The Jews are like photographs displayed in a shop window
All of them together in different heights, living and dead,
Grooms and brides and Bar Mitzvah boys with babies.
And there are pictures restored from old yellowing photographs.
And sometimes people come and break the window
And burn the pictures. And then they begin
To photo anew and develop anew
And display them again aching and smiling.

Rembrandt painted them wearing Turkish Turbans with beautiful burnished gold.
Chagall painted them hovering in the air,
And I paint them like my father and my mother.
The Jews are an eternal forest preserve
Where the trees stand dense, and even the dead
Cannot lie down. They stand upright, leaning on the living,
And you cannot tell them apart. Just that fire
Burns the dead faster.

And what about God? God lingered
Like the scent of a beautiful woman who once faced them in passing and they didn’t see her face,
But we still smell, kinds of perfumes,
Blessed be the Creator of kinds of perfumes.

A Jewish man remembers the sukkah in his grandfather’s home.
And the sukkah remembers for him
The wandering in the desert that remembers
The grace of youth and the Tablets of the Ten Commandments
And the gold of the Golden Calf and the thirst and the hunger
That remembers Egypt.

And what about God? According to the settlement
Of divorce from the Garden of Eden and from the Temple,
God sees his children only once
A year, on Yom Kippur.

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