




Ain Milim (No Words)

An Anthology of Poems by Dan Savery Raz

The background is an abstract composition of overlapping geometric shapes, primarily triangles and polygons, in shades of white and light gray. The shapes are layered, creating a sense of depth and movement. The text is centered horizontally and vertically within the composition.

For Shiri, Hila, Maya, and Lia.

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Dream Poems



Sock

(Pyramids and Ghettos)

Stopping the wheels of time is no ideal at all,
it only causes havoc when sleeping films of Kant and Dakota
are boiled in their own juices.
Milky way all day.
Laying there under the stars I felt a great issue embellish my lower body.
I knew I had a job but hated seeing everyone's faces.
So whilst slipping over for the 16th time in 4 hours I realized 17 things.
(I was not about to forget 10 of them this time).
I soaked my clothes as though I was a leather teacher.
I turned to my lonely wife, (who I may never have met), and told her my awakening.
She brushed aside her sweat and said, "You sure have a nose for television."
I instantly drifted out and in love with her like some kite falling on a bully.
"Don't underestimate the power of singing, words and thoughts", I wish I said,
but I actually said, "Get that damn monkey out of the canoe."
Waking up next morn, I spelt the word in my own way,
I hit the tournament and lost 3-nil.
My individualism kept me postmodern,
but I ache inside like a snail crushed under a rollercoaster.
Jesus had a good philosophy, "Love thy neighbour as thy love thy sadness."
Lyrics* They and they and they do do do sit all day
and make tedious remarks about things they really understand but pretend not to.
Am I getting too obtuse? Like a movie/song/book/life enhancer
I indulge in pyramids and ghettos that I have never seen, heard or listened out for.
Fake fake fakety fake, I try but fail,
Actions versus the mind.
Maybe it all is taken into consideration at the Federation in Montana.
Kill me Vietnam, I have no questions further.
Gazebo face?

* When you think you know it all, you don't.
You only know it all when you realize you'll never
know it all.


Photo by Gaurav D Lathiya

MY IDEA + YOUR IDEA = A REAL IDEA

I can't write fast enuff. I can't write fast enuff.
I can't write fast enuff. I can't write fast enuff.
I can't write fast enuff. I can't write fast enuff.
I can't write fast enuff. I can't write fast enough.
I can't write FAST.
ENOUGH!



Dear John



Dear John,
you are a statue and I am a spaceship,
it's over.
Love always from your Mindbender.

Tortus

Slow-moving, sleeping king,
tartaroukhos, ancient thing.
Those Latin poets called you twisted,
but in sea or on land, you have existed
through ages and ages, you've seen kingdoms fall,
a silent witness, an animal.

Your dome of rock, served you well,
your elephant legs, your armored shell.
A moving statue, with timeless integrity,
a pillar of strength, throughout eternity.
Lord of the underworld, lord of the dead,
or just a small reptile, with re-tractable head.

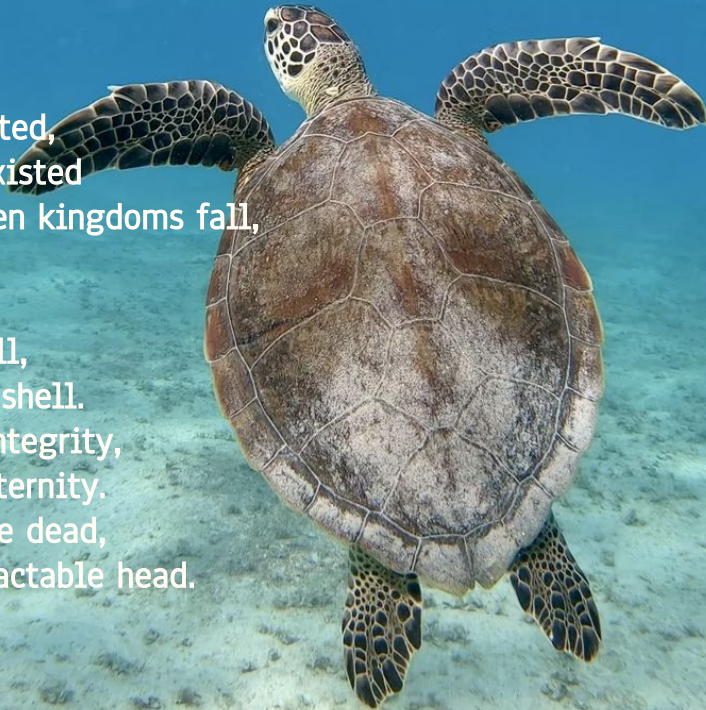


Photo by Stephan van de Schootbrugge

The Animals Who Came To Eat

If the tiger came to tea,
Then the bear came for breakfast,
The lion came for lunch,
And the dinosaur came for dinner.

The bear finished all the cornflakes and milk,
The lion ate all the chicken, rice, and peas.
The dinosaur gobbled all the schnitzel and mash.
So when the tiger came to tea...
we had to get a takeaway.

The Tiger Who Came to Tea



Judith Kerr

Amber the Ambiguous Aubergine

We speak different languages, you and I.
While Amber lights a candle once a week,
we argue about the nails in our coffins,
and the cobwebs found in our food.
The sound of the corkscrew forcing its way
into our mind's great undiscovered vineyard.
Our forefathers and five mothers hold us tight
by the campfire burning wood in the desert,
where Jesus walked on water before sinking,
like the Holy Roman Empire must always sink.
The followers reached the hilltop and upon it sang
to a half-dead piece of rock that burst into flames,
shooting rockets into outer space, as
the aubergine turned around to see what once was I.



Tech Poems





Hamlet on Wall St

Image by Pintera Studio

I yield to the yeast of Nasdaq,
Thy frozen dollar hangeth from African trees,
a rate of 3.33 recurring,
amidst our false economies.

I beseech thee, oh CEO of the G20,
bear witness to the CPI and GDP,
the EU, UN and thou wretched Dow Jones,
and reduce thy incestuous income tax immediately!

For what valour, a billion euros?
What separateth the bank from the slaughterhouse?
A mere exchange rate, methinks,
that maketh a mockery of man and king of a mouse.

'Tis inflation that's to blame,
for the subprime mortgage liquidation,
the merger of murderers,
the deceitful corporations.

Ay, a plague hath descended,
on Wall St's treacherous walls.
The housing market poisoned,
by profits and by fools.

Behold! The credit crunch and
the hedge fund's funeral pyre,
thy lawless stocks and shares,
acquisitions in the fire.

Conglomerates converge,
in an evil covenant,
their money it doth multiply,
by 6.66 per cent.

So farewell, all ye merchants
with your demonic financial doom.
There are more things in heaven and earth,
than your equity bubbles and boom.

Space of Waste

Image by Pete Linforth

The Internet is a poem, a 21st century epic,
If Google is 'God', then God I'm pathetic.
The Internet is nothing but poker and porn,
there really is no reason for us being born.

The Internet began a long, long time ago
back in ancient Egypt, Wikipedia told me so.
The Internet is alive, growing bigger every day,
we crash and burn on the cyber highway.

The Internet is a business of traffic and users,
if you're not uploading you're one of the losers.
The Internet is my friend, a book of faces,
but we never 'click', we inhabit different spaces.

The Internet is a domain, a land of its own,
send me an email, but don't call me by phone.
The Internet is slow and we are children of speed,
there are millions of blogs that no-one will read.

The Internet is down, you have a System Error.
We are all components in this web of terror.
The Internet is free speech, real people power,
you can change the president, but never the hour.

The Internet is a library, infinite and wise,
we no longer need to look to the skies.
The Internet is Mom, Dad and Babysitter.
You can find this poem on YouTube and Twitter.

easyBank.com

To check the balance of your account, press one.
To transfer money from one account to another,
press two.
For lost or stolen cards, press three.
If you'd like to pay your outstanding balance,
press four.
If you like the word 'muesli', press five.
If you get scared by thunder and lightning storms
late at night, press six.
If you believe in one monotheistic God, press seven.
If you are an atheist or believe in many gods,
such as the sun god Helios, press eight.
For reincarnation, press nine.
To listen to some ancient Tibetan Buddhist chants,
press ten.
Trotskyites, press eleven.
Hermaphrodites, press twelve.
For information on the displacement
of the Aboriginal population of Australia
in the late 18th century, press thirteen.



If you just want to get stoned,
press fourteen followed by the hash key.
If you treat your pet dog better than most
human beings, press fifteen.
People that still carry some torch of
hope for humanity, press sixteen
followed by star.
For sarcasm or wit,
don't press seventeen whatever you do.
To speak to a customer service representative,
please call the premium number
between the hours of 10 am and 10:30 am
on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday.
To return to the main menu
please text the words 'Egyptian Mummification
in the Predynastic Period' to 666
or hold the line while we
drill holes in your ear.
Thank you for banking with easyBank.com,
the people's choice.

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised (or on Netflix)

You will not be able to stay home, brothers and sisters.
You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out.
You will not be able to fill yourself with Nespresso, ritalin, and McNuggets,
Skip out for beer during commercials,
Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.
The revolution will not be brought to you by Visa or MasterCard.
The revolution will not show you pictures of our leaders
shaking hands with Putin, Assad, King Salman, the Ayatollah
or any other mass murderer.

The revolution will not be streamed on
Netflix or Youtube and will not star Tom Cruise, Gal Gadot or Prince Harry.
The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal.
The revolution will not make you look five pounds
thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of classroom kids being shot down in the instant replay.
There will be no pictures of classroom kids being shot down in the instant replay.
There will be no selfies posted by teenage suicides,
teenage bullies or teenage terrorists.
There will be no likes, shares, emojis, retweets or hashtags.

Game of Thrones, Fornite, and whatever time-waster comes next
will no longer be so damned relevant,
And teenagers will no longer care about Instagram, Snapchat or
who wins America's Got Talent
because everyone will be in the street looking for a brighter day.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on CNN, Fox News, Sky News, or Al Jazeera.
The theme song will not be sung by Justin Timberlake, Justin Bieber or
anyone else called Justin, just in case you need to throw up.

You will not be able to pre-order the revolution with free one-day delivery
from Amazon, eBay or AliExpress.
You'll no longer need to worry about ADHD, OCD or HIV, or take CBD in an AirBnB.
The revolution will not give you Air Miles,
loyalty points or unlimited storage space.

The revolution will not go better with Coke.
The revolution will not be available in 3D, 4G or
supercalifragilisticexpialidocious HD.
The revolution will not make you look good naked.
The revolution will put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised,
will not be televised, will not be televised.
The revolution will be no re-run brothers and sisters;
The revolution will be live.

Life Is Not a Resume

Life is not a resume,
you don't have to login, logout,
clock-in, clock-off,
swipe your card,
pass with straight 'A's
or delete your imagination.

Life is not a resume,
you don't need five years' experience,
an MBA in computer wizardry,
be an independent team player
or speak three languages
while juggling on a tightrope.

Life is not a resume,
you don't need to fill in a form
when you die.
No-one will ask for salary expectations
because the revelation,
Brothers and Sisters, will be live.

Photo by [Sigmund](#) on [Unsplash](#)





The Spammer's Prayer

Our Server,
who art in the ether,
Data be thy name.
Thy inbox full,
thy will delete all
on earth as it is in trash can.
Give us this day our daily spam,
and forgive us our unread messages,
as we forgive those who spam against us.
And lead us not into notifications,
but deliver us from email. Amen.

My Family is My Startup

I am the co-founder
of a startup in the growth business,
in which we invest money and energy,
blood, sweat and the best years of our lives.
So far we've raised minus \$1 million
and three kids.

