

I am Your servant

It seems on a Shabbos evening, the land is laced with
The accouterments of America. The kids watch TV in
Their rooms; we go to the Movies, to see some shlock.
There is no quietness, no togetherness, no flow, no respect.
There is no form, no spirit that drives it, beyond compassion.

I am sad, and have to fight to keep the depression from
Taking over. I have to leave, and all that keeps me going
Is the upcoming trip.

Being here puts me into such a strange state of mind. As if
I'm participating in a movie, not quite real. I cannot quite grok
That this is supposed to be my life. I cannot understand how I
Got to this place, to take it as normal to be so untrue.

And yet what is true – it does feel like home. But not the home I dreamt of?
Does that make it wrong? Do I still have hope of realizing any of my
Fantasies, my dreams? Or should I just accept this, and be good, and
Be rewarded.

I pray again and again asking what I should do.
I pray for guidance – rededicate my life to God,
I only ask that I be shown
What my task is.

Israel is the last gasp.
If there I cannot see, I will have to come back
Here and accept that it is here that my work is to be done.

Please just show me what that is.
I am blind, and cannot see, or do not want to
See.
Remove the blinders from my eyes,
clear the vision that I may be who I am.

I make this promise:
That I will not stop until I can see again.
That I will
Continue on this journey till my last drop,
and that the journey will not cease until
I know what it is I am supposed to be doing.

The tearing of my loyalties to the family,
and my need to express something that
Will not give me any peace.
Please God provide me the tools,
lead me to the place
You wish me to be,
to do the things I am supposed to be doing.

I am your servant.
-- Yehuda Ben Aaron.