

## RUTH'S LAMENT

I stood by your mother  
Offered her comfort  
In her distress.

I went to the fields to sew your seeds,  
Was there to harvest your corn;  
I sat at your table

When you blessed Yahweh.  
I ate your warm bread.  
Drunk your sweet wine.

I have tasted the bitterness  
Of your herbs.  
I sung your haunting psalms.

I loved your God.  
Through history  
I have watched you led like lambs,

Into gas chambers,  
Stripped, starved,  
Beaten, murdered.

Your flesh made into lamps and purses.  
Your beautiful hair,  
The stuff of furnishings.

I have seen your rage and your tears.  
And now I watch you  
Erect a great wall

Around your holiest of cities,  
Hear your frenzied shooting  
Into the desert and mountains.

Innocents are slaughtered  
Beloved children maimed.  
It is because I have truly loved you,

Heard in my deep soul,  
The cry of your pain,  
That I can ask you

Can you break the cycle?  
Can you believe again?