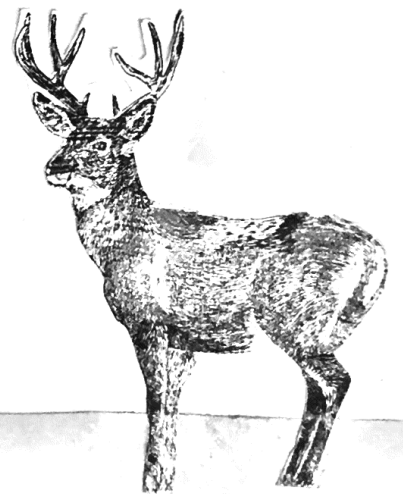


Yes, to the
very end



Seder | סדר

Kadesh קדש

Urkhatz ורחץ

Karpas כרפס

Yakhatz יחץ

Magid מגיד

Rakhatz רחץ

Motzi Matzah מוציא מצה

Maror מרור

Korekh כורך

Shulkhan שולחן

Orekh עורך

Tzafun צפון

Barekh ברך

Hallel הלל

Nirtzah נרצה

זרוע	<i>Z'roa</i> : a shankbone or beet, which represents the mighty hand and outstretched arm that liberated us from Mitzrayim.
מרור	<i>Maror</i> : horseradish, which represents the bitterness of slavery in Mitzrayim
חזרת	<i>Chazeret</i> : collard greens, which represent the bitterness of racial injustice, oppression, and state-sanctioned violence towards and criminalization of black and brown people.
חרוסת	<i>Charoset</i> : a mixture of dried fruits and nuts, which represents the mortar used to lay bricks, the work done while enslaved in Mitzrayim. קפה - Kafe: coffee beans, which represent
ביצה	<i>Beitzah</i> : an egg, which represents life, wholeness, and liberation.
דגן	<i>Dagan</i> : corn, which represents solidarity with indigenous people.
כרפס	<i>Karpas</i> : parsley, which represents growth, change, and life.
מי מלה	<i>Mei Melakh</i> : salt water, which represents our tears while enslaved, and our tenacity and chutzpah in fighting for liberation
תפוז	<i>Tapuz</i> : an orange, which represents gender and sexual equality and justice, especially for queers, trans and gender variant people, and women.
זית	<i>Zayit</i> : an olive, which represents solidarity with Palestinians and Palestine and the struggle for justice and peace in Israel and Palestine.

Elijah's Cup: An empty cup waiting for the Prophet Elijah to come, a placemark for our hopes for building the world to come.

Miriam's Cup: A cup full of the waters of rebirth and renewal.

note: the eggs, olives, and oranges are for noshing during the seder.

Interlude: the song of Joshua, by Alicia Ostriker

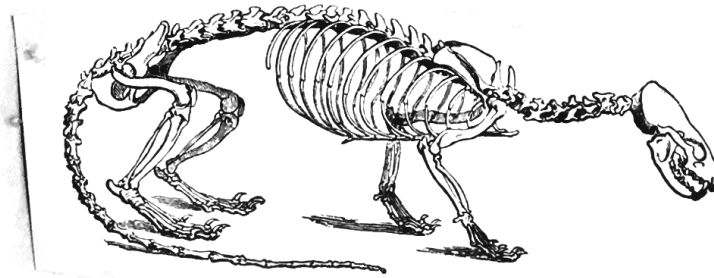
the inhabitants of Jericho
faint with fear
only the harlot
hangs the red thread

from her window
and is saved
with all her family
everyone else dies by the edge of the sword

you who accomplish this with a mighty arm
our mouths declare your praise
you plant us in the land

promise of figs and olives grapes and men
we have slain innocence
let history begin





Candle Lighting

ברוך אתה ? אלהינו רוח העולם במצותיו וצוננו להדלק נר של יום טוב.

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu ruach ha'olam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner shel yom tov.

Blessed are you, God, Spirit of the universe, who has made us holy through the commandments, and has commanded us to light the candles of this holiday.

Kadesh - Blessing the First Cup: Play

We dedicate each of our cups to ideas that poetry helps us to harness and live into. Our first cup is to play, and to abundance of playfulness, imagination, and curiosity.

סברי חברי! ברוך אתה ? אלהינו רוח העולם בורא פרי הגפן:

Sav'ri chaverai! Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam borei p'ri hagafen.

Attention, friends! Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

ברוך אתה ? אלהינו רוח העולם שהחיינו וקימנו והגיענו לזמן הזה:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam she'he'chyanu, v'ki'i'manu, v'higyanu laz'man hazeh.

Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, who has kept us alive, sustained us, and brought us to this season.

Queer Grace, by Amber Dawn

*No one has imagined us. We want to live like trees,
sycamores blazing through the sulfuric air,
dappled with scars, still exuberantly budding,
our animal passion rooted in the city.*

"Twenty-one Love Poems," Adrienne Rich

Quiet, you whippersnappers. You were born in the eighties
and I must school you. Our foremamas and papas
didn't have the luxury of safe assembly, much less
Facebook. Think Stonewall had a hashtag?
Allen Ginsberg just yelled, "Defend the Fairies."
#fuckinriot #dragbomb. Boom, queer speech
had to boom to be heard in real time.
Queer gait was a march. Queer hearth was our rage.
We shared the meager feast or starved. Potluck.
No one imagined us. We wanted to live like trees

or at least weeds. We wanted to take root.
Many of us still sow a humble seed to grow
temporary space, knowing that a single moment can
turn it all to rot. I've been involved with the rise and fall
of a handful of radical underground conclaves.
Only queer kin can show you the way
out of the merciless bright mainstream.
Away from the gentrifying rows
of condos and Starbucks and capital influx. Past
sycamores blazing through the sulfuric air.

