

Isaiah Says: This Year, God Is Yelling

You claim that you want to know where to find Me?

I dwell with the contrite and lowly in spirit.

I accompany all who are downtrodden.

I am with, and I am within

Each trans child denied healthcare

And every adult fearing for their future;

Each human being with cancer

Reeling because research funding was slashed;

Each person enduring poverty

Whose SNAP benefits were taken away;

Each human being thrown to the ground,

Imprisoned, mistreated, but never forgotten.

Cry with full throat without restraint;

Raise your voice like a shofar!

You ask, "Why, when we fasted, did You not see?

When we starved our bodies, did You pay no heed?

Because on your fast day you see to your business

And oppress all your laborers!

Skipping a few meals, claiming piety

While in prisons around this nation inmates suffer rotten rations?

Politely beating your breast while in the shadowy halls of power,

Rights are trampled, families ripped apart,

Children deported with no warning.

No | this is the fast I desire:
Unlock the fetters of wickedness,
And untie the cords of the yoke;
Let the oppressed go free!

Share your bread with the hungry,
And take the poor into your home;
When you see the naked, clothe them
And don't ignore your own kin—

Every one is your kin.

For My sake, or for yours,
heal what is broken so your children will marvel
That the world was ever so unjust.

Then shall your light burst through like the dawn.
Then, when you call, God will answer;
When you cry out, God will say: I am here!

Words by R. Rachel Barenblat (and Isaiah)

velveteenrabbi.com

Trope by R. Rachel Barenblat & R. David Markus

yourbayit.org