

Zachary McCoy

Tikkun Olam

“For the Kabbalist, ultimately Tikkun Olam repairs not only what is broken in the world but also what is broken in God.” – Some random Temple’s website

The world is broken and the pieces are
us. The way we fit together is yet
to be discovered. The secret—buried
in the moments after the sun has set
on certain Cincinnati summer nights
the Ohio river smells like a beach.
The salty stench of catfish seems right,
while I try to make sense of how we each
reach for, but never grasp, broken pieces
of one another that mirror in perfect
alignment. Space between the stars ceases
to mean nothing to me. We resurrect
each other with held hands, holding one
another together while falling
apart. Will my jagged pieces run
together with yours? How like the sprawling
space between stars we all seem to be.
An undiscovered, connected sea.

Filling In: A Mad Lib

Every day is a _____
noun

Between who I once _____
verb

And who I have _____.
verb

I've lost _____ of the _____
verb a word to describe what you see

That seemed to _____
verb

My every thought.

The _____ _____ seems gray
adjective something you once loved

And my _____ is falling out
body part

With each _____ day.
an euphemism for death

Where has my _____
something you've lost

Gone?

I sit _____
something awful

Next to a _____ girl
flattering adjective

Who I _____ want
adverb

To ask out for _____.
beverage

Who writes poems about _____
interesting noun

And makes me feel not as _____
negative attribute you think about yourself

As I make myself.

This all seems so _____.
a despairing adjective

Why do I even bother?

I just want back what I _____
a desperate verb

When I _____ you.
same verb as above

I just want to feel

Like I am _____ again.
something you will