Past the tar-patched dead-ended streets
to one thousand square feet of damp concrete
nestled under a union-worker built bridge. I tell you
it's worth it to find yourself, no matter how briefly
in a community-driven, collectively-run, anti-capitalist
gender non-conforming, sex-positive hotspot.
Here. Now. Raise our voices.
Here. Now. Shake our asses.
Our asses are hairy warriors. Thick hips. Our asses are
dappled with scars, still exuberantly budding

with desire: daisy chain, finger cuffs, fisting the forsaken mystery
right out of each other. Fucking the magic back into our bodies.
The grace is ours. This grace is no holds barred. Believe me
I have lovers and friends from Berlin to Brooklyn, the same radical
spaces exist there, but don't take this grace for granted.
Let me remind you that few hundred queers gathered
in unlicensed warehouses for orgies or for organizing is still considered
a disruption. Let me remind you queer roots reach deep.
Never forget the graves of our foremmas and papas, like
Our animal passion, are rooted underground.

Urchatz - Preparation (First Hand washing) - song

Handwashing offers a moment of preparation, of gathering ourselves together before we
move forward together in the seder. During the first hand-washing, we ritually handwash
without saying a bracha, a blessing. Take a moment to physically center yourself. Wash
hands by pouring water over each hand 3 times, or by rubbing your hands together in
emulation of washing your hands.

כִּי תַעֲבֹר בַּמַּיִם אַתָּךְ אֲנִי וּבְנְהָרוֹת לֹא יִשְׁטָפוּךְ.
Ki ta'avor bamayim it'kha ani u'va'neharot lo yishtafukha. (Isaiah 43:2)

When you walk through the waters I am with you, yes I am with you (x2)
I won't let the rivers overwhelm you, I will be with you (x2)

Karpas - Renewal (Parsley)

The Life of Love XVI, by Khalil Gibran

"Come, my beloved; let us drink the last of Winter's
Tears from the cupped lilies, and soothe our spirits
With the shower of notes from the birds, and wander
In exhilaration through the intoxicating breeze. "

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו רוח העולם בורא פרי האדמה:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam borei p'ri ha'adamah. Blessed are you God, Spirit of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the earth.

Yachatz - Break (Middle Matzah)

Break the middle matzah and set the larger piece aside to hide as the Afikomen

Carnot Cycle, by Samiya Bashir

Only sometimes does homegrown bedrock glow moneygreen.

Sometimes rock whines mommy. Sometimes rock coos baby.

Sometimes rock calls late with the mortgage. Sometimes rock
knits shoulder blades right where you can't pluck.

Early mornings something doesn't sit right over the sink. Sits crooked.

Slumps askew. Body doesn't lay the way you left it. Squinting gets

you nowhere. You squat to the floor and feel around. Stop. Smell

for it. Shrug. Still some dangling something modifies you.

Smackdab midchest you feel lumpy empty. Sniff. Sniff.

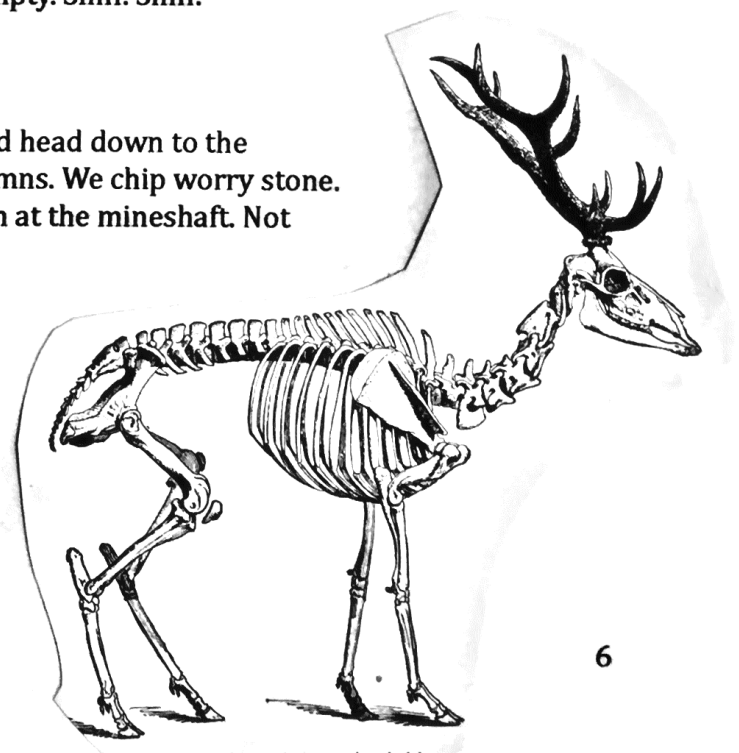
Shrug.

Like those days we grab our own pickaxes and head down to the

mine. We hum worksongs. We sing hymns. We chip worry stone.

We gather moss. We lie flat. We scratch at the mineshaft. Not

toward exit but deeper to the core.



