

The Moon's Goblet

שָׁרַיִךְ אֶגֶן הַסֵּהר אֶל־יֵחַסֵּר הַמָּזֵג

Sa'r'raych agan hasahar al yechsar hamazeg

Your navel is the moon's goblet,
Ever filled with wine. (Song of Songs 7:3)

I sing these words as a blessing on the continuity of life in its fullness. The navel is the place where the imprint of the umbilical cord forms a magical moon-shaped goblet, filled with the wine of everything beautiful, joyous and life-giving. That ghost of an umbilical cord connects me with my Source. The moon's goblet is filling us with a remembrance that nothing is lacking. *HaMazeg* is sometimes translated as “mixed wine” — nourishment and beauty combined. We celebrate this round belly — a mound of wheat, fringed with lilies — nourishment and beauty combined