



When I Cry

When I cry, my voice trembles with fear.
When I call out, it cracks with anger.
How can I greet the dawn with song
when darkness eclipses the rising sun?

To whom shall I turn when the clouds of the present
eclipse the rays of tomorrow?
Turn me around to yesterday
that I may be consoled by its memories.

I enter the sanctuary again
to await the echo of your promise.

— *Rabbi Harold Schulweis*