

Tikkun Olam

By Miah Shull Olmsted

Tikkun Olam,
Rabbi says obligation. I say privilege.
Heartwood of my life.
Veins of golden sap tenderizing my core

Action based, intention not enough.
More than merely Mitzvah, greater than simply duty.
Despite the magnitude, infinitesimally small.
Molecular movements in a living universe.

Tikkun Olam. Daily actions to repair the world.
Each year my roots grow deep;
I join ranks with matriarchal redwoods.
Breathe in pollution, breathe out love.

The world is broken.
Tikkun Olam. Tiny seams to mend it.
Perfect is the enemy of good.
But, good left unmaintained, shrivels and dies.

There is no “right” solution.
The trees know that.
Tikkun Olam.
My heartwood. My life.