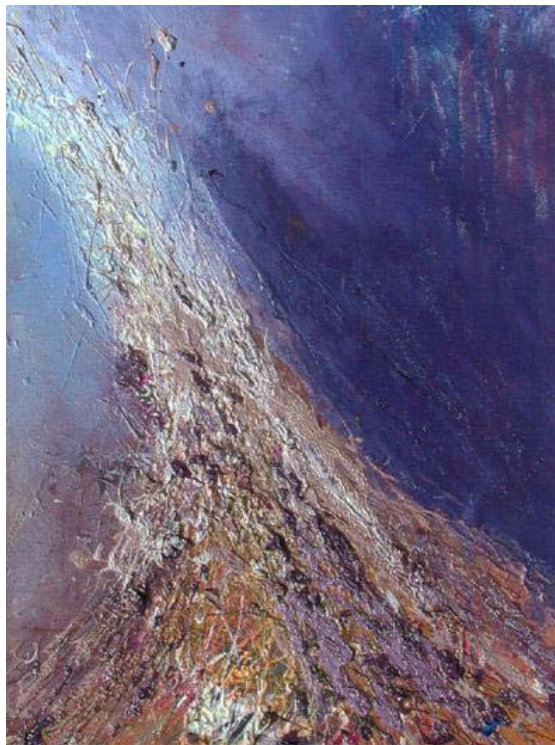


“TEFILLIN”
Shlomo Rydzinski



“SINAI”
Rebecca Schweiger

“ALLEY IN TZFAT”

Deborah Helmus



“SIMCHA”

Yosef Goldman



**“WESTERN
WALL I”**

Rebecca Schweiger



“KI ATA IMADI?”

Chai Romanoff



“BACKPACKERS”

Andy Alpern

“I FOUND G.O.D”

Jason Caplan



A PSALM TO ZION

Michal Mahgerefteh

Zion,
like thin dust
carried by the wind
trailing an unseen G-d
wrestling with chaos
your vitality
bleak against the sky
supping your strength
dry like the clay
O' Lord!
hear O' Zion
the sound of Miriam's
tambourine echoing
over the wondrous
mountains of Judea
yield grievous tears
and watch the stars in their
perfect stillness revealing
David's favor and truth
pattern the land
breath O' deeply
violets lush scent handed
by tent-dwellers as they
calmly sip sweet tea
by the springs of Ein-Gedi
nestled in bed
while the afternoon shadow
folds into an evening shade
soon the glory of His promise
will melt your heart "as the wax...before the fire"

HOMOPHONOUS POEM

Sara Friedman

I'll order a banana quiche,
So fare; vainly die.
Peanuts are to me
a volcano reek.
Shed me a tear.

על אור דרבנן אקיש
סופר, ואין לי די.
פי נצר תומי
אבל כן נוריק.
שד מי יתיר

אזמין לי קיש בננה,
ככה זה, למות לשווא.
בטנים הם בשבילי
צחנת הר געש.

I'll rap on the light of our sages
Counting, never satisfied.
My mouth guarded my innocence
Yet we turn green.
Who will set the demon loose?

ככה לי דמעה

AN AMERICAN AT THE MEIMADION¹

David Druce

Bronze flesh surrounds me closely, I can almost touch
Mazal from Holon, Shimrit the Bat Yam², Dikla of Yafo
sitting poolside, shaking the *chadashot*³ out of their hair
today a nation's fate will not hang on her olive scrunchy

there are Yemenites, Moroccans and Hungarians
Yemenite-Hungarians, Sabras all, and an American
floating in the afterbirth of a spent wave pool
my personal *kibbutz galuyot*⁴, in bikinis and speedos

the future defenders of our eternal homeland
curse, smoke, make out, and chew *garaynim*
past hair spiked like the Mishmar Gvul fortress
a splash makes the water heady arak and I say

Hey, I come from Nu Jersee like Tony Soprano
I've seen Jason Kidd and Shaq play basketball, but
I'm not as good looking as Hollywood stars
I know.

