

ParshaPoem

by Richard Shavei Tzion

B'HAR

Sinai, Kilimanjaro and the Day to Day

Through night we climbed
Fighting failure and a fog of fatigue
As we made the summit
A red African sun
Rose above a sea of cloud below
Across a purple haze tinting the glaciers
surreal
Horizon merged with the endless
heaven
A wind of sanctity swirled across the
plateau
Filling our spirits with the immensity of
the moment
Vista brushed by God's finger
Sacred Sinai of a personal kind

Through the stupor, the splendor, the
silence
I remembered that from this place
We were to descend to base
Return to a waiting life left in limbo
Carrying that moment
Of struggle and transcendence
In our core for the remainder of our
time
To lift us in the habitual day
Elevating the beaten path
To that Sinai

B'CHUKOTAI

End to the endless night
Shadowy millennia
Obliterating multitudes in their sweep
Savage continuum
Of inked curse across a vast Diaspora
The enlightened
Groping sightless through raven
desolation

Then unexpected
At nadir
In history's instant
A light of redemption blazes so bright
As to blind the ghostly remnant in its
glare
Like the eclipse which clouds the
curious
In a moment of indiscretion
So that many fall as their ancestors
before
Leaving a flimsy, stubborn vestige, a
creed of fortitude
Forged from steely resolve
And the might of remembered heritage
Shaped in the gloom of an unrelenting
mill, glowing molten

Now spewing florescent sparks of
rebirth
Their fluttering eyes speak of struggle
and survival
As they shift their gaze to an unfamiliar,
precarious dawn
With pain and guarded belief
They join trembling hands in common
cause
To realize an unlikely hoary pact of
place and people
Sealed one far distant night, so long ago