

## TOUCH MY HEART

Child

Touch my nose, my lips, my eyes  
with your small hands.  
Then touch my arms and chest.  
Feel their shape  
how real they are.

Now, touch my love.  
No, not my chest or arms or lips.  
You are puzzled.  
How is one to touch love  
and where is its place?

Love is not here or there  
But who would  
deny its reality?  
Where does love reside  
if it cannot be pointed to?

Is it less than my chin?  
If anything, love is sharper, harder, softer,  
warmer than bodily things,  
objects I can touch.

There are matters not subject to the senses  
taste, sound, smell, sight, touch  
Matters elusive to definition  
yet known without doubt.  
Known to make us cry and laugh  
to move us to unimagined heights  
to courage and self-sacrifice.



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Experiences – like love or God  
Cannot be fingered, placed or poked.  
Of such things  
    it is wiser to ask  
    not where but when.

Not where is love  
    not where is God  
But when is love  
    when is God  
Recall the meeting  
    the moment, the time.

**– Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis**

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