

Black Ribbons & White Fringes

I would mourn my lost one with courage
Not as victim or afflicted
Not as if this death was fated
Designed, pre-determined
Neither secret reward
Or punishment deserved.

I would mourn with purpose
Beyond plaque and pledge
Beyond the cut white fringes of the tallit or
Beyond the torn black ribbons pinned on the lapel.

I would sooner seek the threads of millennia
Bound up in the bonds of life
To be held and handed over
Textured by the threads of memory.

