

Approaching

I approach with fear and trembling. Revealing myself. At unexpected times I am stirred to awareness, compelled to stand still. Not fully comprehending, I surrender, a presence surrounding me. Overwhelmed, my senses heightened, heart pounding, limbs weakening, I am laid bare. I stand before you, hear me. I am turned away.

I retreat. Turning back to a tradition that is mine, but not mine. I see the light within you. It is there I desire to be. A melody in search of a song. Undeveloped longings. Haunted. Seeking the sounds that fill the void, occupying the blank spaces. Invading my consciousness, moving me forward to express what I cannot describe, and cannot hide from.

I return again, sitting in the back. Dwelling alone. Drawn to the light I see. Unable to explain. Slithering away, avoiding rejection. I cloak my cries, sheltered in silence. I approach again. Fill me full, I am empty. I cannot stay away. Give voice to what rises up within me. I am here, I hear. Instruct me in your ways. Teach me to respond.

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