

You, Singing

What is the cost of true connection?

You will be required to
cast aside your yoga mat,
burn your prayer shawl,
break the string of your mala
and let the beads scatter across the floor.

Come,
come with your naked skin.
Come with your rounded belly,
your scarred hands
and textured thighs.

God is not impressed with your vocal intonation.
The Beloved doesn't care if you sing in tune.
Your imperfections are the sweetest of prayers.
Your devotion is the wine in the goblet from which the Beloved drinks.
And the crack,
the crack in your voice is holy.

You, singing, is not a performance;
It is an offering on the altar of the divine.