



Meditation After Getting Your Period

Flow. I feel the flow of blood coursing through my body. Like the waves in the ocean. The rhythm, repeating, repeating, repeating. Renewing, repeating. Flow. Rhythmic flow. Like the cycles of the new moon, Rosh Hodesh. Waxing. Waning. Beginning anew each month.

And now I sit with my monthly flow. The flow that I don't want this month. Not Again! Not Again! Not Now! It screams of a broken dream, crying out unfulfilled desire.

Like the moments when the calm of the ocean breaks: the gentle, soothing, lapping waves become violent, rageful, overwhelming storms. THIS is what is happening now, to me. I am RAGE! I am ANGER! I am HEARTBREAK and DESPAIR!

But the ocean waters will calm, the storms will abate. The waters will return to the quiet, meditative, repetitive patterns of in and out, of in and out. This flow outside of my body.

Inside my body, blood is pumping. Thump-a-thump. Thump-a-thump. I hear the pounding of my heart, the blood flowing. Yet will my calm return? Will I feel hope?

The ocean waves will not cease their flow. Rosh Hodesh, the new moon, will continue to appear. But I am not the ocean. I am not the moon. I am a woman. My blood began when I entered womanhood; it will cease in the future. The natural flow of woman is not ceaseless, the life blood of a woman has a beginning and an end, AND interruptions.

Interruptions that bring new life with its own new flow, new blood. THAT is the natural pattern for a woman. I seek this pattern; not the endless flow of the ocean, the endless cycles of the moon.

O God, source of flow, please hear my plea. I wish the flow to be interrupted, the natural rhythm of my menstrual blood to cease temporarily so that I can bring new life.

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