

49 Poetic Meditations for Counting the Omer or Turning toward a New Year

DAY 9

***Gevurah b'Gevurah* / Strength and Discipline within Strength and Discipline**

The sod is laid neatly in a rounded pattern
in a small area of the carefully designed yard.

Stepping stones encircle it,
small grasses, flowering plants, woolly thyme.
An intimate portrait is drawn,
three concentric circles embrace one another,
warmth, love, determination.

At night the raccoons come
for a midnight snack
of the grubs beneath the sod.
Their adept determined claws
lift the sod neatly at the corners,
folding them back like little blankets
to expose what's beneath.

In the morning the people grumble
as they re-place the sod,
tuck it back within its tidy borders.
Next night the raccoons return.

The people try everything they can think of
to secure their borders;
cayenne pepper, water spray,
netting secured with tent stakes.
Nothing works until they stake the net so tight
that mowing the tiny yard takes an hour.

One day the raccoons grow tired of this game,
go elsewhere. The grass takes hold.

What do you need to grow safely?
What do you need to eat
and what can you forego
to allow the growth of others?

Move thoughtfully, taking care
not to trip on the netting,
and make your way through the 9th gate.