

I have grief for those still grieving

17th of Tammuz, in the approach to tisha b'av (day of fasting for the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem)

an offering from keren khaya abrams

I have grief for those still grieving.

still mourning. still

soaking the heart in tears from eyes that saw destructions over one thousand –
and more- years ago.

I have grief for those still grieving.

the wall still wails, or so we say. have we listened, fresh, today?

I hear the tones of a human trauma seized in a fistful heart, aching, and
holding fast to its ache. the grip serving the gripping
and fearful mind.

hidden beneath the rock is

the possibility of awe and wonder in a heart-fingers-dance, gracefully untying its
chains.

and the prayers cycle around “speedily in our days”, wrapping chains further into
the belt of suffering.

between the prayers, fastings and annual chain of grief,
are we

missing This, our Day?

“this is the day Adonai has made. let’s rejoice and be happy with it” (*Tehillim*)

i have grief for those still grieving, clouding this new birth of a day.

stuck minds capturing hearts in pictures of tragedies millennia past.

“a-yehka?” – where are you? where do you live, my dear mind, right now?

tears are rivers. storms well up, rain down pain and move on....

please, come...dance on...sing on.....see what is here now.

*the Temple is here. and is eternal. it is nowhere else but in the Ruby of your
Heart. in the spatial and seize-less mind.*

*awaken – awaken and rise from dust, Jerusalem...you are the holy vortex, let us
hear you sing, sing! from where ever you truly are, now.*

sages’ wisdom structures grief’s rivers into contained pools of time. seven days,
and thirty, then eleven moons. complete.

next.

with these wisdom-pools we flow in, with, and beyond
true, and truly precious tears.

lets go, the river is fast,
lets go from the side-line debris...delight in the waterride.

oh, there is grief for those still grieving.

can the city of Zion, beloved, and the people of Zion, beloveds, open the fistied heart to fresh-eyed seeing of what is here now? be courageous enough to not *holdfast* to the clinging mind-memory, rather *behold* the mind-of-the-moment?

...and we would be dwelling in the holy center that is much less a dream and much more a real Place to sink our feet into.

with the ancients, come sing, ascending
the steps of the Temple. each foot impressing in the earth on whatever temple-stone it walks.

this is the nourishment of the earth and the earthwalkers, that is called for --
--Jerusalem, lady of illumination, herself, wails for!

can we listen, clearing the static of the wailing history records?

Listent to Her haunting and sweet chant
arousing honey of the heart.

may our memory of past events serve to burst the heart into a well-watered flower blossom, as we fall onto the face-of-the-earth, palms open to behold –
the Actual.

Presence.

may we sing the resonance of love from deep caverns of ancient hearts, with
them - longing for light
longing for true peace.

then we can watch, as the myths and dramas that trap us in times that are not
here

...as misty rainbowed light, they return to the Source of All Creation.

The Temple is this doe-eyed One.