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## Hesed: Sunday After Shabbat

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## Hesed: Sunday After Shabbat

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*Mary Dengler*

Four huge poodles hailed our entrance—service dogs,  
Each trained to give assistance—hovering  
Like aunties, as we walked inside, then circling us  
Like specters of an ancient race, curious, tall  
As castle seneschals, with oddly suited names—  
Of Nutmeg, Sadie, Maggie, Shadow—  
Eager, almost friendly, except Maggie, wary,  
Moving backward, growling, warning us  
That this was holy ground. But seemingly aware  
A guest could be a god, Shadow, like a spirit,  
floated toward my seated spouse to sniff and lick  
His face and neck and hands. So hesed came  
Through long, wet swoops, evoking steadiness  
And strength enough to join our host.  
This Jewish cantor—singer of the law—provided us  
With Kosher meats and fruits and greens  
And wine and various ice creams underneath  
A stark Nevada sky. For us, he wove  
Together Judaism, Hollywood, and musicals  
In tapestries of words so mystical,  
Like Shabbat at his Synagogue the night before,  
I seemed a visitor at Sinai, waiting for the cloud  
Or fiery pillar to appear. Through these we wove  
*Our* little journey through the earth, all members  
Of one family, creations of one hand, recipients  
Of hesed now and in the Kingdom, still to come.