Ruth

Every woman

Needs to fashion herself

Within her self

One such Ruth

Who will never leave her

Who will be completely devoted

Who will know to tell her

At any time

“For wither thou goest, I will go

And where thou lodgest, I will lodge

Thy people shall be my people

And thy God my God”

A woman

Needs to raise such a daughter

So divine

Such self-love,

A stream bubbling inside her,

Every woman

Needs to fertilize within herself

Such seeds of confidence

That will stand firm

Even when her heart

Falls on the stairs

And loses its strength

Even when she is self-destructive

Despite all the assurances,

Constantly

Constantly

A woman needs

One Ruth

That within her shall dwell

That will not allow her to separate her from her self

Not in life

And not in death

That will know how to say

Rehabilitative words

Which resuscitate her

In every field

At the foot of every threshing floor

And near every man that will accompany it:

“Blessed be thou my daughter”

“Thou hast shown more kindness”

“Thou art a virtuous woman,”

Every woman needs

To fashion for herself

A Ruth

And vision

And fondness

For her soul

And journey inwards with loving pleasantness and kindness of heart.

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I know my innermost thoughts,

They’re old, and we grew up together.

They and my heart are like a ring and a finger,

An everyday unity habitualized and forgotten.

Yet suddenly through them will blow a wind

Of fresh bliss and set my experience spinning

Around me. A shining day

Suddenly plants a different soul in me.

Astonished I look inward

Into my heart. I no longer recognize it.

Everything that I knew since long ago

Was erased, passed away and was no more.

Strange new and confused

I see happiness growing within me.