

A Moon Among Stars...

A moon among stars, a rock amongst waves, the world revolves as day goes on.
But still I wonder.
Why?
Why were Jews created? Are we right? Are we wrong? Are we truth?
With others I stand out. Set apart
By the golden star, dangling from a chain that rests upon my breast.
I know that I may take it off, cast it aside.
But yet it clings to me; and I cling to it.
Sometimes I feel myself cringe whenever my mind interrogates, suspects, argues.
And yet I know that I am safe, doing only what my heritage, our heritage, commands me to do.
It was so long ago, but only just yesterday that we were turned upon,
Cast out, murdered.
Segregated from all the rest by the golden star,
The badge of a Jew.
But even so, we have blossomed and have become a garden.
Sometimes, though, even in the reflection of all our prosperity, I wish it were not so.
Why?
I'm always a tulip among poppies, a bluebird amongst cardinals, and willow amongst oaks.
But whenever I hug my rabbi, lean into the curves and dips of his robes,
Smell the books surrounding him, hear the river of ideas flow and rush around him
And see the love in his eyes, I realize I'm not that different.
A single person...
Same school, same clothes, with different ideas, a different history.
Nothing else.
I am proud to be a Jew.
And my difference makes me question.
And my questions make me shine, fulfilling the traditions of my ancestors
By questioning and wondering
Why?