

Stitching the Dove Back Together
by Sarah Antine

A crow waits on the last telephone pole in Alon Shvut,
clutching a Kleenex in its beak,
I look up
through the waterfall pouring down my face.
It was some kind of joke
made by the crow.
Doves do not have a sense of humor.
Doves ruffle feathers, have too much to carry –
The olive branch gets heavy,
looking for a place to land.
On the sidewalk I find too many dropped feathers
like dotted lines.
I should pick them up
but this road is the Nile river, rushing past.

Here is where I could keep quiet

and hitch a ride with eternity
like the three boys
climbing into the wrong evening, the wrong backseat, “*אותי חטפו הם*”
tossed to the river of blood.
Look under every house for them. Tear down the night, mourning.
Even so, the Levant Sparrowhawks won't budge. Even so, citizens caw for blood in
the stirred up street; thugs fall like limestone bricks. Thirsty, we set our dry bones
on the curb.

He called out, “Father, save me,” so they poured out gasoline.
Entitled - a kind of crown that shatters his skull.

Surely goodness will follow me,
Old Newspaper
still burning in a ditch,
all the days of my life.
Sit by the campfire; try not to talk about it,
a marshmallow blistering and turning black on the end of a stick.