹּל
וּצְמִרְמִרַת אֲרָכָה
לְמִרוֹת שְׁלֹא הֵייתִי צָרִיךְ לָהּ
בְּכַדִּי לְדַעַת שְׁסֻלְחָנוּ מֵהָר
בְּכַדִּי לְדַעַת שְׁאַתָּה וְאִמָּא לְעוֹלָם
לֹא תוֹכְלוּ מוֹל צִינִיּוֹת וְאַטִּימוֹת
וְהַשִּׁיר נִמְשָׁךְ
וְהַדְּלָקֶת סִיגְרִיָּה.
כָּל יְלָדוֹתֵי הַתְּבוּנוֹנָתִי בְּעֶשֶׂן הָזֶה.

מתוך ספרו 'נועדנו לגדולות אחרות', טנג'יר, 2019.

Band-Aid on Rabin Square | 2015

Dede Bandaid

photo by Barak Brinker



Afterword

Some nights are embedded into our collective memory like a wound that never heals. The 4th of November 1995 was that type of night.

That horrible night when my dreams and hopes were shattered and were replaced with never ending pain.

We heard the news of the assassination on the radio on the bus ride back to the kibbutz from the peace rally. The bullet shots fired in the heart of Tel Aviv, tore not only through the body of our prime minister, but also through the delicate fabric of Israeli society.

The assassination was not only the end of Yitzhak Rabin's life, but was also a brutal wake-up call. We never imagined that in our own society, hatred could be so powerful that it would try to destroy our democracy.

Three decades have passed since then, and the memory of that night has begun to fade. The generation born since then, only knows Yitzhak Rabin as a faded photograph, the name of a public square in Tel Aviv, or as a topic in history class. It is not known as a shattering and fundamental moment of grief and shock.

The anthology *Class of 95* was created to bring that voice back into our shared Jewish story. It is not an official memorial book but a literary journey into our wounded heart. An assemblage of voices, poems,

stories, and testimonies that touch the open wound, while seeking to illuminate hope from within it. One of these voices is a poem by Daniel Baumgarten, written twenty years after the assassination, in which he turns to his students:

“Dear students
please raise your hands,
what does it feel like to have peace within reach?”

That question, simple and innocent, sounds like a dream from another reality. It speaks to young people who never knew of that night, who never heard Rabin’s voice become synonymous with *Shir LaShalom* (“Song for Peace”).

It reminds us that the feeling that peace is possible, is not to be taken for granted, and that for the generation born since then it is almost unimaginable. Here lies the great gap: between those who lived with hope and were broken, and those who were born only into the fracture. And here, too, lies the educational objective .

The assassination teaches us that democracy, whether in Israel, America, or anywhere, is not dependent only upon elections or institutions, but also dependent upon the culture of listening, of mutual respect, of the ability to argue without destroying one another. Without education toward these values, democracy remains fragile, hanging by a thread. *Class of 95* reminds us that education for democracy and liberalism is not an abstract slogan but a necessity: raising children who know how to listen, to

respect differences, and to believe that human dignity is greater than any disagreement.

Today, that call is only more urgent. Once again Israeli society is deeply fractured, in a way the reverberates to Jewish communities all over the world. Once again, our faith in the possibility of living together is being tested. And within all this lies a relentless pain, the pain of the hostages who have not yet returned home.

They have become both a symbol of the fracture and of hope, a rare opportunity to unite around shared values of humanity that transcend any political divide. Their plight echoes the lessons of 1995: will we know how to hold fast to our shared values even amid immense suffering, and refuse to let division defeat us?

Class of 95 is more than a book. It is a testimony that words can carry memory, and perhaps even heal. It is a bridge between generations, between those who recall that night as a living trauma and those who know it only through stories. It invites us not to leave the assassination in the past, but to turn it into a point of departure toward a different future: one in which democracy rests on freedom and equality, where disagreements remain within the bounds of civil discourse, and where hatred is never met with silence.

This book asks us to raise our hand, not as a gesture of surrender, but like a student in class. To dare to answer the question: what does it feel like when peace is within reach? And perhaps more importantly: what does it mean to choose, despite everything, to go on dreaming of it.

Translator's Notes

While translation is an imperfect literary act, the following notes are provided with hopes of helping the reader understand some of the references that might otherwise get lost in linguistic and cultural relocation.

