

**To Sing a Song of Palestine -- June Jordan (1985)**

*For Shula Koenig (Israeli Peace Activist)*

All the natural wonders that grow there  
(Nor tree nor river nor a great plains lifting grain  
nor grass nor rooted fruit and  
vegetables) forever curse the land  
with widely dreaming schemes  
of transformation  
military magic  
thick accomplishments of blood

I sing of Israel and Palestine:  
The world as neither yours nor mine:  
How many different men will fit  
Themselves how fast  
into that place?

A woman's body as the universal  
shelter to the demon or the sweet as paradigm  
of home that starts and ends with face  
to face surrendering to the need  
that each of us can feed or take  
away  
amazing as the space created  
by the mothers of our time  
– can we behold ourselves  
like that  
the ribs the breathing muscles and the fat  
of everything desire requires  
for its rational abatement?

I write beside the rainy sky  
tonight an unexpected American  
cease fire to the burning day  
that worked like war across my  
empty throat before I thought to try this way  
to say I think we can: I think we can.