Two Poems

by <u>Stephen Schecter</u> (April 2019)



Portrait of Dr. Gachet, Vincent Van Gogh, 1880

Wisdom-wise

Often have I heard people say Youth is wasted on the young, But now I too have reached the day That wise phrase escapes my tongue.

Had I known then what I know now I would not have chosen so, Think then, I tell myself, think how You will make the last years go.

And yet I fear the years ahead May prove the same story told, And I will think before I'm dead Wisdom's wasted on the old.



Detail of tapestry at Chagall State Hall, Marc Chagall

The no-people's comeuppance

The night the Hebrews left the land Had sent so many to their death, The Lord announced the time had come To send revenge upon His breath.

Past the doorposts, in sleep drenched beds His angel waved a poisoned lung, But against His promised Hebrews No dog of Egypt whet his tongue. Today they dwell upon the land Yet still commit the sins of old, Let idol-worshippers remain To exercise their lethal hold.

Now lies that murder foul the land The heathens claim belongs to them, Though God has never authorized This plagiary of British phlegm.

But if the Hebrews do not feel The Jewish state is hallowed bread, Upon them once again will fall Discomfiture and Egypt's dread.

As Moses foretold long ago When his voice to the heavens rose, How God would send a people false To bring His project to a close.

But lest this no-people presume

Their wretched cause was wrapped in right, Moses foretold for them as well An end consumed in pitch and blight.

So shall the sheikhs of Araby Be plunged into eternal dark, And from Gaza to Ramallah Not a dog shall be heard to bark.

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