

Rhonda Rosenheck

Yom Kippur on the Couch

Atonement
drips when I sleep. Viscous,
lapping up my
phantasmagorical wronged.

Reflection
looks back when I sit
dozing at the picture window,
furniture to this sleeping cat.

Fasting
passes slowly when I ache.
As if discomfort is holy,
can scrub clean my sins.

Rhythm
of Sabbath of Sabbaths
stumbles. No walk to shul
in stiff fake-leather shoes.

Next year?
In Jerusalem. Or here,
with round raisin challah
and Cortlands in honey.

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