

An Opening at the Wall
By Marie Poole

I put my hands on the wall,
and feel the prayers of millions through the tips of my fingers,
anchoring me

At the same time
my heart casts its lines,
each in the form of a name I had hastily scratched onto scraps of paper

I search the cracks with my hands,
carefully placing the children of my soul into the nurturing veins of Chodesh ha Chodeshim

A woman approaches to pray.
She seems to know what to say.
“Did I do it right?
Will G-d hear me? Heal me?”

I touch my forehead to the Wall
A simple “Please” barely touching my lips.

As I step away from the wall a slight tug catches in my heart.
With a deep sigh, I cut anchor, the lines dissolving into drops on the path,
the salt of my body returning me to the land of my people

I have come home.

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