

Logical Myth

We all know the logic
All human beings are mortal
I am a human being
So I will die.

I know the syllogism
But I disbelieve it
My head assents
But my heart dissents.

Others perhaps, they will die
The victors and the vanquished
The saviors and the victims
The good and the bad
But not me.

How come the conceit?
Defying all logic and evidence
That I will slip by the angel of death
Who will pass over my house
And save me.

Am I so good that I can argue with God
More cogently than Moses
Who tried and failed to remove the *Malach ha-Mavet*
The Death Messenger
From his door?

But there it is
My death is unreal
An unarguable will to live forever
To live not there or then,
But here and now.

I remember as a child
Sitting with the family around the Seder table
And singing about Chad Gadya –
And slaughtered the slaughterer, “The Angel of Death.”
A myth, a fantasy, a song
That entered my heart’s imagination.

The one kid transfigured by the last chorus —
“Then the Holy One came”

Where do I get this denial of death
And clinging to breathe?

