

AFTER YET ANOTHER WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

*The land that you are crossing into to possess is a land of hills and cleft-valleys;
from the rain of the heavens it drinks water.*

This land will make you weep—

it will lure you like a jaded lover
and you will preen and argue your worth—

it will hold your hunger as ransom,
snare you with pomegranate and wheat,

haunt you across continents
and time—

and you will not let go.

You will gnaw at bony fingers—

tear out clumps of hair dry as parched gardens
trying to hold on to its promise.

It will ensnare your faithful nighttimes
and taunt your every rising.

Your will reject your sons and daughters,
put your hands
around the necks of strangers

in your confusion of owning and longing.

The land, oh how the land will
make you weep—

hold you hostage under every vine & fig tree,
desiccate your heart in every season.

It is yours forever—
and it will never let you go.