

# MY JUDAISM AT COLUMBIA: AN INDIVIDUAL CHOICE

By: JOSHUA KUNIS (GS,JTS '01)

Last month, I attended the EDAH conference and spent a day studying issues specifically relevant to the modern Jew. EDAH, whose mission statement is "the courage to be modern and orthodox," also sponsored an event that evening just for college students. I expected to converse with fellow college students about the diversity of Jewish life on their respective campuses, but instead, the conversation was mostly about opportunities to do kiruv, roughly translated as outreach, on campus. The students talked about how many students were "lost souls," who had not yet found the light of Torah. They talked of how it was their mission on campus to lead these students on the proper path. This discourse did not seem to bother most in the room, but it made me realize how different my own philosophy of Judaism was from the others'.

During my stay here at Columbia, I have had the opportunity to meet and work with so many fascinating Jews. While the community here is, on the surface, divided into three or four religious groups, there are many students who have connections to more than one, and many who simply do their own thing. This is because all of us have come to Columbia to begin to formulate our own personal outlook on life, to continue to let our life experiences mold us into the adults we aspire to be. This means not becoming who our parents or teachers wanted us to be back at home, but becoming who we want to be, and living our lives how we want to live our lives. This sometimes means shedding the labels that so often define people in the Jewish community. For even if one is comfortable with being called Orthodox or Conservative or Reform, I doubt most have figured out exactly where they fit under that label, or precisely how much the dictates of the denomination will control their lives, or whose word within the denomination is considered valid.

Therefore, if college is supposed to be a place for self-exploration, if each individual student is trying to find a personal religious comfort zone, how can we even begin to do kiruv, to other Jewish students, and profess to them that a certain brand of Judaism is the ideal and pure way? How can the college students at the conference know for certain that their brand of Judaism is the ideal? Did God come down from Heaven

and tell them so?

So much of college is about sharing and learning about the different ideas that have shaped and continued to shape the world we live in. It is about a community that thrives on a seemingly endless amount of beliefs, practices, and visions. Each student selects for himself or herself which community, which philosophies, which practices appeal to him or her, and he or she becomes a member of that community. It is an individual choice, and is one of utmost importance, because it stimulates the growth process of finding out who you are and who you want to be.

At Columbia, if a Jewish student decides to become involved in Keshet, the Reform Jewish community, that decision should be given the utmost respect. If a student who was raised a secular Jew decides to become a member of Yavneh, the Orthodox community, that decision should be respected by all. And if one who grew up Orthodox decides not to be affiliated with the Jewish community during their years at Columbia, that too should be respected. It is to me the height ofchutzpah for a Jew at Columbia to believe it is their mission to convince a Jew who affiliates with another segment of the community that his or her system is more valid and right. Who am I to assume that the choices that I make for my own lifestyle are proper for everybody? If I feel comfortable praying in a non-egalitarian service, who am I to attempt to convince others that an egalitarian service is wrong? By the same reasoning, if I do not keep the Sabbath as designated by the rabbis, who am I to try to convince others that this practice is outdated and no longer valid? During these precious college years, individual choices made

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*Individual Choices* from previous page

by individual students should be respected by all, and each decision should be considered as pure and just as the other.

The beauty of a community like ours at Columbia is that by respecting and admiring the plurality of Judaism, Jews with many different belief systems can still come together as one larger community. It is when students feel it their duty to do kiruv that this harmony is threatened. Being Jews at Columbia means opening our eyes to other Judaisms we have not seen before and discovering for ourselves where we think we fit in, but never having the audacity to suggest that our own way is right and that another way is wrong. By basking in our pluralism, the community here at Columbia makes this campus a better place every day. By priding ourselves on respecting individual choices, and by acknowledging the different ways through which one may express the morals and values of Judaism, we at Columbia will continue to serve as a "light unto the nations."

*Runway* from page 27

seem, well, my Jewish life here among hundreds of observant people will be as lonely as my Jewish life as one of two.

Being Jewish at a secular college is not only what you make of it, but what the Jewish community makes of it *for* you. This can be as complex as orchestrating six different services to account for diverse prayer needs, or it can be as simple as giving a warm greeting to a new face. As a new face, I can testify to the fact that not getting a smile in return is really quite embarrassing. Mortifying, actually.

