

Miriam Alone

by Aliza Cohen

Water was always important.
So she stood in the reeds
where the river curled around her ankles,
watching its slow movement.

Later when the night had stilled
she moved through the streets,
silent and careful now,
back to the shore and climbed out
into the cold, dark water
where the tall grasses flattened
themselves upon her sides
and the sharp river moved between
her limbs. She ran her arms
through the water wondering
where God was.

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