

Written on Yom HaShoah Year 2010

Searching for My Wife

My beloved has gone away

With her I can no longer stay

A Holocaust survivor she be

The Almighty saved her for humanity and me.

How much good fortune can one get?

Can there be a greater blessing yet??

Pounded and beaten by hammer and anvil of fate

Arose, hardened like steel from the forges of hate.

Yet a tender angel of love

As gentle as a white dove

*Will my beloved hear my thought
On this day so distraught*

*Alone in a veterans cemetery, no more pain
We prayed for miracles, but in vain*

*Deep she is in a long sleep
My infinite love for her I keep*

*Though her latitude and longitude is known
I search for her till her true legacy is shown.*

*Where can she be on this day of reflection
A lady pure and molded to perfection*

*How long can I search before I tire
How long can I search before I expire*

*I must persist in endeavor of love
I am close, I see the contrails of the white dove*

I scent the scent, though faint

I am on the trail of my Saint

Oh where can she be, I am at a fork in the road

Which way to go, I am in a quandary mode

A tiny lady she be

So footprints hard to see

The way of compassion with wisdom I am sent

I am right, again pickup the scent

The fork I take is right

Many truehearted stepping stones I sight

On her small shoulders my feet rest

Now I am taller than all the best

Around me wraps her divine arm

An amulet shielding me from all harm

*A steady hand on life's perilous journey
Over hazards on a rocky gurney*

*The long shadow of life's sunset cast too soon
Undone chores may yet still loom*

*Will the completed chores suffice?
As entries etched in the book of life?*

*More than enough I dare to say
From the many lives she touched on her way.*

*It is Yom HaShoah, I search for my wife
My partner throughout this fickle life.*

*I find the many lives she touched, indeed
A noble life of many a good deed.*

*Others may give us the credit, but truth to serve
She alone the accolades deserve*