*Meditation before reading Torah*

 Marge Piercy

We are the people of the word

and the breath of the word fills our minds with light.

We are the people of the word

and the breath of life sings through us

playing on the pipes of our bones

and the strings of our sinews

an ancient song carved in the Laurentian granite

and new as a spring azure butterfly just drying her wings

in a moment’s splash of sun.

We must live the word and make it real.

We are the people of the book

and the letters march busy as ants

carrying the work of the ages through our minds.

We are the people of the book.

Through fire and mud and dust we have borne

our scrolls tenderly as a baby swaddled in a blanket,

traveling with our words sewn in our clothes

and carried on our backs.

Let us take up the scroll of Torah

and dance with it and touch it

and read it out, for the mind

touches the word and makes it light.

So does light enter us, and we shine.