

Where is my joy?

In the realm of religiosity  
Sit the demons of vanity and rote.  
The uncompromising "I am" of "I do",  
The result of a placing. When invited  
To join, there is no hesitation,  
Only cultural affectations. A hat here,  
A shawl there, circumcision & diet,  
Our guardian angels.  
They are calling me to step out,  
Yet I fear to step in.

No longer can I play,  
Surrounded by my own terror.  
In the anguish surrounding me  
and my soul, I huddle, afraid.  
So much to atone for. How do  
I stride back into my joy?