

HOPE

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The wind in our sails is hope.
It blew on the rivers of Babel,
Along the ice floes of the Potomac,
And at Waterloo, Gettysburg, and Flanders.

No cyclone can disperse it.
No mountain can block it.
No ocean can drown it.
And no serpent can poison it.

For we are of eternal matter
From the dust of exploded super-novas,
Ignited by the Master's breath,
Forever renewed by the sun at dawn.

Yet death and destruction
Stalk our homes, kill our children,
Bring on wars between brothers.
Strife and corruption inhabit our cities.

Oh, Lord of Hosts,
Tranquility eludes us, peace betrays.
We beseech you.
Let hope die.

Yet, to You, rose the anguished cry
Of our firefighters
In the billowing flames
Of the Twin Towers.

And did You hear the terminal whimper
Of a three month old baby,
One of your children chosen for the
Special showers at Buchenwald?

Oh, Rock of Ages,
How much longer?
How many more millennia
Of suffering and depravations?

A sudden thunder shook the earth.
The firmament turned a midnight black as
A golden fire kindled the horizon,
And spread around the globe.

It formed fluorescent stars of giant letters.
They circled the globe as they lit up the sky,
In beat with a tympanic thunder, booming,
“You will suffer until you heed the mark of Cain.”