

souvenir of Jerusalem

so his hands touched
these dried flowers
of the Holy Land
the mystery of their names
here on the Mount of Olives
Zion or in the shadow
of the pulpit of Omar
everlasting they came
up to the lake near Tiberias
and on the way to Jericho
amulets of memory
his only memorial
in his humble uniform
I see him across death
though absent from my mind
that death controls it still
dead father