The plan is not to make an exit
but remain a private entity
in an ever-demanding marketplace
of toys, shoes, clothes, birthday parties,
bicycles, necklaces, bracelets, diapers,
dentists, cough syrup, sun cream,
ballet and swimming lessons.

We are always hiring
babysitters and need part-time
cooks, cleaners, plumbers, drivers,
grandparents, aunts and friends.
Our values are fairness, forgiveness
and occasional shouting.
Our slogan is 'When do we eat?'
Our final product is contented sleep.

Stay Safe

(We're Here For You)

Stay safe. Stay home. Stay healthy.
Stay warm. Stay comfortable. Stay lazy.
Stay obedient. Stay stupid. Stay gullible.
Stay online. Stay connected. Stay lovable.
Stay here. Stay clicking. Stay buying.
Stay eating. Stay sitting. Stay lying.
Stay playing. Stay gambling. Stay addicted.
Stay low. Stay unrecognised. Stay rejected.
Stay under control. Stay quiet. Stay working.
Stay awake. Stay away. Stay watching,
watching, watching, as they say,
how you can stay.



Stay in the right lane, stay in the left,
Stay for a while, stay until death.
Stay insane, but don't cause a fuss,
Stay a consumer, but don't question us.
Stay watched, stay under surveillance,
Stay off the grass, stay on the pavements.
Stay out the way, stay in line,
Stay with us, and you'll be fine.
Stay polarised, stay in fear,
Stay believing, the end is near.
"We're here for you," your leaders say,
The wheels of government
are here to stay.



England Poems



Slipping past the passers-by,
Sliding through the gate,
Round the corner and down the stairs,
He is London's smoothest snake.

Never touching, never talking,
But always on the move,
This creature of the underground
Is instinctively in tune.

Like a 21st-century pickpocket,
He disappears onto trains,
From Leytonstone to Ealing
These tubes are in his veins.

He overtakes the suitcase
He swerves past the slugs,
The advertising billboards,
The multimedia drugs.

And when he finally rests
To close his eyes to sleep,
His mind is still racing,
So he starts counting sheep.

Tube Snake



Photo by Dan Roizer on Unsplash



Bedtime Story, 1984

I sat on the carpet,
next to the coffee table,
eating a bag of chips,
dipping them into red sauce.

The TV was blaring,
the *BBC 6'0 Clock News*,
when an Ethiopian child stared at me,
with flies buzzing around his/her head.

Its belly blown up like a balloon,
the eyes – an unfamiliar glare,
a misery inhuman,
from a distant, desert planet.

*Not everyone has food,
not everyone has clothes.
A child was dying,
before Top of the Pops.*

On a Thursday night,
I was glued to the TV eye,
out of an infantile hunger,
rather than adult apathy.

I, was a child,
My questions were simple.
It may not have been real,
yet I was five years old.

How easy it was,
back then, eating chips.
That red sauce tasted good,
before I saw the news.

Lost Luggage

In London I lost myself,
my shyness, inhibitions, the stupid
town that held me back. I lost my past,
the teeth knocked out of my mouth so fast
by bored brats who smoked too much weed,
suburban anti-artists will never succeed.

In London I lost my luggage,
that invisible weight I carried on my shoulders,
I lost the hatred that ran in my veins,
I remember reading M.K Gandhi on trains,
thinking this world's not always insane,
suffering leads to inspiration again.

In London I found my voice,
while hundreds of people passed me by,
on the pavement outside Angel tube station,
freezing winter days were my revelation.
In London I found my song,
the African drum that goes on and on.

In London parks I walked alone,
from Oxford Street to Chalk Farm home,
I cried on a park bench in Golders Green,
my friends, my family, my life unseen.
It was all too little, it was all too much,
So long London, (I'll be in touch).



Photo by Stuart Frisby



Kaddish for a Child in Church

I remember the smell of incense,
the stained glass windows
and drips of holy water,
Though I never understood what
makes water or words holy.

The priest was as old as guilt,
preaching to the convertibles.
I could barely see the pulpit,
but the cross eclipsed the old man's head
and I felt the dark, dark wood all around.



Jason Rumsey

Life is elsewhere, Jason Rumsey,
I cannot forget your name.
The curly-haired boy, unclean skin,
with tortured and confused glare.
You sat next to me
in Caboroski's art lessons,
those darkest Tuesdays, when it seemed
to rain harder than ever.
And were you there, Rumsey,
when I spilt the cup of coloured water
all over the idiot's painting?
That day was cursed
by the black crow,
who vanishes for long years,
before returning, squawking in my ear.
Your name, Jason Rumsey,
was next to mine in the class register,
until one night, in 1991,
you tied a rope around your neck,
and hanged yourself from a stairwell.
They told us, it was a dreadful mistake,
a joke that went wrong,
while your dad was watching Eastenders.
Poor Jason Rumsey, like Thomas More,
England killed you.

Hullbridge

Trapped in a village of bungalows,
I went down to where the muddy Crouch flows,
and listened to the bells of the moored boats,
without a friend, without a hope.

Across the river, a farm on the marsh,
All this emptiness can be harsh.
I never felt at home in my hometown,
Music and scribbles were my playground.



On Guild Hall

Only the dead are glorified on white brick walls,
The 'Great War' is four years, inscribed on Guild Hall.
Londinium was once like Venice in fog,
Working-class rowing boats floated in the smog.

Strange to be back in the land of Shakespeare,
those eyeless statues seem out of place here.
In the fires of hatred, St Paul's stood still,
The city was rebuilt, by a triumph of will.

Now London strains with clumsy cranes
to create new Amphitheatres for capital gains.
Why does London forever dream of Olympia or Rome?
Village of green villages, I once called you home.

.





Ode to the Humble Chip

O beauty upon beauty,
chip upon chip,
some crispy, some soggy,
all soaked in vinegar,
dripping, dripping,
to the bottom
of the cone.

I would eat you
every day but
you would
kill me.

A top-down view of a recipe book page. On the left, a silver metal tray holds several fresh raspberries, with a small white paper cup and a wooden spoon resting among them. Above the tray, a sprig of green mint leaves is placed. To the right of the text, there are two glass jars with metal clasps; one is partially filled with a clear liquid. A red fabric bag with white polka dots is tied with a red and white checkered ribbon. The background is a light-colored wooden surface.

How To Bake an Englishman

Take a boy,
sprinkle with parental love,
Gently cut some history, geography and opinions at school,
Mix them in with TV soap operas and the 6 O'clock News,
Stir in some outside influences, album lyrics and loneliness,
Pour in some holidays, hard times and heartbreak,
Leave to grow in a bedroom with computer games.
Once ready, place in an oven of competition and work,
Cook for twenty or thirty years until almost burnt,
Serve with nostalgia, numbness and notepads.
That's how to break an Englishman.



The Brains Behind Brexit

So it seems like the 'brains' behind the Brexit brand
were all too quick to quit this land,
Going back to the future of the 80's, man.
But those wordsmiths never had an exit plan.

It seems everyone got caught up in 'Leave' or 'Remain',
and forgot to ask, 'Isn't this question insane?'
Now the English are left with their miserable rain,
a self-made crisis, though little will change.

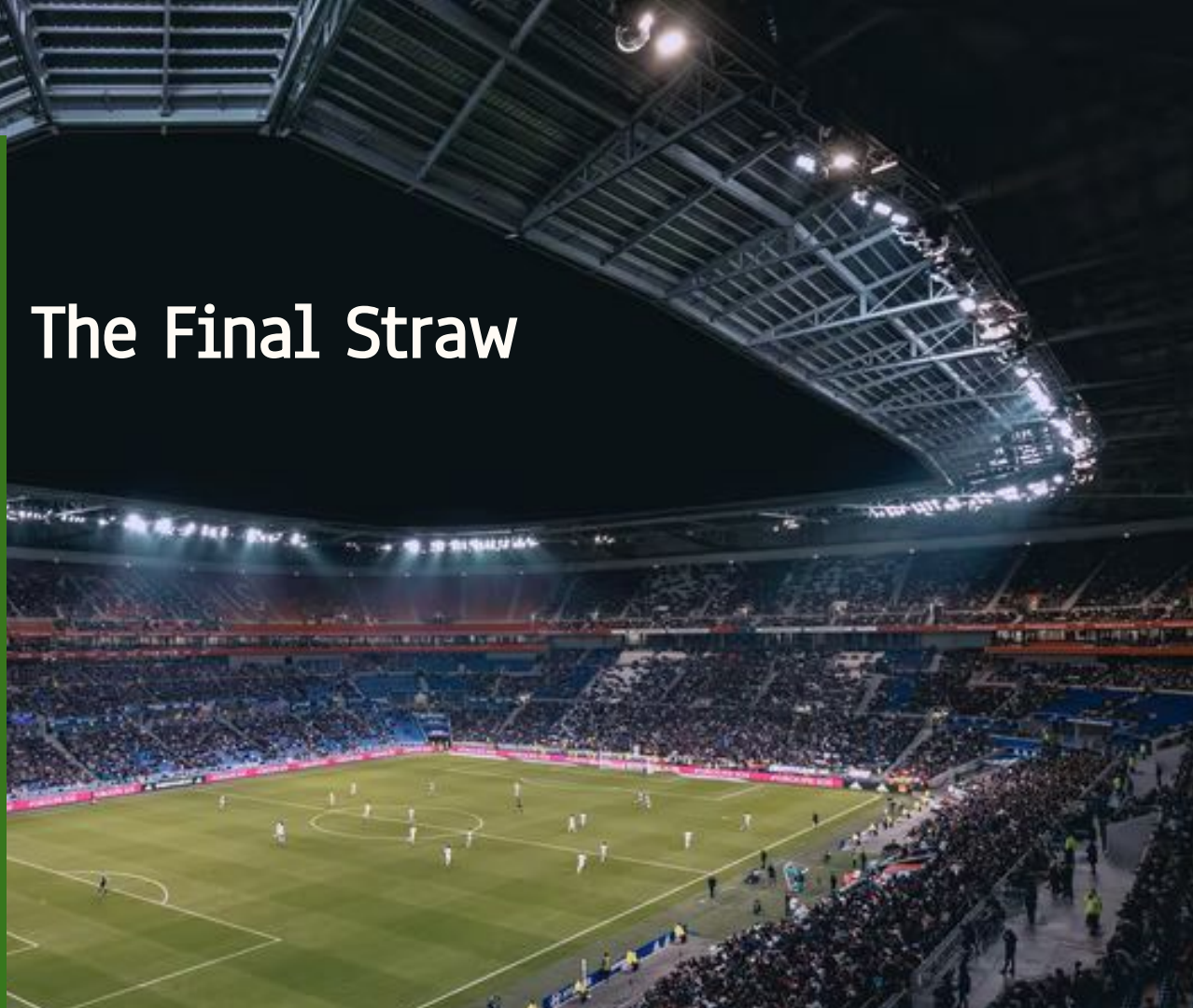
Image by Pete Linforth

Football is a farce,
every four years I fall
for the fan fair
and get a case of fever.
It's coming home, it's coming home!
Soccer is the global game,
It's never coming home.

Football is a fix,
An unfair final or semi-final,
Bribed referee or goalie,
brown envelopes of cash
from Qatar or the Tzar
paid to the chief thief of Fifa.

Football is fake news,
a distraction from the destruction.
God save the Queen
but don't worry about the green
planet – just keep watching,
consuming, betting, drinking, fighting,
until the 90th minute.
Football, fuck off.

