

Manna

Tamar Stern

*They gathered it each morning, each as much as he needed to eat...
[EXODUS 16:21]*

Afraid that there will not be enough
Of kisses, of stories, of journeys,
Afraid that there will not be enough
Of the sunrise seeping into the sky,
Of the full moon riding the clouds,
...the sound of a long haired boy practicing the guitar,
The giggle of girl cousins,
Afraid that we must hoard the sweetness of the day
Like once we gathered the honey wafers of manna
Greedy, unsure that there would be enough
To nourish our days,
Lacking faith
That each morning would bring...
 new gifts.

TAMAR STERN is a clinical social worker. She writes poems inspired by text, ritual, and community. She is currently publishing *Beauty and Blessing*, *Art and Poetry Inspired by the Jewish Year*.