

The Gatherings

Like wounded beasts we gather
on high holy days..
in our old age
the aging of our family

our voices..once ever loud and challenging
confident among ourselves
within our own family room
now rise to quivering shouts..
to atone
for the sin of deafness.

We finish sentences for each other..
Not as in our youth
when thoughts raced too quickly
And impatiently
And too selfishly to wait upon our sisters and our brothers..

Now the words..the dates..are offered..
gently..tentatively
To sustain
The thought that has been lost..to
Wipe away the smudge of fear
That crosses a beloved face..

We listen..with differing degrees of patience
To endless wanderings of
once keen minds...

Like wounded beasts
We gather
On high holy days

Like wounded beasts
we gather
the pieces of ourselves
always there
in each other.