

The Land and Nightfall...

By Bruce Isaacs

The land nocturnal rises in the glare of firelight,
Rises and falls,
And the softly looming mountains sleep.
Dust and darkness of the same pliant stuff,
The same suspirant murmur,
It wakes to its revisionist calling -
New but not unfamiliar -
Reverberate, clamorous, the sound of real, virulent intent -

Born of dust and breath,
The breathlessness of the creator,
One true form, intransigent,
And the work, verisimilitude of the Divine,
That falls to memory.

Now its limbs shudder, spasm -
It holds its breath for fear it will be its last.
When night descends, and the depths of the day reveal the rubble-strewn soul of the
land-
Gaza stripped, ravished,
Made of the same pliant stuff -
When the land sleeps and the dust settles,
All that remains is the reverb of a clash:
Staccato, rhythmic, time manacled -
The last trembling gasp for civilisation.