

a priori

If the Sabbath is a form of constraint

If jihād is the first word learned

If Elie Wiesel is the Holocaust

If one must expropriate gently

If messianism licks at the edges of thought

If the truth does not lie in silence

If naf is self and brother

If the space between two words can be bridged

If moderate physical pressure is acceptable

If the primary target is the witness

If epistemological mastery is an uncloseable wound

If bittahon was trust in God now military security

If there is horror at the heart of divinity

If the body goes off near the Sbarro pizzeria

If the apocalyptic sting is gone from Hebrew

If the first stage is not knowing at all

If this state is the golden calf

If ingathering means expulsion

If catastrophe becomes a passion

If we shoot and weep

If Israel is not in Israel

If the treasure house of well-worn terms is laden with explosives

If ha'alah was catastrophic breakthrough now illegal immigration

If the bodies of the exploding martyrs smell of musk

If every breath of fresh air is a border

If the state no longer decides who lives or dies

If some are eternally innocent and good

If a key is an archival artifact

If the planes return safely

If they are all enthusiasm

If you are Hamas

If one is Israel

If cruel history repeats itself as its own cure

If it happens inside the Sbarro pizzeria

If there is invasion of the order of the border

If the animal is discomfited during slaughter

If the band of the blind plays and refreshments served

If the third stage is but what can be done

If shahid is martyr and witness

If preventative is energetic liquidation

If some are a community of fate

If we will and it is a fairy tale

If Sbarro

The neighbour procedure

The neighbour goes in first

I asked my neighbour where the shouting came from

They took me to another neighbour's home

We go through the whole house with the neighbour

At four in the morning I heard my neighbour calling me

The neighbour doesn't have that option

We were seven metres from the neighbour's house

The neighbour shouts, knocks on the door

They ordered my neighbour to bring out the wounded man

My neighbour replied the sound came from my home

When he opened the door his neighbour was standing there

When I opened the door I saw my neighbour in the doorway

We have to make you do a little sports

Me, I got the call up, 'Great, let's go beat the shit out of them'

A stinking sack on my head and cuffs marked 'Made in England'

A stone thrown at total awareness tells night from day

By certain signs they called my number but you can't chop wood

Without splinters tied to the chair, 'I'm going to dirty my hands'

Aware of the risk these phrases stop vehicles passing by

I don't like criticism from high-souled people losing track of time

Not a good idea for us two clubs broke embarrassed suit doesn't fit

'He's got a pain in his heart' raining with strong winds

95 percent of the work shouldn't involve pangs three or four metres back

Of a big blue conscience I can't talk to you gently

If we don't hurry people will die closed inside hell we're Jews

We've been through the Shoah to forget all the time somehow

The holy national interest confessed to distributing leaflets

The quiet of the night took the piece of white paper and left the room

A certain kind of madness

Little town of Bayt Lahm in barbed wire and concrete

We'll be friends and I'll help you clog the throat

The bulldozer uprooted each deed and thought big

The doctor stuck the stethoscope through the gap

No continuity between ground and sky

The border churning documents with the soil

Apache in the air, Caterpillar on earth

Crust and subterrain

The baby's head crowned in the corridor

Land flattened, turns to a neighbouring field

Run from the depressing tin huts to pick some last oranges

At the gate

What's with this donkey tying the rope to the jeep

Told me to wear the saddle's leg fell off and it roamed around

Ride to the greenhouse narrative faltering put it on my shoulders

Hands bound no beauty here just a donkey with three legs

I'll chase you to make a long story short get rid of it

The saddle still on my back I forget its name

This one's a potential explosive donkey go fuck it

An hour later negated lives have a strange way of remaining animated

The donkey's back lifting the tail and tying it around

My head led the donkey aside and shot it in the head

I stood behind the tail too short: 'enough'

His weapon

Thirty minutes

I tried to look

We must attend

Losing what we can't fully fathom

Then he tightened the saddle and returned my ID

A failure of hospitality

I had normal dreams like wires dangling everywhere

The ludicrous thing about order won't hear lies only peace

Her body full with splinters can't pick the olives alone

Luxurious character of the negative raised a lion in your house

No Hebrew word for integrity will be a blazing light

Future collapsed in present execution and mourning

Duty of guest and host a torn native

Narratives compete for a sacred hair lying where it shouldn't

Stoked button the key to distilled water living a quiet way

This unbearable intimacy a purity of arms suturing

Chocolate cake with coconut flecks none of us taught to see

Besieged body a piece of metal we will offer all our children

This permanent remembrance slaughtered and we promise a pleasant life

Loss has made a tenuous we

A touch of the worst border my wound testifies

Names must break up and flatten my foreignness to myself

One is hit by implements given over without control

Exhausted not knowing why beauty is left of me what hair

Fathom who have wires in the other I have lost

Neighbour renews itself in the inexhaustible

Violence a sudden address from oil

Enthusiasm impressed upon concept

Impinging splinters oneself fallen

Mark that is no uniform

Write open and unbounded gap

Undone by the seal of the other

You are what I gain through this disorientation