

And on the appointed day,  
 in the season of joy when  
 brides are wed, for seven  
 days would the boy increase  
 my delight & gladness.  
 Were I hungry, he would  
 feed me well—kneaded bread,  
 Were I thirsty, he would  
 quench me with light & dark  
 wine.  
 He would not chastise nor  
 harshly treat me, & my  
 intimate pleasure he would  
 not diminish every Shabbat,  
 & each new moon his head  
 would rest upon my breast.  
 The three husbandly duties  
 he would fulfill: rations,  
 raiment, & regular intimacy.

And oft—times, in the way of  
 women, I would lie down on  
 the kitchen floor, by the  
 hearth, among the pots  
 between furnace & stove,  
 chopping wood, stirring the  
 coals, & taste the different  
 dishes. On holidays I would  
 put on my best jewelry.  
 I would beat on the drum &  
 my clapping hands would  
 ring.

And parallel to his three  
 wifely duties would I also  
 fulfill three, three things not  
 beyond me & not beyond my  
 reach: watching for  
 menstrual blood, the Shabbat  
 candle's flame, & taking  
 dough for hallah.  
 Sweeter than honey are  
 these three, so powerful, &  
 one is not allowed to add to  
 their number, or to inquire  
 about them: "Whereby do  
 women earn merit?"

Father in heaven who did  
 miracles for our ancestors  
 with fire & water. You  
 transformed the fire of Ur  
 Kasdim so it would not burn.

And when I was ready & the  
 time was right an excellent  
 young man would be my  
 fortune. He would love me,  
 place me on a pedestal, dress  
 me in jewels of gold,  
 earrings, & bracelets.  
 Oh, but had the artisan who  
 made me created me instead  
 — a worthy woman.  
 Today I would be wise &  
 insightful. We would weave,  
 my friends and I, & in the  
 moonlight spin our yarn &  
 tell our stories to one  
 another. From dusk till  
 midnight, we'd tell of the  
 events of our day, silly  
 things, matters of no  
 consequence.  
 But also I would grow very  
 wise from the spinning  
 & I would say, "How lucky  
 am I" to know how to make  
 linen, how to comb wool, &  
 weave lace; & all sorts of  
 other fine things.  
 Cursed be the one who  
 announced to my father:  
 "It's a boy!"  
 This messenger shall be held  
 guilty of bloodshed; cursed  
 be he. How could he twist  
 the course of the stars so  
 much? How could he have  
 erred so in his astrology?  
 A lying tongue, a fool's  
 mouth it had given him.  
 For he foolishly transformed  
 justice to poison.  
 He altered the law &  
 transposed the lines.

You transformed Dinah in  
 the womb of her mother.  
 You transformed the staff of  
 Moshe to a snake before a  
 million eyes. You  
 transformed Moshe's hand to  
 leprous white & the Sea of  
 Reeds to dry land, & the sea  
 floor into solid & dried-up  
 earth. You transformed the  
 rock into water, hard flint to  
 a fountain.  
 Who would then transform  
 me from a man to woman?  
 Were I only to have merited  
 this being so graced by  
 goodness. I could have now  
 been the lady of the house,  
 encamped in my home  
 within the world.

Oh, but had the artisan who  
 made me created me instead  
 — a worthy woman.  
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 insightful. We would weave,  
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What shall I say?  
 why cry or be bitter?  
 If my father in heaven has  
 decreed upon me & has  
 maimed me with an  
 immutable deformity, then I  
 do not wish to remove it.  
 The sorrow of the  
 impossible is a human pain  
 that nothing will cure & for  
 which no comfort can be  
 found. So, I will bear & suffer  
 until I die & wither in the  
 ground. **Since I have  
 learned from our tradition  
 that we bless both, the good  
 & the bitter, I will bless in a  
 voice hushed & weak:  
 blessed are you YHVH who  
 has not made me a woman.**

