

Rachel

By Ricky Rapoport Friesen

I found her
where she'd always been,
my Rachel. In Haran.

Beside the village well
she stood. Just as the
Bible says. And she was
far more comely than
all the words and pictures in
my head. A Gauguin skin,
think auburn hair, and eyes
green as the sea she'd never
seen, nor would in that sere land
where yellow dust blows up in clouds
and gnats dance in the air. Instead
of a clay water jug, she held
an infant wrapped in rags,
another pulled her arm. Her arms
were thin. She was so small.
A child herself. And yet
her gaze was bold. She mocked me
with those sea-green eyes
and so I turned and fled.
And left her there
in Haran
where she now weeps and waits for me.
My Rachel. Mother. Matriarch. Mine.

Lilith

independent, Jewish & frankly feminist

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