

49 Poetic Meditations for Counting the Omer or Turning toward a New Year

DAY 47

Hod b'Malkhut / Humility and Splendor within Divine Presence

We speak of the still small voice of God,
the one that Jacob heard loud and clear
from within the quiet splendor of his dream,
and when he awoke to the miracle of morning
he looked around and responded,
"God was in this place and I, I did not know..."

A spectacular sunset,
a mountain rising up before us,
waves crashing against the rocks:
sometimes the world overflows with splendor
and we are stunned into silence.

Sometimes the world seems so quiet
we need to listen with extraordinary effort
to notice the beauty that is there.

Sometimes the glitter of life
is easy to mistake for splendor
and we lose sight of humility.

We may live in a world filled with the noise
of cars and buzzing lights, still we can ask,
"Where is the Divine Presence, here right now?"

This is the irony of *Hod*,
splendor in the simplest things,
and being humbled into the profound silence
at the center of the storm.

Imagine yourself transported there
with all your senses open,
to witness the storm,
hearing there in the stillness
the beginning of a whispered inkling
of what comes next.

This is the 47th gate.