

The Oud Sings the World

It would be this way the entire time he taught me
I showed up, we played for two or three hours
talking only music.

He knew nothing about me

I knew nothing about him.
We spoke technique to each other
I headed back to Jerusalem
just as the sun found its way home in the west.

As the darkness settled over the north,
I watched the Arab villages on top of the hills
light up. The traffic diminished,
the smell of the Sea.

Home in Jerusalem just over two hours later.
More practice, more that night.
Where had we gone with music?
Somewhere deeper than our differences,
before the separation of Isaac and Ishmael,

the music of Abraham.
The oud had opened my mouth,
the oud was singing the world.

jsg
pre-war