

... from *Macaroni and Cheese Manifesto* (Third Edition)
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The *lekh l'kha* imperative

The *lekh l'kha* imperative sounds forth from deep within—
The truth—not many hear the call, its pitch above the din:

Confront your weakness, do what hurts, at all cost make things right,
Grab failure by its bloodstained shirt; engage, it's time to fight!

The still, small voice of self-disgust says, time to sacrifice;
The still, small voice says, truth or bust—redeem your fractured life!

Like Jacob you've usurped a place; the truth—you're in the cold;
The truth—yours *is* a nameless face; it's time, reverse your hold!

The naked truth is only grasped by those of us who hear;
Hence, *sh'ma's* the point all things repass; yes, then do things adhere.

Our lives are won in mortal strife—our chance to measure God;
It's we who force day out of night . . . *sh'ma . . . lekh l'kha!*

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