Before the Government of Israel Announces With Astonishment

The title refers to the announcement of Rabin's death, made by aide and confidant Eitan Haber, on the night of the assassination. "The government of Israel announces, with astonishment, great sadness and deep sorrow, the death of the prime minister and defense minister, Yitzhak Rabin, who was murdered by an assassin tonight in Tel Aviv." The word *tadhema* includes a range of emotions, including astonishment, shock, disbelief, amazement (not in a good way), a sense of being stunned or overwhelmed by something unexpected.

Yesh lo avoda – can be translated as "he has work" or perhaps, "he has work to do." But note also that *Avoda* is the Hebrew name of the Labor Party, and in a nuance that translation helps add, "Ready for Labor" underscores the potential that something was ready to be born during that time.

Blank

Someone has heard “Blank, blank” – refers to claims that immediately after shots were fired someone shouted *Srak, srak*, or in other words, there’s no need to panic – it’s not real bullets. The person who supposedly shouted this has never been identified, and the phrase has become a haunting and instantly recognizable reminder in Israel of the assassination. It also remains part of an abundance of conspiracy theories put forward to explain the shooting and related security failures that caused Rabin’s death. On a broader level, the word *srak* is difficult to translate, in that it includes nuances such as: blank, blankness, emptiness, vanity, meaningless, nonsense, and futility.

Song for Peace

HaRe’ut – Song of Friendship, based on a poem by Haim Gouri written during the War of Independence, and covered by many Israeli artists. In the aftermath of Rabin’s assassination it was played frequently on Israeli radio.

A Walk to Cesaria – poem written in 1942 by Hannah Szenes, better known by its first lines, *Eli, Eli, shlo yigamer l’olam*, My God, My God, I pray that these things never end.

announce in shock and sorrow – see note to “Before the

Government of Israel Announces With Astonishment”.

the kid you didn't take – refers to the Yemenite Children Affair, in which Jewish babies and toddlers from Yemenite and other Mizrahi immigrant families disappeared during 1948-1954. Speculation in Israel still persists that the infants were kidnapped and given to childless Holocaust survivors, even though three separate official commissions have found the vast majority of the children died from illness and were buried without documentation. The state commission of inquiry found 69 cases in which no evidence was found that the children had died. In 2021, the Israeli government decided to express regret for the events and to allocate financial compensation to the families of 1,050 children whose circumstances of death were not conveyed to their families in real time, or whose burial place was not located. Yigal Amir, Rabin's assassin, is of Yemenite descent.

without a red booklet – this refers to the *pinkas adam*, carried by Histadrut labor union members, and symbolizes economic and social discrimination in the early decades of Israeli society.

Second Israel's new guard – refers to disadvantaged and marginalized portions of Israeli society, including Mizrahi, working-class, peripheral, and religious communities, especially as represented by Menachem Begin's Likud's rise to power in the late 1970s.

you too are moved – refers to Rabin's final speech

given just before he was assassinated. "Allow me to say, I am also moved. I want to thank each and every one of you who has shown up here against violence and for peace. This government, at the head of which I have the privilege of standing, together with my friend Shimon Peres, has decided to give a chance to peace. Peace that will solve most of the problems of the State of Israel."

the autumn night falls on the Negev – this is a line from *HaRe'ut*, the Song of Friendship.

Pulsa Denura – a Jewish mystical curse ceremony, that was reportedly invoked against Rabin before his assassination. On October 2, 1995, a *Pulsa deNura* ceremony was held in front of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's home in Jerusalem. Among those who conducted the ceremony were Rabbi Yossi Dayan and Avigdor Eskin.

fire brothers fire – from the folk song known in Hebrew as *HaIyara Boeret*, Our Town is Burning, originally from the Yiddish, *Es brent*, written in 1936 by Mordechai Gebirtig.

Letter to Yitzhak and Inbal

you good witch – this is directed to Inbal Perlmutter, a founding member of the Israeli rock band *Ha-Mechashefot* (The Witches).

When a Man Dies

The title refers to Numbers 19:14

זאת התורה אדם כי ימות באהל כל הבא אל האהל וכל אשר
באהל יטמא שבעת ימים.

