

**Tatiana Rebecca Shrayer**

**A Ghazal Written at the Time of War**

Us with our wandering stars and souls, Jews,  
Candles, kippahs and torah scrolls, Jews.

The only things we have, Hashem and Jerusalem,  
Our ancient walls have been ruined again, Jews.

Told repeatedly, you look like ugly moles,  
Always persecuted but never controlled, Jews.

Herded and annihilated, our Jewish ancestors,  
Only to be told, you're greedy go-getters, Jews.

They keep nailing yellow stars to our Jewish "type,"  
Break glass and mock our phenotype, Jews.

They tell us, pack your bags and disappear,  
Millennia have passed, and we are still here, Jews.

So cheer up, Tatiana, fight the battle you choose,  
You are who you are, proud to be among Jews.

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