The Final Straw



Rayleigh to Israeli



Born in a house,
not a hospital,
in the town of Rayleigh.
Christened as Daniel William,
a Catholic boy at the
Church of Our Lady's.

Baptised and 'born again'
at the age of twelve,
along with my Dad, William.
Abandoned the faith by fourteen,
I scribbled and screamed
through my teenagedom.

Studied the classics of
rock and cinema, but got
drunk, beaten and heartbroken.
Inspired to leave for London,
I met Shiri in the Whirly daze,
when love was awoken.

Travelled to temples,
reading Gandhi and Dr. King,
but still not finding inner peace.
Landed in Israel at Christmas,
as a tsunami shook the world,
I saw a future path to seek.

Converted to liberal Judaism,
immersed in the mikveh,
I became Daniel ben Abraham.
Moved to Tel Aviv,
learnt Hebrew and poetry,
but became less of a religious man.

Married at thirty,
changed my surname to Raz,
then to three girls, I became 'Abba'.
Settled after forty,
now I don't know who I am -
an agnostic, judgemental, Buddha?

Israel Poems



Café Voltaire

Tel Aviv is a French film
black & white, jump cuts, edited by students
with haircuts, long brown curls, girls with flowers
in their handbags, shopping on Dizengoff
for wedding dresses to cry on.

Tel Aviv is the Café Voltaire, in Zurich,
Switzerland, where surreal Dadaists painted poetry
on pub toilet walls, forever is never the end,
cats make love below balconies, while bicycles
circle in silence.

Tel Aviv is Manhattan in the 60s, where
Bob Dylan and Ginsberg drink tea and smoke
weed, honey, lemon and speed past
the falafel stalls to be human,
once more, to the core.

Tel Aviv is and will be
a dream, unless men and women
with hindsight and insight use the light switch
to switch the tide of time, a Mediterranean mind
game that nobody can win.

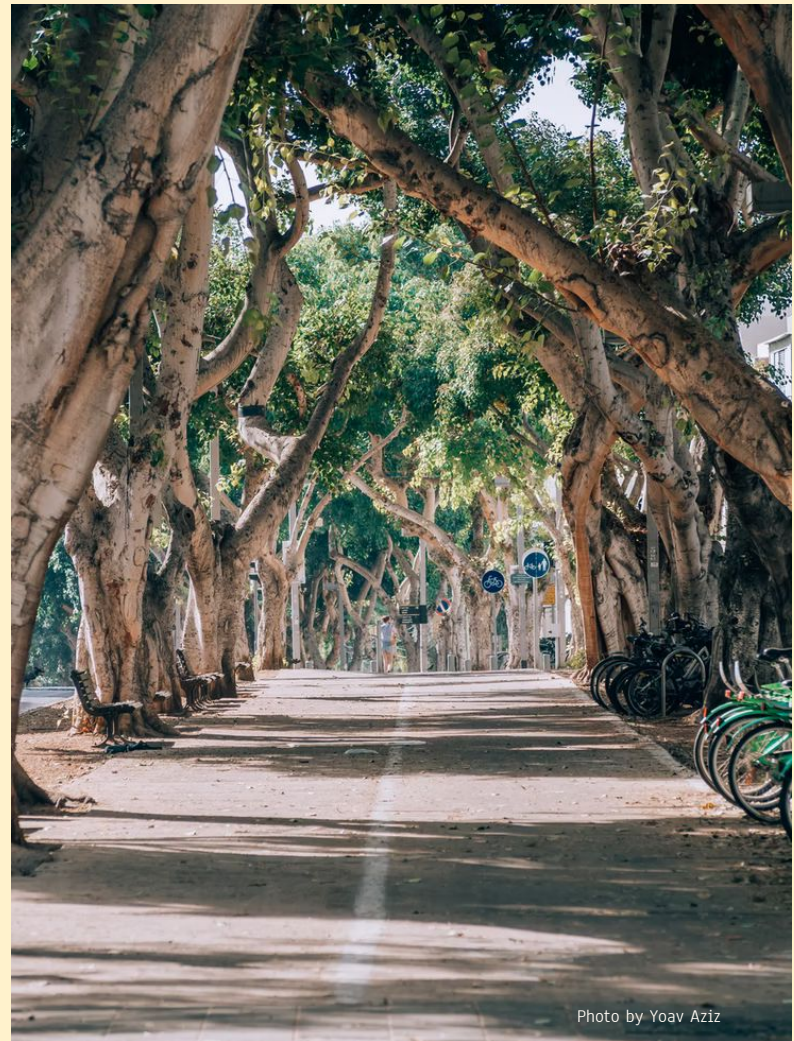


Photo by Yoav Aziz

Israel

(Inspired by 'America' by Allen Ginsberg)

Israel I'm tired of your excuses,

Israel one hundred and six shekels and twenty agorot, December 5, 2008.

Israel don't treat me like a child.

Fuck those yankee doodle warmongers in the territories, I deserve a future too.

Israel why do you send my unborn babies into war?

Israel remember where you came from.

Don't cut yourself off from the rest of the world.

"Quality not quantity", right?

Israel when will you stop slapping yourself in the face?

When will you masturbate without guilt? I don't know you yet.

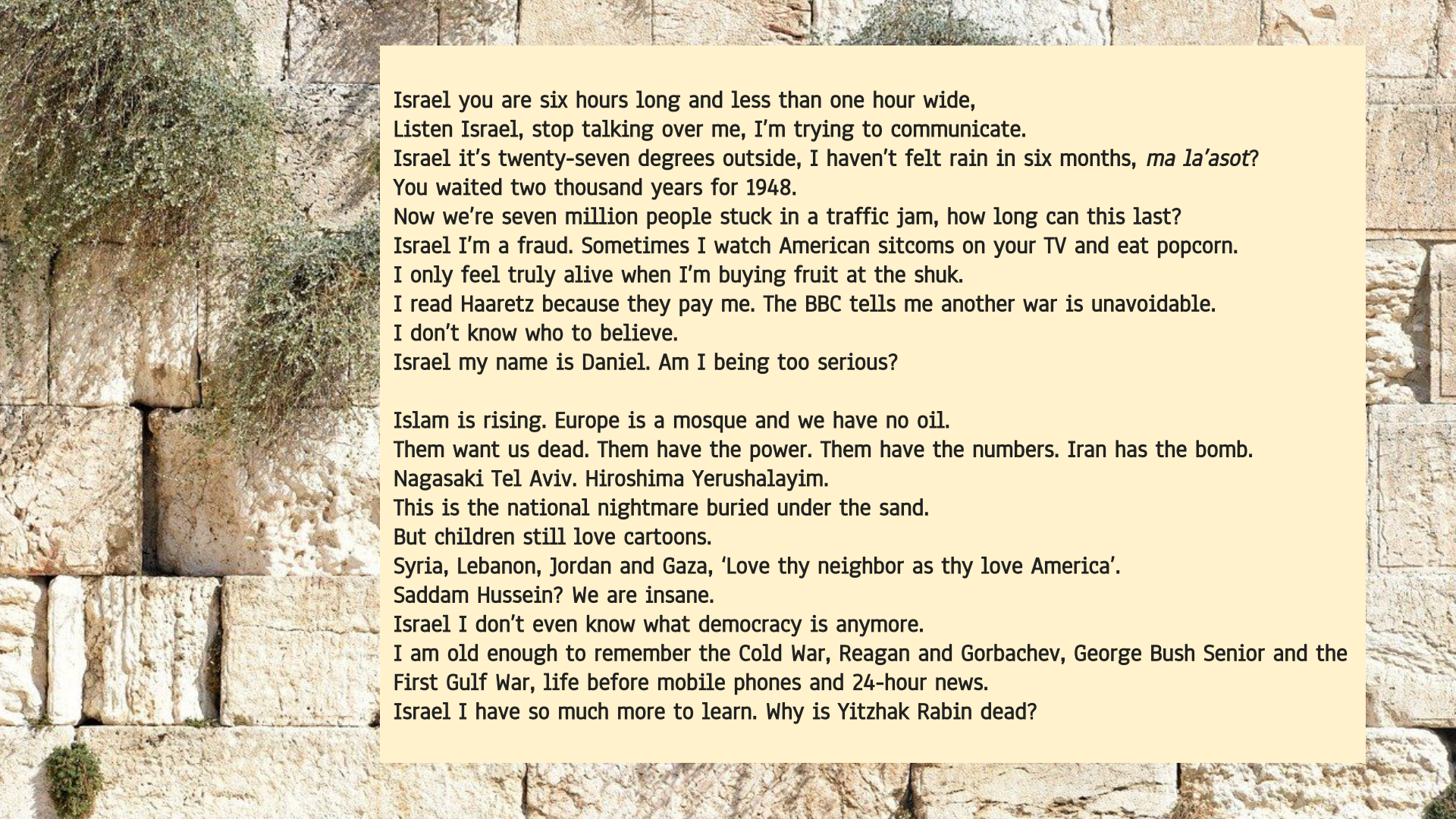
Israel there are mountains of plastic shit.

Israel go forth and multiply.

Israel Ben Gurion shook hands with Nixon and Einstein was a German.

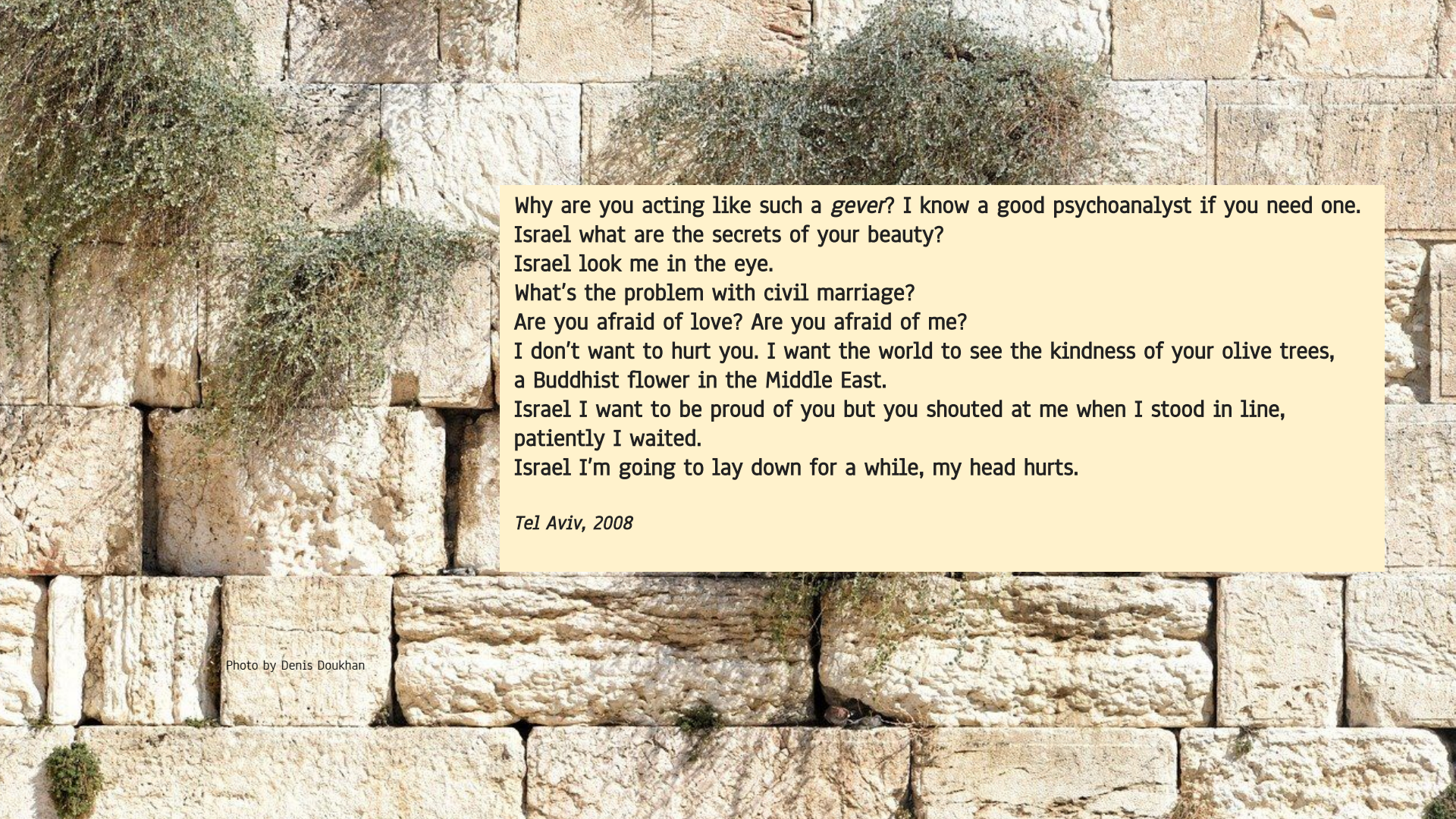
Arabs need holidays too.

