Not in Your War Anymore

"War is as anachronistic as cannibalism,
slavery and colonialism…"
— Rosalie Bertell

No Immediate Answer

I am not in your war anymore.
Surely we cannot paint war green
when even the long Cold War is dying,
so let's paint it in all its true
foliage colours, to help its fall

First, flowing flamboyant crimson blood
on throbbing temples and hands,
then russet bronze fiery metal cartridges
stuffing the crevices of young hearts
while golden laser Napalm dragon tongues
gluttonously lick the sizzling eyes and lips
of our children, under
giant mushrooms
freshened by mustard and acid rain
Surely, at the close of our
great atomic century
we will soon find the archaic
history tree, where we can dump
our fearful bottle legacy

And our grandchildren
will ask their fathers,
what were tanks for, Pa?
And with eyes full of wonder,
they will read the story of the
glorious imprisonment
of the Nuclear Giant
in his bottle, corked forever,
and will say –
Well done Pa, well done Ma!

Eve's Defence

You didn't have to accept
That shiny juicy apple
Did you Adam dear?

Please remove those
Musty fig leaves
From your memory and ears
And remember Adam dear,
You were created
From mere earth,
Whereas I was sculpted
From a much finer substance
Finer than ivory
Finer than gold.

In the rush of your
Heart's blood
In the throbbing of your temples
Remember Adam dear -
I was created
From pure human bone

Your strong rib-bone
Became me - Eve
Mother of Life.

Always remember
Dearest Adam
Free, indepedent Eve
Is - You.

– Prof. Ada Aharoni*

* *Founder of The International Forum for the Literature and Culture of Peace-IFLAC. She is an Egyptian-born Israeli poet, writer, lecturer and peace researcher. Address: Prof. Ada Aharoni, 1A, Gdalyahou Street, Haifa – 3258701, Israel. Email: ada.aharoni06@gmail.com*