

**The Thirst that From the Soul doth rise\***

Thirst unquenched,  
Yearning for part of being,  
for fullness.

not slaked by learning  
of the minds and souls  
of Jews two eons dead.

Yet their struggle's prism  
refracts God's white light  
into a rainbow,

that light's so bright,  
it sears the soul,  
blinding and giving sight.

His face you cannot see,  
only his light scattered  
through life's prism.

Peace comes for a moment,  
fleeting fawn-timid,  
beyond, within.  
Then it's gone.  
Adam's curse!

Still I am not whole,  
not yet.

ever?

Michael E. Stone

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\* **Ben Johnson.**