

# PULSE

Thursday, February 12, 2004

Israel is bordering genocide  
And the wall has been erected.  
It's wintertime, supplies are low  
As chosen children die from blows  
Of revenge, revenge, re-venge  
My friends  
I know naught  
The secret wars fought  
On foreign Sunday afternoons,  
Nor which side of the fence to stand on.

With hands on my knees  
I pray  
Hoping that the golden light  
Encircling my heart  
May spread beyond my own confusions.

Who is to blame?

In the name of Abraham, and Moses  
Gibran and Mohammed  
Whose lessons are blessings  
Broken apart, and re-molded  
Into deadly weapons  
Buried beneath trembling temples  
And gold steeples  
Where the townspeople remain  
Outcasts from their own homes.  
Orphans of modernity, shattered,  
Running hysterically  
Through war zones with tattered  
Torahs and cracked Korans  
In holy back pockets,  
Silently longing for a piece of peace  
Or at least a slice of land  
Away from the constant destruction.  
Karmic eruptions  
And who's paying the price  
For this mechanical device  
Erected in the name of Democracy, or Faith  
Or Oil (black gold), or Rights of Ownership  
Or choose one, or two or three.

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