

## WOMAN AT THE WELL

A Jew came to me at the well  
and told me  
my history.

He asked me for water  
and then offered me  
his blood.

He said one day  
though salvation  
will come from the Jews

we won't be so different.  
True faith will be a life  
rooted in the spirit.

He cut  
through hate,  
took the barbed edge

of division,  
pressed sides  
into union.

He touched me  
more deeply  
than any of my five husbands.

I hunger for him.  
I go back  
to relive him coming;

I lower  
my bucket  
into the spring.

