
Parable

Aryeh Cohen

the kingdom of heaven is like the leaven
that sarah hid in the three measures of
flour, rushing to bake bread for the guests
as abraham busied himself with the
bloodied animals—neither knew the
extent to which the blood and leaven were
ultimately significant. in the end it was all
leavened, and all bloodied—twelve years of
suffering, twelve sons of suffering, twelve
year olds not yet bleeding, but bled. and
sodom as only the beginning...

this god had a penchant for destruction
and blood and leaven, on the doorposts,
in the rivers, on the curtain seven up
and one down—the high priest mustn't
aim, like god it must seem random—on
our backs, with the sacrifices, a history

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of blood and leaven. rabban gamliel refused to be denied the kingdom of heaven for even an hour, reciting the shma as a bridegroom—maybe he knew that this was as close as he'd get. the wedding it seems was called off, akiva said the shma as a prayer to die with. yet sitting in the galilee it must have seemed as if there was an answer; parables seem so solid—a is just like b, or if you don't understand then a is just like c. yet, i wonder, for the woman baking the bread—is the leaven just a mere kingdom. i walk around again and the olive tree is still withered the voice is still calling from the desert and cooing like a dove from the ruins and every time i think i got it—it's gone...