This is the ritual: When a person dies in a tent,
whoever enters the tent and whoever is in the tent
shall be impure seven days;

(JPS, 2006)

Korach's Tallit

The Hebrew title *Tallit Shekula* contains several layers of meaning. Literally, it translates to “Bereaved Prayer Shawl”, but the word *shekula* is also a reference to Korach’s attempted coup against Moses in which he posed a legal question regarding a *tallit shekula techelet*, namely, does a robe that is completely *techelet* (blue) also need to have *techelet tzitzit* (blue ritual fringes) tied on (see Numbers 16 and Midrash Tanchuma, Korach 2). This is understood in rabbinic sources as not simply a curious question, but a “dispute that is not for the sake of Heaven” (Pirkei Avot, 5:17), a cynical attempt by Korach to undermine law and leadership.

I Never Baked With Blood

The term *kipa shkufa*, translated as “invisible kipa” is used in Israel to refer to a person who is spiritually and or religiously minded, but chooses not to express their beliefs by way of an outward religious sign, such as a *kipa* (religious head covering).

Yiftach in His Generation

The title refers to Yiftach, or Jephthah (see Judges 11) and is part of a well-known Talmudic expression, Yiftach in his generation is like Samuel in his generation (Rosh Hashanah 25b). Yiftach, the son of a prostitute and who was a complex Biblical character, was nevertheless picked by the people to lead the fight against the Ammonites. Essentially, the rabbinic expression is saying, he’s not an ideal leader but he’s at least the leader that we have now. *Srak* – left untranslated, in part for it’s haunting sound quality. See the note for “Blank” for more about the word’s meaning.

I was only three, for me it’s a fairy tale

Whoever believes won’t be afraid – refers to the popular 2010 song written by Yossi Gispan and performed by Eyal Golan, *Mi shemamin*.

Proper Rest

The phrase “Proper Rest”, *menucha nechona*, is taken from the memorial prayer *El Malei Rachamim*. “God full of mercy who dwells above, provide a proper rest on the wings of the Divine Presence, amongst the holy and pure who shine as brightly as the sky...”

God’s Terrible Garden

The word *totafot*, left untranslated, is a Biblical word that refers to the *tefillin* or phylacteries, worn on the head. See Deuteronomy 6:8

וְקָשְׂרָתָם לְאוֹת עַל יָדְךָ וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ.

Bind them as a sign on your hand and let them serve as a symbol on your forehead.

Forgiven

Shafshaf’s Song – originally from 1985, written by Yair Nitzani and performed by Meir Banai. The song, with its themes of unity, resilience, and personal growth, is now considered part of Israel’s cultural soundtrack.

Edward P. Djerejian

United States Ambassador to Israel (1993-1994)

"Rabin told me there is no military solution to Israel's conflict, only a political one, and he heroically dedicated himself to that goal. Class of 95 captures the enduring impact of his assassination through poetry and reflection, reminding us of what was lost and what remains to be done."

Colette Avital

Israel Consul General in New York City (1992-1996)

"The bullets that took Rabin's life left Israel in deep shock, yet from that grief emerged candles, songs, paintings, and poems. The voices gathered in Class of 95 give words to our pain and continue to inspire new generations."

Yossi Klein Halevi

Senior Fellow, Shalom Hartman Institute

"Thirty years later, the self-inflicted wound on the body of Israel still hasn't healed. As these anguished, angry, and eloquent voices insist, some wounds perhaps should never heal."

Abraham Foxman

Director of the Anti-Defamation League (1987-2015)

"I had the privilege of knowing Prime Minister Rabin and experiencing his wisdom, courage, and deep love for Israel and the Jewish people. Class of 95 is an important testament to his impact and tragic loss, and a stark reminder that we are not immune to the corrosive power of hate."

Rabbi Angela Buchdahl

Senior Rabbi of Central Synagogue in New York City

"Class of 95 gathers diverse voices that remember the night a bullet killed a prime minister and the promise of peace. For all who still yearn for peace, this anthology is both a eulogy and a summons."

Rabbi David Wolpe

Max Webb Emeritus Rabbi of Sinai Temple

"Class of 95 is a searing, poignant, and beautiful collection, both reminding us of what happened and what might have been. A tribute, a prophecy, and a work of art."

When Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated in 1995, his death tore through Israeli society and reverberated across world Jewry, becoming one of the defining ruptures in modern Jewish history. *Class of 95*, originally published in Hebrew as *Machzor 95*, presents for the first time in English Israel's poetic response, confronting grief, division, and the unfinished struggle for democracy and peace.