

Unmourned

If, as the Rabbis say,
each life has its significance,
so too its culmination

A tear, a murmur of longing,
even just a glimpse of a memory,
like the flicker of a lamp.

Often the trauma is great,
the rows of graves too daunting,
we choose to forsake remembrance in order to continue.

But memory shall return, perhaps now,
perhaps a generation on,
and we will sit before the unmourned
and pray to find the words.