

What once were seeds within me
Bloom to horizon's blue
The seeds you helped me nurture
That I might be a Jew.

A very few hands shape us
With imprint that endures,
So you have been to my life
As I hope I've been to yours.

I have covered fields
I had not known before,
Journeyed past the houses clasping
Blooms at every door.

I'll carry with me always
Apart from all the rest
The sun-dried flowers you gave me
The brightest and the best.

Ariel Cohen