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Sabbath

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Christianity & Literature, Volume 60, Number 4, Summer 2011, p. 612 (Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press



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## Sabbath

*Shabbas, the Jewish Sabbath, occurs from sundown to sundown, Friday through Saturday*

It is said the Sabbath is a bride. Her groom  
is darkness risen. She never marries,  
is never jilted. Like Penelope at her loom  
she weaves and unweaves her weekly sorrows.

Her dowry is the fading light.  
She lets down her hair as a hive lets loose its bees.  
Her hair is dark as anthracite.  
At her second day of dusk she flees.

She snuffs the candles out, she pours the wine.  
She is conversant with angels.  
She is the last flower left on the vine.  
Before evening is over all fall to her spell.

She has been to Babylon and back year by year—  
you must bury your face in her long black hair.

VALERIE WOHLFELD