



## The Saga of Primordial Jealousy

Jealousy is the core essence of so many of our miseries and woes, both on a personal and cosmic level. From a young age, children compete for their parents' love and adoration. The seed of anti-Semitism was planted in Esav's heart when Ya'acov surpassed him. Jealousy is a result of our imperfect world that seemingly doesn't provide sufficient light for us all. It is a challenge to share if there is not enough to go around. We have to learn that the more we share – both spiritual light translated into honor and love etc. – as well as material goods – the more there will be for everyone including ourselves. In practical terms, we must work on believing that the gifts Hashem granted us are sufficient in order to fulfill our mission in life the very best way. Whatever belongs to others would only impede us. We need to begin with loving ourselves completely and being happy with our portion (*Pirkei Avot* 4:1). I truly believe that overcoming jealousy is one of the main repairs we need to make in order bring redemption.

Below is a poem I wrote describing the root of jealousy, highlighting Esav whose jealousy at his younger brother Ya'acov the progenitor of the Jewish people is the centerpiece of *Parashat Toldot*. It is my hope that my writing will inspire us to eradicate jealousy from our hearts ones and for all.

### The Saga of Primordial Jealousy

Why can't every sister and brother  
 learn to get along with one another?  
 Being branches growing from the same tree,  
 they compete for sustenance, light and glee.  
 Jealousy and envy is the venom of the snake.  
 Its stinging pain in the heart makes us ache.

Yet from primordial time, we have been out of tune.  
 Everything began with the complaint of the moon.  
 She was seeking to take all the power on her own,  
 asking how two kings could share the same crown?  
 Reflecting someone else's light doesn't seem fair,  
 until the day when the universe will learn to share.

Jealousy hides her ugly head in the cracks of the darkest cellar.  
 She lives in a convertible tent, besides being a city dweller.  
 She adorns herself in heavy robes with chains at her chest,  
 befriending complaint, hatred, competition and contest.  
 Boasting is her breakfast and compliments are for dinner.  
 Always greedy for more, she will never be a winner.

Jealousy planted her heinous seed in the smooth snakeskin.  
 The seed grew into a monster who spurred everyone to sin.  
 Then she consorted with the very first son who felt rejected.  
 After slaying his brother, could he ever become perfected?  
 She instigated Yishmael to throw his arrows and rocks.  
 His missiles sits on the media spewing lies while he mocks.

His nephew Esav did not care how low he might stoop.  
 He loved gaming, hunting, women and lentil soup.  
 Without the capacity for taking responsibility and repair,  
 He lived in the moment indulging in his hedonistic flair.  
 Life is short, the glitter of pleasure seeking glowed.  
 The birthright duties was a weighty cumbersome load.

Yet in the end of the day, no one wants to get less.  
 Would father Yitzchak not want also Esav to bless?  
 He was to swing on a seesaw, in order to reach the top.  
 Only when Ya'acov would be down, Esav could rise up.  
 No wonder his hatred was ignited against his own twin brother.  
 His chance to succeed was by harming the favorite of his mother.

Throughout millennia, Esav tried to overcome Ya'acov.  
 Yet, deeply buried beyond mire and mirth is his spark of love.  
 At an intimate moment in the wake of Ya'acov's humble bow,  
 Esav was ready to open his heart and amical feelings allow.  
 Yet, that moment was short lived and so was the embrace.  
 Before long the old, ugly jealousy would surface.

We await the time when jealousy will have played itself out.  
 When her wrinkly face and gray hair will be buried without doubt.  
 At that redemptive phase every single sister and brother  
 will finally get along perfectly with one another.  
 When sharing becomes more important than the desire to own,  
 then it will be possible for two greater kings to share one crown.