

The Inside-Out Sabra

By Ehud Neor

The tough Israeli. Like the Sabra fruit, prickly, rough and masculine on the outside, tender and sweet on the inside. That actually was not a far-fetched description at one time. That time seems like ancient history today. For whatever reason, the individual Israeli may still be sabra-like, but as a result of wrong-headed leadership, the Israeli body politic is



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a sabra fruit splayed open and folded back, the soft fruit on display for our enemies to nibble or slash at will. This is what seven decades of begging the world to allow us to exist in peace—to simply like us—has brought us. We cannot sit at the table, but there, in the corner, on that small stool with a broken leg we are allowed to grovel and eat whatever scraps the diners see fit to throw at our feet. There is a barely subdued jollity amongst the diners and even amongst the waiters, who are charged—unofficially of course—with making sure that our wounds never heal. A kick here and a slap there, or sometimes simply spit in the face. That is the price we must pay. The

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Jew must bleed. Always.

The endless and permanent and nefarious nature of this state of affairs is concealed by the use of well-trodden euphemisms such as "The Two State Solution," or "The Indigenous Rights of the Palestinian People," the former the object of enthusiastic proselytizing by the State Department of the world's great power, and the latter a devilish invention of the rancid KGB. With our self-imposed victimhood we cannot see what all the world sees: by leaving this mass of resentful, hateful and murderous humanity adjacent to Israel, the only things accomplished are to ensure that the Jew continues to bleed, and that the simmering mass remains in its wretched state. There will never be peace, that worst of twisted euphemisms. The world demands its pound of Jewish flesh as it demands that we say "thank you" while it is being carted away.

Now the great drama begins. The groundlings in the pit before the stage, God's Chosen People, playing the pitiable role granted them by their betters in the galleries, shout: "Bring them Home! Bring them Home!" A Iago-like ear appears between the folds of the curtain, cupped by a twisted terrorist hand as if to say: "I can't hear you!" The humiliation of the Jewish people is not complete until they cry and beg and drown themselves in tears of sorrow and finally whimper: "Please."

And what a humiliation it is. The curtain to a side entrance is pulled back. We groundlings at the foot of the stage now hear the engine revving. We know what will emerge and our hearts drop as one into the mud beneath our feet. The insulting hulk emerges slowly, torturously, with huge red crosses planted on a scorning, virgin-white background. Oh the humanity! Oh the humanity! Oh the shame! That same infamous non-profit that did not visit any of the hostages during their captivity, that did not supply reports of the captives well-being, that did not ensure that they received proper medical attention, that did nothing for the captives or for their families—that shitty little "neutral" non-profit whose name

shall not cross these lips—now conveyed our sweet, beloved, living martyrs to us. One last spit in the face, an abuse worthy of the evil captors they obviously serve.

A curse upon them, and a curse upon their handlers. A curse upon those in the galleries enjoying our suffering while blaming us for it. A curse upon those behind the curtain or behind the mask, or underground, who are the architects of this present round of torture. A curse upon any who stand with the torturers. There will be a reckoning. The God of Israel is awakening from His Holy Abode. There will be a reckoning, and it will be mighty and fierce.