

I am Yael

I am Yael.
I am a Kenite.
I am Heber's wife.
I am dark skinned.
I shine like the olives I pick with my strong hands.
I plant grain, I harvest flax and barley.
I dance during the wheat harvest
when we laugh and feast outside the tents.
I prune vines; I pick summer fruit;
I dry grapes in the sun. I weave flax during the rains.
With coppery muscles, I lift rocks
and build walls in the topaz and jade fields.
I am tender like the inside of a sabra,
I am sturdy as a watchtower.
I am relentless in my farming.
I am full of seeds.
With ease I use builders' tools.
I don't think I would call myself a warrior woman—
although once I lured General Sisera into my tent,
passed him a jug,
covered him with dreams,
and then picked up my trusty hammer,
knelt down, thrust my hair behind my ears,
bent forward,
and while he slept,
I pounded a tent peg through his temple.
All the way through. Yes, I nailed him to the earth.
I am Yael.
I fear no one but God.

