

# Who Shall Live

*Now at the hour of their closing*  
Moshe ibn Ezra

Erase, then, their straying.  
Remove from the record

the swerve of their days,  
the plotted path away.

You who give them birth  
by hand, death by number, prayer

by fire, restore, this night, quiet  
to their heart, relax their fist.

Permit them the erasure  
of wayward nights, grant them

the late lyric of staying.

*Yom Kippur 5769*

-Richard Chess