

Welcome Safta

There is warmth and sweetness
in all:

In the long, curving hallway there is sweetness,
in the heavy, mahogany door,
that seals out the dejection and anger of the world
there is sweetness,
in the beaming smile that welcomes me at the door
there is sweetness,
in the gentle smell of lilacs there is sweetness,
in the rich smell of chicken soup and crisp challah
there is sweetness,
in the glittering sunbeams
that caress the wood floors
there is sweetness,
in the bright, loving eyes of Saba,
his frail hands cupped in mine there is sweetness.

all this is love,
right here in this little apartment
there is sweetness
and I intend,
though often forget,
to spare just a little time,
to call them and wish them a wonderful Shabbat
to visit only briefly,
just to see their eyes light up
the gentle smile that once again returns.

so while I think of it,
let me express the love in my heart
for these people, these treasures,
now is the time.

there is only one happiness in life, I know,
to love and be loved.