

As Edith Reiss watched a Jewish man kicked into the gutter,
We've watched the story play again and again.

The preamble of the Shoah began long before 1939.
Beatings, speeches, attacks on our people, our temples.
Gam Zeh Ya'avor
This too shall pass

On the drive to school I hit shuffle on Spotify
Gold Digger—
Skip.
All Falls Down—
Skip.

On the side of the intersection there's a wall
With fresh red paint on it.
At first, it looks like a scribble,
I wish it was.
Instead, a bright red Swastika
Graffitied right along my commute to school

Day after day I pass it, each time it catches my eye
I almost look for it now, hoping that the city will cover it.
And as disheartening as it is to see,
Gam Zeh Ya'avor

I discussed it with my brother and we called our grandfather—
He had always been the most religious in our family.
When we were younger we'd go to Shabbat services together

But I've grown older and busier and haven't been able to make time.

We asked to take him to services Friday

"It's been a while; let's can get dinner after, is your back feeling better?"

Friday night came; I-95 to Coral Gables to Temple Judea to Rabbi Fisch.

His sermon—

"I was scared to put up Hannukah decorations in light of the recent events"

Not what you want to hear from a religious leader

"But my gentile neighbors said if I won't, they will.

The next day a 20-foot dreidel sits in my Catholic neighbor's yard"

The very antisemitism that began the graffiti and skipping songs,

is what brought me to spend a night with my grandfather

Is what brought me to hear this sermon,

Gam Zeh Ya'avov