

## The Works of My Hands

מַעֲשֵׂי-יָדַי טוֹבְעִים בַּיָּם  
וְהַמְצוּלוֹת עוֹלוֹת לְקִרְאתָם לְקַבְּלָם  
הַמְצוּלוֹת אוֹמְרוֹת- מַעֲשֵׂיךָ לָנוּ נוֹעְדוּ מֵאֶז  
כָּבֵד כְּשֶׁכּוֹנְנוֹם אֶצְבְּעוֹתֶיךָ בְּזֵהִירוֹת, פָּרַט אַחַר פָּרַט  
הָיוּ גְלִינוּ רוֹגְשִׁים בְּהִמָּה  
מְחוֹלְלִים סְעָרָה בַּיָּמִים  
וַיּוֹרְדֵי-הֵימָּה שֶׁנִּשְׂאוּ עֵינֵיהֶם בְּתַחֲנָה לְמָרוֹם  
לֹא יָדְעוּ שֶׁמִּמְעַמְקִים הַסְּעָרָה נוֹבְעֵת וַיִּסּוּדָה בְּתִשׁוּקָה  
שֶׁכֵּן רָחֵם כָּחַל טוֹיֵנוּ בַּמִּסְתָּרִים לְמַעֲשֵׂיךָ  
יָמִים רַבִּים  
רָחֵם שְׂמֵתוֹכוֹ אֵין צָרְךָ לְהַגִּיחַ  
שֶׁמַּעֲשֵׂיךָ הַזֶּרַע וְאָנוּ תִקּוּנוֹ  
הַפְּקִידֵי אוֹתָם בְּיַדֵּינוּ  
וְאִמְרֵי שִׁירָה.

The works of my hands are drowning in the sea  
and the depths rise to greet and receive them  
the depths say- your works have been long destined for us  
since the time you made them so carefully with your fingers, detail after detail  
were our waves roaring with desire  
stirring a storm in the seas  
and those going down to the sea who pleadingly lifted their eyes upward  
did not know that it is from the depths that the storm flows, her core is desire  
for a blue womb have we knitted in secret for your works  
for many days  
a womb from which there is no need to emerge  
for your works are the seed and we are its form  
consign them to our hands  
and sing a song.

Rivka Miriam

Translated by Rabbi Steven Sager

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