

Anthology of MyryETArrus

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

I Once Was (MET Arrus)

Ha'Nashim She'b'toch Imi u'v'tochi (The Women Within My Mother and Me)

I Once Was (MET Arrus)

I once was a mortal's daughter, pure and bright,
Enveloped in warmth, a tender sight.
But fate's cruel hand, an orphan's plight.
Her gentle touch, a fading light;
Her lullaby's hush, a silent night.

But fate's cold hand, a cruel decree,
Yanked her away, leaving me.
No tender touch, no soothing sigh,
Just empty skies, my tearful eyes.

I once was a monster's child;
Innocence robbed by his craft of guile.
His iron grip, a suffocating hold;
A silent scream, a story untold.

In shadows deep, a captive's plight;
a child's pure heart, consumed by night. The creaking floorboards, a haunting sound;
a prisoner's cries, lost and unbound.

As a child, I bore a child's cry,
A tiny life, born from pain on a midnight.
The scent of blood, the taste of fear,
Haunt me still, through all the passing years.

This, a chilling echo of the past,
A twisted legacy, forever cast;
A monster's seed, a tragic birth;
A cycle of darkness, a curse on Earth.

Ha'Nashim She'b'toch Imi u'v'tochi (The Women Within My Mother and Me)

A legacy, not of jewels, but of indomitable strength, was the heirloom my mother bequeathed.

She birthed me fierce, a wildflower blooming against the odds, destined to break free from the confines of convention.

In this burgeoning world, vibrant and untamed, a pendant of iridescent pearl, strung on lapis lazuli beads, serves as a poignant reminder of seventy years spent in Suza.

This talisman whispers tales of Hadassah's courage, of Esther's defiant spirit, a legacy I now carry within.

Yet, the world, a canvas painted by the hands of men, remains a harsh and unforgiving terrain.

The specter of Haman looms large, a constant reminder of the ever-present threat of annihilation. Though I escaped the gallows, other journeys have presented far crueler trials.

Yet, the echoes of generations of resilient matriarchs resonate within me. They taught me to weep inwardly, to cultivate an unwavering faith that allowed me to stand tall, even when stripped bare ? head shorn, garments tattered, and body frail from starvation.

Crimson hues of memory, vivid as the aftertaste of honey on the tongue, evoke images of women who dared to defy the odds.

From the exodus of Avraham from Ur, when El Shaddai promised the title deed of the land of Canaan, their saga unfolds.

Though Avraham could not have foreseen the magnitude of his progeny ? "as numerous as the stars and the grains of sand upon the seashore" ? his descendants, like stars scattered across the celestial canvas, would indeed reach across epochs.

O that by his heavy sleep laden lids, Yahweh passed through the animal pieces, ratifying a unilateral unconditional covenant.

On that night, as a star twinkled and a grain of sand glistened, I became a descendant of Avraham, and Sarah became my mother's mother, and she mine.

My lineage, a thread woven through the tapestry of history, connects me to those who found refuge in Numidia, Mauratenia, then, Sefarad.

Thrust out again, finding the way of voyagers of indomitable spirits toward the Amazon and later the Andes.

Their stories, etched upon my soul, recount tales of heroic feats, where blood curdled and flesh tore in order to don the scars of courage.

From a divine promise the wadi is carved deep by the relentless flow of time, it is a history, a testament to a land of verdant meadows, arid deserts, bountiful vineyards, and borders, the perpetuity of fighting enemies.

But as the phoenix rises from the ashes, a greater work shall he accomplish, bestowing a garland of beauty.

My spirit, forged in the crucible of trials, ascends like smoke from the pyres of sacred ground, then descends like molten gold upon the crags of stones.

Heaps of ashlar, stones, and slabs of the Temple Mount. A poignant echo of the Roman legions, who, in their brutal conquest, scattered us like chaff upon the wind, fulfilling the prophecy of diaspora.

Just as when we wept by the rivers of Babylon, yearning for Jerusalem, we, wept again as we saw ourselves adrift upon the tempestuous sea, our fate uncertain.

Would we ever again return to Judea? Had Adonai forsaken us from Eretz Tzion?

My solitary vessel, carrying the collective genetic heritage of my ancestors, navigated treacherous waters, a wanderer across continents, finally finding solace by the gentle pebbled slaps of a callao.

This is where we became a community of displaced souls seeking refuge. Once Pizzaro's port of pillaged gold from an Empire robbed.

Though the winds may buffet me, my roots run deep, nourished by the enduring strength of faith.

I trust not in the fleeting illusions of the senses, but in the unwavering testimony of my soul.

This tribute is dedicated to the unsung heroines, the forgotten queens whose blood courses through my veins.

From the fortress of their ferrous heme, I emerge, a beacon of hope in the dawning light.

I descend with grace, a new day breaking, encircled by flames in a furnace fire, seven times higher.

This inferno, a sentence decreed for my destruction from my merciless enemy, is meant to consume me utterly.

Yet, it is by the grace of the Son of Man, He who is greater than I, who makes the intensified flames feel like satin, cool and undulating against my skin.

With arms open wide stands the one we have pierced, receiving me unto himself and easing every fear.

And I stand acutely aware of my surroundings? this den of lions and the realm of demons and fallen angels and the contrite and broken-hearted and the procrastinators; I see how all will surrender.

It is plain, before the Lion of Judah, all crouch, bend knees, and confess.

Then lo, I hear the many voices of all the mothers before who bore me, of my sisters, who likewise were instructed to say:

"Sing, daughter of Tzion: rejoice! For here, I am coming; and I will live among you," says Adonai. When that time comes, many nations will join themselves to Adonai. "They will be my people, and I will live among you."

And likewise, he has said, "I am the Root and Offspring of David, the bright Morning Star. The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!' Let anyone who hears say, 'Come!' And let anyone who is thirsty come? let anyone who wishes take the water of life free of charge."

My mothers and sisters, we shall have a place at the table and we will be clothed in white, and our reproach will be taken away and our adornment of meekness and humility becoming of all kallot.

And he will once again say to us: Hepzibah.