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## Milcah

*Jill Hammer*

My husband sleeps  
and in the cold desert night  
I, Milcah the queenly  
become the moon-queen  
with one white breast bared

Now I will tell the tale  
of how daughters were judged  
to my infant daughter,  
so that she will whisper  
to my daughters' daughters

how a second-born son,  
a man of my father's clan,  
came, lewd and hopeful, wanting  
to enrich himself with my portion  
and because I loved him  
I agreed.

Now he has sired a son  
upon a second wife  
and you, my only one,  
will have no inheritance  
but my story.

*Jill Hammer spends her time either studying texts or creating them. She is a rabbinical student at the Jewish Theological Seminary and a poet exploring Jewish, feminist, and nature themes.*