Let there be mercy in your honest eyes.
Before the Ark I am alone as God
Who flung the stars out in a haze of light
To populate a dim and senseless void.

I am defenseless and alone, afraid
Vulnerable from your teaching and my newfound world
More fragile than the nascent buds of spring
Whose source withstood the winter, and prevailed.

Let there be peace in this spring of my life
That by the summer I may grow to strength
So that the winter, coming, as it must
Hurts me less than the first sweet buds of spring.

By Ariel Cohen