

Adonai

At sunrise, the Doernbecher bridge is a sanctuary.
City below silhouetted dark against
peach-colored optimism rising over Mt. Hood,
dense fog reluctantly retreating to forested hills
while warm sun-shadows beckon sleep.

Suddenly, the reverence is pierced by agony
The cry of dark-veiled women on TV among images
of war and cavern-eyed children.
She presses her face to the wall and a phone to her
ear, swaying under a mourning shroud of long black
hair

"She's gone!"

An emesis without relief.

The churning wave roars down the hall
Consuming me in frigid shock and salty sting
unswimmable agony

I feel a primal draw to cradle her
in that corner suspended over the dark city.
But in the Jewish tradition, daring to touch the Ark
incurred the wrath of God.

Teach me, O Lord, Who giveth and taketh suffering.

Even now, there is sacredness where she stood,
A site of pilgrimage made holy by the touch of a
saint. And when I pass, the soundless echo of her
grief ripples in dark water