

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.