You need a new PR manager. The world misunderstands you and you speak English.



Israel you are six hours long and less than one hour wide,
Listen Israel, stop talking over me, I'm trying to communicate.
Israel it's twenty-seven degrees outside, I haven't felt rain in six months, *ma la'asot?*
You waited two thousand years for 1948.
Now we're seven million people stuck in a traffic jam, how long can this last?
Israel I'm a fraud. Sometimes I watch American sitcoms on your TV and eat popcorn.
I only feel truly alive when I'm buying fruit at the shuk.
I read Haaretz because they pay me. The BBC tells me another war is unavoidable.
I don't know who to believe.
Israel my name is Daniel. Am I being too serious?

Islam is rising. Europe is a mosque and we have no oil.
Them want us dead. Them have the power. Them have the numbers. Iran has the bomb.
Nagasaki Tel Aviv. Hiroshima Yerushalayim.
This is the national nightmare buried under the sand.
But children still love cartoons.
Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Gaza, 'Love thy neighbor as thy love America'.
Saddam Hussein? We are insane.
Israel I don't even know what democracy is anymore.
I am old enough to remember the Cold War, Reagan and Gorbachev, George Bush Senior and the First Gulf War, life before mobile phones and 24-hour news.
Israel I have so much more to learn. Why is Yitzhak Rabin dead?



Why are you acting like such a *gever*? I know a good psychoanalyst if you need one.
Israel what are the secrets of your beauty?
Israel look me in the eye.
What's the problem with civil marriage?
Are you afraid of love? Are you afraid of me?
I don't want to hurt you. I want the world to see the kindness of your olive trees,
a Buddhist flower in the Middle East.
Israel I want to be proud of you but you shouted at me when I stood in line,
patiently I waited.
Israel I'm going to lay down for a while, my head hurts.

Tel Aviv, 2008

Photo by Denis Doukhan

Israel After Five

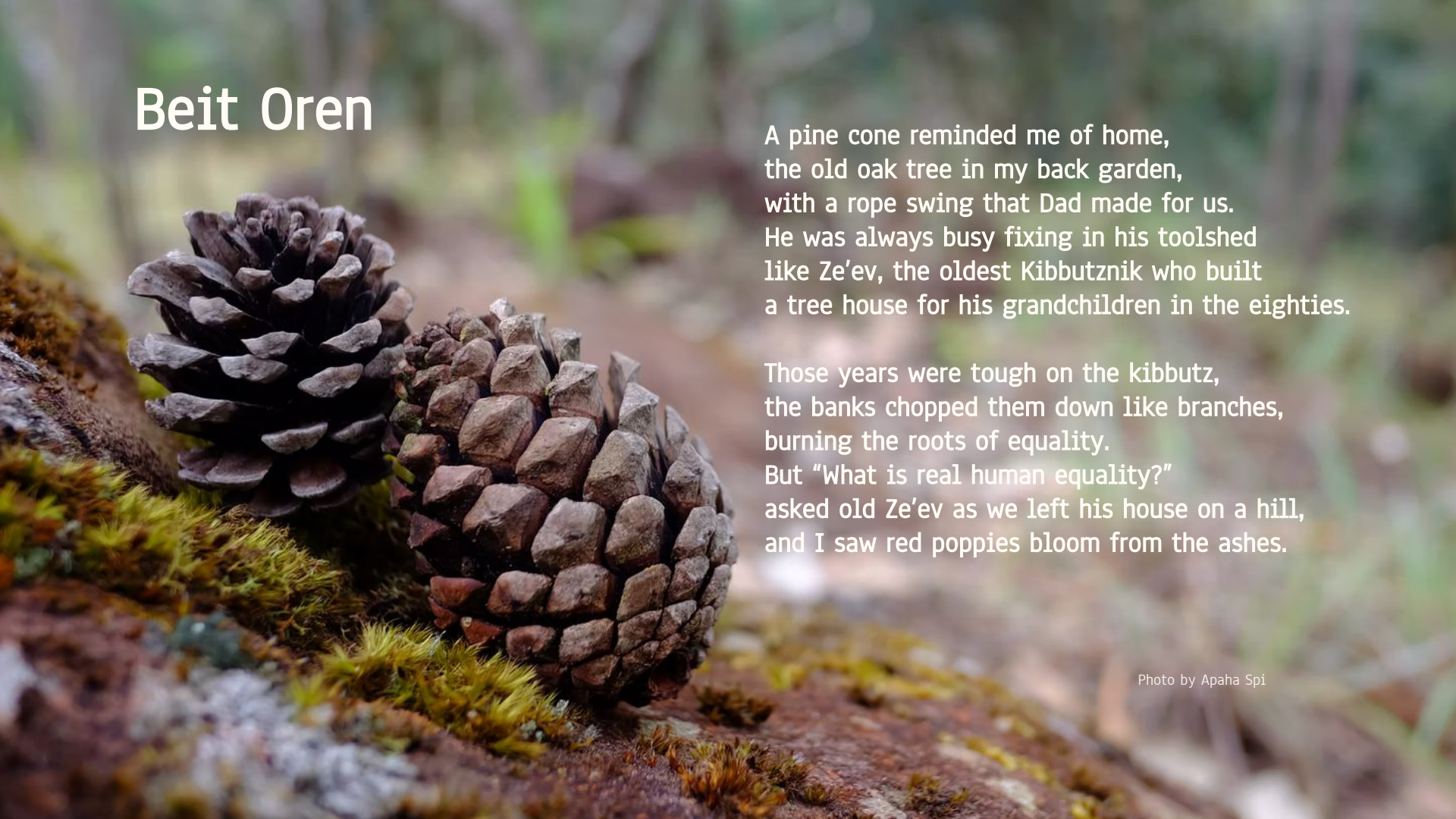
Has it been five years since I wrote Israel,
My howl at the Holy Land?
From the outside nothing has changed,
You still want to send my new-born infants into war.
You still create mountains of plastic shit.
You still have a problem with civil marriage, and love, and me.

Has it been five years since I wrote Israel,
My own personal waste land?
On the inside entire worlds have shifted.
You gave me a family and a nest of friends.
You sent me to the desert to find direction.
You built me a home filled with the shining moonlight.

Photo by Matan Perlmuter

Tel Aviv, 2013

Beit Oren

A close-up photograph of two pine cones resting on a mossy log. The pine cone on the left is dark brown and appears to be a mature, closed cone. The pine cone on the right is lighter brown and appears to be a younger, more open cone. The background is a soft-focus forest scene with green foliage and brown tree trunks.

A pine cone reminded me of home,
the old oak tree in my back garden,
with a rope swing that Dad made for us.
He was always busy fixing in his toolshed
like Ze'ev, the oldest Kibbutznik who built
a tree house for his grandchildren in the eighties.

Those years were tough on the kibbutz,
the banks chopped them down like branches,
burning the roots of equality.
But "What is real human equality?"
asked old Ze'ev as we left his house on a hill,
and I saw red poppies bloom from the ashes.

Photo by Apaha Spi

Black Orange

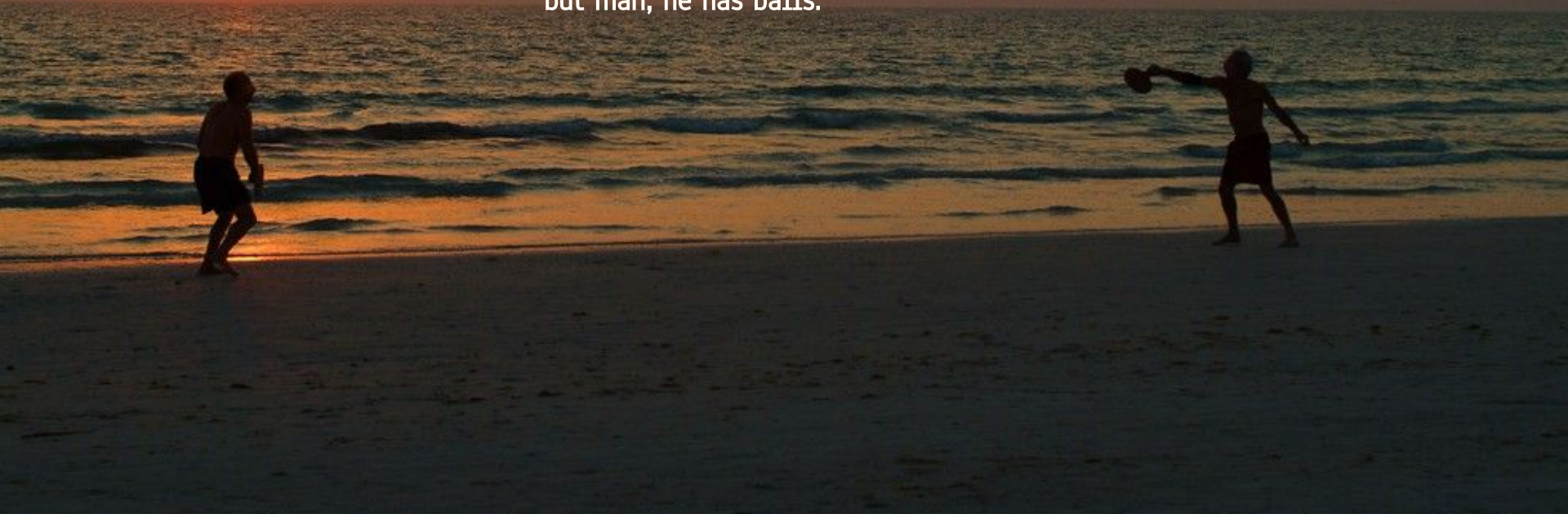


Photo by Yassine Khalfalli

Midway through the flight to Tel Aviv
I recall the words of a Greek man who said,
"Don't let Israel change you."
He wasn't an anti-Semite he was just warning me
That the Holy Land can change people fundamentally.
Over my right shoulder some Orthodox men are gathering
To pray outside the toilet cubicles.
All of a sudden we're on easyJew airlines
Where husbands eat kosher sandwiches lovingly
Wrapped in tin foil by their Madison Avenue wives in wigs.
Five minutes earlier air stewardesses in orange
walked down the aisle selling scratch cards.
Gambling and God, 10,000 feet in the sky.
What is shocking is that I am more shocked
By the girls in orange speaking English
Than the men in black speaking Yiddish.
I guess the Greek guy was right.

