

Strange Envy

*E*nvoy them

Those who stand bent before the casket wiping away their tears
Envy them their memories of warm embraces, gentle humour
birthdays, anniversaries
joyous meals around the Sabbath table.

Pity those who cannot cry
whose tears have long been dried into resignation, surrendering the promise.

Pity the dried-eyed sadness of those who can only dream
of that which could have been, or should have been.

Pity those who regret what should have been said to them
or what they should have spoken
the loves lost, the joys missed
the hopes abandoned.

Pity those whose memories turn on subjunctive moods:
“If only he had, if only she had, if only I had.”

Envy the mourners who with sweet-bitter nostalgia
slowly recite the Kaddish.

