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My She-Whale
Ya'aqov Halevi Haramgaal

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Ya'aqov Halevi Haramgaal

MY SHE-WHALE

In my dream I saw my child, my lovely little girl, my own little girl.

She was as tiny as the reddish-naveled middle finger of a peanut, and she cried.

She spoke to me in the ancient mercy-tongue and cried. I felt the pain of her smallness and carried her in my arms to her bed.

She swam there in the waves of the blanket like a little round-billed she-whale, weeping and wailing. I pulled her out of the frozen foam and kissed her soft murmuring nose, and I almost swallowed her.

Jonah swallowing the she-whale.

Her weeping continued to sound, her whole being like a round-eyed flute in my trembling hands.

My child, my she-whale,
my ornament of loveliness,
mine,
mine.

Translated from the Hebrew by **Eliezer Freeman**