

Take Me

Adonai, this living has squeezed the juice from me;
I am but a rind, my innards pulp.
I can no longer go out and come in.
You tendered my early self,
You amazed my childhood.
I Yearned in my youth
 and loved in my ripeness.
I have sought and found and lost and found again.
I have borne my fruit.
I have searched my ambition
 Studied to my achievement and served with compassion.
I have lived in Your glorious work of art, Creation,
 with curiosity, attention, joy and thanksgiving.
I have taught what I learned,
And when I had no more to teach, I simply loved.
I have peeled away the husks to find my soul: Your spirit within me.
Wherever you placed me, I did the Tikkun I could. Thus I have offered myself in
the Temple of Your world.

I have sung my song and danced my dance; and now I am old.
The trickle in my veins barely nourishes me. I ache in every part of me.
So many of my dear ones are dead.
Why have you sustained me in this withering?
How is it possible, now, to add to Your Majesty?
What purpose can there be in my suffering?
Is there yet a task for me that I have missed?
If so, keep not this secret from me.
For I am ready, My Creator,
To give up this body to the Earth To be remixed into fresh life.
I long to be joined to you
 as I yearned for the lover of my youth.
In your mercy, Dear One,
I beseech you—
Walk by and offer Your hand.
Take me.