

CAROL DORF

Psalm for the Numerous on Crossing the Re(e)d Sea

When counting steps on the walk to the sea,
fragrance of salt, of decay, of the ocean turning

The step from earth to sea feels infinite
as it must have been for the first plants to gain a foothold on rocky boundaries

The child cries in hunger and the mother plucks
an apple, a pomegranate; or has a fish been transformed to fruit

How each one feels lost, even though all march
together to the edge of the waters, awaiting the promised opening

To leave behind shelter, and venture across the opening waters
And to where, to the desert, with only the sun and the moon to mark time

Hold the astonished moment close at hand

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