

# The Arizal's Mikvah

By Yehoshua November

To walk, just before the Sabbath descends,  
a borrowed towel over your shoulder,  
down the green hill  
that leads to the cemetery of Cabalists,  
to pass through the narrow lanes between the gravestones  
and hesitate by the Arizal's grave,  
to sense the souls of his students  
hovering over his gravestone,  
to know for certain that he too hovers there,  
only a little higher,  
rocking back and forth, like a flame.  
To walk a few yards east  
and enter the mouth of the Arizal's cave,  
to slowly remove your clothes in the heavy air  
and descend into the cold spring,  
to leave this world for a moment,  
to know one day  
all those you have forsaken  
will forgive you.

*From the book G-d's Optimism*