Magid - Telling the Story of the Exodus from Egypt

Uncover the matzah and pour the second cup to contain the story of the Exodus.

Ha lachma anya... The bread of poverty

הא לחמא עניא די אכלו אבהתנא בארעא דמצרים. כל דכפין ייתי ויכלל כל דצריה ייתי ויפסח.
השתא הכא לשנה הבאה בחרות. השתא עבדי לשנה הבאה בני חורין.

Ha lachma anya di achalu avhatana b'ara d'mitzrayim. Kol dichfin yeitei v'yeichol, kol ditzrich yeitei v'yifsach. Hashata hacha, l'shanah habaah b'kheirut. Hashata avdei, l'shanah haba'ah b'nei chorin.

This is the bread of poverty that our ancestors ate in the land of Mitzrayim. Let all who are hungry come and eat! Let all who are needy come and partake of the Passover offering! Now, we are here; next year, may we be in freedom.¹ Now, we are slaves; next year, may we be free.

Ma Nishtana

Mah nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol haleilot?

Sheb'chol haleilot anu ochlin hametz u'matzah. Halailah hazeh kulo matzah.

Sheb'chol haleilot anu ochlin sh'ar y'rakot.

Halailah hazeh maror.

Sheb'chol haleilot anu matbilin afilu pa'am echad. Halailah hazeh sh'tei pa'amim.

Sheb'chol haleilot anu ochlin bein yoshvin u'vein m'subin. Halailah hazeh kulanu m'subin.

מה נשתנה הלילה הזה מכל הלילות
שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין חמץ ומצה
הלילה הזה כולו מצה.

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין שאר ירקות
הלילה הזה מרור.

שבכל הלילות אין אנו מטבילין אפילו פעם אחת
הלילה הזה שתי פעמים.

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין בין יושבין ובין מסבין
הלילה הזה כלנו מסבין.

How different this night is from all other nights? On all other nights, we eat both leavened bread and matzah. On this night, we eat only matzah. On all other nights, we eat all kinds of herbs. On this night, we eat bitter herbs. On all other nights, we do not dip our food even once. On this night, we dip twice. On all other nights, we eat either sitting or reclining. On this night, we all recline.



Four Children: Then, by Grace Paley

when she came to meet him at the ferry
he said you are so pale worn so
frail standing on her toes
to reach his ear she whispered
I am an old woman oh then
he was always kind

freedom has overtaken me I
had run ahead of it for years
along an interesting but
narrow road obeyed at least
half the rules imposed by
lovers children a house a
political position now out
of breath probably I'm stuck
freedom has hold of my jacket
won't let go I'm alone

before I was nobody
I was me after
I was nobody I
was me I wish

I could have rested
in me a little longer
there was something
I was supposed to tell
but it isn't allowed

a new york city man is
standing on the street corner
he's smiling up at a fireman hanging
on to the ladder of his fire engine

the fire engine passes between us
slowly it turns the corner it is
going home to its firehouse

I am in a taxi stuck in traffic
I smile at the smiling man he
nods his head courteously we
know each other our newyorkness

Avadim Hayinu

עֲבָדִים הָיִינוּ לְפָרֹעַה בְּמִצְרַיִם. וַיּוֹצֵיאֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מִשָּׁם בְּיָד חֲזָקָה וּבְזְרוּעַ נְטוּיָה.

*Avadim hayinu l'Pharaoh b'Mitzrayim. V'yotzieinu Adonai Eloheinu misham b'yad chazakah
uviz'roa n'tuiyah.*

Our ancestors were slaves to Pharaoh in Mitzrayim. And our God brought us out from there
with a strong hand and an outstretched arm.

Akiba, by Muriel Rukeyser
THE WAY OUT

The night is covered with signs. The body and face of man,
with signs, and his journeys. Where the rock is split
and speaks to the water; the flame speaks to the cloud;
the red splatter, abstraction, on the door
speaks to the angel and the constellations.
The grains of sand on the sea-floor speak at last to the noon.
And the loud hammering of the land behind
speaks ringing up the bones of our thighs, the hoofs,
we hear the hoofs over the seethe of the sea.

All night down the centuries, have heard, music of passage.

