

GENERATION

AUSTRALIAN JEWISH LIFE & THOUGHT

THE NEXT GENERATION

MEDIA WARS

W.D. Rubinstein:

The decline + fall of the Jewish News

Raimond Gaita:

Why Robert Manne resigned

DAVID vs GOLIATH

The new threat to our synagogues

PISSCHRIST

A debate on blasphemy + art

JEWS IN SPACE

www.jewhoo.com and other sites

JAMES HALLIDAY

Do kosher wines make the grade?

'GO LEARN!'

Books you can't do without



Redemption

(for Ella Gerber)

I dreamt in Hebrew last night;
the woman who spoke to me
in quick liquid words that
entered the bone, spoke beyond
my proficiency in the language

and my bones became strong,
and my heart cleaved to the
words that caught in the throat
and soul, hard and clear.

I am myrrh and frankincense.
I am an almond and an olive.
I am the myrtle and the Oyle tree.
I am the stone that sings of
life and death.
I am a grain of sand.

I am desert silk.
I shift with the desert wind
and I stand beneath the full moon.
My skin is gentled and
my eyes light the moon.

My song rides on the wind;
ruach on the wind.
The words are dew drops
singing the earth.

I am ripe. I am wild
and grave; joyous as a bride.
My skirt shifts in the breeze.
My bangle slides to my wrist
ready for the dance.

My arms stretch out -
spread over time -
move to the rhythm of Zion.
The spark of Abraham is in me.

words
form the shape
of forgetting

tighten
around me

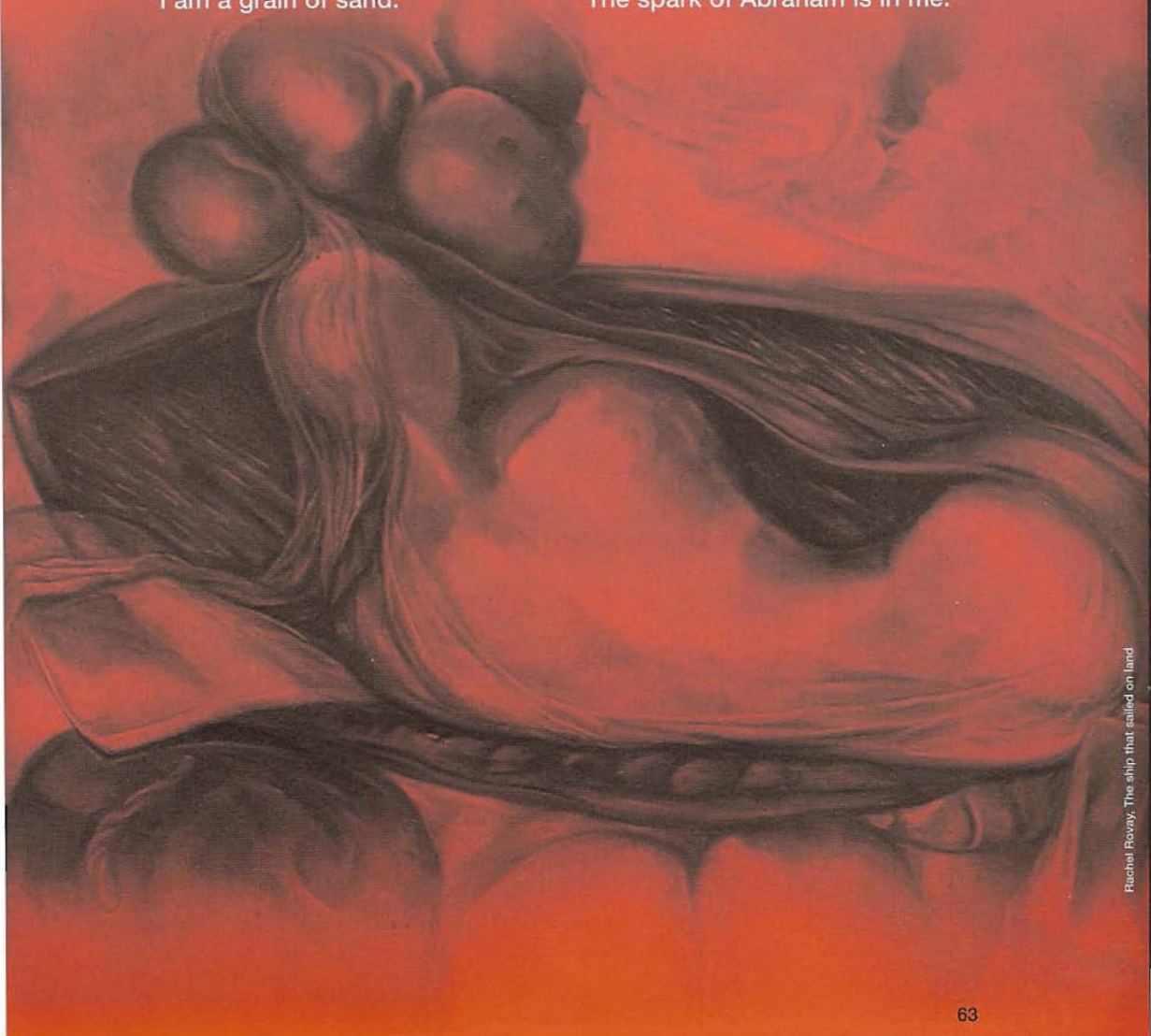
and I
teeter
on the
edge

a candle
is burning
somewhere
for me

it flickers
within
the words

and the
shape
is honed
now

flaring
with
each beat
of my
heart



Rachel Roway. The ship that sailed on land