

psalm 72 - transformation

let the lowly rise up,
let them crash and collide like
tectonic plates, let them burst forth
leaving soaring mountains
in their wake.

let the oppressed, buried deep
within the earth smolder and
shape like pressurized carbon
gliding inevitably upwards
only to emerge like diamonds
in the morning sun.

let the justice that trickled first
from shallow creeks now
roar through the valley and saturate
the dry parched earth, let it flow
relentlessly throughout the land
where life once grew
and will grow again.

let those who cry out in pain
feel your presence growing within
their broken souls like green
stems shooting through cracked pavement,
let them live to see new life spreading
through abandoned streets and
neighborhoods and cities and nations.

let the promise of your transformation beckon
still that we might finally take the first
tentative step into this new day, yes
let it be so.

(Rabbi Brant Rosen)