

Poetry of Shoshana Kurzweil



This poetry page is dedicated in loving memory of Shoshana Kurzweil who has gone to be with the Lord, July 10th, 2012

An Introduction:

My name is Shoshana Kurzweil. I am the wife of Rabbi Allen Kurzweil, mother of Daniel and Robert, and grandmother (gasp) of Yohann, Aaron, Lillian, and Isabel. God has blessed me with talent and my desire is to use all of it for Him. In addition to writing and painting, I am a Messianic singer and have quite a few albums available either through my ministry, or several other Messianic Ministries. God bless all of you. Feel free to contact me either through this site or E-mail me at akurzweil@mindspring.com.

FEAR THE DARK

By Shoshana Kurzweil

When I was young I feared the dark,
And shunned its creeping shapes.
The shadows on my wall became
A hundred terrors without name,
Ghosts that flowed through window frames,

And hid behind the drapes.

My way to fight the darkness then,
Was calling Mommy's name.
She'd come to me in darkest night
And, turning on the bedroom light,
She'd calm away my nameless fright,
Till not one ghost remained.

But, now I've grown and, when it's dark,
My mommy cannot come.
I have to face the dark alone,
Those childhood shadows fully grown,
The terrors made of flesh and bone,
That can't be killed by guns.

So, how can grownups fight the dark
When nighttime shadows fall?
When, still, we're fearful on our beds,
As tailored terrors fill our heads
And open up a vault of dread--
Whose Name can we call?

Well...*Who* can be there all the time,
In dark hours of the night
Hear our fear, our silent screams,
Even enter in our dreams...
Remove the terror of those scenes?
It's GOD Who brings the Light!

I KNOW WHERE I'LL GO

by Shoshana Kurzweil

To me, death is not a big unknown,
And not a fearsome thing.
I know where I'll go when I leave this world,
And I know Who I'll see when I get there.

He'll welcome me with outstretched arms,
As if I were His only child.
I'll see His Face and know Him
As I've never known before.

The colors I've imagined,
The songs I could not hear before,
The forms that I've only dreamed of,
feelings never felt on Earth---

All this I will know ,someday,
Just as I am known.
No, death is not a big "unknown";
I know where I will go.

I cannot call this 'loss of life';
It's certainly not death.
My life has been most precious,
But it is just a seed of what will be.

One day, I will cast away
This body that is mortal
And put on an immortal form
That's meant to feel a thousand suns,

And never be consumed.

No, death is not a big “unknown”;
I know where I will go.

RIVER OF DESTINY

by Shoshana Kurzweil

There’s a river that runs through time and space,
And through the days of our lives.

The river runs to the one place

Where your destiny lies.

You can turn from the river and walk away,

To go down a path of your choosing.

You can stand by the river

And watch it go by,

Or sit by its banks, unmoving.

But, if you would go where the river goes,

To the place where your dreams will come true,

You must go to the river and flow through the river,

And the river must flow through you.

Oh, River of Destiny,

flowing from God,

River that holds all our dreams,
Through your clear waters
God's people must flow:
Pilgrims and prophets and Kings.

SLUMBERING SPIRITS

We live...
our slumbering spirits
dwelling in a world of deep dreams;
shuttered eyes keeping out reality.

We wake...
for brief hopeful moments,
our eyes and ears straining
against the darkness
that permeates both day and night.

We listen...
for a voice
to call us to Light,
to end the seemingly
endless sleep.

But, we do not hear that Sound,
for our ears are not tuned
to the right frequency,
and the noise of the world
filters out any sound
that would otherwise pierce our

deafness.

Until...
we reach the deepest place
in our valley of sleep,
and silently call out
with all the heart, mind, soul,
to the only One who can
wake us
and make us whole;

And He does...
if we will.
Till then
sleeper,
sleep on.

DARKNESS

Darkness,
thick and deep,
slowly seeps
into the soul...
growing,
taking hold.
Reaching outward,
and around;
takes on form,
takes on sound.

Fearsome shapes appear,
stirring dread
behind closed eyes.
Silky voices whisper
in the mind...
Telling lies.

Darkness
always hides
and disguises
what is true,
what is right,
Loudly shouts:
"You are trapped!
There's no hope...
no way out!"

