

Between the River and the Sea

Between life, death
and anarchy
matters health
and the bottom of Maslow's hierarchy:
 food to eat
 water to drink
 clean air
 clothing to wear

yet in conflicted territories
engulfed by decades-old tensions
that set cities on fire
fuelling each others' ire
they cannot look at one another
and see thy neighbour.
Would you look past the Nakba
or unsettle the "settler"?

Unlike a thing
a painting, à la Banksy
it is the limbs of infants
that shred asunder
tattered tunics lay strewn
drone strikes like thunder
hardly any homes, humbled
picking shards for shelter.

Between the river and the sea
are men of shared lineage
there's no more blood to shed
time to turn a new page.
May the world find itself
in an alternate age
where peace is conferred
by our common heritage.