

O God, you are my God, for you I long,
for you my soul is thirsting.

My body pines for you
like a dry, weary land without water.

So I gaze on you in the sanctuary
to see your strength and your glory.

For your love is better than life,
my lips will speak your praise.

So I will bless you all my life,
in your name I will lift up my hands.

My soul shall be filled as with a banquet,
my mouth shall praise you with joy.

On my bed I remember you,
on you I muse through the night.

For you have been my help,
in the shadow of your wings I rejoice.

My soul clings to you,
your right hand holds me fast.

Those who seek to destroy my life
shall go down to the depths of the earth.

They shall be put into the power of the sword
And left as the prey of the jackals.

But the king shall rejoice in God,
all that swear by him shall be blessed,
for the mouths of liars shall be silenced.

He says what he wants literally, then with the metaphor of thirst.

Not just his soul but his body thirsts for Jesus the water of life.

He is in the temple, which for us is the body of Christ, longing to quench
his thirst with the vision of God.

The infinite love of God is a banquet richer than one's own life.

He will pray unceasingly not just inwardly but with a bodily gesture.

The mouth is the organ both of eating and of praise, as in the Eucharist.

The psalmist keeps the risen Lord before his mind in the night of this
world.

The psalmist is protected by the wings of the cherubs stretched out over
the ark, as a mother bird gathers her young under her wing.

The soul and God clasp each other.

God will eliminate those who separate us from his love.

Our spiritual enemies will be consumed as by an army or wild beasts.

Jesus is our King. Through his joy in the Father blessing comes on the
world and deceit is banished.