

Out on the Hill

by P. David Hornik (May 2015)

He lived on the hillside

with no mother

and no warmth except the scrub

in which he huddled when it rained.

The country was torn by war

and sometimes soldiers at the lookout point

tossed scraps of food

which he hunted down.

Or sometimes one of them

gave him food on purpose.

That was how I met him.

I couldn't tell him:

"We have a thing or two in common.

When they send me home for a day

I step into my blank apartment

and wish I was back at the base."

A half-grown cat,

white, scared, and scurrying,

he accepted a plate of cottage cheese,

eyes like blue glass

without youth or trust.

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