Matkotman

Tel Aviv beach, Saturday afternoon,
the click-clunk of plastic on wood,
Bald, bronze and wearing nothing but Speedos,
Matkotman is here to save the day.
Faster than a speeding bullet,
more powerful than Popeye,
Forever this *gever* is armed with only a bat,
but man, he has balls.



The House & the Country

The house is whole, the country has holes.
The house is sweet, the country has bones.
The house has love, the country has wars.
The house has friends, the country has enemies.

The desert is stars, the desert is darkness.
The desert has silence, the desert has war planes.
The desert has rocks, the desert has land mines.
The desert is ours, the desert is no-one's.

The house is old, the country is news.
The house has memories, the country has worries.
The house plants flowers, the country builds towers.
The house is my home, the country is my home too.

April, 2023

Photo by [Levi Meir Clancy](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Spirit of 2048

Midnight is the first minute of a new day,
Our darkest hour is also the start of a new way.
Now, we're not yet in our darkest hour -
but freedom is being strangled by a strange power,
extremists that want to push their racist agenda,
and convince people on the left and right to surrender,
to the age-old messages of divide and rule,
While they can rule, they cannot divide -
trying to turn us all into outraged fools.
because there's something no politician can hide,
and that's the human heart - the human soul,
the human spirit is indivisible.
Now I'm not talking about the physical world of man,
but a spiritual place I don't yet understand,
where we're all part of a universal energy flow,
not just pawns in a game created many years ago.
This game of resources, religion and borders,
was drawn on a map under postcolonial orders,
and a backdrop of grandiose historical mistakes,
unholy wars, and scriptures that are fake.
All you dictators, wannabe dictators, and lawmakers hear -
the Jews, Bedouins, and Palestinians ain't leaving here.
In the spiritual realm, they say we're all one and the same,
so you better quit it, and give up the game.
Misleading leaders can play the game of hate,
long after Israel is a hundred years old in 2048.
But the spirit conquers armies and always returns,
and the lesson to love must always be learned.

Spirit of 2048 (cont)

Peace ain't gonna be easy to realise in my lifetime,
but the struggle goes on, our kids are the peace sign.
When people arise to see we're all sisters and brothers,
then we can be wise and start learning from each other.
We can share resources,
study on the same courses,
dismantle this polarised system,
and share our traditions and wisdom.
But when a leader knows we need to end hate,
some lunatic comes with a gun to assassinate,
and although they killed Dr. King, Lennon and Rabin,
in a secret way their spirit lives on within,
in the heart of peace-loving humans everywhere.
Today we've got more than our fair share -
with Hamas, Hizballah, Ayatollah, Assad,
pick an enemy, there's many to be had.

Though I can't change theirs or our leader's lies,
I can look my fellow civilians in their eyes,
and see they're a child of humanity, just like me,
being fooled by the divide-and-rule policy.
What I'm talking about is making peace in our home,
not hiding behind rockets or an Iron Dome.
That's a short-term tactic to defend and attack,
real lasting peace needs a different dialogue track,
it's a long road that's off the political map,
where we've gotta work for peace, we have to hack.
We have to educate children and bring compassion back.
So I'm visualising a vision for 2048 -
may it be a time of healing in a once hate-filled state.
Inner peace has to be the goal of this generation,
acting upon our ancestors' wisdom and revelation.
In 2048, inshallah, if it's meant to be,
I'll be the ripe old age of seventy.
And from writing today, that's in 25 years time,
so let's start by healing our tormented minds.

Two Sides, One Square

(A Tale of Two Israels)

On one side of the city square
was a sacred song circle
with no agenda but love,
inviting others to 'Come as you are',
singing, 'Ben adam, oleh lamala, oleh' -
meaning, 'Humankind, rise up higher, rise up'.

On the other side of the city square
was a screaming chorus of noise
with no agenda but hate,
waving flags and intimidating others,
shouting 'Mavet l'smolenim' -
meaning, 'Death to the lefties.'

Two sides of the same square -
Inclusive Israel and Exclusive Israel.
One respects Arab and non-Jew, lesbian or gay.
One despises Arab and non-Jew, female or gay.
One remembers that we were all once refugees.
One has forgotten where we come from.
One prays for a universal, selfless peace.
One perpetuates a divisive, selfish war.
No prizes for guessing which side I was on.



War Poems



Ah, these are the leaders
These are the leaders -

Madmen in suits.

Believing in numbers, percentages and sanity
Drawing bar-charts to rationalize tanks and air strikes.
Using 'intelligence' to fool themselves
with White Papers and dossiers
In dimly lit corridors they meet in murder;
It is not just us and them. I want

An end to war
another world was possible

It has been said, once it was true -
Violence breeds violence.

The lunatics with their economies
Protecting. The lunatics with their rocket launchers
Projecting. Leaders are leading us down
the road
to ruin

we are going going...

The Leaders





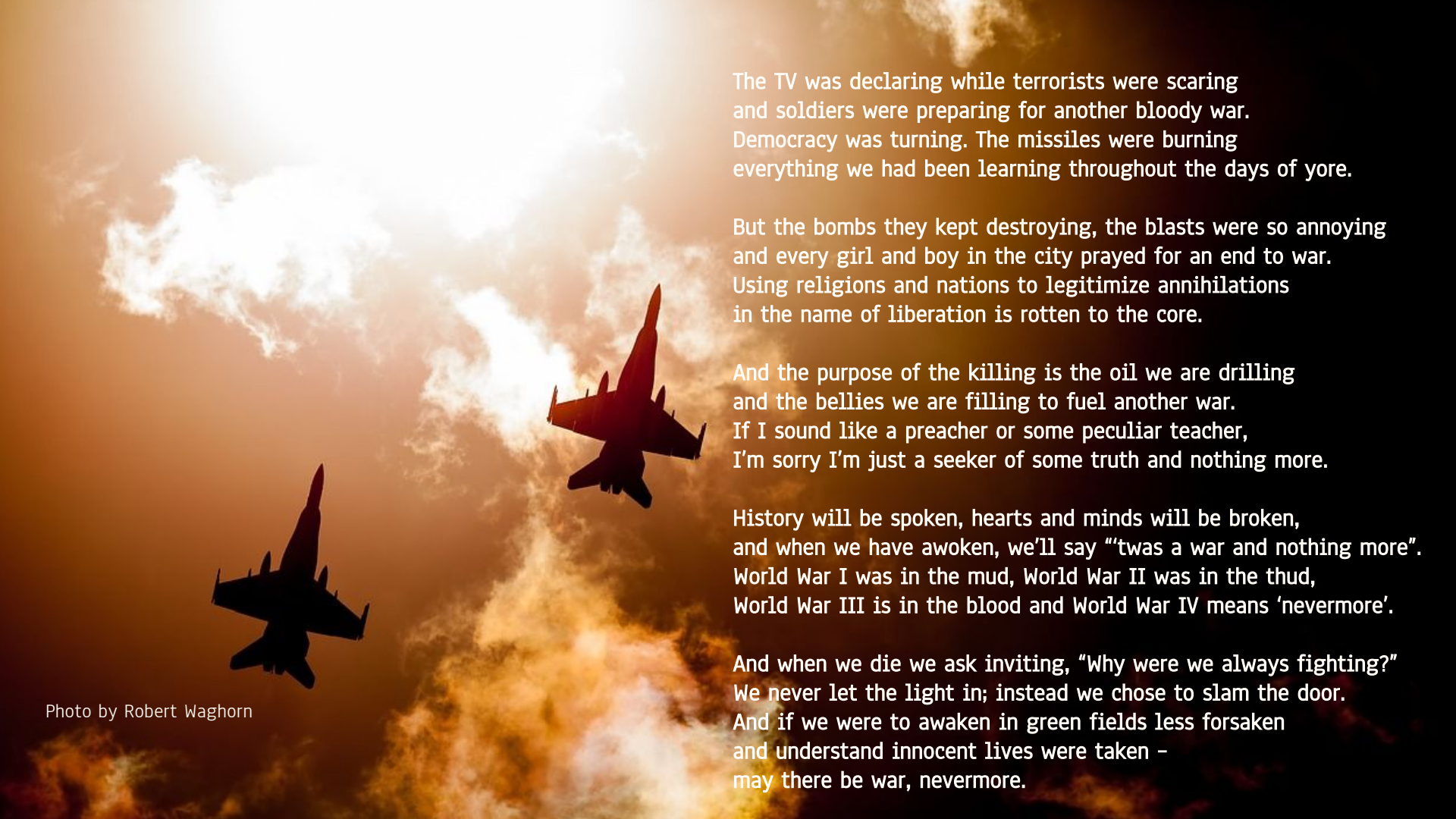
World War IV

Once upon a midday waiting, by the university gating,
I was wondering and contemplating, what all man's hating was for.
I slowly became obsessed by the raven that possessed
Poe's poem that was caressed by his dark pen and nothing more.

As the professor was professing, the confessor was confessing
and the poem was addressing what my heart could not implore,
The winds of hate were howling, the underworld was growling
and all the wolves were drowning on the blood red shore.

The flags they were waving were pretending to be saving
all the people that were craving to be marched to another war.
The politicians were parading while all our hope was fading
fading, fading and cascading beyond the furthest shore.

The leaders were disappointing while the entire world was pointing
in blood they were anointing another declaration of war.
While governments' corruption, leads to humankind's destruction
you can forget your liposuction, there'll be war and nothing more.

The background of the entire image is a photograph of two fighter jets, likely F-16s, flying through a sky filled with large, billowing white and grey clouds. The sky is illuminated with a warm, golden-orange light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The jets are silhouetted against the bright sky, with one jet in the lower left and another slightly higher and further to the right.

The TV was declaring while terrorists were scaring
and soldiers were preparing for another bloody war.
Democracy was turning. The missiles were burning
everything we had been learning throughout the days of yore.

But the bombs they kept destroying, the blasts were so annoying
and every girl and boy in the city prayed for an end to war.
Using religions and nations to legitimize annihilations
in the name of liberation is rotten to the core.

And the purpose of the killing is the oil we are drilling
and the bellies we are filling to fuel another war.
If I sound like a preacher or some peculiar teacher,
I'm sorry I'm just a seeker of some truth and nothing more.

History will be spoken, hearts and minds will be broken,
and when we have awoken, we'll say "'twas a war and nothing more".
World War I was in the mud, World War II was in the thud,
World War III is in the blood and World War IV means 'nevermore'.

And when we die we ask inviting, "Why were we always fighting?"
We never let the light in; instead we chose to slam the door.
And if we were to awaken in green fields less forsaken
and understand innocent lives were taken –
may there be war, nevermore.

From the Cypriot red that flows from the vine,
to Israeli merlots in Roman Palestine,
from black and green olives in the Peloponese,
to humous, falafal and Labaneh cheese.

From the mosques and bazaars of Turkish Istanbul,
to Byzantine mosaics and Nabatean walls,
from Bedouin tribes and shifting sands,
to the Spanish who banished us from their land.

From the imperial reach of Napoleonic France,
to ancient Greek amphitheatres, the warriors danced
from Sicily to Crete, from Andalucia to Rhodes,
colossal statues of mythical heroes.

From Italian chapels built on green hills,
to Moorish fortresses, men have killed,
conquered, fallen and risen again,
over the Mediterranean blood we share in our veins.

This is the blood that was drained on the shore,
and bottled by bloodthirsty kings of war.
This is the blood we drink to this day,
whether red or white or sparkling rose.

