

Jerusalem

Libby Hilliard

The sun rose over Bethlehem
Kissing the Dead Sea "Good Morning"
Lighting the dusty roads
Proclaiming, "I am tomorrow."

And down below its rays were stopped
By a wall erected West
North and South the same wall stretched
Embracing the Eastern light

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Sang a boy with olive skin
His ball, aged and flat
Rolled slowly ahead of him

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Whispered the mother of the boy
The mound of chickpeas round her
Slowly yielded to her hands

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
The city barred from view
Gave hope beyond its borders
To the boy with olive skin

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
The city close to heart
Seemed far beyond the grasp
Of the mother, aged and flat

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
The mother heard her boy
"Patience, Lamb," she soothed
But he was already out the door

So Jerusalem, Jerusalem
The boy continued to sing
All day he played beneath the sun
His mother's little Lamb



Noon came and went
And dusk began to settle like the dust
All was calm, until
A spray came from the North

The boy with olive skin
Found his peace because of none

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Do not forsake me now
The mother left her pounding
With a pounding heart and tears

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Where is our Shalom?
Cried a city, full of longing
For the innocence of old

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
What is life to me?
The mother bowed her head
And kissed her boy with olive skin

Over sorrow beyond sorrow
Flew a dove in uniform
With a sprig of peaceful olive
Mocking former hopes

“Make hummus, Not walls”
Pleaded, nearer still
While the chickpeas, in the kitchen
Gave sustenance to none

The sun set over Bethlehem
Bidding the dead “Good Night”
Sliding beneath the wall
Warning, “Until tomorrow.”

