

Tashlich
by Marie Poole

Cast these fears upon your sacred waters
Let their ripples fade into the strength of the reeds below
Let them roll off the backs of the quacks who reside there
The black murk of my heart tossed into a pool of no effect

Take this bread as an offering of my humanness
Dissolving, resolving
That which I can never touch
I am humbled by what I thought I knew, What I thought I had

So take this bread
As I cast away my doubt
So I can do what's next

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