Resurrection from Shadows

The Star of David is our skin,

a sacred tattoo for a trial of Time.

We develop character by the badge scars etch,

our whole bodies making one map.

I’ve traced your country ritualistically,

the flesh as sacrament.

It glowed tallow-gold

& eyes dreamt of Nazareth

burning straight through.

Oh, fertile visionary, Jerusalem-human,

bloom Nile depths again.

That traversal echoes out

dark, mysterious & swift.

In vestibules confessions whisper, disrobe.

Without labels can we rise

redefining denominations?

How dangerous is religion

when scapegoats are desired!

Surpass the piety.

Will angels fill the breeze?

What baptismal is a fiery font

when flesh melts there

branded gypsy, Jew, faggot?

How does one hearten belief

& get resurrected from shadows?

Press your star to mine.

We issue truth like small embers sparking.

We’re children giving testimony

for lovers to come.

May they be able to live more freely

because of this Justice we’ve been through.