So, here is my advice, plain and simple: Take a chance on a new face. It's very easy and it's a situation from which you can only benefit. If the person doesn't turn out to be your style, you weren't close enough to them for it to scar you terribly. If they're incredible, then you have one more person to soothe you after your weekly walk down that scary aisle.

*Making Room* from page

profanity. It deals with sexuality in an open and unique manner, challenging conceptions of gender roles, and it is funny.

Maybe if more factions of the JSU worried more about the appeal of programs and less about how not to offend each other, attracting those unclaimed hoards — many more people would feel like a part of the Jewish community here. If each of us follows our own beliefs without imposing it on everyone else — whether or not one thinks the other is wrong — then there is no need for anyone to feel excluded.

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statement of Hillel (the organization, not the Rabbi) includes, "Maximize the number of Jews doing Jewish with other Jews." We can learn a lot from this at Columbia University.

Things are changing, and I am proud of that. More moderate Jews are becoming our leaders. However, the fact is that the active membership has not changed. The leaders have been indoctrinated in certain ways, and that does not help matters here. We need an influx of people not afraid to hold secular programs. A dance is nice, but more people may come to a dance that is just a dance than a dance that has a Purim theme.

Columbia University is a wonderful place, and I am glad that I am a student here. However, it has been a long road. I am not ashamed to call myself Orthodox. When you see me eating in Tom's or walking by Earl Hall after teaching Saturday morning swim lessons, please say hello and show me that the Jews of Columbia have some hope.

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individual identities. Moral failures do not constitute a break with one's beliefs, but simply reflections of the tensions in one's actual life. Failures represent opportunities for growth. I know when I do something wrong. The tension between religion and assimilation exists in every aspect of my life. I would no more become a fully assimilated individual, however, than I would cloister myself off completely from the rest of the world to more fully achieve my religious goals. When I wore my suit to a Friday night party, then, I was assured of my identity as an Orthodox Jew, even as I was in violation of my own beliefs. I understood that this was an area in which I needed to strive to do better in the future. And I know that there are many other areas in which these tensions make themselves felt. A life is lived by saying that I will try to act properly the next time a conflicting situation presents itself, and I fully intend to try.



# THE IMAGE OF THE FATHER

By: SHARI FEIBUSCH (CC '99)

*“At that moment the image of his father came to him and appeared before him in the window”*  
(Tractate Sotah 36b).

Joseph’s story resonates in our own time. The book of Genesis recounts his ascent through the ranks of Egyptian royalty to become the master of the house of Potiphar, chief officer to the king. Young and handsome, his master’s wife pursues Joseph relentlessly, trying to seduce him. After many failed attempts, she is finally able to lure him into the act. It is at that moment, on the brink of transgression, that he sees the image of his father, who had been absent from his life for so many years, in the window. He recoils and runs away.

This Biblical tale is the legacy of the Jews, and Joseph’s experience is the paradigm of our own. As a model, he remains so viable today because he lived intensively in a secular culture, rising in its ranks to become one of its leading figures. He did not retreat and shun the task, but instead met the demands of his position and singlehandedly managed to sustain the society through years of famine and prosperity. Yet for all his success and ascent, he did not discard the memory of his father his origins, even after so many years of separation.

The figure of Joseph is compelling in its complexity, as he straddled such markedly different cultures, the old and the new, with the memory of the former still strong enough within him to effect retreat. So many aspects of his own story correspond to our lives now. We are in a kind of modern-day Egypt, a highly developed secular culture, experiencing a similar ascent, as many people to continue in jobs of unusual prestige and power at young ages. And there are the countless se-

ductions in the culture, inviting us to stray, if not for a night, then for a longer duration, perhaps a lifetime. Some recoil in fear and memory; others discard it, but go about forever with the specter of their parents and their past forever looming overhead.

