

CULTURE

Min Hametzar - Calling Out from the Narrow Place

Contributed by [Annie Matan](#)

Source: Original

God, have You forgotten me?
I have forgotten how to breathe.
The air here is tight around me
Each day presses in and tomorrow feels impossibly far away

I long to feel Your wide, wide love
To feel hard earth beneath my cracked feet, shade on my bent back, cool mist on my sun-scorched skin
I long to hear sweet words
For respite from the sting that forces me into this pit and keeps me here

Day after day God, though my voice is barely a broken whisper,
I am calling out In remembering You
Please remember me
Remember my family
And our ancestors
Bring us home to You
Turn us back toward Your embrace
And fold us in

We have been lost so long
And now, we are ready
Find us Remember us
At night we sing a secret song of breath and cooling shadows
By day we squint our eyes and hope that when we open them
You will be here, a hand on our brow
A breath of wind at our backs
We sing to You
Please Hear our song
Please Come and bring us home.