

## **New Year – 5781**

At daybreak, on the day we celebrate the anniversary of creation  
Seven deer, young and old, came to the field behind the row of white pines,  
Grazed, flipped their tails, raised their heads, alert, then leapt away into the woods.

In this year of disease and isolation services are held at my dining table.  
The laptop opens westward so that I might face east toward the window onto the white pines.  
The shadows from those pines stretch across the back lawn to the house where I listen

To prayers sung by the cantor, said by the rabbi, in the mostly empty sanctuary.  
While I listen, a squirrel buries acorns, a young deer comes back on spindley legs to eat again  
This is Rosh Hashanah. The sky looks especially blue. Canada geese sound the shofar.