

Inland

by P. David Hornik (April 2015)

1

I could wake at seven, six, five, four...

but I wouldn't see dawn on the sea.

2

In Beersheva houses the color of sand

seek no further than the surrounding sand.

3

I could take the earliest bus from Beersheva

and it still wouldn't be dawn on the sea.

It would be morning,

the same Brit

roaming the boardwalk and saying

"Mate, can you spare me a shekel"

as when I used to live in Tel Aviv.

Beyond him wetsuit figures
like shiny black beetles
gamboling in the winter surf.
The refuse,
the same sting of breeze,
it would be morning
sitting on the bench
drinking cold diet Coke.

It would not be dawn
in my Beersheva flat at 4 a.m.
It would not be near the sea.
But in my mind's eye
the first pallor
touches the water
hushed as when
the teacher returned to the room.

P. David Hornik is a freelance writer and translator in Beersheva, Israel. In recent years his work appears especially on the *PJ Media* and *Frontpage Magazine* sites, and his book