

When

When the shofar blows
may any walls
separating

I-thou
come tumbling down,
a drop of new light
in life travelled
inner to outer.

When the shofar blows
may I be reminded of our
stand

at the foot of Sinai
now a place within,
where we stand against all
oppression,
all injustice,
in I-thou and beyond,
remembering that
renewal

is created through
humility and
walking with
open hands.

When the shofar blows
may it unlock my human
doors

so that I can see
the wonders

of the universe
in a blade of grass,
in the whispers of the wind,
in a leaf grown
heavy with dew,

so I can hear -
hear the music
of our shared
journeys

as we go
dancing
in the light
of

G-d.

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