

“I visualise a black hole”

By

Jeffrey M Cohen

I visualise a black hole
Wherein rectitude is sucked;
A graveyard for justice,
And fine moral conduct;
A dump for objectivity,
For values
And for truth;
A tip for peace and amity,
For the idealism
Of youth.

I visualise a world
Wherein right becomes wrong;
A world that banishes
Romance and song;
A world wherein
Violence rules,
And any free-thinking,
Retribution,
Fuels;
A world wherein culture
Is equated with sin;

And artistic creativity
Is consigned to the bin;
A world wherein children
Are taught to fight and hate;
And to aspire,
When they are older,
To the suicide-bomber's fate.

I visualise a world
Wherein history
Is denied;
And it is axiomatic
That our survivors lied:
That no Holocaust happened,
No gas-chambers were built -
That it was all a Jewish plot
To secure the Nazis' guilt;
That no 'Final Solution,'
For us,
Was customised;
That no millions lost
Their families,
Or were brutalised.

I visualise a world
Devoid of moral courage;
That, to tyranny, queues up,

To pay its grovelling homage;
A world that, readily,
Dubs Israel the aggressor,
And, in anti-Jewish prejudice,
Ranks as a professor.

World, it is for you
That I bitterly lament;
For, into that black-hole,
All your principles,
Have been bent.

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