

## POETRY

# Poem of The Plagues

Contributed by [Haggadot](#)

Source: Dane Kuttler: <https://www.danepoetry.com/>

### **Dam.**

The water ran thick and red with silt,  
undrinkable. We clenched  
fists of mud and cursed the drought,  
the desert. It didn't seem like revenge.

### **Tzfardeah.**

When there is no water,  
and the frogs spawn  
under the parching sun,  
you begin to wonder what god  
is experimenting with your sanity.

### **Kinim.**

Nobody spoke of the lice,  
but smeared mud and garlic  
under our robes,  
made excuses in bed.

### **Arov.**

Then came the swarm,  
which carried -

### **Dever.**

it must have come from the bugs,  
the swarms of mites in the field;  
they must have carried some disease.  
The air was thick with buzzing  
and rotting cattle.

### **Sh'chin.**

and then it came for us.

### **Barad.**

like tiny stones  
flung at us  
from angry gods.  
People stopped praying,  
pawed at the sand  
for shelter.

### **Arbeh.**

and then we starved,  
watching the winter stores  
wither under the sharp hum  
of locusts.

### **Choshech.**

we were almost grateful  
for the blindness  
when it came,

### **Makat B'chorot.**

until the first wails  
snatched the darkness from us,  
and there was the sun,  
glaring at each dead boy.

I remember, too,  
how the Israelite women cried,  
watching us bury them.

