

Offering: Abraham, to Isaac

At the end of a long dark
waiting, the sudden sunlight
of laughter you were born through.
My child but also
a promise that the future
would hold us. And God
asked me—could I give up
the singular love of my life,
and that was you.
Yes I would give what would otherwise
be easily taken. But not give it
easily. The book does not say
that I wove you a bed from the boughs
of the altar, that the binding
was branch to branch to form a great
nest to hold you. And the knife
was my waiting made manifest—
the sharp bite, fast, knowing
the hesitation was the greatest harm.

God will ask the same
of you. You name your son
held by the heel. He names his son
one who adds. We accrue
our sacrifices, and the world
is heated by the need until
the mountains begin melting.
Waiting for willingness.
What will you offer
in the woven nest that will hatch
instead of bleed, that will hold
instead of burning?

--Ayelet Amittay