In the glorified discussion of Jewish identity, parents are the underrated variable. College for many, myself included, indicates a break from the past, living away from home, studying new things, flirting with new cultures and lifestyles, if not wholly assimilating them. It is all about a look forward, with little nod to the past as a source for any real lesson. In the clarity of hindsight, people can recognize parental influence, but college is all about breaking away from that. In other terms, Jewish identity is not so much defined by the new things we embrace but what we choose



to discard of the old. We accept the generation gap as irrevocable, and the experience of being a Jew in a secular environment is really one of negotiating the gap between tradition and modernity.

But it is not just a matter of oversight, or the inability to appreciate the generosity and contributions of our parents. One of the most striking realizations in college comes when you reach a point in your career and educational decisions when you feel that your parents are too uninformed to be of assistance. Your path of interest is an unfamiliar one, and the time and energy that the pursuit demands is alien. So much energy channeled into something so far from the values with which they raised you. For some, that point is enough to set their parents at a respectable distance from themselves, acknowledging the limited capacity in which they are

able to offer advice and assistance. It becomes difficult to retain respect for them, as your knowledge, responsibilities, and general concerns are far more complex than what they were expected to handle when they were your age, and the technical jargon intimidates in its unfamiliarity.

So you venture out in search of new mentors equipped to guide you on this new path. But they prove insensitive to the complexities of your past and your upbringing. Unthinkingly, they dismiss the preoccupations of your culture as erroneous or reactionary. So many advisors have led me along that way, and in so doing, led me away from my parents. I unthinkingly followed and made father figures of them, but realized that they were interjecting in the middle of a long story, and I would never be able to convey the entire narrative. They were rejecting the aspects of my culture that had been ingrained since birth, the focus on marriage, direction, and the pressing need to be practical, among others, as though they could just disappear. I would leave office hours more confused than before, somehow thinking that neither side had gotten it right.

Religious observance becomes even more difficult.

At home, the issues of modern religious life do not rage quite as strongly as they do on a college campus. Women saying Kaddish, women's tefillah groups, women learning advanced Talmud...not much of a thought. Women are still sustained with teachers relaying secondhand the spiritual messages of the Torah, without the satisfaction of delving into the text, dissecting it for themselves to unearth its nuances and lessons. But the brazen progressiveness of college is not to be swallowed whole, either. All around me there is heated dissatisfaction, a kind of revolutionary spirit, but no counterpoint to keep it in check. And again, I find myself without a guide, feeling ever more the loner in my own religious pursuits. My father and I look at each other hesitantly- he finds his spirituality in the text of the Talmud and in Hasidic tales, and I in the personal narratives of once alienated Jews or the idealism of Heschel. He looks at me sadly perplexed, "Will you still keep the *mitzvos*...?"

A dissatisfaction with the past often leads to a kind of immediate rejection. Few students are able to recognize the limitations of the lessons of their upbringing and progress from there. In cultivating a Jewish identity, they look forward, ready to accept; retrospection only effects bitterness and discontent.

But no matter how far you stray from your origins, the specter of the past hovers overhead. The les-

*"THE LESSONS OF OUR PARENTS ARE NOT EASILY FORGOTTEN AND WE ARE LEFT WITH AN UNEASINESS IN OUR REJECTION OF THEM."*

sons of our parents are not easily forgotten, and we are left with an uneasiness in our rejection of them. The image of the father in the window becomes my own father sitting in the dining room, diligently leaning Torah, or rising early for minyan. I want to stray sometimes, maybe then my artistic inclinations can finally be fully realized. Maybe there is something to the rejection of my culture and its attendant pressures. Why not experiment with all the novelty around me, try different things and suspend observance for a while? But the vision of my parents stares through the window...

Joseph recoils at the moment of transgression, fleeing from the temptations of his master's wife. He is thrown into jail and subject to more suffering until his reputation as an interpreter of dreams brings him before the Pharaoh and he is made viceroy to the king. Later in life, he is finally reunited with his father in a scene whose emotion is not even lost in the terse narrative of the Torah. At the moment when the two embrace in reunion, the midrash recounts that Joseph weeps and Jacob recites the Shema prayer, "Hear O Israel, the Lord is our G-d, the Lord is One." There is still the innate bond between father and son, and at this moment, when it is most apparent, Joseph cries in nostalgia and his father utters the prayer that is the ultimate affirmation of faith.

