

My eyes were opened late to you
And now I learn what every child knows
Bringing to it an adult understanding.
Within the fields of Judaism
I am rested and at peace—
But strangely ill-at-ease, being a
Trespasser, peeping past the gates, wondering what
Passwords bid me enter.
This scared discomfort is like leaves upon the
Ground, covering the grass that blooms beneath.
If God is not worrying about my newness, my
Awkwardness, or the thick sound of Hebrew in my mouth,
Why should I?
These are such transient, shallow differences
Easily blown like leaves away, revealing what soon
Will grow to be a lasting oneness at the roots.

Ariel Cohen