NEW YEAR MOON

Mori Glaser, Jerusalem, Israel

We sight the year's first moon
a silver crescent
rising
delicate and distinct
in the deepening sky.

Our Shofar blows
a raspberry to the Rabbis
who compute the moon
wrong every time
except once in a blue moon
which comes next month.

This moon is ours
candles lit
wine waiting
love, our own miracle
rarer than a Rabbinical moon
on the right night.

The lunar ice
love melts away
will freeze again
before the next moon

to frigid pools around my heart.

\[\text{\textsuperscript{1}}\text{ The Rabbinical calculations of the lunar calendar have become inaccurate over time. Witnesses in Israel sight the new moon each month and report the time over the internet, thus festivals are often celebrated a day or so later than the Rabbinical date.}\]