

POETRY

BWC | DAYS OF AWE | 5

During the Days of Awe, we take the time to reflect on the year that passed and commit to turning to change in the year to come. The act of change is both personal and communal. As a community that is deeply committed to “a shenere un besere velt” (a better and more beautiful world”), that includes where we personally and we as Workers Circle have failed to hit the mark, and what we must do to turn and do better in the year to come.

These offerings are designed to support personal and communal reflection, either on your own with family and friends, or on zoom with the greater Workers Circle community.

Here are a few potential ways to interact and to possibly join the community in changing together. The meeting will be on Wednesday Sept 23, the first full day of Fall. It is a season of change.

All the offerings during the days of awe are meant to be access points. Please feel free to adapt to suit your needs, and then please reach out to Workers Circle to share what you did, as we may want to include it as an option for the whole community next year.

Draw a picture from a poem

Ex.

I Had a Box of Colors
I had a box of colors —
Shining, bright and bold.
I had a box of colors,
Some warm, some very cold.

I had no red for the blood of wounds.
I had no black for the orphans' grief.
I had no white for dead faces and hands.
I had no yellow for burning sands.

But I had orange for the joy of life,
And I had green for buds and nests.
I had blue for bright, clear skies.
I had pink for dreams and rest.

I sat down
and painted Peace.

-Tali Sorek, age 13, Beersheba, Israel

Draw what you hear or see in the poem.



I demand to the sky:
"What am I to you?"
An unbothered cloud
unfurls.

I lean into the
riverbed.
The sun lights up my
eyelids to say:

"Awake!
Awake!
Awake!"

Choose or draw a picture,
then write a poem!

Write a poem from a picture by BWC member Megan Smith

But what does it mean?

Ex.

Life is More than Our Work
(Charlie King)

Oh, our life - is - more than our work
And our work - is - more than our jobs
You know that our life - is - more than our work
And our work - is - more than our jobs

Look all around you, say, look all around you
See all there is just to be alive about
Look all around you please look all around you
See all there is just to being alive.

Oh, our life - is - more than our work....

Time clocks and bosses, investments and losses
How can we measure our living in numerals?
Time clocks and bosses, investments and losses

What does the repeated line
mean to you, in this moment?

How can we measure our life in this way?

Oh, our life - is - more than our work....

Think how our life could be, feel how our life could flow
If just for once we could get into letting go

Think how our life could be, feel how our life could flow
If just for once we could let ourselves go.

Oh, our life - is - more than our work....

Let go what holds you back, close your eyes, take a dive
We got a universe we got to keep alive

Let go what holds you back, close your eyes, take a dive
We got a universe fighting to live.

Oh, our life - is - more than our work....

Create your own poem of memory.

Ex.

L'dor V'dor (From Generation to Generation) (Phil Brown)

Unto all generations, we remember.
We trace the names, shreds of books,
Faded Hebrew calligraphy on tombstones,
Marks of settlements,
Remnants to rebuild with.

In religious tradition, God writes our names in the Book of Life,
To determine our next year,
To number our days.

We may also think in another way
About the names in the Book of Life.
The Jewish people have much history to remember,
Many journeys to document, many relatives to locate,
As we have moved through the countries, empires, and epochs.

And so, we have always listed names,
From the Bible on forward,
To see where we have come from.

To know who we are, we must know where we come from.
It is our duty to mark and remember and tell.
Let us recount the stories of our ancestors and our families
We are a small part of a long journey
That we can tell to our children
To tell to theirs.

What do you feel needs to be written down, to be remembered, to be passed on.

Inspire action

Ex.

I'm Gonna Walk It With You
(Brian Claflin and Ellie Grace)

Well, it looks like it might be a hard road
But I'm gonna walk it with you
And you know you might have a heavy load
But I can carry some too.
I will lift you up when they push you down
I will raise my voice, stand my ground
Well, it looks like it might be a hard road
But I'm gonna walk it with you.

And it looks like it might be a long night
But I ain't going nowhere
And I know it's gonna be a hard fight
I will stay right here.
I will shine a light in the darkest hour
I will face the man in the tallest tower
Well it looks like it might be a long night
But I ain't going nowhere.

I will work, I will fight
I will strive in the name of love
I will speak, I will shout
I will send it to the skies above.

Well it looks like it might be a perilous climb
But I will follow your lead
And I know it might be a long time
Until the last one of us is free.
But I will hold on tight, stay by your side
I will be with you for this whole damn ride
Well it looks like it might be a perilous climb
But I will follow your lead.

I will walk. I will climb.
Shine the light the whole night through
Because it looks like it might be a hard road
But I'm gonna walk it with you.

Write a poem of action.