

Migration

Schulamith Chava Halevy

The storks return to
circle over fertile
fields at the foothills
of Yerushalayim

We watch them move in
graceful disarray and
sway like mystics
in the marbled liquid sky

I pray for child, we
must go on, I say, so
many souls still
drift and pine

to be reborn in
flesh. Just one
for me or mine

I feel the rhythm
in my spine
remember Spain?

We saw storks
nest in broken
belfries inside

Avila. I think storks carry
exiled souls with them, from
there to here from
stone to pine

Here, de Leon in his
splendor, the hundred
hunted in the auto
of 1499

And still church bells dong
although so long
ago the shofar sounds
had died

dong! and the cries from
tortured ones by
rack, by wheel, by fire

a stork dips wings in
ashes, then spreads
them heaven-wide

she glides, comes
near and rests
before our dazzled eyes

silently we ask for
memories of lives
expired

glad that we understand,
the bird unburdens them
and flies