

Looking Towards Pesakh

Contributed by [Ritualwell](#)

Source: Rabbi Yael Levy

We've been bound by a hardened heart
And our inability to see ourselves in each other.
We have been puffed up by ego and pride.
Enslaved by how things have always been.
And now it is time to go.
But fear threatens to paralyze.
How can we possibly exist any other way?
Our imagination falters
The attachment to what we know is so great
It doesn't matter that it causes us so much pain.
We dig in.
We will not be moved.
But the season tells us it is time to go.
Maybe we can depart without
Causing too much suffering.
Maybe we can go without destroying what is left behind.
Can we find new ways out of narrowness?
Out of the confines of habits that restrict our growth
And bind our spirit?
Delicate white flowers rise out of hard ground.
Trees broken by ice begin to bloom.
The season tells us it is time to go.
The journey starts with one step.
A simple step,
A momentary willingness,
A slight turn.
Green shoots are scattered among long fallen leaves
The way forward is uncertain
The path has not yet been cleared.
But the season tells us,
All of us together,
It is time to go.

This poem originally appeared on [Ritualwell.org](#).