Darkness
Filthy Liar!
Just one spark
catching fire,
quenches darkness,
pierces night,
gives perspective,
Truth and Sight.

And then
a still small Voice
whispers gently,
"There is choice",

And the Light
shows the way
out of darkness,
out of night.

BURNING

Speaking from experience,
perspective of the years,
having lived and loved and hated,
laughed, and wept, and feared;

Having known both joy and sorrow,
suffered triumph and despair....
sometimes daring and courageous,
sometimes reticent and scared,

Having shared some notoriety,
some victory, some shame,
been both lauded and applauded,
both credited and blamed,

Having known the joy of true love
that withstood the test of years,
bearing babies whose mortality
touched my greatest fears...

Yes, speaking from experience,
having lived and loved and yearned,
now that half my life is over,
I can tell what I have learned:

It is better to burn brightly,

giving warmth and giving light,
than to be a tiny candle
that can barely pierce the night.

Yes, it's better to burn hotly,
even though I be consumed,
than to slowly coldly flicker,
through unending useless gloom.

I would rather blaze in glory,
(though not out of control),
than to live that extra moment
for which some would sell their souls.

I have burned and raged and smoldered;
cooled till just an ember,
almost gone...rekindled
when the glory was remembered.

Now I want to burn more brightly
the remainder of my days,
then go out as I want to live:
a shining, burning blaze.

DESTINY

by Shoshana Kurzweil

You're born
a clean slate,
on which Fate writes

with seemingly heavy hand.

You grow
into your dreams,
and keep on growing
right out of them.

Until one day,
the page is full.
But you might be
empty and poor,
unsure of everything
you've done
And been.

God..." you cry,
not knowing for sure
if He's there,
or if He cares.
But He does...
(Hear and care),
and He speaks
in a still small voice
to your heart.

So you answer
and cry
"Here am I!"
Then God takes His pen
and writes a new page.
Dead dreams
are born again,
and hope
is renewed,

through faith.

It is then
that you see...
your destiny
is not written by Fate,
or by Luck,
or even by
you yourself.
Your destiny
is ordained
by God.

But He needs you
to make it come true.

I'M A DREAMER
By Shoshana Kurzweil

I admit it.
I'm a dreamer,
a visionary;
cynical, yet idealistic,
suffering the worst,
yet believing the best.
Always expecting
the miracle.

Of course,
it hurts to expect,
and not settle for less;

not be resigned
to second best.
But no matter how many times
disappointment comes,
His appointment
will be met.

In every generation
there are dreamers.
Yesterdays dreamers
are today's heroes,
leaders,
inventors.

Today's dreamers
are tomorrow's
revolutionaries.

But,
you've got to
believe!
In the dream,
in yourself,
and
(most important to me)
in God...
Who gives it all!

So,
are you
dreamer too?

MY GIFT

Lord, here it is...my gift to you:
My dreams.
That is all I can give.
I give it painfully
and still somewhat fearfully.
However, I do so, knowing
You love me more than I love myself;
knowing You desire my peace,
my health,
my prosperity.
Of course, my mind chimes in to say
"Yes, but what if he loves others more,
and your well being conflicts with theirs?"
What then?"
But, my spirit takes over and reminds me,
that, if I love you,
(And I know I do),
And if I'm called according to your purpose,
(And I know I am),
then all things work together for my good,
Therefore I will delight myself in You,
and You will give me the desires of my heart.
I know this, so...here goes, Lord,
Take my dreams.

THE CUP

He lifted up his mortal cup
to catch a brew of living,
but didn't know who'd fill it up;
which giver would be giving.

Would the cup be filled with wine
of life and love and gladness?

Or would the cup be filled with blood
of death and hate and madness?

His fate did not depend on chance;
he had the final say
to take the cup and drink it up
or cast the cup away.

If he drinks the cup of evil,
filled with death and hate,
he'll surely find his destiny,
but know the truth too late;

the truth that evil does not stand,
nor quench the burning thirst,
but drains the soul and fills the heart
with living that is cursed.

But if he drinks the cup of life
filled with love and good,
then he will drink the wine of truth
and know the grace of God.

Take the cup and lift it up.
Drink until it's dry.
But when it's done accept your fate
And do not question "why".

Drink, drink, mortal man.
Take your fill of living,
but fully know and understand
which giver will be giving.

