

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Speck of Earth

By Ted Richer

1.

At my Bar Mitzvah, on the windiest day,

...

I was standing outside of the synagogue

...

with the oldest rabbi—

...

when, suddenly, he bent down

...

and picked up a speck of earth,

...

looked at it, and put it back

...

exactly where he had found it.

2.

Then, he turned, to me, and said:

...

One who does not believe that God

...

wants this speck of earth to stay

...

in this particular place

...

does not believe in God at all.

3.

I then bent down and picked up my own speck of earth—

...

and threw it to the wind.