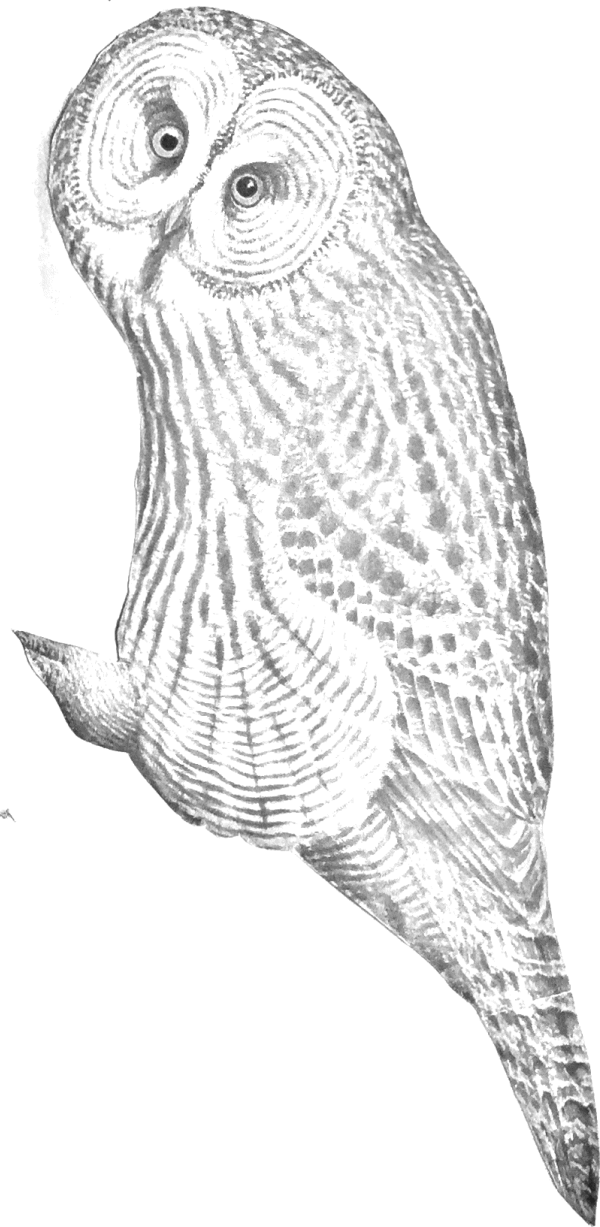
Music of one child carried into the desert;
firstborn forbidden by law of the pyramid.
Drawn through the water with the water-drawn people
led by the water-drawn man to the smoke mountain.
The voice of the world speaking, the world covered by signs,
the burning, the loving, the speaking, the opening.
Strong throat of sound from the smoking mountain.
Still flame, the spoken singing of a young child.
The meaning beginning to move, which is the song.

Music of those who have walked out of slavery.

Into that journey where all things speak to all things
refusing to accept the curse, and taking
for signs the signs of all things, the world, the body
which is part of the soul, and speaks to the world,
all creation being created in one image, creation.
This is not the past walking into the future,
the walk is painful, into the present, the dance
not visible as dance until much later.
These dancers are discoverers of God.

We knew we had all crossed over when we heard the song.

Out of a life of building lack on lack:
the slaves refusing slavery, escaping into faith:
an army who came to the ocean: the walkers
who walked through the opposites, from I to opened Thou,
city and cleave of the sea. Those at flaming Nauvoo,
the ice on the great river: the escaping Negroes,



swamp and wild city: the shivering children of Paris
and the glass black hearses; those on the Long March:
all those who together are the frontier, forehead of man.

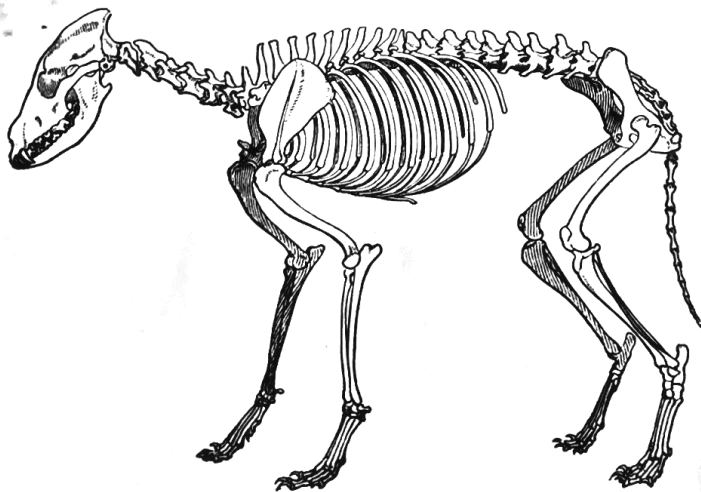
Where the wilderness enters, the world, the song of the world.

Akiba rescued, secretly, in the clothes of death
by his disciples carried from Jerusalem
in blackness journeying to find his journey
to whatever he was loving with his life.
The wilderness journey through which we move
under the whirlwind truth into the new,
the only accurate. A cluster of lights at night:
faces before the pillar of fire. A child watching
while the sea breaks open. This night. The way in.

Barbarian music, a new song.

Acknowledging opened water, possibility:
open like a woman to this meaning.
In a time of building statues of the stars,
valuing certain partial ferocious skills
while past us the chill and immense wilderness
spreads its one-color wings until we know
rock, water, flame, cloud, or the floor of the sea,
the world is a sign, a way of speaking. To find.
What shall we find? Energies, rhythms, journey.

Ways to discover. The song of the way in.



Skeleton of a wolf. Lydekker

Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings, by Joy Harjo

I am the holy being of my mother's prayer and my father's song

—Norman Patrick Brown, Dineh Poet and Speaker

1. SET CONFLICT RESOLUTION GROUND RULES:

Recognize whose lands these are on which we stand.

Ask the deer, turtle, and the crane.

Make sure the spirits of these lands are respected and treated with goodwill.

The land is a being who remembers everything.

You will have to answer to your children, and their children, and theirs—

The red shimmer of remembering will compel you up the night to walk the perimeter of truth for understanding.

As I brushed my hair over the hotel sink to get ready I heard:

By listening we will understand who we are in this holy realm of words.

Do not parade, pleased with yourself.

You must speak in the language of justice.

