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Sarah from the Book of Tobit

Zofia S. Kaminski
University of Dallas

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Zofia S. Kaminski

Sarah from the Book of Tobit

I saw that I was weeping once again.
The world, my mind, have become disjointed.
I sorrow too much to actually feel.
Now I react and watch myself react.
The demons haunt me, eyes watching me,
Narrow glowing slits of coldest fire,
Laughing at me and clawing at my soul.
My mother helps prepare the wedding bed.
Everyone knows it will remain unused.
Silence precedes me as gossip flutters.
The killer of her seven noble husbands.
“Murderer, murderer,” so their eyes say.
I think, perhaps, it is better this way.
I can stay safe and undefiled and pure.
Women’s talk has warned me of dishonor.
I would rather be barren than destroyed.
Yet, I wonder about him, my kinsman,
His eyes shine with something like godliness,
He does not fear demons or murderers.
Perhaps I weep from love, I do not know.
My father has begun to dig his grave.