

Michael Stone

Jerusalem Golden

Over the eastern hills, early in the morning, the newly-risen sun glows
an orange ball.

Golden light spears up though a pale, blue-grey sky, almost white.

Their eastern faces golden, cardboard cutout blocks of square stone
buildings dramatic geometry against the sky.

Omar's gold blue hexagon, Sepulchre's double domes, sharp in the
morning light the city nestles in its walls.

Its people

hating,

loving,

living.

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow (2001)

Yesterday there were terrible bombs on Ben Yehuda, Two, one on each end, and then one more. Children, teens, killed, maimed, wounded. This, no honourable fight of a proud people, hatred, killing for killing's mad joy, there is no sense to it, none, none ...

Today, here in Cambridge, it was warm, a balmy day for December, with Fall's yellow but a wintery date. Trees unclad for winter; Squirrels fat and busy, gathering, playing. beautiful quiet day, walking on the Common, and there - bombs black bitter blood.

Tomorrow, what will be there? Here they will argue with passion about things. What a fortune! Our life is beaten on other forges.

Michael E. Stone was born in England, grew up in Australia and have lived in Jerusalem, with the odd year abroad, since 1960. He has been reading poetry all his life and writing it since he was fifty-nine (about ten-years). His poetry has been published in many venues. His translation of the medieval Armenian Adam Epic, 6000 or so lines long, has been published by Oxford University Press (2008). he is a retired university professor, still learning, teaching and writing.