

## **The Field of Forgiveness**

We brought it all  
to the Field of Forgiveness

to the enormous open pit  
in the center  
that holds the endless Grief  
of our longings and  
ancestral trauma, and  
unfulfilled knowing.

You played the violin,  
the wizened instrument  
from a place where your forebears  
straddled borders like the bridge  
you are now, and we listened  
to the Sorrow.

Love and my people's need  
for Healing, and you, and your  
people's need for Healing  
moved me toward you,  
and we held onto one another  
at the edge of the pit, like a novice  
skydiver with a teacher  
about to jump from a plane,  
we two novices, two teachers,  
and we jumped into that Sorrow  
and were held in its trapped winds  
where we stayed long enough  
for the Depth to remind us  
there's a well down there  
beneath the stink  
of our inheritance  
of purposeful cruelty  
and benign neglect

we caught a whiff  
of the waters below  
and dropped in our desire  
to drink from it

and then when we were ready  
a sound wave  
that had made its way down  
from your violin  
carried us back out  
to the Field, unfinished  
and complete, ready  
to return to our respective  
and collective paths

awaiting us at the edges of the Field.

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