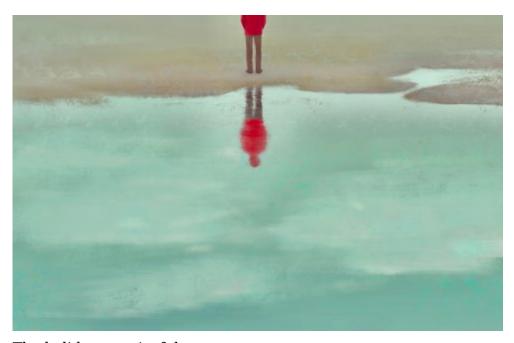
Whispers



The holidays are joyful, yes, This one full of family, Friends, food (well, I guess Matzoh counts), wine (okay I drank too much!), song, Talk. A week break To celebrate.

But this one, like others Embed that somber note, The brief reverie, The collective embrace The personal memory, The broken heart. Yizkor comes: I welcome
Yizkor, I welcome the
Regulated time to say
Names not regularly, nor
casually, uttered. I
Welcome the quiet moment,
Shoulder to shoulder
With both friends and
Strangers when we

Remember, remember, And make real the Memory. A chance again To say the usually Unuttered names, with Lilted and broken hearts.

Hello, my loves, Glad to think of you All again. And think of you Whispering in my ear.

A native Angeleno, Dennis Gura went to school, went to work, married, raised two sons, and lost one daughter, visits Israel with some regularity, and likes to consider himself a serious Jew.