

What Was My Mikvah Like?
By Martha Peach

What was the Mikvah
Like? Could I say to you
It is not over yet,
May never be?

The water still surrounds me
It still lifts my hair
And warms my body
My eyes still open to
A new light.

Oh, yes.
I went to the 84th Street Mikvah
Only once.
Oh, yes,
I was guided by the Mikvah lady
Only once
But I have a reality
Within my being
That says
It keeps happening.

The New continues to make
Itself known
And when it does
I am once again emerging
With the water clinging
To me.

Life is seen with
Different eyes
I define my world
Anew.

What?
Am I possessed?
Who is she?
Could it be that on
April 2, 1942 at 1:01,
(Kansas time)
Someone
Somewhere,
Was waiting to
Begin again.
And now is.

Or back in the
Ebb and flow of
Generations of
Scots—there is
A Jewish Grand
Mama?

Or is this another
Kind of survival?
One that is
All.
That is both my
Most inner core
And my link
To that around
Me?

Is this the Oneness
I am experiencing
And just as I entered the Mikvah
Unburdened of even the least
Mark of otherness from
Myself.
I am now,
Time and time again
Finding myself
Unburdened of
Even the least
Otherness from
That Oneness?

I have no answers

All is still
New.
The water
Surrounds me
Lifts me
Moves me
I leave the
Water
Still it clings
To me.
And still
I cling to it. Again.

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Like? Could I say to you
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May never be.