

The Semblance of Mountain

וּלְסִינַי שׁוּב מִרְאֵית הַר
אֲךָ עוֹד בְּאָזְנֵי מֹשֶׁה הַמִּרְאוֹת, וּבְעֵינָיו עוֹד נִשְׁמָעִים הַשּׁוֹפָר וְהָרָעַם
וְשָׁשִׁים רַבּוֹא פְּנֵיהֶם עֲדִין בְּחִזָּהוּ בְּרַעְדָּה טוֹמָנִים
כְּשֶׁהִמְשׁוּשׁ בְּנַחֲרֵיהֶם, כְּשֶׁבְּכַפּוֹתֵיהֶם חוּשׁ הַטַּעַם
וְהֵנָּה, כְּפִתַח שַׁק אִו אֲמַתַּחַת, הַתּוֹרָה קְשׁוּרֵיהָ לְפְנֵיהֶם מִפְּתַחַת
בְּאוֹתֵיהֶם הַבְּהֻלָּה מֵאֲרֻשָּׁתָם מוֹחָה בְּאֵטִיוֹת, כְּבִמְטַפְּחַת.

The semblance of mountain returned to Sinai
even as the visions remained in Moses' ears, and in his eyes the shofar and thunder sounded still
and the sixty myriad of their faces remained buried, trembling against his chest
the touch still in their nostrils, the sense of taste still in their hands
and then, like opening a sack or a purse, the Torah loosened her knots before them
with her letters slowly blotting confusion from their expression, as with a kerchief.

Rivka Miriam

Translated by Rabbi Steven Sager