

## NAHALAOT

Moving away  
from the nameless boys,

I crept into the courtyard.  
Confusion rising like thick oil.

I curled against  
the white Jerusalem stone,

hearing bells  
of the distant Mary Magdalena.

A moments quiet  
perturbed the street cats

the late night falafel stalls,  
so that I stopped

to look up at Orion.  
The quiet

slipped over me;  
a baptismal dress.

The moon  
lit her candle,

*it doesn't need  
to be like this.*

I pulled up my knees,  
opened the clutch of my hands;

loosened my fingers  
from the dry grip of pain

and listened  
to the low rumbles of God,

whisper  
a promise of rain.

