

ParshaPoem

by Richard Shavei Tzion

SH'LACH

Lay your head on my heart
Beloved willowed mother
Who bore me
On young expectant arms
As we crossed destiny's lintel
That astonishing night a generation ago
When sounded the redeemer's call
Heralding emancipation
Could we have known then
The impotence of your fragile peers
Unable to grasp liberation
In hands withered from toil's toll
Sovereignty seeping like soil
Through quivering, wrinkled fingers?
So we must relinquish your bones
To the endless shifting sands
Still we will carry your burdened spirit
And the gift of your devotion
As we cross the great divide
Into the storied land
To realize your promise