

Gaza Haggadah
By: Ken Klonsky

And should not I, indeed, have pity on Nineveh, that great city, in which are more than a hundred and twenty thousand infants, that cannot distinguish between their right hand and their left, and many cattle?

God to Jonah

On all other nights leave politics at the door
On this night speak unleavened
Dip the *Karpas*, the new leaves,
Into salt water, weep the tears of loss
Beitzah, boiled egg, eat the food of mourners
Maror, bitter herbs, know the harshness of nothing left
Charoset, mortar, build and rebuild and rebuild
Z'roa, gnaw the shank bone,
Sacrifice the first born
Remind Him again to pass us over
For vegetarians, roasted beet,
Shrapnel taken from a baby's back
Without anesthetic
Throw in an orange for the marginalized

On this night ask the four questions
What has become of this project, place of replanted dreams?
Can Israel still feel the blazing iron of my rage?
On all other nights, why do you look away?
Is indifference to suffering worse than the suffering?

On this night with your finger
Remove a drop of wine for each:
It's a complex issue
They launch rockets
They hide behind human shields
They build tunnels
Our country, a democracy, our army humane
Kill with pinpoint precision
Why single us out?
Others do far worse
We regret we find it regrettable
They do not acknowledge our right to exist

To end the Seder
Drink the Fourth Cup, *Nirtzah*, cup of acceptance
Next year may Jerusalem be at peace
Next year may all be free