2. USE EFFECTIVE COMMUNICATION SKILLS THAT DISPLAY AND ENHANCE MUTUAL TRUST AND RESPECT:

If you sign this paper we will become brothers. We will no longer fight. We will give you this land and these waters "as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers run."

The lands and waters they gave us did not belong to them to give. Under false pretenses we signed. After drugging by drink, we signed. With a mass of gunpower pointed at us, we signed. With a flotilla of war ships at our shores, we signed. We are still signing. We have found no peace in this act of signing.

A casino was raised up over the gravesite of our ancestors. Our own distant cousins pulled up the bones of grandparents, parents, and grandchildren from their last sleeping place. They had forgotten how to be human beings. Restless winds emerged from the earth when the graves were open and the winds went looking for justice.

If you raise this white flag of peace, we will honor it.

At Sand Creek several hundred women, children, and men were slaughtered in an unspeakable massacre, after a white flag was raised. The American soldiers trampled the white flag in the blood of the peacemakers.

There is a suicide epidemic among native children. It is triple the rate of the rest of America. "It feels like wartime," said a child welfare worker in South Dakota.

If you send your children to our schools we will train them to get along in this changing world. We will educate them.

We had no choice. They took our children. Some ran away and froze to death. If they were found they were dragged back to the school and punished. They cut their hair, took away

their language, until they became as strangers to themselves even as they became strangers to us.

If you sign this paper we will become brothers. We will no longer fight. We will give you this land and these waters in exchange "as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers run."

Put your hand on this bible, this blade, this pen, this oil derrick, this gun and you will gain trust and respect with us. Now we can speak together as one.

We say, put down your papers, your tools of coercion, your false promises, your posture of superiority and sit with us before the fire. We will share food, songs, and stories. We will gather beneath starlight and dance, and rise together at sunrise.

The sun rose over the Potomac this morning, over the city surrounding the white house. It blazed scarlet, a fire opening truth.

White House, or *Chogo Hvtke*, means the house of the peacekeeper, the keepers of justice. We have crossed this river to speak to the white leader for peace many times since these settlers first arrived in our territory and made this their place of governance. These streets are our old trails, curved to fit around trees.

3. GIVE CONSTRUCTIVE FEEDBACK:

We speak together with this trade language of English. This trade language enables us to speak across many language boundaries. These languages have given us the poets:

Ortiz, Silko, Momaday, Alexie, Diaz, Bird, Woody, Kane, Bitsui, Long Soldier, White, Erdrich, Tapahonso, Howe, Louis, Brings Plenty, okpik, Hill, Wood, Maracle, Cisneros, Trask, Hogan, Dunn, Welch, Gould...

The 1957 Chevy is unbeatable in style. My broken-down one-eyed Ford will have to do. It holds everyone: Grandma and grandpa, aunts and uncles, the children and the babies, and all my boyfriends. That's what she said, anyway, as she drove off for the Forty-Nine with all of us in that shimmying wreck.

This would be no place to be without blues, jazz—Thank you/*mvto* to the Africans, the Europeans sitting in, especially Adolphe Sax with his saxophones... Don't forget that at the center is the Mvskoke ceremonial circles. We know how to swing. We keep the heartbeat of the earth in our stomp dance feet.

You might try dancing theory with a bustle, or a jingle dress, or with turtles strapped around your legs. You might try wearing colonization like a heavy gold chain around a pimp's neck.

4. REDUCE DEFENSIVENESS AND BREAK THE DEFENSIVENESS CHAIN:

I could hear the light beings as they entered every cell. Every cell is a house of the god of light, they said. I could hear the spirits who love us stomp dancing. They were dancing as if

they were here, and then another level of here, and then another, until the whole earth and sky was dancing.

We are here dancing, they said. There was no there.

There was no "I" or "you."

There was us; there was "we."

There we were as if we were the music.

You cannot legislate music to lockstep nor can you legislate the spirit of the music to stop at political boundaries—

—Or poetry, or art, or anything that is of value or matters in this world, and the next worlds.

This is about getting to know each other.

We will wind up back at the blues standing on the edge of the flatted fifth about to jump into a fierce understanding together.

5. ELIMINATE NEGATIVE ATTITUDES DURING CONFLICT:

A panther poised in the cypress tree about to jump is a panther poised in a cypress tree about to jump.

The panther is a poem of fire green eyes and a heart charged by four winds of four directions.

The panther hears everything in the dark: the unspoken tears of a few hundred human years, storms that will break what has broken his world, a bluebird swaying on a branch a few miles away.

He hears the death song of his approaching prey:

I will always love you, sunrise.

I belong to the black cat with fire green eyes.

There, in the cypress tree near the morning star.

6. AND, USE WHAT YOU LEARN TO RESOLVE YOUR OWN CONFLICTS AND TO MEDIATE OTHERS' CONFLICTS:

When we made it back home, back over those curved roads that wind through the city of peace, we stopped at the doorway of dusk as it opened to our homelands.

We gave thanks for the story, for all parts of the story

because it was by the light of those challenges we knew
ourselves—
We asked for forgiveness.
We laid down our burdens next to each other.

