
Yoshev B'Sukkah

Tamar Stern

Now you cup me in your palm
The way one holds an etrog, the way one holds a heart;
You gather me, my spine, my eyes, the branches of my arms and legs,
The fragrance of my mouth, my leafy parts,
The way one holds a lulav.
Now we enter the shelter, sukkah of our bodies,
Welcoming even our fragility,
Knowing that the only place we ever really dwell is in embrace.
You spread yourself over me
But through the roof of entwined limbs
I see the stars.
You clasp me—and lift me, and shake me
Till our world is widened, in all directions, by joy.



Tamar Stern is a clinical social worker for Jewish Family Service of Metrowest, NJ and the Solomon Schechter Day School in West Orange NJ. In her spare time she writes poems that are inspired by Jewish ritual, texts, and community.