

## Words of Torah

The letters leap from  
My Hebrew teacher's tattered book  
Like butterflies, they evade my net,  
Flutter into the wind and disappear unseen.

My book is new and unmarked,  
The pages stiff and unyielding.  
When age stains them I shall  
Catch those fugitive letters.

I struggle with the script.  
Gradually these ancient glyphs  
Begin to form words and thoughts.  
A vessel appears to contain them.

Ideas, once revolutionary,  
Are sculpted on these pages.  
I touch them  
I feel their rhythm.

The greatest poem of all,  
B'rashit to Kol Yisrael  
Speaks to me as I continue  
My encounter with cyphs and tropes.

Letters begin to glow,  
At first faintly like the last spark  
of the Chanukah shammos  
As it flickers in the Menorah.

Like a mirage in the distance,  
A special sunrise under them,  
They begin to turn golden "  
Ancient songs in an ancient script.

Life is only a breath, a heartbeat.  
Torah is forged of many letters.  
Engraved by scribes one by one  
Upon our souls.

Byron Kocen