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דִּם אָכֶבֶה (The Price of Love)

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(The Price of Love)
Poem:

דְּמֵי אָהַבָה (The Price of Love)

Ariel Sasson

Her eyes sparkled, like the blue, shiny stars
Inhabiting the lofty heavens.

Her hair blazed, like a storm
that scours, and hovers over the deep.
Her echoing voice danced in the room of
delight,
and strongly knocked on my heart, to no end.

And at this moment, the blood in my arteries
bubbles,
And its voice screams out to me from the
corridors of the heart,
For it is because of my love that I am dying,
Because of my love’s deceptive luminosity.

My sister, my bride, my white dove,
Fly up and bring my offering to the heavens.

Turn to me, my sister, my love,
For my throat is parched, my bride,
Please kiss me,
Before I die.

Where are you?

Ariel Sasson is a senior from New York majoring in Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations. Most people do not know what that means, so he usually just says “Jewish Studies.” He hopes to one day become a physician.