

Two Poems

by [Steven Sher](#) (December 2019)



Statue in a Cemetery, Endre Balint, 1959

Day of Mourning

after the Kosher Market murders, Paris, January 2015

Although they were not citizens,

today they became citizens

when they were lowered into the earth

beside those who died in defense of the nation.

The bodies were flown here
where many Jews come to die

and not enough come to live
though we are waiting

for all to come home—
where a Jew can also be killed

by a terrorist as in France,
But here he can wear a kippah

and walk the streets without fear.
Here he can live as a Jew.

Calling Out a Fellow Poet Who Brought a
Blood Libel Charge Against the Jews

*“In our matzos is the blood of Palestinian youths” –Yitzhak
Laor*

He mixes blood like leavening into the dough of hate,
adds a dash of doubt, a pinch of scorn,
and so it rises till it's beaten down.

He splashes blood against our doorposts and our lintels,
paints the targets for the enemies
who wait outside our gates.

He would smash us on the rocks of history
then watch life drain into the sand,
inviting every scavenger to feast upon our flesh.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

Brooklyn-born Steven Sher has lived in Jerusalem since 2012. His latest (16th) book is *Contestable Truths, Incontestable Lies* (Dos Madres Press, 2019). His work has appeared widely since the 1970s. Recent appearances range from *Veils, Halos & Shackles: International Poetry on the Oppression and Empowerment of Women* to *Mizmor Anthology* to the forthcoming *New Voices: Contemporary Writers Confronting The Holocaust*. Last year he received the Glenna Luschei Distinguished Poet

Award, headlining the 35th annual San Luis Obispo Poetry Festival. Visit him on his [website](#).

Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](#)