DOWN MISTY HALLS OF DESTINY

Down misty halls of Destiny,
filled with forms and vivid colors
seen only in my Art and Dreams,
I followed the Vision
that is now becoming real.

There is no more waiting
for the future.
I have found God's Purpose,
His Plan for my life.
I have uncovered my Destiny.

Not that I have arrived.
No, but finally, I have begun.
What I saw as being far away,
saw as my Tomorrow,
is becoming my Today.

ALL MY YESTERDAYS

Does whether I make it or not today,
Depend on the sum of my yesterdays?
Or does today stand on its own,
depending on present actions alone?
I think it can go either way.
Consider "now" as a piece of clay.
I can make it unique; one of a kind,
sculpting it into a special design,
or push it inside of a mold from the past,
a copy of previous molds that were cast.

Now, if yesterday's molds were solid and strong,
proven and perfect, I cannot go wrong
by building the present on things that have been;
by using old patterns again and again.
But, if yesterday's molds were brittle and worn,
filled with mistakes and easily torn,
then I'd be a fool to mold my 'today',
into the sorrows I knew yesterday.

MANAGED MURDER

By Shoshana Kurzweil

Madmen, sadists, heartless killers,
History records their names;
their vicious acts of cruelty,
this hellish human hall of fame.

Decent people like ourselves
wonder how it could have been,
that civilized societies
yielded to these evil men.

Men (and sometimes women too)
killed without a second thought.
Some for power, some for greed,
seemingly unstoppable; unfought.

Yet wisemen understand the fear
that caused good men to stand aside,
while innocents were put to death,
and others had to close their eyes.

But now we've learned and we're aware.
We shudder that such things were true.
And now the homicidal madmen,
are only in the Daily News.

And yet I wonder, if we search,
and everything we found were told,
are there those in normal lives,
Who've somehow sadly sold their souls?

Good and decent ordinary,
fathers, brothers, sons?
Mothers, sisters, daughters, friends,
yet heartless killers every one!

Not with standard weaponry,
explosives, poisons, guns, and knives,
but with a simple word or plan,
that callously destroys men's lives.

A policy, decision, vote,
a cut that seems to save a dollar,
and thus impress a CEO,
who might then give them future power.

They run with packs of suited wolves,
and dare not stand their ground alone.
They give up their humanity,
Or simply leave it safe at home.

Home with children, spouse or parents
(resting snugly in their beds)
while under guise of "business sense,"

they visit death on others' heads.

Then babies sicken, children fall,
older parents hurt and die
in hopelessness, with no redress,
as "managed care" just breathes a sigh,

while throwing out as useless trash
the helpless victims unprotected,
knowing they were left to die,
By corporate soldiers, so directed:

"Question, stall, confuse, refuse.
We'll save -- though some might die.
But we have laws that keep us safe,
So we're not liable, you and I."

"We're able by a single word,
to 'with regret' deny a claim;
If asked just say we've never heard,
And hide behind our corporate name."

"Make the healers beg and plead,
And if perchance their patient dies,
Our secretaries pull their files
And we just simply close our eyes."

"But we are only business people,
Good and decent, normal folk,
not like those who made the news;
those evil killers lost to hope."

"Yes, we are a society

enlightened by our violent past.
Appalled by inhumanity,
we've conquered all such things at last.

Or, Could it be -- with all our pride,
and all our Managed caring views.
that we ourselves have come to be,
the madmen in the Daily News?

MY DREAMWORLD

As I lie here sleeping,
there are stirrings in the night,
I feel it through my dreaming,
upon the edge of sight.

I drift into my dreamworld and
circling around me,
are times and places...people,
rushing to surround me.

Images, remembrances,
resurrected scenes,
that dance upon my sleeping soul
and haunt me in my dreams:

A scene that looks familiar,
then, a place I've never been,
a home where I do not belong,
and yet, I wander in;

A moment from my childhood days;
I walk into a room,
and touch a piece of memory

that vanishes too soon.

A scene from adolescence
I'd prefer to just forget,
where the folly of my youthful act
will cause me deep regret.

Then, I'm sitting in a building
where I know I've been before,
watching players long forgotten
reenact their roles once more.

Next, I walk with silent strangers,
and we share a common scene
with long lost loves, new found friends;
ghosts that walk through dreams.

