

my Sabbaths  
and their sweet delights,  
the splendor of  
my festivals:  
I've left them all.  
Let others have  
the idols' honors  
and be hailed—  
I've swapped my bedroom  
for dry brush,  
its safety  
for chaparral,  
the scents

as they branched and did well;  
no time to think  
of the blossoms they bore,  
of Yehuda  
and Azarel,  
or of Yitzhak,  
so like a son,  
my sun-blessed crop,  
the years' rich yield.  
Forgotten are my synagogues,  
the peace that was  
its study hall,

FOLD .....

FOLD .....

FOLD .....

FOLD .....

## DRIVEN BY LONGING

YEHUDA HALEVI

and subtle fragrances  
that cloyed my soul  
for thistles' smells,  
and put away  
the mincing gait  
of landlubbers  
to hoist my sail  
and cross the sea  
until I reach  
the land that is  
the Lord's footstool.

Driven by longing  
for the living God  
to hasten to where  
His anointed ones dwelt,  
I had no time  
to kiss my friends  
or family  
a last farewell;  
no time to weep  
for the garden I grew,  
the trees watered and watched