Recoiling is an automatic act; retreat is a conscious attempt. For us, the latter is usually the experience, we rid ourselves of conflict with ease by rejecting the past, rather than dealing with the complexity of the generation gap. Parents cannot be put on a pedestal and then fall from grace when their limits are realized. In so consciously cultivating a Jewish identity in a secular world, we cannot have the hubris to leave the past behind. Whoever is naive enough to believe they can, will only be haunted by the image of their 'father' appearing to them in the window.

*"Will you still keep the mitzvos...?"*

For all our differences, I still do.

for reasons to move to Israel, as we have been swamped in the past fifty years by destruction, alienation, assimilation, and confusion. For many, this Diaspora living has simply proved too much and too challenging; and now that Israel has come into its own economically and socially, now that the challenge of *aliya* is no longer a life-and-death question but simply a pragmatic lifestyle decision, and now that the spiritual and communal decline of the American Jewish community seems inevitable, the need and desire to move to Israel is sufficiently compelling to override any other interests. I have a great deal of respect for this, as it shows a real passion for accessible fulfillment and a true sense of belonging, a respect I gained from my own love of the land and solidified in hearing a friend describe how his interest in being a dentist derived entirely from the knowledge that there were jobs available for dentists in Israel. It is far more true and deep than selfish notions of personal ambition; it is the knowledge that Israel is quickly becoming the homeland for an increasing percentage of world Jews, and that now may be the best time to get in. It is also part of a mature and informed recognition of and need to be part of a revived nation; and while for some American patriotism fills that void, for others the notions of common heritage and destiny prove too tempting and too lofty to be staved off by the stars and stripes.

So on one level I too have always been passionate about moving to Israel. First it made sense to me as a Jew, realizing that the Bible was fundamentally rooted in the land and that Israel is a logical entity only as part of a land-occupying nation. Then I became enamored with the place, from the history and heritage of the holy sites, to the sense of belonging that a kippah-wearing Jew can only feel in a place where s/he is not looked upon askance, to the wide expanses of fertile beauty, to the exotics of the heavily Middle Eastern souks. I feel emotions well up in me that lie dormant the rest of the year whenever I land in Israel, whenever I feel that first burst of humid summer air as I alight in Tel Aviv, whenever I board a bus and read the signs in my truly native language, and when I first get a few minutes to walk around. I live for the experience for being an Israel, a statement I corroborate in realizing I have been in Israel at least once a year for eight of the past ten years. I plan on spending all of my college summers in Israel, working for a living and leading the Israel life, and not simply camp, experience. I immerse myself in the politics and the people, and derive a contentment that I am not sure I have felt anywhere else in the world.

But in answer to the posed question, we do need the

history of our people to solidify and rationalize these Zionist passions of youth; for the counter-argument to Zionism is painfully severe. Israel is a hard place, a harsh place. In fifty years Israel has endured at least five wars, has seen thousands of young people killed, has invested the heart and soul of its people in building a society, and has built an entire culture around mourning and grieving. Throughout the series of suicide bombings that rocked the country during my second year studying there, after the Rabin murder, the one consistent security blanket was the radio. All Israelis stared blankly forward on the targeted buses they brazenly continued to ride, mesmerized by

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the unending somber tragedy that is their lives, and serenaded by the soft "post-bombing" lyrical contributions of all Israel's great songwriters. It is almost a rite of passage in the Israeli music industry, for musicians ranging from hard rockers to folk crooners; no

one gets anywhere in business without writing a sad lament that will be played on Memorial Day. The Israelis are no longer the picaresque sunburned, roughskinned group of Paul Newmans who have conquered the malaria of the swamp and the backbreaking work of the fields; they are now a modern European/Middle Eastern people who attempt to lead normal, civil lives while still living under the perpetual threat of massive explosion. It is an unquestionably difficult way to live, especially when your sons and daughters grow up knowing that they will take up arms as part of a very active military force. It is a hard way of life to adapt to, especially when even the tragedies become politicized and further divisions are perpetually drawn between the grieving masses.

