

## *First Walk*

The pitcher of water stand on a table  
not far from the mezuzah on the doorpost of my house

The seven days of mourning begins  
Seven days  
God created the Universe

For seven days the mirrors on the wall are draped  
The pillows on the couch removed

I am sequestered, set apart  
I do not leave the house  
I am self-bound to the four walls.  
The seventh day begins as always,  
but with added anxiety.  
It is the end of the mourning period  
What now?

A few of my friends show up  
stretch out their hands to mine  
Raise me up from the uncushioned couch  
Take me by the arm and lead me out of my home,  
into the street  
and walk with me around the block

The mourning is over,  
The isolation must cease  
They say, "Your place is in the world outside  
Your place is in the marketplace  
and in the homes of others.  
Your place is in the old-new world  
for you to help build and protect  
and make better."

We walk alongside  
You do not walk alone

The mezuzah standing on the doorpost  
blesses you in your going out  
and in your coming in

Welcome to the world.