

The Poetry of Irene Huq

CHAI

A thirst for meaning
All is empty unless dedicated to a higher cause

I am caught in the useless act of chasing after the wind

Often in the hectic pace of life
I stop to catch
My GOD given breath
and before my eyes is meaning
represented in the ultimate act
of precious blood shed for me

Suddenly my life is beautiful
GOD's
priceless vessel

A work of art that will never perish

Irene Huq
Written 1994

Yom HaShoa

By Irene Huq

*Adonai, What were Your thoughts
During those gruesome days
When the smell of flesh
drifted to Your nostrils*

*and the skies darkened with the ashes
of Your chosen people
Adonai, how Your heart
must have ached
You saw the oppression
of Your people
You heard the cries of Your people
being gassed
being tortured
being shot
and You heard 6 million
Shema Yisrael...
Adonai Elohenu, Adonai Echad...
before You received all those
broken spirits
O, the misery and pain!!!
HELL ON EARTH!!!
THE HOLOCAUST
Please HaShem
Yeshua HaMashiach
Never again!!!*

Irene Huq Yom HaShoa 1998

