A Poem Against Police

In the early morning in America
Police prepare to ruin a life
A not unlikely procedure of undue violence
Waged without reverence to anything.

It was on such a morning that Abraham – a pious father – Prepared to sacrifice his son, his hand stayed by an angel.

No such luck for the life.

So as we join ourselves in prison cells

To live out the fate we feared and dreamed of so anxiously
We, who are not pious and so rarely fathers —

Who strike bone and fire against whom we hate

but surrounded by so few

Who sacrifice more than our share and freely

in a battle come to naught

To whom do we pray in our cells and cells to be?

The Binding was not a test for Abraham
but for Isaac
To honor a father who set out to kill him
And a Father who ordered it to be done
Truly, the sacrifice was of Sarah —
The wife to whom we look to find ourselves.

But all this seems idle as the young and not so young Are shackled and hidden away To taste the horror of unchosen solitude The casual violence of men with only badges.

Break bread with those whom you have not broken bread
Tell them your last name, the name of your parents
Tell them what is happening to your friends
and what might happen to you
It will make everything easier when your world ends
And if that cannot be easier —
It is still good to be honest and to not be alone.

A moment of honesty with a curious stranger
The exchange of blessings before friendship
Earnest prayer, reverence and song without planning
These moments are holy, if only for a moment —
For holy means without police of any kind or any measure.

Sarah, to whom we look to form ourselves – Whose tent was open and full of strangers – Died at the shock of Isaac's purpose.

So I say, indecently and fearfully, to bless G-d for our misfortune For the worst darkness is when a man does not see his brother – And the world reduced to friends and enemies Is worse than death.