Mediterranean Blood



Biopsy

Peace is not just a nice word,
abstract concept or slogan on a T-shirt.
It is as real as the blood flowing
through your coronary arteries.

Heart attack caused by occlusion,
a stubborn blockage in the system.
The ambulance travelled at 85 miles-an-hour,
The Fajr-5 rocket at one kilometer a second.

If war is a cancer caused by man's hatred,
then poetry is the antibody fighting the disease.
The writer is the surgeon in the operation
to end the arms race to death.



Warbook.com

(Response to Gaza War 2014)

Everyone's playing the propaganda game.
No-one's playing the proper Gandhi game.
Some are playing mind games.
Taking sides like war's some football game.
Some are praying for an endgame.
Some are playing with words.
Others are playing with fire.
Everyone's playing the propaganda game...

Throwing Stones

(In response to the Chilcot Inquiry of the Iraq War)

Back then Iraq was called an intervention,
with no thought about life after 'liberation'.
Did we expect them to thank us for annihilation?
And believe leaders were misled by 'misinformation'?

Now I'm not one to say
'I told you so',
nor be a self-righteous
sofa-sonic hero.
But Baghdad's blood
goes beyond Ground Zero,
and Bush and Blair
were just Scorsese and De Niro.

Cheney, Rumsfeld and the other
'architects' of war,
had the blueprints mapped out
long before,
Mickey Mouse stole the vote
from 'green' Al Gore,
for lucrative arms deals
behind closed doors.

Lockheed Martin, Halliburton, British Aerospace,
have their napalm tentacles all over the place.
In the brochures and bribes of the 'arms race',
there are no pictures of the dead girl's face.



Today we may joke
about iron domes and drones,
a robotic future where
'driverless tanks' may roam,
like welcoming the Terminator
into our homes,
'Let he who is without sin
throw the first stone.'

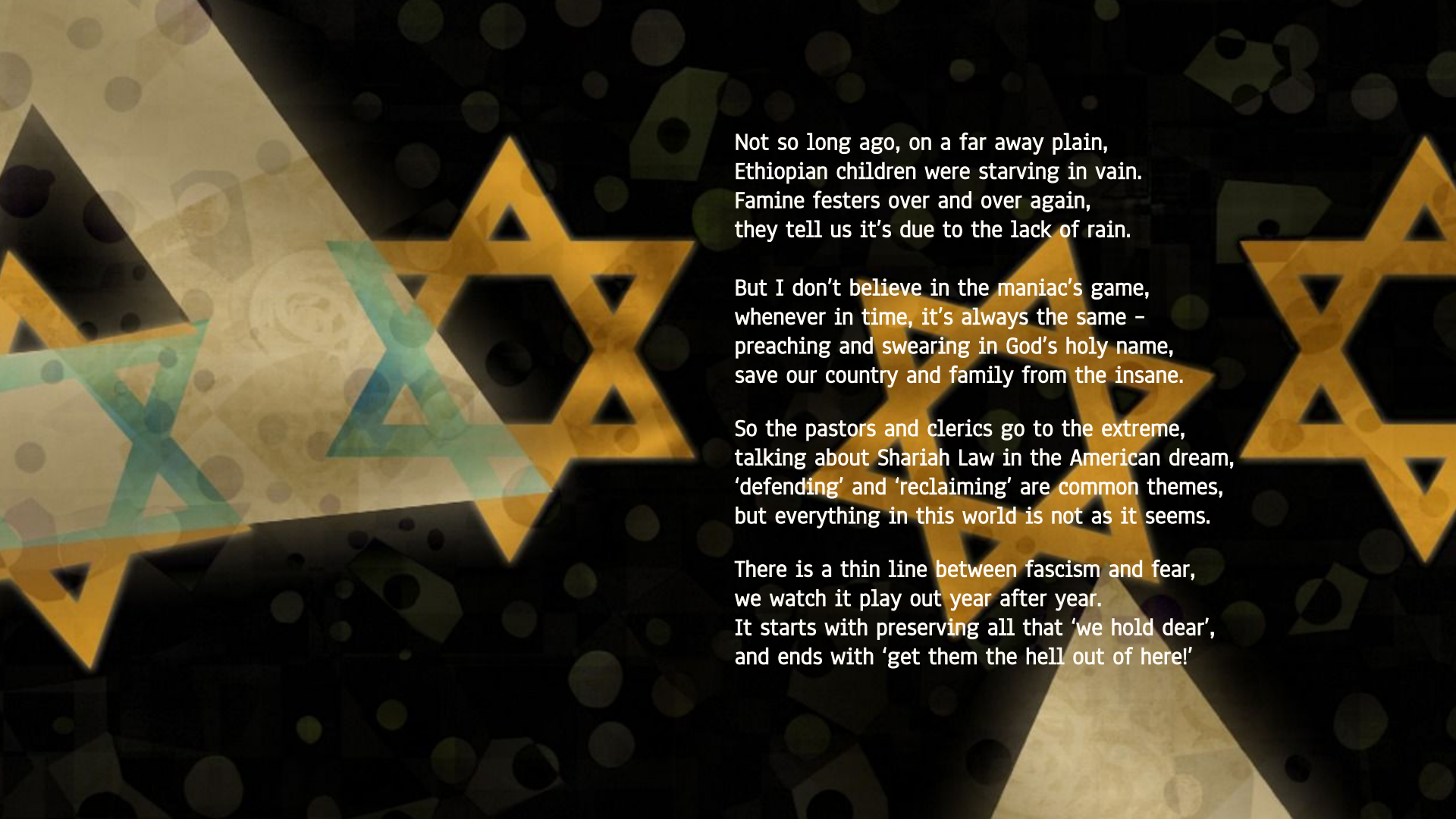
Crystal White Night

I look up at the clear racist sky,
and wonder if a lullaby,
'bout America's black sheep, cotton and rye
could perpetrate the age-old lie.
And what did a Nazi salute by our young Queen,
on green Royal grounds really mean?
On black and white film the Fuhrer was seen,
while men admired and conspired behind the scenes.

In 1933 it wasn't about Czechs, Poles or Jews,
fascism was the future projected on the news.
An election where people don't really get to choose,
causes a tidal wave of verbal and violent abuse.

Today messianic maniacs are still covering their faces,
with monstrous masks and white robes in places,
across the Deep South the ku klux embraces,
the supremacy of white among the races.

And was slavery abolished or simply replaced,
by a rotten economy that seeks to disgrace
the unknown untouchables who make up the base,
for the top trumps who have resources to waste?


The background features a dark, textured surface with a pattern of overlapping geometric shapes, including triangles and hexagons. A prominent Star of David (Magen David) is rendered in a golden-yellow color, with a translucent green version layered behind it. The overall aesthetic is abstract and symbolic.

Not so long ago, on a far away plain,
Ethiopian children were starving in vain.
Famine festers over and over again,
they tell us it's due to the lack of rain.

But I don't believe in the maniac's game,
whenever in time, it's always the same –
preaching and swearing in God's holy name,
save our country and family from the insane.

So the pastors and clerics go to the extreme,
talking about Shariah Law in the American dream,
'defending' and 'reclaiming' are common themes,
but everything in this world is not as it seems.

There is a thin line between fascism and fear,
we watch it play out year after year.
It starts with preserving all that 'we hold dear',
and ends with 'get them the hell out of here!'

The background features a dark, textured surface with several large, stylized Star of David symbols. One star is a solid gold color, while others are translucent in shades of green and blue, creating a layered effect. The overall aesthetic is somber and historical.

It takes me back to Crystal Night,
and Auschwitz's fires burning bright.
Now the sons of survivors abuse their right,
using their fathers' revenge to continue the fight.

And was Gaza defense or a show of might
to crush a failed nation's desperate plight?
For our children there is no solution in sight,
hence peaceful poets must continue to write.

Whether Cambodia, Rwanda, Iraq or at home,
the racist sky covers us all like a dome,
while hi-tech fighter jets, missiles and drones,
are just a new way of throwing stones.

Soul Poems



Birds of Pray

On the Heath I heard
A fresh and natural way,
The simple song of a bird
Taught me how to pray.

I found a quiet place
And began to look around,
I witnessed wild space
And listened to autumn sound.

Then shutting my tired eyes,
I saw thousands of dots and lines.
But like the black night skies
There was nothingness behind.

I left the chaos of thought
And abandoned my daydreams,
All the burdens I brought
Were lost in the streams.

I thanked the Lord above,
For giving me a soul,
And for sending me love,
Home, purpose, a role.



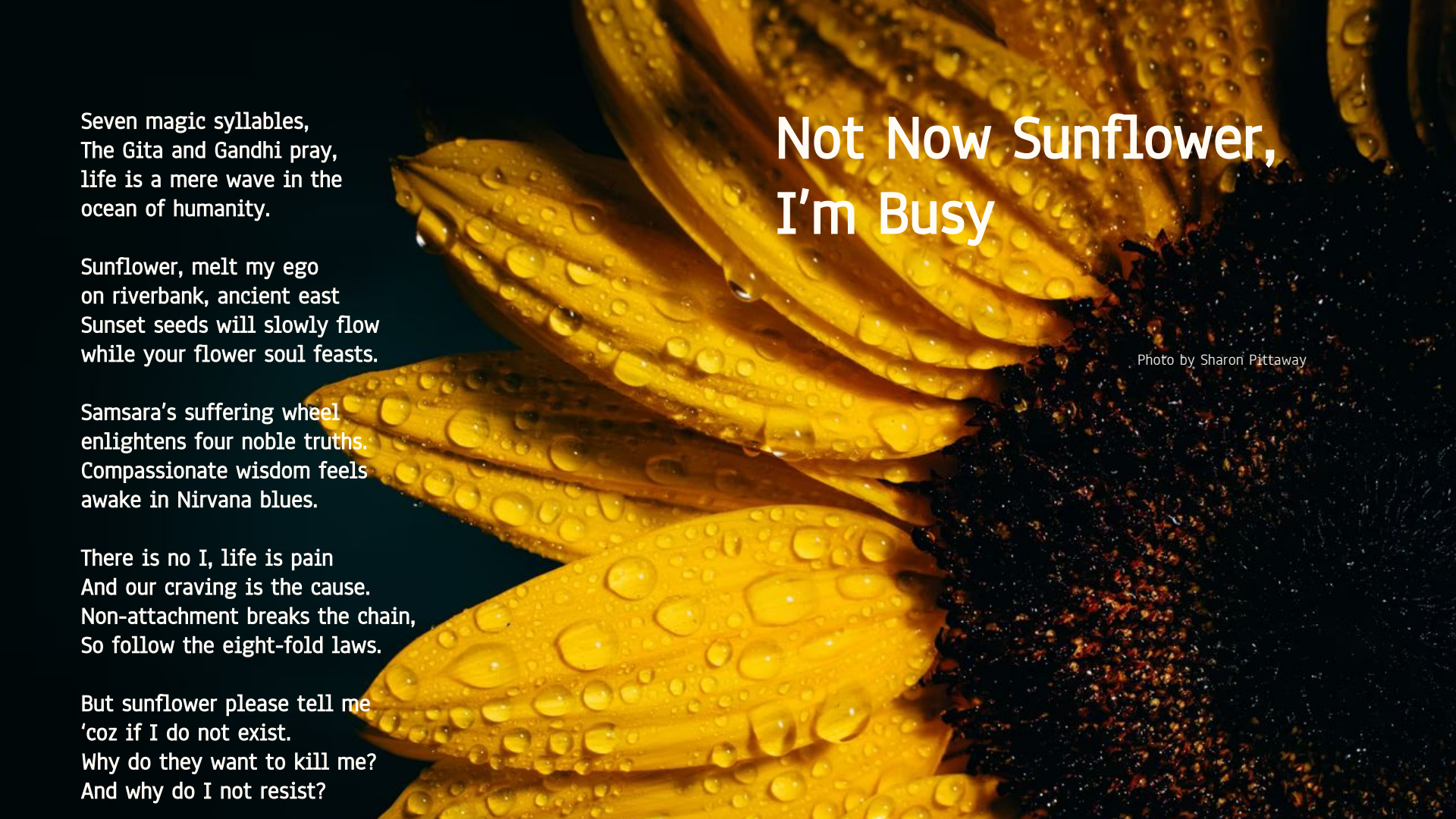
Then I said sorry
For the aggression inside,
My twisted lies and worries,
And the people I made cry.

