

Shekhina
R. Nathan

She is the spirit of confession
When we break
And pour out regrets heavenward
Like a broken psalm

A perennial immigrant
Lost from Her home
Her cries mingle with ours
Like coyote yelps
In a desert windstorm

But we feel Her with us
In the streams and rocks
The leaf's quiver
The summer moonlight
The morning dawn
Never far —
An earthbeat that
Sounds to our heartbeat

She lights the warmth of
Human companionship,
the company of fellow travelers
Around the fire
Unpacking ancient stories.

When we pray
For Her redemption
We are really asking
For our own wounds to be healed
No more shattered pieces
Exiled from ourselves

But we always know
That the walls
Of our rebuilt hearts
Are never the same
As the original
They are seeded
With fragile mortar —

the dust of exile
the waters of life,
Forming the sod
Of compassion