

Bar'chu

By Karen M. Flotte

Turning Eastward
Stand in a liminal space

Between day and night
Sunset and moonrise

Between injury and forgiveness
Hate and love

Between degradation and dignity
Slavery and freedom

Between death and life
Mourning and dancing

Between shattering and Shalom

Stand in a liminal space where there are no words

Heart opening to Shekinah's call
Inviting us to dive deep

Into profound mystery
The Source
Ever embracing time and space
Beyond horizon

Resurface
With a song of blessing
Upon our lips,
L'olam vaed