

JERUSALEM

*Sounds of mirth colour Jerusalem's walls.
Erstwhile sombre, silent and grey,
Centuries-old wailing in war falls
When Jews returned to your bosom to pray.*

*Your streets, narrow and unkempt.
Divided city for those who dwelled,
Exiled hearts for your rebirth wept
Enemies manifold, your death chimes knelled.*

*In Diaspora-life tears streamed
Down wrinkled faces and swollen eyes.
For Jerusalem's breath, Jews dreamed.
On Her liberation, tears for those who died.*

*Within your silhouette, a Wall stands.
Countless passions and devoted caresses;
A myriad of strokes from far off lands
My wounded heart in its shadow undresses.*

*Into crevices, notes pleadingly placed,
Lovingly lodged with direst petition;
Confessions abound, stoically faced
Scribbled with faith in humble rendition.*

*Polished treacle-gold, the city awakens.
Saffron complexions provide the balm.
Across millennia, God's abode never forsaken,
Lovelorn prayers echo King David's Psalms.*