

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow

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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 fortune!
Our life is beaten on other forges.

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