"Help me to be good
And guide me," I said,
Still wondering if God
Was a part of my head.

"Send love," I prayed,
"Wherever we roam,
Send love far away
And love close to home."

"I want to forget time
And breathe with concentration,
And free my stressed mind
To speak like the ocean."

At the end of my prayer
I finally realized
There are others that care,
If I open my eyes.



Seven magic syllables,
The Gita and Gandhi pray,
life is a mere wave in the
ocean of humanity.

Not Now Sunflower, I'm Busy

Sunflower, melt my ego
on riverbank, ancient east
Sunset seeds will slowly flow
while your flower soul feasts.

Photo by Sharon Pittaway

Samsara's suffering wheel
enlightens four noble truths.
Compassionate wisdom feels
awake in Nirvana blues.

There is no I, life is pain
And our craving is the cause.
Non-attachment breaks the chain,
So follow the eight-fold laws.

But sunflower please tell me
'coz if I do not exist.
Why do they want to kill me?
And why do I not resist?

My outside is in,
it always has been
inside the outsider, on the outskirts of life
drifts in and out of sleep.
His long hibernation is almost at an end,
It's dawn, the time when all the dreams
faded into the background,
absorbed into the tissue of the cycle,
the emptiness in the fullness.

Now, in on the inside,
the outsider looks out,
as the insiders look in the mirror,
and the mirror is upside down,
inside out, a reflection of a reflection.
The outsider on the inside,
looking into the interior
of the exterior.
Deep down inside
he still feels outside.

The Zeigermeister



Times New Roman

Capturing the essence of David
in solid marble, leftover
to become the embodiment
of intellect overcoming brute force,
made every other statue
look like stone.

Photo by Dries Augustyns





Halo

A full sacred shining moon,
you eclipsed from your mother
Like a tunnel of light
on the day we met you.

Your aura fell upon me
as the morning sun rose high.
Hila - a moment of clarity,
our new life has begun.

Beware of the Routine

A photograph of a white lotus flower in full bloom, emerging from a pond. The flower is the central focus, with its petals clearly visible. Several green lily pads float on the water's surface around the base of the flower. The background is out of focus, showing a traditional building with a tiled roof and stone carvings, suggesting a serene, possibly Asian, setting.

Beware of the routine,
the mundane train
journey from bed to death.
To race past familiar faces,
places without feeling.

The routine that defines
you also denies you
your horizonless thoughts.
Remember, beyond the A to B,
there's a deep mysterious sea.

The world is an open space
enthused with a loving
pulse that keeps beating.
So take a break and breathe
out to keep your peace inside.

Photo by Milada Vigerova

Cabbage Affirmation

Did I find you in a cabbage field
on a lonesome frosty morn?
Praying for dad and daughter
before the healing was born.

Was I running to reach you
on that Cambridge winter dawn?
Whilst avoiding muddy tracks,
was it faith being reborn?

Only silence was an answer,
closed eyes and deep breath.
Overnight rain killed the fire,
that had threatened us with death.

Image by Sergio Cerrato

The Art of Living

(Inspired by the teaching of S.N. Goenka)

The cycle of Sankhara,
The round and round of reaction,
Is the cause of our suffering.

Right moral and concentration,
With the right mind and intention,
Can be a powerful force in action.

But with the Vedana of sensations,
Consciousness and perceptions,
We create evermore reactions.

The way out of this cycle
Is to objectively observe ourselves
And understand our conditioning.

Life is indeed fleeting,
The ego is rising and retreating,
attachment to selfish plans is ceasing.

The realisation is always the same,
The welfare of other people,
Your family and society is the aim.



Buddhist Psalm

(Lines written in Drezner Grove, Glilot)

O Lord of perfect creation,
Who am I to doubt
The cosmic force that controls
The natural universe,
which is love, not mere gravity.

O Mother of exquisite abundance,
Who am I to assume
That my manmade knowledge
Can even start to express
The wonders of your world.

O Spirit of perfect peace,
Who am I to argue
That all I see is meaningless
And fleeting, when clearly
Light is forever-lasting.

Peace is Everywhere

(Inspired by Peace is Every Step)

Peace is everywhere,
Yet we don't always see it.
Peace is in the air we breathe,
Though we don't always feel it.
Peace is in the trees that sway,
Yet we dare not touch it.
Peace is in the blackbird's song,
Though we often don't hear it.
Peace is in the crashing waves,
Yet we can't always understand that
Peace is everywhere, all the time,
And now is the moment to be it.

Awareness is everywhere-ness.



Photo by [Nicolas DC](#) on [Unsplash](#)



More than Mindfulness

My next crisis is probably not far away,
I am beyond jaded, they say.
So can this melancholic, depressive gene
be replaced by a mindful peace unseen?
Can I change my so-called mental condition
and be content just to observe and listen?
I can be happy inside for a while
then an inexplicable sadness takes my smile.
I think I'll need more than myself
to change my outlook to something else.

Muddy Mandala

May the mandala of mind
be rejuvenated and refreshed,
just as a body can heal -
or a Gingka tree can spring to life -
let the negative thoughts, perceptions, and reactions
be turned into new, fertile soil.

And from this soil by daily work,
will come positive thoughts, perceptions, and reactions,
planting seeds that can grow,
providing fruit, flowers, and shade when needed -
protecting myself and others,
and feeding the soul.
Amen.

Italy, 2022



On Yefe Nof

Zichron, 2023

Clear the cobwebs from your eyes,
unclouded by judgement,
see the multi-coloured flowers,
witness earth's present moment.

Daniel & the Dogma

Daniel in the lion's den – that's me,
that's my self-fulfilling prophecy.
Willingly, I jumped into the den,
but is my soul worth saving again?

Can I be that faithful man,
or am I just another fake Dan?
Damned to be a Dan who doubts –
a peaceful Dan who often shouts.

I'm a Dan without a fixed dogma,
who loves Jesus as a Jewish reformer,
and sees Buddhism like the tree of life,
but hides a melancholic soul inside.



Dreaming with Drumsticks

I knew my soul had a song in it.
I saw my mind had a block in it.
I felt my body had an ache in it.
I heard my spirit had a life in it.
I believed my life had meaning in it.
I prayed my thinking had a light in it.
I hoped my future had a love in it.
I walked my path with a quiet voice in it.
I wrote my poetry with my soul in it.
I knew my soul had a song in it.



The Silence Between

God is the silence between the mountains,
and the inner space between our ears,
the unheard binding that's everywhere,
the sound that has no sound,
the voice that can only be heard,
by careful, patient listeners.

What we call God, is unnameable –
the mountain tops in the morning,
the light in the distance of the distance.
In the air, but not the air,
but the source of the air,
that breathes in us.

The force of God is creation,
the silence between the mountains,
blowing through the valleys,
running in the streams, flowing through rivers,
the depth and stillness of the lakes,
the movement of the waves,
both the infinite and the fleeting,
the tangible and the imaginary,
the permanent and the impermanent.

Conspiracy Blues

There's a conspiracy to crush my creativity.
There's a conspiracy to stop me writing poetry.
There's a conspiracy to test my equanimity.
There's a conspiracy deep down in my anatomy.

There's a conspiracy to keep me in the industry.
There's a conspiracy to nurture my hypocrisy.
There's a conspiracy to tear apart my integrity.
There's a conspiracy to celebrate mediocrity.

There's a conspiracy ingrained in this society.
There's a conspiracy to cover up atrocities.
There's a conspiracy to send us all to the cemetery.
There's a conspiracy running right thru' our history.

I'm gonna wake up one morning,
and declare myself free.
I'm gonna wake up one morning,
and say I believe.
I'm gonna wake up one morning,
and kill this conspiracy.

Cosmic Poems





Children of the Baby Boomers

Babies of the baby boomers,
of the flower children, the rock n' rollers,
those who remember JFK,
John and Yoko, yesterday.
I'm talking 'bout that generation,
who could not get no satisfaction,
I guess the times they were a-changin'
while in Vietnam the war was raging.

Ginsberg was howlin', the wind was blowin'
words were flowin' like Lenny Cohen.
2001 was a mere space odyssey,
man on the moon was satellite TV.
Andy Warhol and the Velvet Underground,
were riders on the storm of a new sound.
Hendrix played Woodstock at break of dawn,
but the dream died before it was even born.

On a balcony one night stood MLK,
the cops or someone blew him away.
We shall overcome they all once sang,
but that was before they heard the bang.
Hard rain's gonna fall and fell it did,
heroine flowed through the ghetto kids.
Marvin Gaye asked 'what's happening bro?'
Maybe our children will one day know.

Apocalypse Now, loathing and fear,
All you need is love and a \$100K a year.
Generation X and Generation Y,
travel the globe to kiss the sky.
You could call us the mobile generation,
Or cyborgs with imagination.
We are the searchers surfing through time,
looking for something to mellow our minds.

The Theory of Nothing

(In response to Stephen Hawking's Brief History of Time)

We are bones, made of stone,
we are multi-million year-old particles.
We are protons and neutrons,
atoms pulsating life.

We are nature, born wild,
we are organic, we were once seeds,
we grow in eggs,
we orbit the sun.

We are buds, we are saplings,
like the grass,
daisies and poppies, climbing
up from the earth.

We are advanced biological systems,
miracles of rational science,
chemicals with consciousness
and electric brain waves.

We are visionary creators,
we colonise space and decipher the universe,
We are hunters, we are killers,
we are destroyers of worlds.

We are gods, we are god-like,
we are God. We are giants
walking on a tiny spec of dust,
gravitating towards a black hole.

We are lonely, reaching out to the stars.
When we die, we are nameless.
Yet, some minds travel faster
than the speed of light.

Image by Garik Barseghyan

I once knew a friend,
a cowboy of the cosmos,
who spoke of freedom, a path not travelled.
He went to the Peruvian jungle to confront his demons,
or something.

In hallucinogenic dreams he wandered,
fighting darkness with the force of light,
the kind of light that shines from words
hidden deep within the belly of the soul.
He travelled deeper and deeper inwards
until he reached a cave.

Inside the cave he saw a candle shining,
a yellowy, dreamy light
that called him closer, drawing him deeper into
the darkness, into danger, until he could almost
touch its flame, though he dared not
extinguish its luminous power.

The candle flickered, almost conscious
of his nervousness, as he too felt
its gentle energy.

Then all of a sudden it was daylight everywhere.
Green fields, bluest oceans and colourful birds nesting
in tall, fruitful trees. The day had once again won.
Though my friend now knew the cave's secret –
that darkness and daylight were coexisting,
interdependent forces from the same one source.

