

5 Poems by Ada Aharoni

You Cannot Bomb Me Anymore

by Ada Aharoni

For International Women's Day

First Prize – TAJ Poetry Contest

Listen, little big man,
you cannot bomb me anymore
because I don't allow you
to bomb me anymore
nor to choke
nor rape me anymore,
for I have my own strength now
and my own creative
peace business now

With this woman's mind
this woman's body
this woman's heart -
we don't allow you
to bomb us anymore
for our sisters in Norway
have shown us the way
and now -
you cannot, cannot, bomb us
anymore.

For it was
the grandmother
who ate the big bad wolf
and not the other way round --

so now
we will not allow you
to bomb us, bomb us,
ANYMORE.

A Bridge of Peace

By Ada Aharoni

"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." (The Bible Micah4.4)

"He who walks in peace, walk with him." (The Koran, Sura 48)

My Palestinian sister, daughter of Abraham,
Let us build a sturdy bridge
From my orange world to yours,
Above the boiling pain of acid rain -
And hold human hands high
Full of free stars of twinkling peace.

I do not want to be your oppressor
You do not want to be my oppressor,
Or your jailer, or my jailer,
We do not want to make each other afraid
Under our vines and under our fig trees
Blossoming on a silvered horizon
Above the bruising and the bleeding
Of poisoned gases and scuds.

So, my Arab sister, let's build a strong
Bridge of jasmine understanding
Where each shall sit with her baby
Under her vine and under her fig tree -
And none shall make them afraid

And none shall make them afraid!

Not In Your War Anymore

By Ada Aharoni

(While watching and admiring the tantalizing foliage,
Penn State University, PA)

*"War is as anachronistic as cannibalism,
slavery and colonialism..."*

– Rosalie Bertell, *No Immediate Answer*

I am not in your war anymore.
Surely we cannot paint war green
when even the long Cold War is dying,
so let's paint it in all its true
foliage colors, to help its fall

First, flowing flamboyant crimson blood
on throbbing temples and hands,
then russet bronze fiery metal cartridges
stuffing the crevices of young hearts
while golden laser Napalm dragon tongues
gluttonously lick the sizzling eyes and lips
of our children, under the giant mushrooms
freshened by mustard and acid rain
Surely, at the close of our
great atomic century
we will soon find the archaic
history tree, where we can dump
our fearful bottle legacy

And our grandchildren will ask their fathers,
what were tanks for, Pa? And with eyes
full of wonder, they will read the story of the
glorious imprisonment of the Nuclear Giant
in his bottle, corked for ever, and will say:

Well done Pa, well done Ma!

Year Of Hope

By Ada Aharoni

Despite our wars, despite our tears,
Despite our furtive fears
We welcome the smiling year of HOPE.

The power of women and children for peace is rising,
Democracy and the Internet are spreading,
Global poverty has been cut in half -
Never have ordinary people
Had more power to meet challenges
And decide our own fate.

We're poised on the edge between
Our oldest fears and deepest dreams
We face a choice - to rise to this moment
To be the peace we want to see -
It depends on us!
People who yearn for peace
Are the largest global community!

We peace doves are bringing hope
And hope is the political game changer.
Hope, is the wing on which we rise
It is the map of how and where to fly to
Throw War from the top of the cliff

We adopt you and salute you
Our so yearned -for twinkling year of Hope.

Real Abishag

By Ada Aharoni

What Abishag really thought,
blossoming fifteen-year old
lying taut wide-eyed on kingly bed silent
at the side of old King David, was—
"What bad breath he has!"

Father bade me hold my tongue
and go to the King in Jerusalem.
Mother wiped my tears with soft words
said I should be proud to be the chosen one
among all beauties of the land to warm royal bones
but they didn't tell me what breath King David has!

His handmaids taught me how to touch him
how to caress and revive
His courtiers showed me how to smile, how to give life

so that they could live, keep rivals at bay.
They decorated me queen-bride fragrant like mint
brought me trembling to the royal bed,
but I can't touch, can't smile --

The poor King smells like the carcass
of the once noble beloved horse
in our neighbor's field in Shunem.
Before it died, the farmer covered his horse
with a sack to warm his bones back to life --
but the vultures came anyway.

I am the courtiers' and handmaids' sack --
Oh God! What bad breath King David has!
It smothers me, it chokes, his breath
mother, it strangles me, I shall die, O God!
Will it ever stop?

Stop.

In the morning just after golden dawn --
King David was no more.