

Minyan

Steven Sher

Preparing for my morning prayers,
imagining myself today among
a minyan, feeling the ten men's throats
as one clearing with song, at home
where I'm always alone in my praise
of the Creator, I'm joined by my father
at my side, the morning sun
giving him form, framing his smile,
joined too by my grandfathers,
one of whom I've never met,
accompanied by *shuckling* cousins,
uncles, decades vanished from this world,
who now return because my soul has
called them from the shadows
until the living room is full
and we, like a sheaf of wheat,
the living and the dead aligned,
together bend so every eye
and every head and every set of feet
face east, when we are chanting
all as one, to summon God
among this wakened field.

Steven Sher is the author of seven books with an eighth, Flying Through Glass, forthcoming from Outloudbooks.