

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