That is not all. Were the struggle for Israel's existence the simple impeding factor, I believe I might not have tarried this long in America. I can deal with living on the edge; while it can be sometimes frustrating to have your nerves ragged to pulp, it ultimately leads to a greater appreciation of the good and bad in the world, and even perhaps a more fulfilling existence. The problem continues to be the ever-increasing cultural, social, political, and even moral divide that cuts between Israel and the West. As an Orthodox Jew, I look with pride at the heritage of Israel, hoping to find that model society manifest in Israel, to my perpetual disappointment. Despite my Orthodoxy, I withhold some of the seemingly necessary messianic fervor that other members of faith wear proudly as a badge of commitment and devotion, cautioned by the events of history, a severe cynicism, an honest hope that the messianism so often prayed for needs not come at the expense of those who might be left out of its promises. I recog-

nize the important strides made by other denominational movements within Judaism in bringing tolerance, diversity, and pluralism to the table of Jewish concerns, and I while I see how these catch-words are largely a product of a liberal American society, I honestly do believe that this sincere liberalism can find its way into our continued writing of our history as Jews. And despite the fragmentation of American Jewry, these ideas will only continue to flower in the atmosphere provided by the comforts of Diaspora living; they almost do not exist in Israeli society so largely dominated by either the apathetic



or the fundamentalist. As an Orthodox Jew I fear Israel. For the same pride I described previously feeling wearing a kippah among Jews comes a burning resentment when I receive venomous glances wearing that kippah in Tel Aviv after a kippah-clad man has just shot the prime minister. The inability of Israeli society to elevate itself, to unite itself, to intellectually move forward beyond knee-jerk reactionary and reactive politics will ultimately condemn the state to simply being another volatile nation among the nations. All "light upon the nations" imagery will need to be reserved for the fireworks of volatile rhetoric and the bright flashes of internal warfare.

On a civil society level, the picture is equally dim. Basic civility and dignity, staples of civil society, are washed away in Israel by storekeepers and bus drivers who believe their partnership with the prickly sabra plant entitles them to rudeness and harsh pride. It is a phenomenon that has not gone unrecognized in Israel, as several groups have attempted to inundate the population with slogans of tolerance, only to have their slogans covered up by placards screaming bitter and angry political messages. Israel's tourism industry, damaged several times in the past several years by embittered and disenchanted Westerners who have turned away with their precious dollars and Deutsche Marks, has launched a new advertising campaign to paint Israel anew as a Mediterranean paradise island. The new pictures focus now away from the urban overcrowding and to the coastal beaches, screaming out with their images LOOK: NOT ALL OF OUR RESTAURANTS ARE KOSHER. At the same time, the cultural divide in Israel increases almost geographically, with the occasional overlaps in proximity between the actively religious and the actively secular leading to court cases demanding Sabbath closures and passionate cries for the preservation of civil liberties. Much of secular Israel, like "child released from the clutches of school,"

attacks the accouterments of secular society with a vigor, only further angering the small but disproportionately vocal religious minority. I consider myself a decently cultured person, particularly now that I am armed for dinner parties with a healthy helping of Core Curriculum. I have no intention of trading in a life of inquiry and opportunity, exchange and exploration, for one so blinded by the messenger that the message goes unreceived. It is a society satisfied with extremes and extremely exclusionary of those who attempt to live in two worlds. For all the problems with Modern Orthodoxy, for all the painfully unanswered questions of definition, it is a satisfying, exciting and stimulating way to conduct one's life. Do I want to give it up?

I have seen my age contemporaries in Israel. They were students with me in the Israeli yeshiva I attended, and I do believe that my interaction with them spelled out the positives and negatives of the cultural gap that existed between us. On one level, their participation in the army hardened them for the realities of life and matured them well beyond their years. From a young age, Israelis quickly shed the happy-go-lucky, floating nature of youth and trade it in for pragmatism and reality. I kind of like the happy-go-lucky thing, but I would be willing to concede that there are two sides to that issue. And at the same time their incorporation so quickly into the ranks of adulthood almost automatically generates within them ideas of superior knowledge; it incorporates the young mind into the ideological debates of the day which, unfortunately, never remain entirely within the realm of the ideological. The passions of youth, so well contained by the age-controlled and mild-tempered American cultural and political system, and given the outlet of the university campus atmosphere, are given to run wild in the chaotic rhetoric-laden Israeli universe, and go unchecked while they harden into

close-mindedness and hard-nosed rigidity. I have no plans on doing that; I am thankful for my upbringing and my education. And while I can hope to raise a family built on the pillars of dignity, honesty, and tolerance, the lack of a fair external model could successfully block my best efforts. I fear bringing my children to Jerusalem.

