

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## The One Needle Found

By Joan S. Soble

“Open up for me the eye of a needle and I will open for you the most expansive corridors of the Great Hall.” G-d asks of us only one thing: “I don’t ask you to change your entire life; I ask only that you open up for me the eye of a needle. Dedicate to Me, one moment, one space, one corner of your life. But this moment, this space, this corner should be only for Me.”\*

First it was hard to find the field.  
Then it was hard to find the haystack.  
Then it was hard to find the needle.  
I was on pins  
As the season looked to change.

The high-piled heap  
Glistened in the mid-day sun,  
And there was the distraction  
Of other women at their piles,  
None gleaning, all separating  
Beans from other beans, or grains,  
Or sometimes cinders.  
Some of them had help—  
field mice, ants, and white doves  
sent by supernatural beings  
or spirits of dead mothers.

By late afternoon,  
A pile of needles,  
Narrow eyes imploring,

Shimmered at my feet.  
And on the horizon,  
A string of camels  
Advanced.

Eventually, night fell,  
And the hungry eyes  
Closed and slept.

One was all I needed.  
So at daybreak, I rose  
And chose  
The first that blinked,  
Then opened full.

Certain now,  
I crossed the field,  
And at its far corner,  
Planted the needle  
So I could catch its eye,  
Knowing where I stood  
And why.

\*(Midrash, Shir HaShirim Rabba 5:2; Zohar III, 95a. Pesikta Rabsi, sec. 15,  
Pesikta d'Rav Kahana, parashat HaChodesh.)