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 pharoah’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.