

My Perfume

עֲדֵשְׁהַמֶּלֶךְ בְּמִסְבוֹ נִרְדִּי נָתַן רִיחוֹ

Ad she'hamelech bimsibo, nirdi natan raycho

When the King lay down beside me,

My perfume gave forth its sweetness. (Song of Songs 1:12)

The practice here is to allow myself to be aroused by my experience of Divine Presence. Sexual arousal is the metaphor. When I am given a glimpse of the Mystery, I soften, lean into the experience, let my “juices” flow. I let down my defenses, and become both receptive and responsive.

As I chant these words, I let myself be seduced by my imagination; I become unself-conscious... shameless. The perfume that wafts out is my response (beyond words) to being touched by the Mystery.