

Against

The Wailing Wall
tokens are left,
impressions of
fingers.
In the distance
grow olive trees.
They hold only air.
How long can people do the same?
When belief ceases, a surface
touched, touched too often, all
eyes look through, become ghosts.
Then contact's rare, an apology.
There's been too much waiting,
too much unsaid.
Rage hungers, changes places
with disappointment, some mis-
understanding recognized,
resigned to.
Contempt is tender, sick
of hatred, reckoning,
temporary forgiveness.
Is there nothing else to do?
Establish some kind, cognizant
silence. First stand, next kneel,
shape a shadow.
This brick's loaded with them,
still surviving, resolved,
while the inexplicable
bombs on.