

City of Peace

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What would he have thought of all the blood spilt in its name by those who would own it?

... I wonder whether David, the shepherd king, / Considered the possibility I'd be sitting here / Sipping from a cup of coffee, daydreaming / Of his pasture not so far from me ...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/-city-of-peace-.aspx>

" City of Peace"

(Raanana, January 12, 2018)

On days like these with a high-noon sun

Shining on a little courtyard,

The bougainvillea silent for lack of breeze,

I wonder whether David, the shepherd king,

Considered the possibility I'd be sitting here

Sipping from a cup of coffee, daydreaming

Of his pasture not so far from me

And lambs long gone, their progeny roaming

The barren hills of Ein Gedi

And his dreams of a city of peace

For all who hold its rocky paths holy.

What would he have thought of all the blood spilt

In its name by those who would own it?