MODERN JOB

In Jerusalem the Lord waits,

in his temple, in the rubble of the earth.

Buried for centuries, watered by his people's tears,

cordoned off from his sacrifice,

the spirit waits.

In Auschwitz the trees flower,

swaying, under the dome of his sky.

Nourished, fertilized by the ashes and bones of believers,

beneficiary of the holocaust,

His greenery flowers.

In Hebron his folk pray —

side by side, the sons of Jacob and Ishmael.

compartmented, divided by the wounds of their martyrs,

intransigent in their grief,

His minions pray.

Let him wait.

In the gene-lines of our poor people

let the strand of the messiah be denatured, lost and unduplicated.

He was silent in our need.

Now let him wait.