

Poems for Peace
Petach – The Opening

I am sitting at the opening of Abraham's tent
wondering what the tent opens onto –

inside are the children of Abraham
his various wives
soon they will leave each other
some day their descendants will be hurling missiles back and forth.
They may do that for a long time to come.

Some of their books will teach contempt for each other
they will protect their suspicions
into the future.
If there is to be peace
the texts will have to be changed.

Outside the tent
I am imagining
that field of Rumi
you know the one I mean?
The one beyond the ideas of right-doing
and wrong-doing
where Rumi says:
I'll meet you there.
When the soul lies down in the grass. . .

Right now I am standing at the intersection
between inside the tent
the enmity the separation the fear the reluctance
and outside the tent
the field beyond right and wrong
-- here in the opening,

a doorway
like all passageways
there is room to move through
neither within or without
transitional always
opening in opening out.

In the passageway
Abraham stands always
embodying chesed
lovingkindness

he sees only the good in everyone
he invites us in
he invites us out
wherever we live
within without
beyond right and wrong
we are all standing with Abraham
in the opening of his tent.

Now –
Jews Arabs Muslims Parties of G*d
Right wing Left wing
Hawk Dove
Irani Israeli Pakistani Lebanesi
Yitzchaki Yishmaeli

holy man holy woman

in
or
out.

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