

## Sweeter Than Honey

I

Oh the sticky  
song of honey.  
Oh the dripping  
hallelujah rock.  
The hallelujah rock.  
And  
the dappled dark taste  
and the after-taste.  
Darker.

But

*Sweeter than honey  
are your words  
to my taste.*  
Bring me  
vocabularies  
of honey from  
the highest place  
and pray with me.  
Legato amore.

Once

I asked for  
roses in heat  
that covered  
whole walls.  
Now I ask for  
a choir of words.  
At the dawn of honey  
singing the infinite  
to ground.

II

Long after the pillars of fire and smoke,  
long after the burning bush and the almond rod,  
long after salt and clay and rumours of dust,

after kings and prophets conceded defeat,  
after the second coming rubbed against stone,  
and became stone,  
after roses turned into words  
and the angels bled in dreams,

the desert bloomed again,  
tiny blades of green against the sky,  
in sharp and holy solitude.

And the wind was still.  
And new angels came down  
and said grow, grow.  
And nothing interrupted  
the sweetness of green.

The wars fell down  
and birds eloped  
in the sky.

III  
Jerusalem  
so stacked  
with poems  
day and night.

The Shekinah  
covered  
in dew  
dancing  
with  
pomegranates  
and figs.

The Muezzin  
calling  
like birds  
the vibrating song  
of lutes and stars.

The Messiahs  
lurking behind rocks  
with wine  
and  
intricate laws.

And in the wadi  
gems and bones  
waiting  
like history  
for thieves

hunting for  
hidden words  
and amethyst  
among  
the orange peels.

Oh the Jewish roots.  
Oh the promises and boundaries.  
Oh the love and loss.

Oh God among Gods.

Oh  
the homesick  
hallelujah rock.

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