
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.