Enter the wilderness, the midbar,
A space without consonants and vowels
A place of unfettered mind.

There all ideas that hold us enslaved
crumble,
blurred by thirst,
humbled by hunger.

Be the wilderness—
the wild ass
the bushes that burn
the goats picking their way down rocky hillsides
the blasts of wind
the air shimmering with heat and dust.

Emptyed by emptiness,
left speechless by the silence
that is unbounded sound,

you see
voices,
clops of thunder,
reverberating among
ragged mountains.

You hear
smoke and stars,
smell jagged flashes of light,
taste wind,
touch terror.

You become
at last
a tablet,
ready to be etched
by the invisible finger,

a stone smoothed for a purpose
you can never fully name,
prepared to carry for lifetimes
traces of a Truth
at once revealed
and betrayed
by words.