1. preparing for passover, by alicia ostriker

doors flung open
bread tossed to the birds
we shop for the matzoh the bitter
herbs the honey the eggs
the wine the brisket
the onions the potatoes
the escape the memory
of the escape

from what
to what
for what

Promise

we remember blood midnight
so much blood smeared
and then and then

we were like sheep running
we had no knowledge
only fear
the dust in a haze
along our track
away from the cities
the man like a great dog
the flame pillar
the cloud pillar
terrifying
our baaing

when we saw the chariots
we started stampeding
toward the sea my god
you swept us
there you
hurled us across

like a wind raised
cliffs of water
far above us
oh yes we ran
track over track in mud
we got over
then the engorged water
folded like a scroll
over our enemies
when we understood they were dead
how we laughed how we danced

because you chose us you loved us
with our frightened sheep eyes
hysterical bleating
you watched us from
your fiery whirl
preparing laws to
change us from slaves
make us a free
nation your
instrument

you did not understand we were animals

now you drive us through the desert in
circles
you send this man who herds us
you speak to him mouth to mouth
you do not speak to us
or you speak in riddles
though we beg you
though we dance
and sing for you

freedom

how it has to come from suffering

Plagues

The plagues were the escalating tactics used to build up towards the release of the Israelites from bondage in Mitzrayim. They were a strategy used to agitate Pharaoh, to push towards the inevitable break of freedom for the Israelites and for the mixed multitudes who were also oppressed in Pharaoh's narrow kingdom.

For each plague, dip your finger into your cup, and drop the wine or juice onto your plate or napkin. It is customary for many of us to not lick our fingers after doing this, so as not to gain pleasure from any of the destruction that happened from these plagues in agitating for our freedom. Though we celebrate our freedom, we do not celebrate the loss of life. Freedom is not a simple or neutral process, and there are losses faced that are painful to bear.

dam	דָּם	blood
tz'far'dea	צָפָרְדֵּיַעַ	frogs
kinim	כִּנִּים	lice
arov	עֲרוֹב	wild beasts
dever	דָּבָר	livestock disease
sh'khin	שָׁחִין	boils
barad	בָּרָד	hail
arbeh	אַרְבֵּה	locusts
khoshech	חֹשֶׁךְ	darkness
makot b'chorot	מַכּוֹת בְּכוֹרוֹת	death of firstborn

Dayeinu

Ilu hotzi'anu mimitzrayim, dayeinu.

Ilu natan lanu et haShabbat, dayeinu.

Ilu natan lanu et haTorah, dayeinu.

אֱלֹהֵי הוֹצִיאֵנוּ מִמִּצְרַיִם דַּיְנוּ
אֱלֹהֵי נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת הַשַּׁבָּת דַּיְנוּ
אֱלֹהֵי נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת הַתּוֹרָה דַּיְנוּ

If God had brought us out of Mitzrayim, it would have been enough.

If God had given us Shabbat, it would have been enough.

If God had given us Torah, it would have been enough.

Rabban Gamliel would say: Anyone who does not mention these three things on Passover does not fulfill his obligation, and these are they: the Passover offering, the matzah, and the bitter herbs.

What does the Passover offering represent? The strong hand and outstretched arm, through which we move together towards freedom.

What does the matzah represent? The nourishment we can make happen, even when it seems like nothing is there, when we are moving from the narrowest of places into openness, hope, and freedom

What do the bitter herbs represent? The bitterness of oppression in Mitzrayim, for us, and for all those who formed the mixed multitude with us as we made our Exodus.

The Second Cup: Power

Our second cup is to power. To standing in our own, and fighting for and with each other.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגֶּפֶן:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam borei p'ri hagafen.

Attention, friends! Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

Rotzah - Preparation (2nd Hand washing)

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל־נְטִילַת יָדַיִם:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al n'tilat yadaim.

Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, who sanctified us with Your commandments and commanded us regarding hand-washing.

Motzi Matzah - Bless (Over meal)

Greens. Mustard greens, collards, turnip greens and poke – can't find them anywhere in the shops up North . . . Red beans and rice, chicken necks and dumplings . . . refried beans on warm tortillas, duck with scallions [spring onions] and pancakes, lamb cooked with olive oil and lemon slices . . . potato pancakes with applesauce, polenta with spaghetti sauce floating on top – food is more than sustenance; it is history. —Dorothy Allison

What has best sustained you over the past year?

*Take the three matzot, holding the broken one between the two whole ones.
Hold them up while blessing:*

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם הַמּוֹצֵיא לֶחֶם מִן־הָאָרֶץ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל־אֲכִילַת מַצָּה.

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam hamotzi lechem min ha'aretz.

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al achilat matzah.

Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, who brings bread from the earth. Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, who sanctified us with Your commandments and commanded us regarding the eating of matzah.

Maror - Bitterness

Exiles, by Marilyn Hacker

Her brown falcon perches above the sink
as steaming water forks over my hands.
Below the wrists they shrivel and turn pink.
I am in exile in my own land.

Her half-grown cats scuffle across the floor
trailing a slime of blood from where they fed.
I lock the door. They claw under the door.
I am an exile in my own bed.

Her spotted mongrel, bristling with red
mange,
sleeps on the threshold of the Third Street
bar
where I drink brandy as the couples change.
I am in exile where my neighbors are.

On the pavement, cans of ashes burn.
Her green lizard scuttles from the light
around torn cardboard charred to glowing
fern.
I am in exile in my own sight.

Her blond child sits on the stoop when I
come
back at night. Cold hands, blue lids; we both
need sleep. She tells me she is going to die.
I am in exile in my own youth.

