

## **Easter Seders**

As a child with Jewish roots  
we didn't celebrate Easter

and Dad worked retail Sundays  
to sell chocolate eggs

to excited children  
hidden in garden corners

beside decorated frilly empty baskets  
laden with lingering dreams,

but now that dad is gone,  
I miss memorable Passover Seders

with hidden matzo and eggs soaked in salt water.  
I crave tradition more than this morning's sun.

So, today on my childhood holiday,  
I created a new tradition

an egg dinner  
once a year, in father's honor.

And all of his family who perished in  
that unexplainable Holocaust.