

Rav Kook

We seek a purer light, more
inward, More of the truth as
it is in itself.
The light outruns the vessel,
Thought soars beyond
existence, The ordered world
breaks down,
The vessels are broken,
The kings are dead,
The gods are dead.
The world stands naked,
lonely, broken,
Stirred by a hidden longing
For higher light.
In His eternal mercy
God left in the broken
vessels residues of His light.
In every life pulse,
In all existence,
There is a spark, a spark of a
spark,
Faint and fainter than faint.
The inner light,
The light of God supreme,
Builds and establishes,
Assembles what is scattered,
Perfects worlds without end,
Orders and binds together;
God's eternal realm is
disclosed
Through the light unbounded
within the soul,
From God to the world
A new light is born,
A light emanating from the
splendor of God's face.

Mary Oliver, "Wild Geese"

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,

over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting -
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.