

“Meet more Jews,” he says,  
When that’s the last thing I would do.  
I understand your God and laws  
But I’m scared to death of you.

The Jewish God and thought made flesh  
Gazing into my eyes  
Thinking, “There is a gentile,  
A group that we despise.”

Thinking, “What right have you to gain  
A sacred past and plan?  
It is the Jews who bring the  
Gifts of chosenness to man!”

Yet still your flesh is almost mine  
Your heart is as mine too,  
Within my self all parts don’t fit,  
Why should they all with you?

By Ariel Cohen