I turn and I'm engaged in battle,
fighting for a cause.
I blink, and I'm on stage alone,
'midst thundering applause.

Again I turn, but now it's dark.
My dream has dipped in hell,
and I am lost...alone, distraught;
weak and sick as well.

Desolate, despairing,
I am certain there's no hope.
I'm drowning there when, suddenly,
I'm thrown the saving rope.

And up I'm pulled by unseen hands

that set me on the waves,
where waits a ship to take me up,
a vessel sent to save.

It carries me to distant places;
lands I've never seen,
where I will meet with presidents,
princes, kings and queens.

Then on and up to future worlds
that end at heavens door,
beyond the pain, the doubts, the fears,
the hatred and the wars.

I try my best to reach that door
that I might enter in,
but as I do, the dreamscape fades
and I begin to spin...

spin, spin, and slip away,
till back within my room;
the other worlds beyond my reach.
My eyes will open soon.

I feel the bed beneath me now,
and, touching still my dreams,
I see them slowly fade away,
these vivid nighttime scenes.

I wake in reverent wonder thinking
what have I just seen?
Glimpses of another world?

Or just another dream?

I USED TO BE A FISH

I used to be a fish,
swimming in the blue-green sea.

The sky was clear above me,
with its white clouds making subtle shapes
as if on blue canvas.

The palm trees stood tall,
gentle breezes blowing through their branches,
shading the soft white sands.

Rocks, seaweed and scattered shells
lined the edge of the ocean,
where I would sit for hours (or was it minutes?)
making castles in the sand.

I remember the shirtless man
with the deep burnished tan,
who sat all day
under the shade of the palm.
He made such magic with his hands,
weaving the green and yellow fronds
he'd plucked from the trees
into useful shapes
like hats and mats and things,
while I sat mesmerized
by his clever fingers moving.

I remember the people;
families from far-away places,

come to spend their one vacation,
on the sunny sands of my beach,
bringing little ones like me,
just so we could meet and play.
Of course, they'd stay only a few days,
leaving behind wistful memories
And promises to write.

I remember, at the end of the day,
When I or any other child
Was told it's time to go',
how loudly we cried and whined,
begging for just a little more time.
But, no matter how much time
we were granted,
it was never enough.
So, parents got tough,
and dragged us off to home and dinner.

The sun would be setting,
covering the sidewalks with red-gold rays.
Tired and sandy, I'd walk home with my nana,
jabbering happily and looking forward
to what tomorrow would bring.

I'd go to sleep, scrubbed and clean,
thoroughly exhausted and happy,
and dream sweet simple dreams
Of sky and sand and ocean.
And, in those dreams,
I swam and swam
unencumbered,
unmolested.

I used to be a fish.

By Shoshana Kurzweil

UNICORNS AND BROTHERHOOD

In a world called "Cutthroat",
a nation called "Despair",
where Inner City rage and hatred fill the air,
the streets become the battlefields
with neighborhoods at war;
armies locked in conflict,
never knowing what it's for.

People don't believe in Unicorns or brotherhood.
Both seem myth and fantasy,
as far from them as prayer.
Their faith is in their weapons and dying is Reality.
They share a Dark Communion:
bread and wine of deep despair.

Then Uptown in the Condos
and Downtown in the Marketplace,
the battlefield is Power;
the motivation--Greed.
The weapons-Rank and Money
used by soldiers going nowhere,
while knowingly withholding
their help from those in need.

And people don't believe in Unicorns or Brotherhood,
distinct in their extinction;
to believe is just insane.

They put their faith in Power, Possessions, Money, Influence,
and give when there's advantage
or a profit to be gained.

Their charity's precluded if excluded from a claim;
a sizeable deduction
on their income tax returns,
A boost in reputation, a philanthropic name...
at the very least a
favor to be earned.

No, people don't believe in Unicorns or Brotherhood.
Their faith is in their power,
their influence, or guns.
Money, coke, and alcohol are things they understand;
Fuel that fills them up
so they can run.

In a world called "Cutthroat",
a nation called "Despair",
where life is but a battlefield
and violence fills the air,
if people could believe
in Unicorns and Brotherhood,
they might again believe
in Miracles and Prayer.

OLD CANVAS

Old canvases,
tucked away and hidden
in dry and darkened places,
gathering dust and wasted...

