

Anniversary: Yet (For Malkah)

They say - we were not born together
we come from different families, different schools, different associations
You are not me
And I am not you.

Yet -
You know me better than I know myself
You complete my sentences, fill in the pauses
Read between the lines.

You are not me - and I am not you
Yet when we are not together
My sight, my hearing, my touch are different
The joys of nature, the amenities of life fade.

If you and I are not one
Why then in your absence is my joy so dependent upon yours?
Why does your sadness throw me into despair?
Why is your ache mine?

We are separate.

Yet -
You know me so well
In Hebrew love and knowledge are called by the same name - "*daat*"
To know is to love
To love is to know.



We are not the same.

Yet -

You know me with the mind of the heart
My strengths and weaknesses
My dreams and angers
You know me in the marrow of your being.

This glass we break last
reminds us of two fragilities
Fragile are we
however strong our outer self
Words hurt, silence pains.

Our strength is in the wisdom of the heart
Gentle now, tender now, soft now, dear heart.

The other fragility in the world about us
The temple is destroyed
poverty, homelessness, hunger, sickness, hates abound
And we two blessed with God's greatest gift to creation - love
pledge ourselves to bind the bruises of broken spirits
make whole fragmented lives
Bring joy to the joyless
Laughter to the heavy-hearted.

Love more powerful than death
heals, binds, cures, resurrects
Love and marriage a cosmic joy
Heaven and earth embrace
where there is love there is life.

Rejoice with me
the birth of a new syntax
not mine or yours
but

“us” and “ours”
a new word is born
a new beginning
a new promise.

Blessed art Thou who has created
mirth and exultation
pleasure and delight
I and you
“we” together.

They say that five decades is a long time in marriage
and yet - how brief it is
How much yet to grow
How much yet to discover about ourselves
through each other.

We have reached -
The harvest of many years
Children and children's children now
Dance and play before us
And in their eyes we see yet another part of ourselves.
The best is yet to be.

