

A Prayer for the Steadfast

This is a prayer for the steadfast,
the ones who stand firm,
the ones who say:
you can destroy my house
but you will never destroy my home.

This is a prayer for the ones
who lose their fields
only to clear new ones,
uprooting weeds, moving stones,
planting *zatar* seedlings
in the hot summer sun.

This is a prayer for the ones
who sift through the rubble of their homes
and find dolls, blankets, tea canisters,
photos of ancestors gazing at them
through shattered glass.

This is a prayer for the ones
who live in tents
next to twisted steel and broken concrete
knowing they will have to rebuild
before winter comes again.

This is a prayer for the ones
who issue appeals
and stays and petitions
to courts that issue no justice.

This is a prayer for the ones
who put their children to bed at night
in huts of corrugated metal,
praying they will not awaken
to the sounds of bulldozers.

This is a prayer for the ones
who stand amidst the ruins
once the soldiers have gone
and silently vow:
demolish our houses again
if you choose
but we will never leave.

We will rebuild, we will replant,
we will remain.

Our very existence
is resistance.

(Rabbi Brant Rosen)