
Poem:

דְּמִי אֶהְבֶּה (The Price of Love)

Ariel Sasson

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

עיניָה נִצְצוּ, כְּמוֹ כּוֹכְבִים כְּחוֹלִים
וּבוֹהָקִים, הַדְרִים בְּשָׁמַיִם אֲדִירִים

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.

שְׁעָרָה בְּעֵר, כְּמוֹ סְעָרָה
סוֹרְקֶת, הַמְרַחֶפֶת עַל פְּנֵי תְהוֹם.
הֶלֶת קוֹלָה רְקֹדָה בְּחַדְרֵי הַחֶמְדָּה,
וּבְעֶצְמָה דְּפָקָה בְּלִבִּי לְלֹא תוֹם,

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.

וּבְרָגַע הַזֶּה, הַדָּם בְּעוֹרְקֵי תוֹסָס
וּקוֹלוֹ צוֹעֵק לִי מִפְּרוֹזְדוֹרֵי הַלֵּב,
וּמִפְּנֵי אֶהוּבָתִי אֲנִי גוֹסָס,
כִּי אֹר אֶהוּבָתִי כּוֹזֵב.

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

אֲחוּזִי כְּלָה, יוֹנְתִי הַלְבָנָה
עוֹפִי וְהִבִּיאִי מִנְחָתִי הַשָּׁמַיְמָה.

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

שָׁעִי אֵלַי, אֲחוּזִי וְתַמְתִּי
כִּי גְרוּנִי נִחַה, כְּלָתִי
אָנָּה נִשְׁקִינִי
טָרָם אָמוּת.

Where are you?

אֵיךְ?

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.