

I Spread Out My God's Names In Front Of Me

פְּרַשְׁתִּי לְפָנַי אֶת שְׁמוֹת אֱלֹהֵי
עַל רֹצְפֵת חֲדָרַי הַקְּרִירָה.
שֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ כְּשֶׁרוּחוֹ נָפַח בִּי.
וְשֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ בְּהִיוֹתִי נְעָרָה.
שֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ כְּשֶׁלְּאִישׁ נִמְסַרְתִּי.
וְשֵׁם שֶׁלְּכֹל שׁוֹב אֵנִי מִתְּרָה.
שֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ כְּשֶׁהוֹרִי הָיוּ גַג לִי. וְשֵׁם בְּאֵין לִי תִקְרָה.
שֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ לְמַעַן אֵיךְ אָנוּ. וְשֵׁם בּוֹ קָרָאתִיו לְמַעַן לֹא אֵירָא.
שֵׁם שֶׁקָּרָאתִיו בּוֹ לְמַעַן יִזְכְּרֵנִי. וְשֵׁם כִּי־י שֶׁיִּמְנַע מִזְכִּירָה.
כַּחַם הַיּוֹם אֲשַׁתְּטַח אֶפְיִם
עַל רֹצְפֵת חֲדָרַי הַקְּרִירָה.

I spread out my God's names in front of me

On the cold floor of my room.

The name by which I called him when his spirit breathed in me.

And the name by which I called him when I was a girl.

The name by which I called him when I was given to a man.

And the name by which I called him when again permitted to all.

The name by which I called him when my parents were a roof to me. And the name when I had no ceiling.

The name by which I called him that I might fear him. And the name that I called him so that I would not be afraid.

The name by which I called him so that he would remember me. And the name so that he would not remember.

In the heat of the day I will prostrate myself

On the cold floor of my room.

Rivka Miriam