

# Hebrew Lips



*Author's Note: This poem was written out of a real-life experience, not as a play on words in the head. To me, it attempts to contain the strong tension that exists within Jews, which might also be a source of our energy, between the Tanach, and the language of Tanach. The same Tanach that treats our enemy in a severe manner and commands us to fight them to the bitter end, is written in the Holy language of Hebrew, in which there is no other word to use for a human being except for one that reflects and respects the image of God that is human: בן אדם - Son of Adam.*

Stray dogs drag a piece of flesh to the side of the road

and lick its blood

I turn to the soldier beside me:

"Tell me, is this a *ben adam*?"

I ask as if Adam had only one son

and this might be him.

It wasn't my intention to ask it this way;

And although I'm sure the ancient stories of Tanakh,  
demanding revenge and redeeming blood,  
that wish to jump from their pages  
and come to life[1] in this body of the fallen enemy that lies before  
me  
were disappointed by my sensitive tongue,  
My Hebrew lips left me no choice  
but to name him with words of honor  
that maintains the image of God.  
He too  
is one of the sons  
Of Adam.

*Winter 2023-24, Swords of Iron, Gaza's coastal road.*

## שְׁפָתַיִם עִבְרִיּוֹת

כְּלָבִי רָחוּב גָּרְרוּ רִקְמַת בֶּשֶׂר לְצַד הַדֶּרֶךְ  
וַיִּלְקוּ דָּמָה,  
פָּנִיתִי לַחֵיל שְׁלֹצְדִי:  
תִּגִּיד, זֶה בֶּן אָדָם?  
שְׁאַלְתִּי כִּאֱלוֹ לְאָדָם הָרִאשׁוֹן  
הֲיֵה רַק בֶּן אֶחָד בְּלִבָּד  
וְאוֹלִי זֶה הוּא.  
וְלֹא בְּכֹנֶה תַּחֲלָה שְׁאַלְתִּי כֵּן,  
וּבִטַח סְפוּרֵי תַנ"ךְ עֲתִיקִים  
טְעוּנֵי נִקְמָה וּגְאֻלַּת דָּם

שְׁבִקְשׁוּ לְצֵאת מִדְּפִיָּהֶם

וְלָרֶקֶם עוֹד וְגִידִים

בְּגִיפַת הָאוֹיֵב הַמֵּרְטָשֶׁת לִפְנֵי

הַתֹּאכְזָבוּ מֵעֲדִינּוֹת לְשׁוֹנֵי,

אֵד שְׁפָתֵי הָעֵבְרִיּוֹת לֹא הוֹתִירוּ לִי בְּרָרָה

אֶלָּא לְכִנּוּתוֹ בְּשֵׁם שֶׁל כְּבוֹד

הַמְּשֻׁמֵּר צִלְמוֹ שֶׁל אֱלֹהִים.

אִף הוּא אֶחָד מִבְּנֵי

שֶׁל אָדָם.

חורף תשפ"ד, חרבות ברזל, כביש החוף של עזה.

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[1] This Hebrew expression is based on Yechezkel 37:8, from the vision of the dry bones coming back to life: וַיֵּרָאֵנִי וְהִנֵּה-עַלֵּיהֶם גִּידִים וּבָשָׂר עָלָה וּיָקָרָם עַלֵּיהֶם עוֹר מִלְמַעְלָה וְרוּחַ אֵין בָּהֶם: "I looked, and there were sinews on them, and flesh had grown, and skin had formed over them; but there was no breath in them." The expression literally translates to "flesh and sinews had grown," and is meant in modern Hebrew to mean to come back to life.