

Wounded Heart

כִּי־עָנִי וְאֶבְיֹן אָנֹכִי וְלִבִּי חָלַל בְּקִרְבִּי

Ki oni v'evyon anochi, v'libi chalal b'kirbi

For I am poor and lowly, and my heart is wounded within me.

(Psalm 109:22)

I stand before God, the Great Mystery, in humility, opening to the great love. My heart has been pierced by the arrows of this world — by suffering and hatred and lies and cruelty. Into the hollow of that heart wound, I invite God to enter and dwell.