Yet I wish to love in a rain of Strawberry-Banana juice,
or beneath a grove of a kibbutz's mango trees
whisper words I only have conjugated in your ears
of love piping hot like a Bulgarian cheese Boureka

I can take you out and buy you anything in the *makolet*
anything! and even send you sneakers from America
I'll be Eyal Golan, you be my Sarit Hadad
what? you know his cousin? you don't like Sarit?

¹ A water park in Tel Aviv

² Mermaid

³ News

⁴ Ingathering of Exiles

Blessed am I to gaze at a pilgrimage of guests
from Azata, from Abu Ghosh, even Kochav Yair
no matter-for if the Beit HaMikdash always had room
here too *olei regel* bring their offerings of shwarma

So, Jersey girls, keep the Cabana Club and your JCC
I'd rather, *like*, be in a small Mediterranean country
where pomegranates grow in the terraced hills
and concrete and palm trees are my Gan Eden

ENCOUNTERS

Daniella Ross

Good Muslima
smiling from her den of covered hair
delicately wrapped within
folds of lavender silk
Neither *pereh*¹ nor *paruah*²
Her face opens towards mine

*I inherited my grandmother's skin
tempered olive under the skies of Teheran
Kohled eyes and movie-star lips
Thick-banded locks of a Jewess
that refused containment
So she chose America
And I chose New York*

Good Muslima
smiling from her den of covered hair
Would she have laughed had she known?
Test me with her eyes? Split infinities with that smile?
Might we, together, have haggled over glass baubles
long buried with the bones of men?

*Daughter of Israel that I am
I inherited my grandmother's fear
in some Judean marketplace
among bouquets of darkened curls
and Egged buses about to explode.*

yet neither *pereh* nor *paruah*
Good Muslima
and I meet
on the ramp that links east campus
with its center
walking up and down
Jacob's angels in New York

¹ "Wild," a prophetic reference to Ishmael (Genesis 16:12).

² "Loose, undone," specifically regarding a woman's hair (Numbers 5:18).

FOR COOL EVAN FROM MODERN JEWISH PHILOSOPHY, WHOM I DON'T LOVE BUT MAYBE I SHOULD

Dena Weiss

How do I love thee?
mostly on and off
 moments of evanescence
 an It-world unconstructing
I love you Monday/Wednesday
12:33 or 12:34 to 1:45
 my shiny olive boots
 graced by your reflection
grin as you slick by
 your jeans a bit tighter
 than I'm used to-
 You make me wanna expose my elbows.
I like the unlikelihood of us
Dionysus and Artemis
 discussing Buber and Spinoza
 dancing the hora in my head,
We share a bottle of wine
 you're drunk, slurring
 while I make kiddush
 on Rosenzweig, not Rashi
Hell, you don't even know what *aidel* means
 your jeans a bit tighter
 than I'm used to-
 You make me wanna expose my elbows.
Embarrassed, not offended by your beauty
or your wife-beater
 your head unkipphahed
 even unbaseball-capped
I'm scared of the unsacred
 but somewhat awkwardly drawn
 I exhale, plan our exile
 from the classroom together
Cuz you don't really eat treif
 (at least I don't think you do)
 your jeans a bit tighter than I'm used to-
 You make me wanna expose my elbows.

And when I see you
I drop my glasses, pencil, planner, coat, gloves, books
and raise my hand
screaming, I'm smart too!
love me! worship me!
we can be heretical together
and never have to blow dry
or cover our hair again
Even though I don't yet love you
your jeans a bit tighter
than I'm used to-
You make me wanna expose my elbows.
Your muscles and heroic Batman jaw make me feel
lumpy dumpy and frumpy
like a dwarf, even though
you're not Samson-tall either
Good, so I won't be Delilah
begging your strength's secrets
to bind you in new gartels or soggy tefillin
prove that you love me
My love for you is pure
I don't wanna do, dump, marry, or destroy you
I just want to be your tzitzis
and trail you limply for a while
See I'm a Soloveit-chick
and I need a Man of Today
who'll introduce me to things
that I'm not already used to-
You make me wanna expose my elbows.

