

S'iz Shver Tsu Zayn a Yid

I have always fumbled my birthright.  
What good am I in this space of the world I have had carved for me  
If I cannot define the Tanach for you?  
All the papers tacked desperately above my bed, as if  
I could absorb holiness by osmosis:  
I googled Mizrahi and Mikvah and

I don't know. Ha-Shem  
Is a term I had never heard before.  
I don't know my worth in the village  
Where my grandfather was raised.  
I don't know how to take up space on the Bima  
Any more than I know why there are eight strings and five knots on my Tallis.  
I wish I could hold my breath  
And sink underwater to where it is still and I am pure. I wish,  
And I wish.

What I know is this:  
I have a small nose and eyes with  
Rings of gold surrounding them,  
Yet I felt my people with me  
When the old woman talked about the greedy Kikes.  
I cannot start a sentence with anything but 'I,' and yet  
I will never leave my Tzedakah box empty. I nod to every kippah.  
I taste blood in every bite of matzah,  
But it is not the blood of the Christian babies.  
It is the blood of my grandmother's cousins  
And it is the ash of her family, spat out  
By a world that still exists  
Three miles from her home in Dachau.