

# Homeless Haggadah

Why on this night?

Why on any night?

Where do we even recline let alone eat

Anything?

Bread? Water? Yeast is not the luxury

Time is...

The weary, the persecuted, the displaced

Sit at their Hooverville planks as the wind

Whips through their lives

Oh for a lintel on which the Angel paints with lamb's blood

Oh for a crumb of Hillel's sandwich

Close the ragged sheets, light the candles of hope

Skip to the next section of the

Homeless Haggadah

The part where the simple son asks the simple questions

For his other brothers are gone

For the answers are buried with them

Use tears to wash your hands

The meal may now be served

Raise your glass, empty as it may be

Elijah is at the door