Lady of distances, this fire, this water,
this earth makes sanctuary where I stand.
Call of your animals and your blond
daughter,
I am in exile in my own hands.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל־אֲכִילַת מָרוֹר.

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al achilat maror.

Korech - Combining (Matzo, Maror, Charoset): The Hillel Sandwich
I Watch Her Eat the Apple, by Natalie Diaz

She twirls it in her left hand,
a small red merry-go-round.
According to the white oval sticker,
she holds apple #4016.
I've read in some book or other
of four thousand fifteen fruits she held
before this one, each equally dizzied
by the heat in the tips of her fingers.
She twists the stem, pulls it
like the pin of a grenade, and I just know
somewhere someone is sitting alone on a
porch,
bruised, opened up to their wet white ribs,
riddled by her teeth—
lucky.
With her right hand, she lifts the sticker
from the skin. Now,
the apple is more naked than any apple has
been
since two bodies first touched the leaves
of ache in the garden.
Maybe her apple is McIntosh, maybe Red
Delicious.
I only know it is the color of something I
dreamed,
some thing I gave to her after being away
for ten thousand nights.
The apple pulses like a red bird in her
hand—
she is setting the red bird free,
but the red bird will not go,
so she pulls it to her face as if to tell it a
secret.
She bites, cleaving away a red wing.

The red bird sings. Yes,
she bites the apple and there is music—
a branch breaking, a ship undone by the
shore,
a knife making love to a wound, the sweet
scrape
of a match lighting the lamp of her mouth.
This blue world has never needed a woman
to eat an apple so badly, to destroy an
apple,
to make the apple bone—
and she does it.
I watch her eat the apple,
carve it to the core, and set it, wobbling,
on the table—
a broken bell I beg to wrap my red skin
around
until there is no apple,
there is only this woman
who is a city of apples,
there is only me licking the juice
from the streets of her palm.
If there is a god of fruit or things devoured,
and this is all it takes to be beautiful,
then God, please,
let her
eat another apple
tomorrow.





Tzafun - Find (Afikomen)
some hard traveling, by Alicia Ostriker

one thing at a time
one foot in front of the other
city to city and every millennium
evacuated to the next
where are you
god
it's a damn long journey

god
been gone so long
why don't you call

can't remember why we separated
was it you who wanted freedom
was it me

the secret

the secret shape of this book is a parachute
all the lines leading to the person hanging there

drifting on the wind and always falling
waiting for the mists to clear

Barech - Bless (After the meal)
from Don't Hesitate, by Mary Oliver

If you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy,
don't hesitate. Give in to it. There are plenty
of lives and whole towns destroyed or about
to be. We are not wise, and not very often
kind. And much can never be redeemed.
Still, life has some possibility left. Perhaps this
is its way of fighting back, that sometimes
something happens better than all the riches
or power in the world. It could be anything,
but very likely you notice it in the instant
when love begins. Anyway, that's often the
case. Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid
of its plenty. Joy is not made to be a crumb.



The Third Cup/Elijah & Miriam's Cups: Vision

Fill Elijah's cup with whatever is left in everyone's cups, then fill all cups before blessing. Our third cup is to vision. To using all our senses to envision a world made new.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam borei p'ri hagafen.

Attention, friends! Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

Eliyahu hanavi, Eliyahu hatishbi, Eliyahu, Eliyahu, Eliyahu, hagiladi. Bimheira beyameinu, yavo eleinu Im moshiach ben David.

Miriam han'vi'ah oz v'zimrah b'yadah. Miriam tirkod itanu l'taken et haolam. Bimheirah v'yameinu hi t'vi'einu El mei hay'shuah.

Elijah, the prophet; Elijah, the Tishbite; Elijah, the Gileadite! Come quickly in our days with the Messiah from the line of David.

Miriam the prophet, strength and song in her hand; Miriam, dance with us in order to increase the song of the world! Miriam, dance with us in order to repair the world. Soon she will bring us to the waters of redemption!

Hallel - Praise

Poem for My Love, by June Jordan

How do we come to be here next to each other
in the night

Where are the stars that show us to our love
inevitable

Outside the leaves flame usual in darkness
and the rain

falls cool and blessed on the holy flesh
the black men waiting on the corner for
a womanly mirage

I am amazed by peace

It is this possibility of you

asleep

and breathing in the quiet air

The Fourth Cup: Excess

Our fourth cup is to excess. To being the fullest, wildest, boldest we can be. To being more, more, more (how do you like it, how do you like your love).

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן:

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu ruach ha'olam borei p'ri hagafen.

Attention, friends! Blessed are You God, Spirit of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

Nirtzah - Close

On and Up, by Amber Dawn

*Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
— "Up-Hill," Christina Rossetti*

Coffee, cat piss, wood rot, trash
or is it me?—that smell? Poverty
or dropout bouquet, either way
its scents wherever I can afford to be.
My clit was found in a railway yard.
Is that still how it's done these days?
My tongue loosened around the fire pit
Ashes! Ashes! is what I learned to say.
How many rhymes are made from scarcity?
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

You can't compare plenty and not
if you have never known plenty.
Money is a poor man's myth.
Keep with grit, throw a ravishing fit
from time to time, yes, the world's unfair
but keep with grit, backbend
with nimble glory. Spare this path
and this poem the burden of have-not
want.
Be tough-seasoned
yes, to the very end.

