

## HAGAR'S SONG

The woman whose cup  
holds wine is blessed,  
no matter how bitter.  
And the woman whose lips  
the song of pain stings  
is also blessed.  
If her skirts gather in  
a man's glance  
and part again, making way  
for a son, is she not  
blessed?

The wife who stands  
upright in her name  
and honor, her barren  
beautiful face,  
who never trembled  
under the birthing  
death, is she not  
the standing dead?