

The Next Day

*I*t is over now
The chanting, the speech
The candies, the gifts
The band, the music
It is the next day, the day beyond.

Now the real choice begins
Now you are responsible, accountable
It is you who must choose.

Will you choose to live what you have spoken?
Or will those promises, rapturous sentiments
Waft aimlessly in the air, clinging to the ceiling of the synagogue?

The ceremony is over
Will you shut the Book
Shelve the texts
Prematurely end your growth?

Or will you continue to flourish
In fidelity to our people
In mastery of our culture?

Will you take your place
Beside those who have sanctified the world
Bring them the vitality of your youth
Share with them the freshness of your promise?

It is over now
You no longer face the congregation
It is the day after and you stand alone
Before the mirror of your soul.

