

When I See You

Yesterday, Amir,
when you brought pomegranates and melon to share,
I greeted you quietly at our front door.

Our village has been at peace for such a long time
no one can remember when it wasn't.

On Saturday, hell rained down
on the nation our families built.

And after the warning sirens abated,
we emerged from our bomb shelters,
trying to comfort our friends and families.

Sunday and Monday
we learned of
the wonton slaughter,
the kidnappings,
and the destruction in Gaza.

Our grandparents,
our parents,
and our generation
have watched, worried, hoped, and prayed
about our native land.

In our town, we never walk around starry-eyed.
Together we have sweated, spilled blood, and struggled.
Our families have celebrated together and consoled one another.

We read the newspapers, listen to the news,
argue and discuss and always wonder,
“What will happen next?”

But we must preserve what we have.

We live the Tent of Ibrahim (Abraham)

with its open sides and
eternal welcome to the stranger.

Always.

نرجو أن نسعى دائماً إلى الصداقة ونعرف ما هو جيد في الناس. آمين

(May we always seek friendship
and know what is good within people.)

מי שעושה שלום בשמים הגבוהים
עשה שלום עלינו, לכל ישראל ולכל יושבי הארץ.

(May the One who makes peace in the high heavens
make peace for us, all Israel, and all who inhabit the earth.)

When the sound of guns and the terror of rockets have ceased
and the smoke begins to clear, we will re-open our shops.

When we do, Amir, you and I will go
to the café on our village square
to enjoy a mid-morning Turkish coffee.