Cave in the Cosmos

Photo by Bruno van der Kraan

Star Stuff

(Inspired by Cosmos by Carl Sagan)

Star stuff, that's what we're made of -
The big bang shot debris into the far reaches of our minds.
Before the beginning, before the bang, was a black hole.
From nothing came everything, and everything will be nothing.
Rocks and particles collided to form our planet,
Gas created water, water created life.
Fungi turned into fish, molecules into mammals.
DNA became dinosaurs, genes grew into geniuses.
Tree barks made books, and books expanded brains.

Star stuff, that's what we're made of -
Spinning round and round, one of a billion suns,
on the quiet suburbs of the Milky Way.
Mars - a frozen volcanic rock, much like our past.
Venus - a flaming ball of carbon dioxide,
Our dystopian future.
Yet only the third rock from the sun
is perfectly placed for the fluke of life,
as if we're on a cosmic conveyor belt.

Star stuff, that's what we're made of -
like a flash of electric lightning,
racing across the darkened sky.
The world was created and destroyed
five times already, like the Mayans said.
And all who study the stars will find,
our tiny planet seems insignificant,
yet it feels so magnificent
and abundant that all this religion
and science could be fiction.

Constellations of Consciousness

Just as a grandmother sits in her house,
surrounded by her children, their spouses and grandchildren,
so a sun is orbited by its own family of planets.

And almost every planet has a moon,
inexplicably bounded by a cosmic force,
that we call gravity or magnetism,
though some on earth
call it love.

Evergreen Mother

Despite all our waste,
despite all our noise,
despite all our plastic
bottles and toys.

Despite our pollution,
despite toxic fumes,
despite all the minerals
we burn and consume.

Despite all our fighting,
despite all our wars,
despite all the pain
that nature endures.

Despite deforestation,
despite radiation,
despite the extinction
of her creation...

The evergreen planet
still provides and protects,
and sustains us with everything.
Lest we forget.



The Sun's Secret

The sun-god God could be the sun and what we call God.
In the end, it is the sun that binds all life on earth,
and in our solar system.
The sun provides all light, and we know light fills the dark.
The sun never leaves us, as the Lord never leaves.
The sun is the creator of all colours we have on the planet.
It is the yellow of the flowers.
It is the purple of the Jacaranda tree.
It is the sparkling silver of the sea.
It is the white of the moon.
It is the twinkle in our eyes.
It is all that we know for sure.
It is our source, our life-giver,
and our powerful protector,
that we need to protect ourselves from.
It is the biggest thing known to man.
It oversees and defines night and day.
It moves. It goes away. But it never dies.
It's older than anything. It's a ball of energy.
It's the centre, the heart of existence.
And we exist because of it.
We owe ourselves to it, yet it asks for nothing.
The sun is God, God is the sun,
the father, and the holy spirit.
Amen.



Photo by [LumenSoft Technologies](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Hebrish Poems



Hebrew Headache

Letters, words and sentences I cannot yet understand,
Television newsreaders talking but delivering no information.

Adverts, billboards and slogans selling me something,
Food in alien packaging, with clever logos lost on me.

2 for 1 deals and mystical menus, intriguing and confusing,
Bus stops and cafes filled with meaningless mobile chatter.

Passing road signs and neon lights, leading me to nowhere,
Even election posters and religious rhetoric cannot reach or teach me.

And finally comes the punch line of the joke I do not get,
But with every step I am closer to you and losing my headache.



Ain Milim (אין מלים)

*For my days are consumed like smoke,
and my bones are burned as an hearth. (Psalm 102:3)*

There are no words,
in English, Hebrew or Sanskrit
that can reach your light.
Words are finite.

There are no words,
in this Oxford dictionary,
the ancient tree of knowing,
that keeps twisting and growing.

There are no words,
no name can be touched,
no adjective makes sense,
no passive verb makes amends.

There are no words,
before my tired eyes,
on this piece of paper,
that vanishes into vapour.



שְׁשִׁי בַּשּׁוּק (Shishi at the Shuk)

Photo by George Kedenburg III

יוֹם שְׁשִׁי בַּשּׁוּק.

אֲנִי לוֹקֵחַ בְּקִבּוּק יוֹ,

Feeling fine

Got no kesef on my mind

אֲנִי אוֹכֵל כֶּמֶה זֵיתִים

וְכֶמֶה תוֹתִים

I'm not working, I'm searching

escaping the routine

תַּפּוּחַ - אֲדָמָה, תַּפּוּחַ - עֵץ

I got a million things I need to getz

גְּבִינָה, בֶּנְנָה וְלֶחֶם טוֹב

הַיּוֹם אֲנִי הוֹלֵךְ עַד הַסּוּף.

כֶּמֶה זֶה עוֹלָה? כֶּמֶה זֶה עוֹלָה?

חֵמֶשׁ, שֵׁשׁ, שִׁבְעָה אוֹ שְ�מוֹנָה?

כֶּמֶה זֶה עוֹלָה? כֶּמֶה זֶה עוֹלָה?

תֶּאֱמִין לִי, בֶן־אָדָם, זֶה מְעוֹלָה.

אֲנִי הוֹלֵךְ הַבֵּיתָה

for a schluff

תִּיקוֹן הַנֶּפֶשׁ, תִּיקוֹן הַגּוּף.

Schnatzin', relaxin''

אַיִזוּ הַרְגָּשָׁה!

Do not disturb me

שְׁקֵט בְּבִקְשָׁה.

Kol Ben Adam Olam
(Every human is a world)

Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam.

Ve l'kol ben adam yesh makom -
b'olam ha'zeh,
L'kol ben adam yesh ko'ach
- tov ve ra.
Ve l'kol ben adam yesh ru'ach
- chadasha,
L'kol ben adam yesh
neshima.

Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam.

Ve l'kol ben adam yesh derech,
L'kol ben adam yesh erech.
Ve l'kol chayim yesh siba,
Kol yeled or yelda matana.

Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam,
Kol ben adam olam.

כל בן אדם עולם

כל בן אדם עולם,
כל בן אדם עולם.

כל בן אדם עולם.
ולכל בן אדם יש מקום -
בעולם הזה.
לכל בן אדם יש כוח -
טוב ורע.
ולכל בן אדם יש רוח -
חדשה.
לכל בן אדם יש נשימה.

כל בן אדם עולם,
כל בן אדם עולם,
כל בן אדם עולם.

ולכל בן אדם יש דרך,
לכל בן אדם יש ערך.
ולכל חיים יש סיבה,
כל ילד או ילדה מתנה.

כל בן אדם עולם,
כל בן אדם עולם,
כל בן אדם עולם.

Video Poems



Singing the Unseen



The Leaders



Throwing Stones

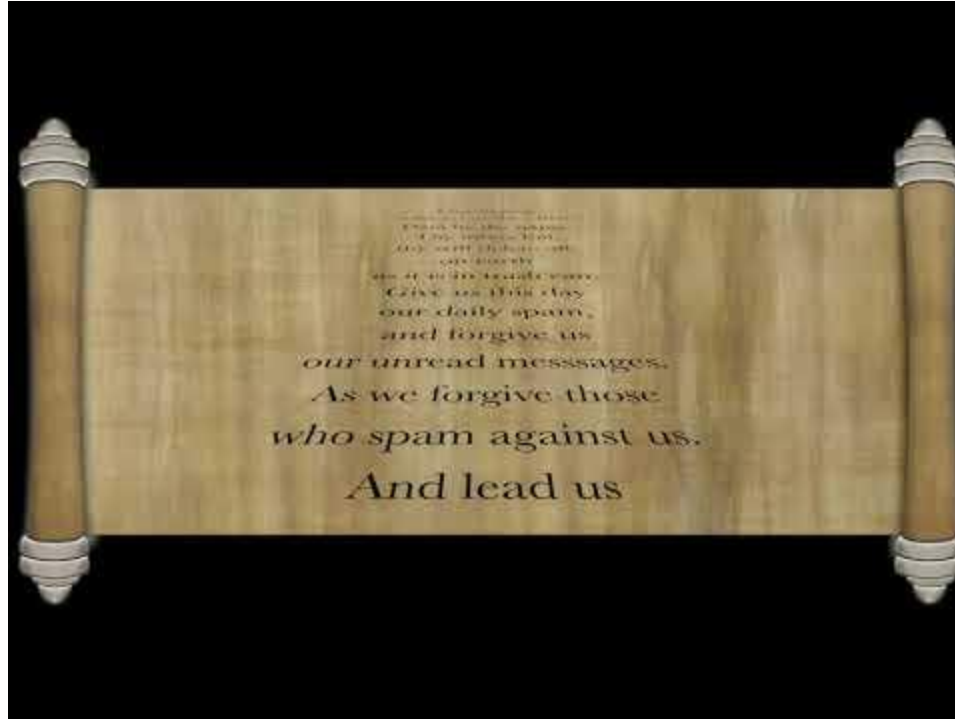


Today we may joke about iron donkeys and drones,
a robotic future where driverless tanks may roam.

Bedtime Story, 1984



The Spammer's Prayer



Children of the Baby Boomers



Generation X and Generation Y, travel the globe to kiss the sky.

The Zeigermeister



Biography

I was born a Christian, converted to Judaism, and I guess I have an affiliation with Buddhism. Born in the town of Rayleigh, Essex in 1979, I grew up in a ordinary suburban village called Hullbridge. My father was a builder, drummer and fisherman, and my mother was a housewife, part-time carer for the elderly and full-time believer in God. Educated at an all-boys Roman Catholic school, I had a rather miserable adolescence, writing songs and drawing pictures to escape my self-imposed loneliness. I say self-imposed, as I actually had three great brothers, Anthony, Paul, and Sam. Yet, my only joy in life was to create and write songs. As a boy, I dreamed of being a Manchester United footballer or rockstar in an indie grunge band.

Not really knowing how to achieve these goals when I left school, I studied film theory. Though, I quickly realised that being able to analyse why Robert De Niro wore a red jacket in *Taxi Driver* wasn't going to get me a job. So I quit university and worked in a bank for all of six months. It was long enough for me to discover that I did yearn to learn, so I signed up for a media degree before Tony Blair took away free higher education in England in 1997. This led to my interest in becoming a magazine journalist. Yet I spent these formative student years making short films, bumming around, getting drunk, getting beaten up, getting angry, until one night I dragged all my friends to the Whirl-y-Gig club in London, where I met the love of my life, Shiri.

From then on, we were inseparable like a pint-sized John and Yoko, except Shiri wasn't Japanese, she was Israeli. And her nationality had a huge influence on the arc of my life. Yes, for after becoming a travel journalist (albeit for an unsexy overseas property magazine), I realised the business traveller's life wasn't all fun. In fact, it was exhausting and caused cash-flow problems. So in 2008, Shiri and I bought a one-way ticket to Tel Aviv and never looked back. Except that I did, and still do, look back every day. Yes, we exchanged our leafy corner of North London for the chaos of the Middle East.

Three kids, four wars, five jobs, numerous stories, articles and poems later – it's been a rollercoaster ride of emotions. I'm now a middle-aged Dad, still scribbling my thoughts onto paper, hoping that one day someone, other than myself, would like to read them.

Other Titles by the Author

Poetry:

The Last Stanza: An Anthology of Poems from Tel Aviv (2011)

Making Uga (A Book of Hebrish Rhymes) (2017)

Fiction:

Dada is Zed & Other Stories (2012)

The Qwerty Man (2017)

Travel:

Lonely Planet Israel & the Palestinian Territories (2010, 2012, 2017)

Lonely Planet World's Best Street Food (2014)

Lonely Planet World's Best Brunches (2015)

Lonely Planet Happy (2015)

Lonely Planet Global Beer Tour (2016)

Lonely Planet Best in Travel (2011, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2019)

BBC History: The Story of the Holy Land (2017)

The End

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