

SONG OF MIRIAM

RABBI RUTH SOHN

I, Miriam, stand at the sea and turn to face the desert stretching endless and still.

My eyes are dazzled —

the sky brilliant blue, sunburst sands unyielding white.

My hands turn to dove wings.

My arms reach for the sky and I want to sing the song rising inside me.

My mouth open, I stop.

Where are the words?

Where the melody?

In a moment of panic my eyes go blind.

Can I take a step without knowing a destination?

Will I falter? Will I fall? Will the ground sink away from under me?

The song still unformed — How can I sing?

To take the first step — to sing a new song —

to close one's eyes and dive into unknown waters.

For a moment knowing nothing, risking all —

But then to discover the waters are friendly.

The ground is firm and the song rises again.

Out of my mouth come words lifting the wind,

and I hear for the first time the song that has been in my heart,

silent, unknown, even to me.