IN THE MIND OF A CHILD

Yocheved Leiman

A field of daisies
swaying in the breeze
save for the one
born beside a rock.

THE POST PURIM WARRIOR-WOMAN

Raphy Hulkower

With mop in hand
and Lysol can,
she hums the songs
of drunken men.
Tiptoeing through bodies
curled up like infants, who
looking like schoolboys,
sounded like men
just moments before.

She gathers her troops –
Yarden, Joyvin, and Bartenura –
Exhausted after the long day
her smile,
concealed as G-d's presence
in Shushan,
reflects the *chagigiut*¹⁰
of Halachic Woman.
Both, however,
are undeniable
when one man
falls onto
her couch.

Her broom, unsheathed,
glistens in the bright
halogen light.
She sweeps well
almost *too* well
for a women of her stature.
This war is a *chochmah*
v'eino milachah —
it's all in the wrist.

Her muscles, toned
from stroller pushing,
wave a white rag
over grease spotted *gramen* sheets.
Cleansing the altar

SOME JEWISH POETS OF MEDIEVAL SPAIN – A GHAZAL

Walter Hess

Yet in the womb, David told poems, a womb like Andaluz.
Still, they looked East to David's City, ecstatic, even in Al Andaluz.

Poor, humble, brilliant Ibn Ezra, with your shirt like a sieve,
did I see you on a dirty corner on Grand Street or was it prophetic,
in Al Andaluz?

Dunash. No one knows how you died. Poetic radical
you succeeded in using Arab models for your Hebrew verse, exilic,
in Al Andaluz.

In the height of heaven, right near the throne's your abode,
Oh, Ibn Abitur. I know you'd weep now, as you wept then, tragic,
in Al Andaluz.

Khalfon! The high and mighty send you cheese,
just a slice, when all you want is drink. "*Shver zu sein a Yid!*". Comic,
in Al Andaluz.

Shmuel the Prince, commander of Muslim Armies. Rabbi,
Statesman and poet. Mightier than any sword was your pen alphaic,
in al Andaluz.

Who can hold you in just two lines, Judah Halevy, you
praised God, the washerwoman and Zion still. Now, as then, heroic
in Al Andaluz.

BIOS

Mindy Aber Barad, before becoming an attorney in 1982, wrote mostly while in college. Her work was published in student newspapers at SUNY Buffalo, and Washington University, St. Louis (where she also founded and edited the Jewish Student Newspaper 'Hamakor'). Recently, Mindy has returned to writing. She has published a children's story and her work has appeared in The Jerusalem Post, other local periodicals, and on-line. She is married with 4 children, a dog and 4 hamsters. Some wait for Mashiach; Mindy awaits the publication of her first novel...

Michael Berger is a poet temporarily working at an accounting office.

Zev Berkowitz has spent several years working for a mid-sized Real Estate Investment and Development firm in Midtown-Manhattan. He graduated with a BA from the University of Pennsylvania in 1999, and an MA in Philosophy from Cambridge University, England in 2000 where he authored a dissertation on Ludwig Wittgenstein. Zev will begin law school in the fall of 2003 at New York University.

Jason Caplan currently resides in Washington Heights, NYC. He studies in the Rabbinical School of Yeshiva University and performs with his Quartet in clubs, synagogues, and colleges. Caplan also teaches a class on the links between meditation, improvisation, and service of G-d.

David Druce is a student at Yeshiva College, majoring in History, with a minor in Writing. As a freshman wandering around his university's library, he discovered a copy of Mima'amakim's journal, and began to submit material. His poetry was first published in the second issue, and after a year of heading the book review section, Druce was promoted to be the first editor of Mima'amakim's on-line magazine. David has also had poetry and prose published in literary journals, 'Cobblestone' and 'Spires', in periodicals 'The New Jersey Jewish News', 'Scott's Stamp Monthly', and 'The Commentator'.

