

## **Psalm 92: Song After the Revolution**

Tonight we raise the cup,  
tomorrow we'll breathe deeply  
and dwell in a world  
without borders, without limit  
in space or in time,  
a world beyond wealth or scarcity,  
a world where there is nothing  
for us to do but to be.

They said this day would never come,  
yet here we are:  
the surging waters have receded,  
there is no oppressor, no oppressed,  
no power but the one  
coursing through every living  
breathing satiated soul.

Memories of past battles fading  
like dry grass in the warm sun,  
no more talk of enemies and strategies,  
no more illusions, no more dreams, only  
this eternal moment of victory  
to celebrate and savor the world  
as we always knew it could be.

See how the justice we planted in the deep  
dark soil now soars impossibly skyward,  
rising up like a palm tree,  
like a cedar, flourishing forever  
ever swaying, ever bending  
but never breaking.

So tonight we raise the cup,  
tomorrow we'll breathe deeply  
to savor a world recreated  
and when sun sets once again  
we continue the struggle.

(Rabbi Brant Rosen)