

# KINAH FOR TISHA B'AV

*by Rabbi Label Lam*

Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!  
Woe for all the heads without Tefillin  
After 3700 years from Avraham Avinu  
After having survived Holocausts and Inquisitions...  
Jewish boys and girls blunder  
In the darkness that plagues our generation  
And go lost by the millions  
With visions of isms and instant pleasures  
Rapt in utter ignorance  
Bathed in a blue light they may never escape  
And generations and giant whole families  
Holy congregations have disappeared  
For nothing!  
And their names dead ended  
Now only grace lonely stones  
In forgotten cemeteries  
Bearing words their children  
Those that had- Could never read  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

The pervasive angst of isolation!  
Microwaves our very beings!  
We feel beaten from within.  
The continuous waves of psychological pain.  
We suffer with a wry smile and a diet coke.  
The gnawing insecurity and emptiness.  
It brings us to search for things that do not exist.  
The sublime is substituted with the virtual.  
Pictures and fantasies tickle n' dissolve like  
Cotton candy for the eyes...in a world of lies  
Fire works for lonely hearts that only grow lonelier  
Noshing on empty calories for an endless soul

And as for the big itch...the really big itch...  
That small thin voice is starved...  
Portrait of a Holocaust victim!  
So we turn up the tempo  
Tapping like a blind man  
Louder and more frantically  
We are lost as never before.  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

The Chutzpah around us and within.  
The skirts...the so called "styles"...the pressure to conform  
The lewdness ...the angry language  
Rap -rap -rap....bark -bark -bark!  
Bitter and desperate...is the new normal  
The almost total loss of respect  
Nothing and no one is Holy  
The good ones are ridiculed-  
The object of derision  
For framing a G-dly Image  
And dressing as humans do  
For keeping the Shabbos Holy  
Watching our eyes and tongues!  
While pictures of the unthinkable  
The pop-ups of our lives  
Invade constantly  
On every bus that passes by  
Our brothers and sisters  
Drop like fall leaves  
Fewer and fewer hang strong  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

The inmates are running the asylum.  
Clouds of chaos gather all around  
Bombs are fashioned for our final solution  
And we are lost in the mirror again.  
Wondering if we are loved or looking good  
70 wolves salivate with teeth like daggers  
Aimed to devour our tiny flock!  
Where are we?  
Busy with our cell phones

Texting our way to oblivion  
Dealing with emergencies of little import  
Consumed by crumb size concerns  
Like Chometz...And the size of our noses  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

The Chillul HASHEM  
We have lost our luster  
Suspicion surrounds us  
The Nation of HASHEM  
The people of truth  
Are ridiculed and considered low  
While every sports team and slick politician  
Has their stadium...Their edifice their complex  
Where their glory is on open display  
Where is the place of HASHEM in this world?  
Billions speak falsely in His name  
Identity theft on the grandest scale  
Religion is a rejected and dirty word  
We are tagged zealots and bigots  
For preserving four cubit of Hallacha  
This is our crime  
And so we owe the world an apology  
HASHEM and we His People  
Share all time low approval ratings  
For this we truly owe a broken heart  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

What can be done when what's done is done?  
Who can rebuild such a wall torn down?  
Our Holy Temple is destroyed!  
Echoing in the cosmos  
Is a muffled scream!  
Of unspeakable abuse  
A silent crime!  
Against our most beautiful daughters  
Made to suffer alone  
Scarred in a way  
No one can say  
With more than broken hearts

Shattered Tablets  
And bitter memories  
Bleed bad blood  
And families crumble  
With no happy choices  
But to seek greatness  
And avoid the pit of insanity  
There I said it! Without saying it!  
Woe to us on this bitter day! We have what to cry about!

Thousands take to the streets  
In a moment's notice  
To look for Leiby  
The heart ...my heart... where's my heart?  
How can we go up to our father and the youth is not with us?  
How can we go up to our Father in Heaven  
and the innocence and youthfulness is no longer with us?  
HASHEM wants the heart! Where's the heart? A frantic cry!  
It's been stifled, torn asunder in the heart of our hearts!  
In the midst of our midst!  
Our innocence is ravaged from within!  
We cannot even trust ourselves!  
A knife is driven repeatedly into our heart again and again  
Where is our heart!  
Where are our youth?  
HASHEM wants the heart!  
If not for the watchful eye of...  
A camera ...random... nothing is!  
We could live in the shadows of doubt...  
Postulating and philosophizing  
So now we are all mourners ...  
We are done looking outward  
The mirrors are covered...enough...enough  
We sit low and quiet  
Our eyes turned inward...at last...  
We hope to find a heart yet beating...there  
from where we can build-  
...from where can we build  
On this day of brutal truth? We have what to cry about!

How did it happen? Where are you?  
Unanswerable questions!  
Persist in their asking!  
Where a person's mind is...  
Says the Ba'al Shem Tov  
That is where he is entirely!  
So with a single Holy thought!  
One of 60,000 a day!  
An apple...a golden apple  
Is rescued from the thieves  
And goodness is restored  
When opening our inner eyes  
We begin to realize  
The ground we are standing upon  
Is not less than the Holy of Holies  
The shoes are easily removed  
A Burning bush...is revealed  
We survived! We survived!  
Till this historic moment!  
You and I together  
With a song ...the wail of a longing heart...  
Brought history and destiny to meet and embrace  
As tearful friends reunited!  
After thousands of years!  
Moshiach is born!  
On this special day! We have what to cry about!

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