



I'M NOT JEWISH

Maude Carolan Pych

except that the sap
which rises
from sturdy old olive roots
flows through the veins
of this grafted branch

I'm not Jewish
except for my flesh
which still shudders
at the Shoah
(of sisters and brothers
of the natural branch)
and the same root, and swears
I'd have done something...
something

I'm not Jewish
except for my feet
which have walked
the holy, well worn pathways
in Eretz Yisrael

except for my fingertips
which pressed petitions
between stones
of the Western Wall

except for my ears
which perk to the cantor's

chanting of the S'hma
the Aaronic Benediction
the Kiddush
over bread and wine

except for my eyes
which look
upon the Lamb,
my Atonement

except for my lips
which chant
ancient baruchas
to HaShem

I'm not Jewish
except for my heart
which bears
the cloven mark
of circumcision

and loves Yeshua,
the Jewish Messiah
Who was pierced
for my transgressions
Who shed
His precious Jewish Blood

for me