I, Miriam, stand at the sea and turn to face the desert stretching endless and still.
My eyes are dazzled
The sky brilliant blue
Sunburnt sands unyielding white.
My hands turn to dove wings. My arms reach for the sky and I want to sing the song rising inside me. My mouth open I stop. Where are the words? Where the melody?

In a moment of panic My eyes go blind. Can I take a step Without knowing a Destination? Will I falter Will I fall Will the ground sink away from under me?

The song still unformed – How can I sing?

To take the first step – To sing a new song – Is to close one's eyes and dive into unknown waters. For a moment knowing nothing risking all – But then to discover

The waters are friendly The ground is firm. And the song – the song rises again. Out of my mouth
come words lifting the wind. And I hear for the first the song that has been in my heart silent unknown even to me.

I Shall Sing to the Lord a New Song
Ruth H. Sohn