

## An Unbroken Thread

Someday I'm going to walk under the sun  
With the wind at my back and a Star of David at my front.  
It won't seem strange to the flowers  
And it won't seem strange to me.

I'll walk into the synagogue  
With my old trembling vanished like a childhood fear,  
Speak a tongue no longer foreign. Who needs to understand  
The words, when feelings are so clear?

I'll leave at the end and the same birds will be singing  
Under the same sun. My metamorphic needs will all be gone—  
Finally, through and through, as natural as blowing wind  
Or singing bird—to be a Jew.

--Ariel Cohen