

How a Place Becomes Holy

By Yehoshua November

Sometimes a man
will start crying in the middle of the street,
without knowing why or for whom.
It is as though someone else is standing there,
holding his briefcase, wearing his coat.

And from beneath the rust of years,
come to his tongue the words of his childhood:
“I’m sorry,” and “G-d,” and “Do not be far from me.”

And just as suddenly the tears are gone,
and the man walks back into his life,
and the place where he cried becomes holy.

From the book G-d's Optimism