

Deep in Thick Forests by Matthew Greenberg

During that summer...

It was not a European getaway,
or a vacation spent tanning
on the beaches of far off coasts.

An adventure,
to say the least,
towards swirling
strangling
blackness
in search of history,
and to end with what was promised
long, long ago.

Between stone monuments,
towering castles,
and dark graves
deep in thick forests.
Through wooden chambers of death
and iron ovens of fire,
where hatred can still be smelled
and tears can still be heard.

We cry out in agony
and sob inside silence.

The mausoleum
full of ashes,
enough to drown in,
and then drown again,
our hands become clammy,
and then thick
with a layer of ancestors stuck to them
from an unearthly wind.

This is not a summer camp.

Have we discovered
what we came here to learn?

Are these the answers
we deemed necessary to find?

Where are we going?

What's the point in getting there?

The taste of love
and the embrace of freedom.
Life's pungent fragrance,
poignant in our minds.

And history,
experienced with every step,
seen on every cobblestone corner,
heard with every prayer.

Israel.

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