

**YAHREIT, 7 ELUL 5759**

Five years ago in a misty rain  
To the earth's hand you committed your spirit.  
Flesh wrapped in linen, linen in wood,  
Wood in turned soil, soil receiving stone.

Now on the same parched ground  
In this, our summer of drought,  
Your daughter kneels to place three stones  
Upon the larger one, your monument:  
Yitzak Yacob ben Leb, beloved husband, father, son.

Small stones, polished by a river,  
Smooth, clean, of muted colors—mauve and gray and sand,  
Respecting the quiet of this place.

Wet-faced, she sits in the grass, so dry it stings,  
Touches the granite and studies the stones—  
Their silence and their perfection.

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Evening gathers, and the drowsing crickets waken.  
The light changes. . . a whoosh of crows' wings overhead,  
Followed by a butterfly.  
She rises, pulled by some slender thread  
Back to the living, and  
Leaves you to the river stones, the butterfly, the crows.

—Nancy Heneson