Joshua Emden: It takes too long to write a bio. Who am I? Where am I from? If I'm not from here do I have a place somewhere else? I ask the rabbis, it's min ha-shamaim, I point; there. Blank blue strips prayer, I argue over lacrimal texts, Rashi sidenotes my rush, I beat the walls of Beith Midrash, one side to the next, desert Jew, desert Jew, from where are you.

Mina Friedler is a poet who gains her inspiration from the eternal plight and wisdom of the Jewish people, her Zionist roots, the wisdom of the nations, e.g. at present, Japanese culture, Kings Solomon and David, Maltese and hummingbirds. She lives on the summit of Mt. Washington in Los Angeles with her husband, Eli and their two Maltese, Maltie and Happy.

Walter Hess was born in 1931 in Germany and arrived in the United States in 1940. He is a retired documentary film editor who received his MA from the writing program at CCNY in May, 2003. Poems of his have appeared in the American Poetry Review, Barrow Street and his translations of Hans Sahl in Metamorphoses.

Raphael (Raphy) Hulkower is a Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations concentrator at Harvard College. He is currently spending time studying in the lofty, rolling hills of Washington Heights at Yeshiva University.

Chaim Kagedan is a rising Junior at Columbia University. He has been an editor for the Spirit, TABC's newspaper, and for Kol Columbia (formerly known by the controversial name "*The Kosher Digest*"), the newspaper of the Columbia/Barnard Hillel. He is currently looking for a summer job, so anyone who is interested should please contact him immediately. *Mar'eh Kohen* is Chaim's first published piece. The poem was inspired by the Yom Kippur liturgy by the same name, and attempts to capture the moment of the completion of the Yom Kippur service by the Kohen Gadol, as he emerges from the Holy of Holies and returns to his people. The eyes of the Kohen Gadol serve as windows into his soul, revealing all that resides within.

Nathan Kaufman Nathan, a product of Chabad chassidism and California weather, spent years learning in

yeshivos in both LA and Jerusalem. He is currently studying toward a BA at Yeshiva College, with philosophy as this week's declared major. Unless otherwise distracted, Nathan is rumored to dabble in pacifism, debate the existence of an Anselmian God, and write short stories.

Michal Mahgerefteh was born in Israel and has lived in the U.S. since 1986. Her poems have appeared/forthcoming in *Kaleidoscope*, *Poetry Society of Virginia*, *Mima'amakim*, *Poetry of the People*, *The Pen*, *Adept Press/Small Brushes*, and *Porpourri*, among others. She is the publisher of *POETICA MAGAZINE* - Reflections of Jewish Thought. Currently she is working on her first collection.

Jake Marmer is a Ph.D. student of Comparative Literature at CUNY and web-designer at Random House Publishing. "Purple Pants For Anna Karenina..." was written on a spur of a momentary infatuation, and draws its inspiration from Buber and Tolstoy, though mainly Woody Allen. "Shalom Goodye," describing a childhood dream, sinks even deeper into author's Eastern European roots and is pure *emes* – the dream really did happen.

Jay Michaelson is a writer and teacher who lives in New York City. A self-described "queer neo-Kabbalist," he is the editor of *Zeek: A Jewish Journal of Thought and Culture* (www.zeek.net) and has taught Jewish mysticism and philosophy at places ranging from the Jewish Theological Seminary to Burning Man, Yale University to Elat Chayyim. His most recent work is "The Gate of Sadness: Jewish and Buddhist Teachings on the Broken Heart," portions of which may be read at his website, www.metatronics.net.

Ron Pies M.D. is a physician-writer affiliated with the psychiatry departments of Tufts and Harvard Universities. He is the author of an upcoming volume of poetry (Brandylane Publishing), and has had short fiction published in *Moment*, *Midstream*, and *Mima'amakim*. Ron is fond of a saying from another physician-writer, Anton Chekov: "Medicine is my lawful wife, but literature is my mistress."

