

On The Eighth Day

*T*here was a fullness in the home for all of the seven days
There were prayers to recite, and hospitality to be offered
Old friendship was renewed and new ones formed
There was a sacred busyness at home and endless activity
One day flows into another, one night leaning on another.

Then the crucial moment
The day after the seventh
A soundless quiet
A sudden emptiness
A privacy unwanted.

Now, there is no ritual no name, no duties
It is just the day after
Yet it is the most important, the transition
From mourning to normalcy from darkness to light
From tears to smiles.

Not every moment in life is scripted
Accompanied by rite and ritual and ceremony.

The tremulous moments of transition
Someone is called to fill the vacuum with companionship
Someone is called to bridge the chasm from the seventh day to the eighth.

