

For Zion in the wake of the recent violence.

**אֲדַנִּי שְׁפֹתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יִגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ**

Open my lips and my mouth will declare your glory (Ps. 51:17)

Please God:

Help our prayers leave their convenient parking spaces where they idle in our hearts. Release them from where they are stuck in our throats.

Help us to pray a real prayer. The unfinished kind. The kind that probably doesn't rhyme. The kind that we worry someone will hear. The kind that does not construct a good argument or a reasonable plan for the future, but knows what it wants, that kind.

Remind us that prayer can begin in the beit kneset but is prohibited from staying locked up inside it. (Because prayer that is not allowed out is like a prayer that stays in bed. It lies prettily on its side, as if posing for a picture, but does not get up to help.)

Remind us that our prayers, as unfinished as they are, must be released into the winding streets of right here, right now where they are needed  
Like fire trucks rushing to the scene of a fire.

And remind us that where our prayers go, we must follow.

So please:

God, open our mouths and open our doors.

Let us go toward the future with our wanting and your glory. Let our prayers find the prayers of others – others' faiths, others' furies, others' fears – and let the prayers flow, like water flows to the lowest place, gathering

Making rivers where there has been nothing, no life, not a single drop, no hope, not a single fish, for so long. Making a rushing stream.