

I have grief for those still grieving  
a remembrance for 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 millennia – and more-  
before now.  
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 human trauma seized in a fisted heart, aching, and  
holding fast to its ache. the grip serving the gripping,  
fearing the fearful mind.  
hidden beneath the rock-wall fist is  
the seeding possibility of wonder in a heart-fingers-dance, gracefully untying its  
chains.

I hear  
the prayers cycling in themselves - “speedily in our days”,  
words wrapping chains further into the belt of suffering.  
amongst the cries, fasting and annual linking-up of grief,  
are we  
missing This, our Day? for -  
“this is the day Adonai has made. let’s rejoice and be happy within it” (Tehillim)

I have grief for those still grieving, clouding this new birth of a day.  
stuck minds capturing hearts in pictures of tragedies of millennia past.  
I hear, then call: “a-yehka?” – where are you? where do you live, my dear mind,  
right now?

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, ceaseless mind.  
awaken – awaken and rise from dust, Jerusalem...you, this holy vortex, let us  
hear you sing, sing a new song! And may we learn where you truly are. Now.

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

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

next chapter. next epoch. new story  
within these wisdom-pools that boundary, we can flow with, and beyond  
true, and truly precious tears.

oh, there is grief for those still grieving.

let's go, the river is fast,  
let's go from the side-line debris...delight in the water ride.

...and we would be dwelling in the true sacred-center that is much less a zion-colored dream and much more a real Place to rest into. in joy.

I hear the ancients sing,  
come sing, ascending  
the steps of the Temple. each foot impressing  
the earth. singing open the sweet.  
this is the nourishing She is made to offer. – Jerusalem, lady of illumination,  
herself, cries for!  
through the static of the wailing history records,  
listen to Her hauntingly sweet chant  
dripping honey of the heart.

“you are all my children. then and now, I offer you all my drink, my scent, my  
breast. my rage is my love-fire, seeing you self-suffering. return and re-member.  
see me, from my deep blood, I rise.”

may we sing the resonance of Her love from deep dark tunnels below the temple,  
- longing for light

... then we can watch, as the records that trap us in old-times turn to misty  
rainbowed light, and re-turn to the Source of All Creation. and they served to  
burst the heart into a well-watered flower blossom

the Temple is in you, doe-eyed One.