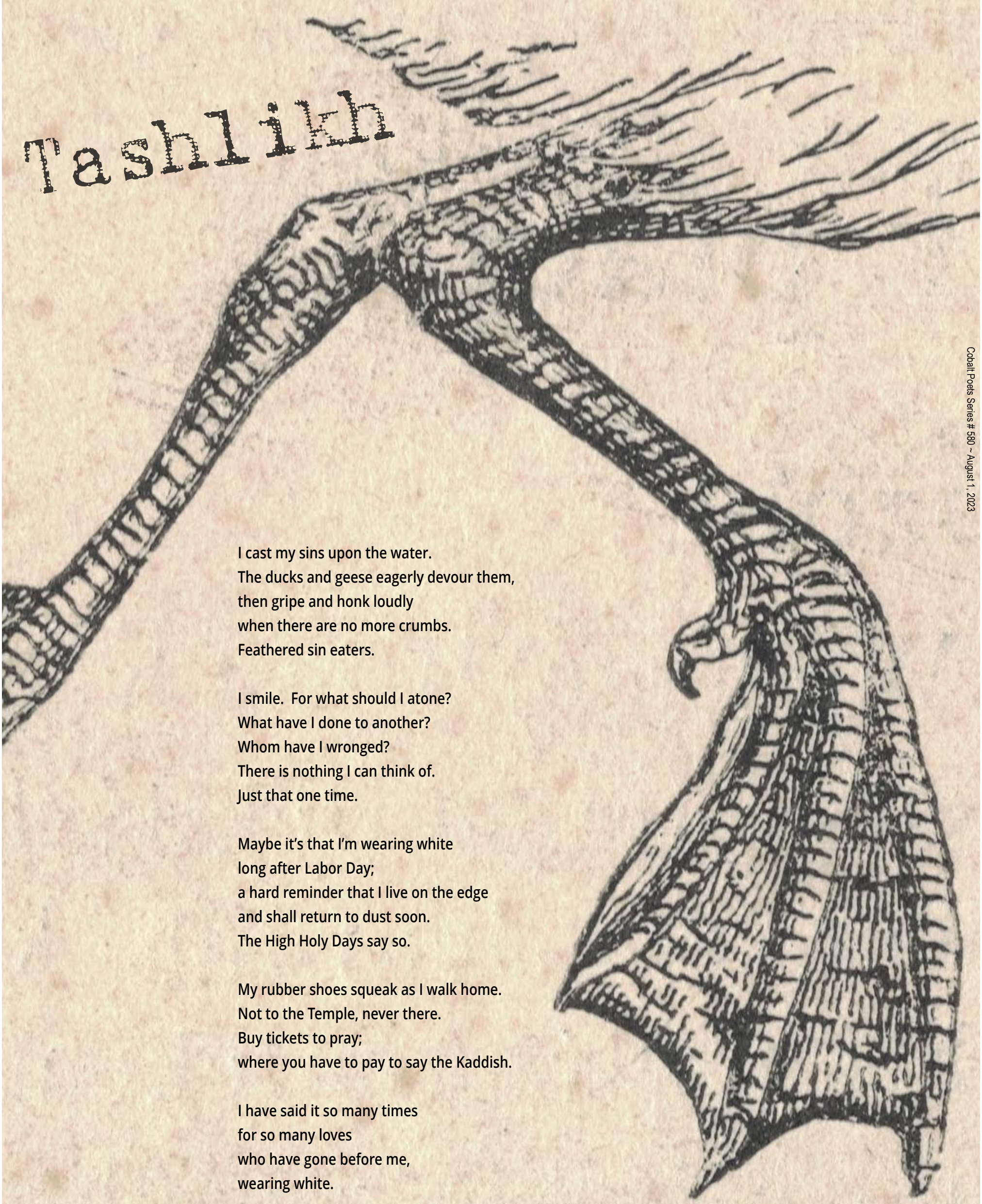
Tashlikh



I cast my sins upon the water.
The ducks and geese eagerly devour them,
then gripe and honk loudly
when there are no more crumbs.
Feathered sin eaters.

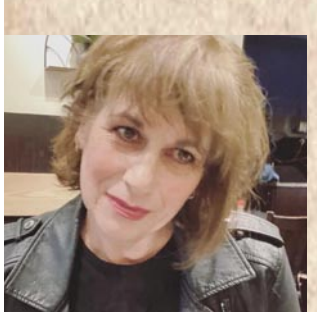
I smile. For what should I atone?
What have I done to another?
Whom have I wronged?
There is nothing I can think of.
Just that one time.

Maybe it's that I'm wearing white
long after Labor Day;
a hard reminder that I live on the edge
and shall return to dust soon.
The High Holy Days say so.

My rubber shoes squeak as I walk home.
Not to the Temple, never there.
Buy tickets to pray;
where you have to pay to say the Kaddish.

I have said it so many times
for so many loves
who have gone before me,
wearing white.

L. Rodriguez



L Rodriguez is a life-long resident of Los Angeles, a writer and musician who enjoys getting inspired by people watching. She has published several poems and some short stories and is currently working on her first novel, a horror fiction. She always asked for a pony on her birthday, but never got one.