

"The aftermath"

By

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If we won,
Then, at what price?
Another *Akedah*-
Sacrifice?

They dance
In the streets,
Handing out sweets;
Their victory chanting,
Logic,
Supplanting;
It fills the air -
A lie,
Laid bare.

Two thousand martyrs:
Allahu Akbar!
A dance macabre;
Most bizarre.

'Return to your homes
And celebrate!'
Was their leaders'

Firm dictate.
'Wave your flags
And show defiance
Of the *kafir*
And his alliance'.

Return to our *homes*? -
What have they become?

Memorials

To martyrdom;

Piles of rubble

Earth and clay;

Homes?

If only we dared say

Just how much

We rue the day

When we voted

To become the prey

Of violent men

Happy to pay

Any price to avoid

The peaceful way!

Men who perfected

The human shield,

No matter how many deaths

It yields;

Who win support

By intimidation;

Sowing widespread

Desperation.

Two thousand homes

Are now bereaved;

Is that a victory,

Achieved?

Was it martyrdom

For a belief,

Or self-inflicted pain

And grief?

Do you not see

Where you're being led?

The lies

Your people

Are being fed?

You must have known

Of those preparations,

The tunnels of death,

And launching stations

That your sons,

For years,

Were preparing -

A genocide,

Supremely daring!

So you were complicit

In that offensive;

In a toll of death,

Far too expensive.

You, who claim to know

The will of God,

Don't you think

That it's most odd

That the One who,

Mankind,

Designed,

Should be acclaimed

Through hatred,

Blind?

And re-assess

Your naïve belief

That your leaders

Will bring you

Blessed relief;

Give peace a chance -

For it's more sacred

Than the dream of Israel

Annihilated.

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