In Hebrew my name means Wife-of-Abraham. In Irish it means too many prayers. It means outside, it means leaving. It is like the number eighteen. An away color. It is the Catholic confessional I inhabited on Saturday mornings when I was pious, confessions like lying.

It was my mother’s name and now it is mine. She was a woman, too, born like me under a waning moon – which is supposed to mean infertility if you’re born female – but I think this is a Druids’ lie because the Irish, like their priests, don’t like their women barren.

My mother. I would’ve liked to have saved her, an indigo-eyed beauty of County Clare, so trapped in spidery lace she couldn’t breathe. Until the war threw a window open and she flew through it. Just like that, as if she were a sparrow. That’s the way she did it.

And the story goes that she never came back. She looked for more windows her whole life, the way my grandmother looked for her soul on a pillowcase. I wonder if she liked the taste of the leaving or if she disappeared because she couldn’t see herself in all of that glass. Sarah. I have inherited her name, but I don’t want to inherit her leaving.

At school they say my name carefully as if the syllables were made out of blades and severs my presence in their lives. But in Irish my name is made out of a looser weave, like linen, not quite as delicate as my sister’s name - Rebecca – which is more lissome than mine. Rebecca who at least can come home and be Becka. But I am always Sarah.

I would like to unwrap myself from my mother’s name, a name too much like the sorrow and gin, the vapor nobody sees. Sarah as Anleith or Muirgheal or Deidre the Secure. Yes. Deirdre the Secure. Something like that will do.