And finally, is personal ambition really so evil? We lead lives desperately seeking fulfillment, any way we can attain it. Naturally, this ambition takes on different meanings across the board for different people; and since we live in the world of people, we are indebted to those driving emotions. I cannot so easily abandon my personal hopes and plans that I have laid out for this world; I am unwilling, selfish as this may be, to accept a fate as a plumber in Israel in order that I might derive ultimate fulfillment from guaranteeing that my grandchildren will be Jewish. I would like to achieve, to at least continue dreaming. But I am blocked by the impediments of my upbringing in that I am fundamentally American, and not Israeli; I speak Hebrew adequately but with a rich day school accent; I have never served in the army; and I strive to achieve some small of greatness within a society that may not be so entirely receptive. If Jewish history represented a little more of a continuum than I have sketched it out above, I might be willing to follow the trends more receptively. But Jewish history, more than anything, has recognized and incorporated outside influences, has accommodated itself to the Diaspora in ways unimaginable. I know I can be a Diaspora Jew; though I may resent most of the schools in the Diaspora, though I may believe that ultimately all Jews will be in Israel, though I may get as annoyed with Jewish institutions here as much as in Israel. But I am not surprisingly less confident in my ability to be an Israeli Jew.

So where to? In a sense, I have made no more a persuasive argument for either side in this paper than before I started. For that matter, I may have convoluted my own emotions dramatically by committing them to paper. For every argument, there seems to be a counter-argument; for every Biblical passage a Talmudic one; for every spiritual explanation a rational one; for every compelling attraction a painful and dismal repellent. Israel as the focus of our religious existence I believe is undeniable. In ways previously unanticipated Israel now forces Jews everywhere to realign their priorities and their modes of self-definition, now requiring the placement of the state at the heart of every debate and emotion. The questions have not changed, though the circumstances have. And the weight of the obligations, temptations, and benefits of the Right of Return, both the one built in over centuries and the one still residual of this century's Zionist colonialism, still weigh heavily on my shoulders.



*New Jew* from page 5

ence among the gentiles. While it can never be overlooked that some lack the resources or the opportunity to join their brothers and sisters in the State of Israel, it is also true that many in their ranks are quite content staying right where they are. The welcoming arms of our gentile neighbors, and the attraction of money and other worldly delights, blur the lens that must be focused on Israel, a State by the way, whose resources and opportunities are ever multiplying at astronomic rates. In Israel, the aforementioned bus ride is a piece of history, while in the Diaspora it is a means of transportation and little more. A trip to Mahane Yehuda is a chance to live the words of our holy prophets, a trip to your local Diaspora supermarket is simply a means of attaining food. It is therefore incumbent on each Diaspora Jew, to at the very least, take a deep, honest look inside themselves, and to be able to justify their life outside of the majestic mosaic that is modern-day Israel. As Rav Nahman of Breslov said "every place I go, I am going towards Eretz Yisrael." It is such an outlook that must prevail in the hearts of every Jew, no matter where they find themselves living at present.

Every step taken, every wisp of air inhaled in the Land of Israel is holy. The history of this land goes back thousands of years, much further than the landmark fifty that we just celebrated. But let those fifty years serve as a beacon to every Jew, and to the whole world, that the future of the Jewish people will take form in Israel and nowhere else. Many Diaspora communities will perpetuate their existence years into the future, but the hearts of the Jewish people beat in the holy soil of Jerusalem, of Tel Aviv, of Hevron, of Qatzrin, of Tzfat, in every inch of the Holy Land. Making sure that the present-day situation remains a reality for eternity is no easy task. Israel is still by no means secure, and will face one obstacle after another, but it will also undoubtedly persevere and thrive like never before. It is in now in the hands of our generation, in my hands and in yours, to insure that Joseph Trumpeldor did not die in vain.

