

Boundaries

*O*ur sages observed
Who mourns overmuch
Mourns not for the deceased
But for someone else, perhaps ourselves.

Mourning, therefore, has limits
Seven days to sit Shiva — not more
Eleven months to recite the Kaddish — not more
Let there be boundaries to our mourning
Not endless edges of tears and lament.

We must mourn
Not to mourn is impossible
Excessive mourning is a darkness
That transgresses the blessings of those we love
And who loved us.

They want from us not dirge nor lament
But the uncovering through the sands of memory
The sparks of yesteryear
To light up our lives.

We are their heirs
And they are our ancestors
They leave us the legacy of their dreams
To emerge newly shaped in song and meaning.

