

## Like In Ramallah

By Elaine Rosenberg Miller

In the dark, the guiltless, moonless night

They made their way along the walls of the modest house, along the stuccoed walls

Soundless, sightless

On they crept, swiftly, stopping to listen for restlessness, recognition, awareness, life

Soon to be dawn, soon to be day, they hurried on

Soon, blood, glistening blood, molten blood, then darkening blood, stiffening blood, streaking blood

As in Ramallah

In Ramallah, the young man raised his hands, palms up, fingers splayed

On his hands, his scarlet hands, death

In Ramallah, in Ramallah, one man's blood painted another man's upraised hands

Blood!

Blood coursing through the body

To the heart, to the brain

Bringing warmth

The child fell back on his bed

A single thin mattress

He fell

And his blood pulsed onto the mattress

They slit the neck of the baby, the dewy folds offered no resistance

They killed the parents.

Young parents

And when they were done, they fled into the darkness, softly, softly, the ancient stones recoiling in horror under their feet

And when they returned to their children, their parents, their neighbors, the blood of the family was on their hands

Garments

Faces

Souls

Like in Ramallah

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