

Jane Levin
Shabbat Sh'lach L'cha 5779

Inheritance

My grandparents spoke Yiddish,
language of freedom.
Its sperm-shaped letters
swam through my DNA.

For nine months I fled
from cossack marauders
 gestapo
 the kgb

By the time I spoke,
Bubbie and *Zaydie** broke enough English
to embarrass me.
I cut the cord.

By the time I understood their sacrifice,
Bubbie and *Zaydie* were dead.
I chant my guilt in Aramaic.

by Jane Levin
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