

Excerpt from “The Thirst” by Hillel Zeitlin

Lo, my soul thirsts for God. I am going to seek him. But even before I shall find him—I know him. I know what I lack, I know that for which my soul yearnsEven before I taste the waters before me, even before I know its nature—I well know that I am thirsty for them. And even if the creek dries out, and even if all the springs and creeks dry out—my thirst will not be quenched. And even if I imagine to myself that water is but an empty utterance, that the vision of the water is a mere mirage, even then my thirst shall not be quenched. Whether there be water in the world, or not—my thirst is certain.

The thirst does not know “is” and “is not,” it knows only what is missing and it shall go forth seeking it. Even if I listen to the babbling of mortals saying “there is no God”—my thirst for Him shall not be quenched. If there is no God outside of me, why then He does exist—in my thirst. And yet the thirst is always for that which is missing, for that which is external. And so even if God dwells within me and not outside me, I shall always crave Him as something dearer to me than my very soul, and as something external to it, at an infinite distance from me, and so I must go towards Him, and to seek Him all the days of my life.