

Tashlich

מִי־אֵל כְּמוֹךָ נִשְׂא עֵוֹן וְעֵבֶר עַל־פֶּשַׁע לְשִׂאֲרֵית נַחֲלָתוֹ לֹא־הֶחְזִיק לְעַד אַפּוֹ כִּי־חָפַץ חַסָּד
הוּא. יָשׁוּב יִרְחַמֵּנוּ יִכַּבֵּשׁ עֲוֹנוֹתֵינוּ וְתִשְׁלִיךְ בְּמַצְלוֹת יָם כָּל־חַטָּאתָם.

Who is a God like you, that pardons iniquity and forgives transgression for the remnant of your heritage, not maintaining anger forever, for you delight in mercy. God will return in compassion for us and conquer our iniquities: you will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea. – Micah 7:18-19

At the Water's Edge: A Reading for Tashlich

by Elizabeth Tragash

On this sacred day
when the old year slips away
and we prepare to meet the year ahead,
we stand at the water's edge
our pockets lined with dust and bread,
symbols of our shortcomings and regrets.

Many are the regrets and sorrows
that weigh upon our souls,
let us cast them off into the moving waters
so we may begin anew.

Great is our regret
for the harsh words spoken,
the tender words left unsaid,
for the anger that smoldered,
the compassion withheld,
for our greed and jealousy,
our lack of generosity,
for all that we could have done,
all that we have left undone.

Many are the regrets and sorrows
that weigh upon our souls,
let us cast them into the moving waters
so we can strive to become
all that we were meant to be.

Great is our remorse
for the energy we spent fighting
instead of trying to make amends,
for the times we could have lent a hand
but kept our hands at our sides,
for the times we looked away from those
near and far
who need our help and caring,
when we turned away from the places in the
world
in need of repairing.

Many are the regrets and sorrows
that weigh upon our souls,
let us cast them into the moving waters
so we can begin to build bridges
connecting us one to another.

Min ha-Metzar

מִן־הַמֵּצָר קָרָאתִי יְהוָה עֲנֵנִי בְּמַרְחֵב יְהוָה.

Min ha-metzar karati Yah:

Anani va-merchav Yah.

I called to the Eternal from the narrow place:

The Eternal answered me in the broad place. – Psalm 118:5

Tashlich Poem

by Rena Gray Fein

I wish I hadn't done that
I wish I hadn't said that
I wish I hadn't thought that
I wish I hadn't ...
But I did.

And I'm still me, but it feels so wrong.
It's stuck in my head like the tune of a
 song.
That really bad feeling seems to be here
 to stay.
So I keep on wishing, but it won't go
 away.

This year, by the water,
I'll whisper, "I'm sorry"
And I'll clench my fist hard
'round the crumbs in my pocket

Then I'll finally reach up and
Let them all go
And I'll catch my reflection –

Arms raised up high
With the clouds right above
Like a bird in the sky
Looking free
Feeling free
Free to feel
And also
Free to move on
Forgiven by One

Mi-ma'amakkim

מִמַּעַמְקִים קָרָאתִיךָ יְהוָה. אֲדַנִּי שְׁמָעָה בְּקוֹלִי.

Mi-ma'amakkim k'raticha Yah.

Adonai shim'ah v'koli.

Eternal, I called to you from the depths.

Sovereign, hear my voice. – Psalm 130:1-2

Tashlich: For Helen at 96

Walking on nightstones
out of childhood corners
she's a sleepfooted bundle
in a parade of shadows
moving towards the river
as only a moon can
where yesterday her paper boat
folded and sank.

Safe in mother's glove, her palm
throbs, a hot heart.
Mists lift on the sedge
of shore where inside his tallis
her Papa bows to the current,
and Buba, beshawled,
skin wrinkled as winter stockings,
digs into her apron pocket
and flings,
in a spattering arch
a handful of crumbs
sowing bread and sin upon waters.

But she is drifting away
as dreams do
as Kremnetz did
as did the fires
in the town ovens
as did bread smells that hung
over boxcars.
They float like bait waiting
to be seized by rivers
flowing toward God.

שֶׁלַח לַחֲמֶךָ עַל-פְּנֵי הַמַּיִם.

Cast your bread upon the waters. – Ecclesiastes 11:1

Hinneh Mah Tov

הִנֵּה מֵה־טוֹב וּמֵה־נְעִים שְׁבֵת אַחִים גַּם־יַחַד.

Hinneh mah tov u-mah na'im shevet achim gam yachad.

Look how good and pleasant it is for kinfolk to dwell together. – Psalm 133:1