I never thought that I'd see thirty and I
have
trouble with the end—the very idea of
arriving.
I've had to start over and start again.
Will I be drawn a saltwater bath?
I have scabs and cannot stop picking them.
Will I share a bed or sleep alone?
Will there be young flames to keep me
warm?
I have more questions. I wrote them down.
Oh yes, will longing claim its own veracity?
*Will the day's journey take the whole long
day?*

We're already a good ways up.
Just look at the wild tracks behind—deer
bear, little nymph, whatever forms you
have taken
not one of your selves will be foresaken.
Go together, push on, push up, by dawn
we'll be sore-footed, but mad for love,
rake-shaken
eye-to-eyed, yes the vistas to behold, yes
tired thighs to unfold, yes, these flashbacks
are as good
as gold, but ask how far this landscape
extends
From morn to night, my friend, my friend

Qualo Es El Uno?

Quien supiese y entendiense, Alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo es el uno, qualo es el uno?
Uno es el Creador, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los dos, qualo son los dos?
Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo/

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los tres, qualo son los tres?
Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador,
Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los quatro, qualo son los
quatro?
Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham,
Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch
sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los cinco, qualo son los
cinco?
Cinco libros de la lei, Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros
padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el
Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los sesh, qualo son los sesh?
Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco libros de la lei, Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah,
Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el
Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los siete, qualo son los
siete?
Siete dias de la semana, Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco libros de la lei, Quatro madres de
Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos
Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los ocho, qualo son los
ocho?
Ocho dias de brit mila, Siete dias de la semana, Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco libros de la lei,
Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham,
Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch
sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los nueve, qualo son los
nueve?

Mueve mezes de la prenyada, Ocho dias de brit mila, Siete dias de la semana, Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco livros de la lei, Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los diez, qualo son los diez? Diez comandamientos de la lei, Mueve mezes de la prenyada, Ocho dias de brit mila, Siete dias de la semana, Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco livros de la lei, Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Quien supiese y entendiense, alavar al Dyo criense, Qualo son los once, qualo son los once?

Once estrellas de sueno de Yossef, Diez comandamientos de la lei, Mueve mezes de la prenyada, Ocho dias de brit mila, Siete dias de la semana, Sesh dias sin Shabat, Cinco livros de la lei, Quatro madres de Yisrael, Sarah, Rivkah, Leah, Rachel, Tres nuestros padres son, Avraham, Isaac y Yacov, Dos Moshe y Aaron, uno es el Creador, Uno es el Creador, baruch Hu uvaruch sh'mo.

Mu asapru (What Should I Say)

Mu asapru mu adabru oyscho,
oyscho, yam-ti-di-day-dam?
Ver ken zogn, ver ken redn
Vos di eyns batayt?

Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di tsvey batayt?

Tsvey zenen di liches,
Un eyner iz doch Got, un Got is
Eyner, Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di drey batayt?

Dray zenen di oves,
Tsvey zenen di liches,
Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di fir batayt?

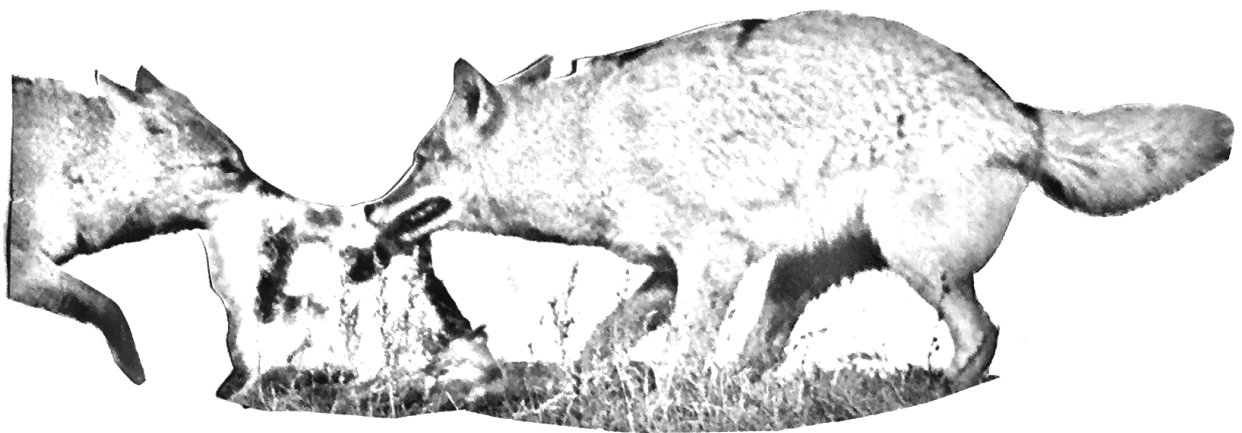
Fir zenen di imes.
Dray zenen...Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di finef bayayt?

Finef zenen di chamushim.
Fir zenen...Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di zeks batayt?

Zeks zenen di mishnayes.
Finef zenen...Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.
Mu asapruvos di zibn batayt?

Zibn zenen di vochenteyg.
Zeks zenen di mishnayes
Finef zenen di chamushim
Fir zenen di imes.
Tsvey zenen di liches,
Eyner iz Got, un Got iz eyner
Un vayter keyner.

Next year, in the world to come!



Made by Mackenzie Zev Reynolds & Zachary Wager-Scholl, 2019/5779