# POEMS

I awoke this morning  
Mute  
As my left hand  
Awkwardly swept the sleep  
Off my face  
I saw the mark of royalty  
On my lips  
On my fingers  
The signature of a poet  
Etching his living words  
Into my own supple flesh

And I understood

But was it not yesterday  
I lipped words of her renewal  
And grazed my cheeks  
Against her cold  
Stone wall?

Yet can I question  
A king?  
Such a poet  
Whose words  
Sting limbs?

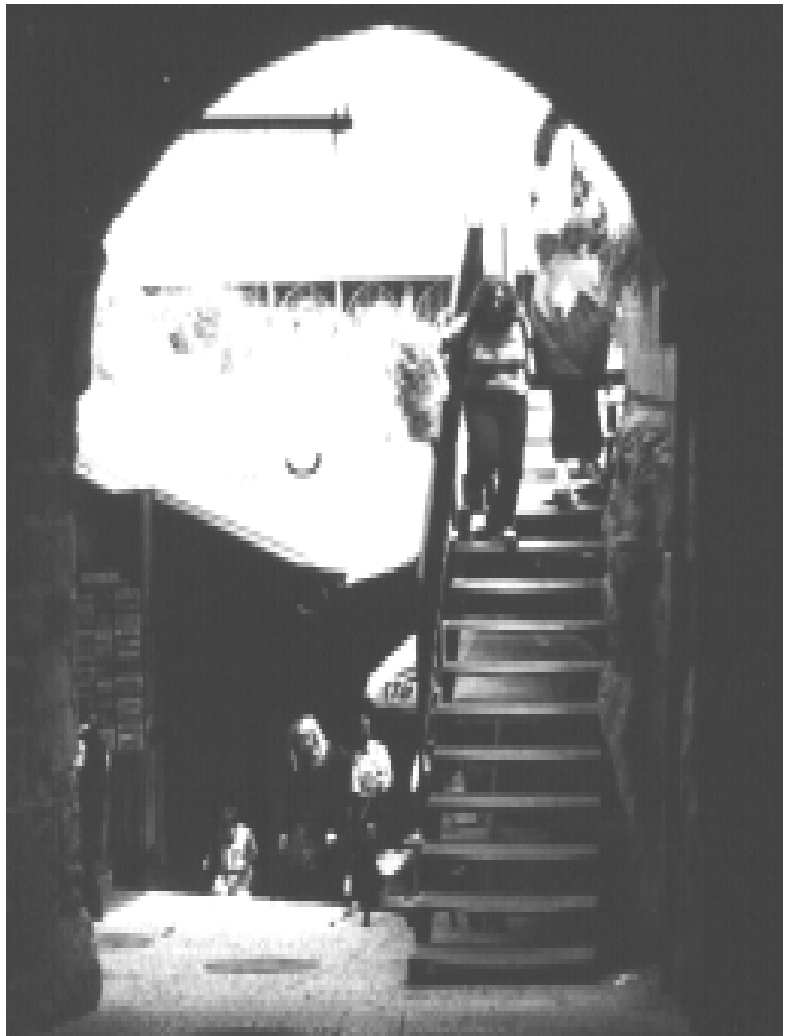
I have forgotten, then.

The dark hours  
Have cursed me rightfully  
Cowardly  
In such a defenseless  
Sleep.

O'you  
Who ties my tongue to the roof of its mouth  
Robs my right arm of its cunning  
Listen  
to my silent penitence

See here, my Sire,

How your words  
Weave dephair  
how mercilessly  
the youth drains  
from the seat of my palm



BEWARE THE PSALMS

By: ROYA RAHMANIAN (CC '00)

FORESIGHT

By: MAYA BERNSTEIN (CC '00)

the  
sky  
tuned in to  
f.m.  
radio  
and, as the people  
tucked  
umbrellas under  
arms with newspapers  
or morning coffees, the  
sky  
tucked clouds  
into blue grabbed  
humidity  
a bite of wind  
and  
rushed out  
to catch  
its  
bus





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*To:*