



# Could We With Ink

by Rabbi David Zaslow

Could we with ink the oceans fill  
And were the skies of parchment made;  
To tell the love of God alone  
Would drain the oceans dry.

If I could fill the oceans with ink  
And write on a bright paper sky;  
I'd use the wind as a pen in my hand  
And write you a poem of love.

If I could fill the rivers with rainbows  
And paint on a canvas white sky;  
I'd make colors the children from lands far apart  
And make you a painting of love.

If I could fill the canyons with music  
And sing to the listening sky;  
I'd make the notes with the prayers of each child  
And sing you a song about love.

If I could fill every heart with love  
And could we speak with one voice;  
The words we might hear, perfectly clear,  
Would tell the love of God alone.

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And were the skies of parchment made;  
To tell the love of God alone  
Would drain the oceans dry.