

This Morning

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This morning, rockets from Gaza,
brought bombs back to Gaza,
and more rockets back to Beer-Sheba.

The air here is washed clean by rain,
And fresh with autumn cool,
The dawn sun reddens the mountain tops,
And the flowers, innocent of human folly,
Shine with joy as their roots
Luxuriate in the black, moist soil.

There, sirens and shelters and shrapnel.

15 November 2012.