

## Chanukah

A sputter and a spark—a flame,  
A wax-wound wick alight.  
The act of generations  
Makes the candles burn tonight

A flame is not a constant thing  
It shivers in the wind—  
Look deep enough, look hard enough,  
What worlds within you'll find!

Comfort by warmth, comfort by light,  
Creation making glad  
The Torah's letters flying up,  
Akiba's last "echad."

The hollow eyes of victims  
Their bodies in a row,  
The greeting sent by shining light  
Across the falling snow.

The endless worlds within a flame  
Whirl softly through the years,  
Brightening our deepest joys,  
Shadowing our deepest fears.

By Ariel Cohen