One of these
so easily could be me.
I've thrown away some

that looked better than I did then
(so torn and stained and scarred).
But the Artist refused to discard me.

He took me out of hiding,
and went to work restoring.
He thoroughly dusted and cleaned me up,
mended the tears,
sanded the scars,
until His good design showed through,
and the colors glowed
clear and true.

He didn't stop there.
With great care,
He took His brush in Hand,
and dipped it in a palette
with Grace and Favor.

He painted,
then painted more,
until I wasn't merely restored,
but made anew,
washed in heavenly hues,
and now of great use
adorning His House.

He isn't finished though.
No.
He goes on painting,
never ceasing,
until the final Showing,
because...

Though it's the Artist Who paints,
it's the canvas that's seen.

Old canvas,
in the Hands of the Master,
becomes a
Masterpiece.

Shoshana Kurzweil

BROKEN THINGS

by Shoshana Kurzweil, 2/2000

In this world,
the broken things
are mostly thrown away
like trash.

But, not by God.
He takes note of broken things,
regards the
shattered forms;
in pity
stretches forth
His Arm.

Carefully He gathers pieces,
lays them down in
private places,
touches them with
Healing Grace
and sees the pieces mend,
move together,
blend,
merge, change, then
unite into a
whole and perfect image.

Strong and now unbroken,
they lean on
the Master's Hand,
redeemed, fit, and
useful,
they stand.

MEMORIAL

by Shoshana Kurzweil

Look up to the heavens, listen to the cries;
echoes of the mourners reaching to the skies...

"Where was God that morning?

Did he go and hide?
when the smoke ascended
and little children died."

Hear the common question
in every language

"Why?"

This is our memorial to never be denied.

Where was God when the little children died?
Where was God when the terror came inside?
Where was God when the murder was denied?

Where was God?
Did He turn His Face
and hide?

Look up to the heavens, listen to the cries;
older voices mourning.

Each one asking

"Why?"

"Where was God that morning,
when the helpless babies died?"

Jewish boys in Egypt,
slain by Pharaoh's pride.

Once a year we question

in every language
"Why?"

This is our memorial to never be denied.

Look up to the heavens, listen to the cries;
another tragic slaughter.

You can hear the mother's cries.

"Where was God that morning,
when those little children died?"

Baby boys of Israel,
slain by Herod's pride.

But why are there no questions?

In not one language

"Why?"

Where is our

memorial

that cannot be denied?

Where was God when the little children died?

Where was God when the terror came inside?

Where was God when the murder was denied?

God was right there

weeping

and His arms

were open wide.

He was there to welcome all the children,

He was there to wipe away their tears,

He was there to lead them into heaven,

He's been there through all the many years.

But, In every generation that sees the hope arise,

There has been

a holocaust,
where multitudes have died.
Before the births
of Moses
and Jesus,
babies died.
Before the birth
of Israel,
we heard the awful cries.
So we've built a great memorial,
raised it to the skies.
It cannot give us answers,
cannot tell us why.
But it keeps alive
a memory
of loved ones who have died.

Each year we tell the story,
tears within our eyes;
This is our memorial,
to never be denied.

OUT OF THE ASHES

Out of the ashes of the fire,
the remnant of my people did arise.
But in the souls of our survivors
were echoes of our loved ones' final cries.
Here, a mother mourns a daughter,
there, a father mourns a son;
a sister mourns a brother
and a child mourns everyone.

Yes, in our hearts their spirits live,
their memories survive.
But we must live and we must build
for those who are alive.

Out of the ashes of the fire,
The scattered ones of Israel returned
to build a home for our survivors.
At last the bitter lesson has been learned;
that there will never be another refuge on the earth.
If we will live, then let us live
for Israel's new birth;
We'll build the walls of Zion
as a mighty citadel;
a shelter for our little ones,
where they may safely dwell.

Out of the ashes of the fire
the nation of my people was reborn.
Out of the ashes of the fire,
the gathered sons of Jacob have returned
to till the soil and plant the seed
and build up Israel ... to make the desert bloom again
and guard our people well.

Oh, we who live will not forget
the precious ones who died,
but we must live and we must work
for those who have survived ... out of the ashes of the fire.

[Email to contact Shoshana Kurzweil](#)

