

# WOMEN'S LEAGUE SHABBAT 2016



## READING 4

### Miriam Argues for Her Place as Prophetess

Chava Romm

The morning when we left you  
in the bulrushes,  
scrubbed clean and freshly swaddled  
in your simple basket,  
I knew you were too precious  
to abandon.

And when the princess  
was taken by your innocence,  
and claimed you for her own,  
it was no mere fate that restored you  
to the full breasts  
of your rightful mother,

but your sister's cunning.

You lived a stranger  
in the house of the oppressor.  
I grew among midwives,

stubborn tribeswomen,  
who spared the newborn sons  
in rank defiance of the pharaoh's orders.

You learned to speak for us  
before kings and officials.  
I coaxed children  
from the narrows into light  
with singing, tempered by our kin  
laboring long in huts and brickyards.

My brother,  
we have both been chosen.  
What you witness on the mountain

cannot live without the miracles below.  
Women draw water for the journey;  
I have packed bells and timbrels.  
Let us go.