

Suicide Bomber I

If I were to die at
 The hands of the young Palestinian
 Suicide bomber,
While walking the streets of
 Jerusalem, Haifa, or Tel Aviv,
I would welcome that
 Death of a martyr
 Gratefully.

For in my heart fires burn,
 Anger and wrath like that youth's,
 Or his mother, father and sister's.
As in my soul churns forever,
 The anguish and terror
Of a sealed shower gas chamber at
 Aushwitz, Treblinka, Bergen Belsen.

As a Jewish American survivor,
 I can almost touch the
 Calm determination
That sturdy glow, candle of pride
 Which the explosive belt kindles
Inside my youthful friend, terrified, humiliated.

And I know that his will to kill and to die
Is but the twin to a frustrated wish to live, free.