Chai Romanoff lived in Israel for 10 years as a child, and developed a strong bond with the land. Even after returning to the United States for high school and college, she remains a steadfast supporter of Eretz Yisrael Shlema. Chai is finishing up at Stern College with a bachelors degree in Fine Arts and a minor in Art History. She is looking forward to working in the field while she pursues her Masters in Art. 'Ki Ata Imadi?' came about after the brutal attack and murder of the Szabo family in which the mother and two of her young children were killed by an arab terrorist in their home. The words come from Tehilim 23. When the author was a child, her father always told her that these words would protect her in my darkest moments. Where was their protector?

Chaim Rosenblum is a writer living in Israel with his wife Judy, and their six children in Moshav Meor Modiim. Chaim is a graduate of the University of California at Santa Cruz and the University of Judaism. He and Judy made aliyah from Los Angeles in July of 1994 with their two sons. Chaim's themes are Jewish life, love, and family living. He's devoted to encapsulating Chasidic teachings and midrashim as he understands them into contemporary poetry and believes that the world can be transformed by sharing holy words that connect all the poor beggars in the world to the glory of God.

J. Solis Rosenstein is a graduate of Yeshiva University and Touro College School of Law. Prior to leaving home for more structured education, he was able to flourish creatively in an environment filled with artistic energy, inspiration, encouragement, and tradition.

Daniella Ross thanks her male editorial predecessors for the honor of serving as Mima'amakim's first female chief editor. When she's not perfecting the art of procrastination, Daniella studies Religion and History at Columbia University. She cites Sylvia Plath, Yehuda Amichai, and midrashic literature among her many creative influences.

Matthue Roth is a poet and performer based in the Mission in San Francisco. He's filmed for HBO's Def Poetry Jam, performed with Sister Spit and Carlos Santana, and is poetry editor of *Zeek.net*. He's also written several chapbooks, including *Yom Kippur A Go-Go* and *A Child's Garden of Gender*, and has just finished writing a novel about a boy who becomes a Hasidic Jew and a girl who becomes a boy. He is online at www.matthue.com and updates it way too often.

Abigail Rozenberg is a second year undergraduate, reading Modern History at Oxford University. She is tentatively trying to change direction in her writing a little, away from arguments in favour of creativity. She credits the inspiration of the Mima'amakim forum and of course, Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth II for any success.

Rebecca Schweiger's recent paintings take her ongoing explorations of Jewish survival to new extremes. These works are intense, provocative mixed media paintings that intermingle Hebrew language, collage elements, numbers, dates, the ambiguities of life's symbols and abstractions, and the elements of human survival. Schweiger creates vivid, encompassing statements of life, death, survival, memory, and hope.

Suzanne Selengut lives in Washington Heights, NY and works as the editor-in-chief of the Rockland Jewish Reporter. She strives to write purely from the emotional experience. In this poem, she cites T.S.Eliot and Yehuda Amichai as influences. She says of the selection; "It was written several years ago while I was studying literature at Bar-Ilan University. There is a clarity of spirit that I find only in Jerusalem and this is my attempt to describe it."

Steven Sher is the author of 10 books whose poetry and prose have recently appeared in publications such as American Book Review, Ariel, Confrontation, European Judaism, Jewish Quarterly, Jews., Jewish Spectator, Kerem, Olam, Prairie Schooner, Solo, With Signs & Wonders: An International Anthology Of Jewish Fabulist Fiction, Witness, etc. He is moving back to NYC (Brooklyn native) from Oregon this August.

Dovid Statman calls New York his surrogate birthplace and received his BA in Psychology from Y.U. in 2003. He started writing poetry in 1997, when he knew a girl named Naomi, and writing has contributed to sustaining his sanity since, especially after he began to write in his soul's tongue, 'Ivrit. He also stays grounded while reaching ever higher by composing songs on p'sukim from biblical texts. Through his current work in cognitive rehabilitation with brain injured individuals, Dovid is happily learning more about life, humanity, and hashgacha than he imagined there was to know.

Neil Tow is now in his third year of rabbinical school at JTS. He loves being creative, especially in writing poetry that seeks to connect the human experience with the richness of the natural world. The new experiment is with visual arts, now primarily with Crayola window markers. Neil's poetry derives largely from direct experience with people and natural phenomena. He also loves music, talking walks, and traveling.

ממעמקים

