

**In Response to the Question: "What Makes Your Poems Jewish?"**

While eating pancakes, my son said,  
"I had a nightmare. We were a pod

of dolphins and they came and captured us."  
Then, "Was Moses real? A stick can't turn into a snake.

I think it's a myth." It sounded like "miff,"  
heavy of lips and heavy of tongue. So I told him,

"The stick is not what matters. The stick is the distraction.  
It's the words that matter. The words can split the sea. The words

can bring forth water from a rock." Later I thought  
about the Midrash where Abram tries to prove

that idols don't have power. Am I the woman  
who brings an offering for the idols? Are my poems like the idol

who took a stick in hand and toppled all the other idols?  
Is the stick is meant to distract the fishermen

in the dream when they cast their nets?  
And if we dare to believe a stick can turn into a snake,

does that determine whether the dolphins get caught  
or escape, porpoising into the deep indigo sea?