

CULTURE & HISTORY

We All Stood Together by Merle Feld

Contributed by [Lori Kubinski Johnson](#)

Source: <http://bit.ly/1Skvdst>

My brother and I were at Sinai

He kept a journal

of what he saw

of what he heard

of what it all meant to him

I wish I had such a record

of what happened to me

It seems like every time I want to write

I can't

I'm always holding a baby

one of my own

or one of my friend

always holding a baby

so my hands are never free

to write things down

And then

As time passes

the particulars

the hard data

the who what when where why

slip away from me

and all I'm left with is

the feeling

But feelings are just sounds

The vowel barking of a mute

My brother is so sure of what he heard

after all he's got a record of it

consonant after consonant after consonant

If we remembered it together

we could recreate holy time

sparks flying