

## Matzah by Rick Lupert

Bread of affliction, thin, almost crunchy terror,  
reminder we might not see the bathroom for a week  
Matzah

Exists because we were in a hurry  
same premise as TV dinner, fast food, carpool lanes, high speed internet  
Matzah

Don't know why it's square, or round  
should be in the shape of people's backs  
that's how we had to carry out the dough, on our backs, unleavened, cooked in the sun  
Matzah

That's right I said *we*.  
That's how we look at these things, they happened to us  
not to some other group of strangers  
I'm still cleaning the dough of my good Egyptian shirt.  
Matzah

Not sure why we can't eat tortillas, or corn or soda pop.  
Ain't nothing about them in the original text, though if you've seen the movie *Noah*  
you know sometimes we stray from the source material.  
Matzah

Yes, I'm talking to you Matzah. I try to dress you up.  
Put on cheese and sauce and call you pizza. Hell I even  
made a matzah crust quiche once. Took me over two hours  
Not exactly in the spirit of not having time to let the dough rise  
but by God it was Kosher for Passover.  
Matzah

Oh, Matzah... You fill the end-caps of the super market aisles  
on every Jewish Holiday. Hanukkah, sure. Rosh Hashanah, Why not!  
Yom Kippur? Ehh we gotta put something up. Get out the Matzah Display.  
We forgive them it's all they know.  
Matzah

I've got to admit, sometimes even I get a hankering.  
My colon says *no* but I go to the deli and get a big plate of *You brie*.  
(That's Matzah Brie if you're not following along. I know Matzah so well I  
just refer to it as *you*.)  
Matzah

I put you in my mouth and I remember how it was.  
I can see the walls of water on either side, taller than South Beach condominium complexes  
I think God even dried out the ground so my feet wouldn't get muddy.  
Matzah

I can see Miriam ahead. When I reach her I look back and watch  
the Egyptian chariots break up like toothpicks. A spear and a helmet float away.  
I'm sad those people will not see their families again, but I am free.

Matzah

When I put you in my mouth I forget about twenty first century convenience  
and remember that I am free. Free to embellish your blandness with a nice marinara.  
Free to make fun of your effects on my body. Free to not spend every day building  
someone else's pyramids.

Matzah.

You don't rise. You gave it up so I could.  
So I could be free and speak up for freedom.

Matzah

Every Passover I lift you up in my hands.  
I put you in my mouth. My tongue tastes thousands of years of freedom.  
You have risen to this occasion.

Matzah

You make us all rise.