

## Passover

Then you shall take some of the blood, and put it on the door posts and the lintels of the houses . . .  
and when I see the blood, I shall pass over you, and no plague shall fall upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of  
Egypt.

-Exodus 12: 7 & 13

They thought they were safe  
that spring night; when they daubed  
the doorways with sacrificial blood.  
To be sure, the angel of death  
passed them over, but for what?  
Forty years in the desert  
without a home, without a bed,  
following new laws to an unknown land.  
Easier to have died in Egypt  
or stayed there a slave, pretending  
there was safety in the old familiar.

But the promise, from those first  
naked days outside the garden,  
is that there is no safety,  
only the terrible blessing  
of the journey. You were born  
through a doorway marked in blood.  
We are, all of us, passed over,  
brushed in the night by terrible wings.

Ask that fierce presence,  
whose imagination you hold.  
God did not promise that we shall live,  
but that we might, at last, glimpse the stars,  
brilliant in the desert sky.

~ Lynn Ungar ~