

Cupid Lips

In Gaza strip on tacky roads,
The star of David
Tramps the trammled youth of Palestine
Into the unyielding earth.

And in the guilt time, these
Hard Jew children crush
The mush ripe fruit with picky paws.
While on the TV,

Network news, they stop to raise
Their bloody thumbs as conquerors,
Spreading itchy, trigger fingers
Over each Palestinian who dares speak.

They smile their cupid lips
For the 'mother' state, then with
Easy gait pulverise the soft, yearned for fields,
Spitting the black olive stones

Through the heat haze, in contemptuous arcs,
Like missiles or lazy mortar shells,
Ripping through the brittle air, more
Avenging than looping, skipping ropes.

This is the prime-time Jew,
On heat, swaggering into war;
And I despair of his appetite for death,
Gorged on ancient claims and sabra pride.

And shame I feel, for with the Diaspora
I am, though across the world,
His brother
Through an atavistic mother.

Ernest Rodker