

To the **Elders of the Exile**  
Scattered from the Temple in Jerusalem  
MIZPAH

9<sup>th</sup> of Av, Anno Mundi 3175  
In the 6<sup>th</sup> year of Zedekiah's Kingship

To Those Who Remain Among The Scattered,

I write from the Mount of Olives, though there is no olive branch left.

The Temple is smoke. The walls are ash. The Ark is either stolen or burned, and even the priests do not speak. I do not know where Yohanan ben Zakkai has fled. Perhaps he hides in a jar. Perhaps he is dead. Perhaps he has gone where even prophecy cannot follow.

On the night the flames rose highest, when Titus gave the order and the outer court collapsed, I saw something in the sky.

It was round. Hollow. Ringed with trembling light, but filled with nothing. Not a moon. Not a cloud. It did not pass. It did not glow. It simply was—like an eye with no face. An absence that refused interpretation.

I turned to the Psalms. To Isaiah. To Daniel. I recited Ezekiel's wheel within the wheel. But this was not a vision. It gave no command. It bore no beasts. It had no throne.

It only looked.

I thought of Sinai. Of Abraham beneath the stars. Of Elijah in the whirlwind. But this was not whirlwind. This was the collapse of fire itself.

Some say this is Rome's doing. That the eagle rises because Judah fell. But I say: Rome is a tool. The real judgment lies in the silence that followed the fire.

I write this to you because you are the ones who still carry the law. You bind it to your forearms. You chant it beneath your breath. You believe the words will endure. But what happens when the Word Himself ceases to speak?

This is not exile. This is erasure.

The stars no longer name the tribes. The smoke has no scent. The priests have forgotten how to weep. And the black sun in the sky? It watches, but it does not reveal.

Let it be known:

*On the 9th of Av, Anno Mundi 3175, when the Temple burned and the sun retreated in mourning, Ezekiel ben Buzi cried from the broken walls of Zion and etched his lament into the dust of Jerusalem*

I ask you only this—write this into the margins of the scrolls. Not as canon, but as witness. Let it say: we saw the face of God turn from us, and in its place was a hole.

May He one day look again.

In smoke and silence,  
**Ezekiel ben Buzi**  
Of the Remnant That Remains  
JERUSALEM