

Now the rabbis talk without me,
Deciding my fate, alone.
I want to shout, "I am no mere chimera!
I'm a Jew!" But listening time is done.

How can one weigh a human mind?
A human life—I'm only sure
Because I'm here. No one outside
Knows certainly.

I should be feeling, "What can I give this people,
This community?" But the tangential is a bore.
I am impelled, not by potential, but by feelings
I am too Jewish now to walk away.

What do you say?
Schooled in the human soul
What light is in my eyes?
And will you bid me enter?

Ariel Cohen