

SOUNDS

By Judith Heilizer
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Morning sounds

Egyptian slave master at the door pushing me to leave,
now

bracelets, not mine, jangling on my wrists where ropes used to be
half baked bread, flat, crunchy to the touch, crumbling
the low roll of voices, walking into the water between it's glistening walls
I am with the others running with dulled steps

the drumming of hoofs and the shouts of their riders
whipping lassos into the air to pull me back
then
the thunder of water crashing down
on horse and rider
now silenced

the other side
hot and dry and barren and lifeless, seemingly

some far away place calling
of milk and honey and sweetness of freedom
then the grumble of uncertainty
the forked tongue of deceit making giants out of grasshoppers
Divine promise stilled by serrated trust

the roar of Gd's anger commanding recognition
the cost for doubters' silence
a forty year journey in the desert
their parentless children perplexed
uncertainty gnaws, isolation rattles

then the thunder from the mountain:
hear Me and what I command so you may live
until the end of sound

Prophets rise, singing truths, covering the silence
we promise to do, then to hear

now we sense the click of connection, the held-in breath of fear whooshing out

sweet sounds

beseech me Not, to leave thee, or BESEECH me, not to leave thee
boys and girls, holding garlands, singing songs of love
land greening, first fruit calling to be gathered
the music
of being
home

Shavuot