

Broken Vows

Once it was whole
Vows engraved on tablets of the heart
Held in embracing arms
Then fallen, dropped, cast down
Letters flung out of the stone
Left as a wordless rock.

Where to place the broken covenant?
Cast it aside like a broken slab?
Relegate it to cremated ashes?
Too much memory to be buried out of sight
What shall we do with our brokenness?

Follow the wisdom of Moses
Rise up, hew them anew, new tablets
Different from the first
Wiser, truer, hallowed by experience.

Like the prophet, set the shattered tablets
In an ark of holiness close to the new.

Sacred recollections of the broken heart
the clouded tear
Remember our children
Born of hope and love
God's fingerprints
Are innocent.

Them we have not divorced
From them we will never be separated
They are ours.

In our first wedding benedictions we heard
Blessed are You who made the human being
in Your image, after Your likeness
Let us vow not to shed over them our anguish
Not cloud them in our sadness
Use their innocence to win small battles
Defeat them for our victories.

In the name of love that bore fruit
We will bite our lips, wipe our tears, hold our sorrow
In their presence
And for their sake
Together we will rejoice them in their festivities
Heighten in them the fire of new joys
Together we will ascend the bimah
walk down the aisle
Stand beside them before the Torah
Under the canopy of their love.

They are our children
Blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh
soul of our soul
Blessing of tomorrow
Risen from the ashes of yesterday
Resurrection of love out of premature death.

