

Instructions

GERI ROSENZWEIG

Before you fit me into a pine box and
lower me into the ground to the chant
of Kaddish praising God and life,

wrap my fingers around this flint I swiped
from a dig in New Grange in Ireland; my
stone age ancestor foraging near the river

Boyne flaked it into a weapon I might need
as I travel through the valley of the shadow
since not one of us can be sure how green

are the pastures we're made to lie down
in, how still the waters beside a table
set for us in the presence of our enemies.