

“Miketz”

by Mark Lazar

I was thrown from my world
Into the bottomless pit of fatherless despair
Only to be sold to a band of gypsies
Marketing my soul through a purple haze of deceit.
I worked
I slaved
I commanded respect
Yet my cloak of masculinity
Buried me once more.
Baking dreams,
Sipping wine from the royal cup
Standing behind bars of silhouetted shadows
A final reinterpretation of the commander's nightmares
Led me to my status up high.
A wife, two kids, a chariot to match
A nation, a storage of wealth, a new name of fame.
I had it made. It was mine.
With power
I divvied up the spoils
I gathered up the land
I fed the starving, the homeless, the neighboring poor
I ruled the world.
Until you reappeared.
You sons of my father
You bowing stars
You sheaves of wheat
You memory of my past
You remnant of an ancient people
You-me. You-me.
The coat soaked in blood.
The memory of betrayal
The search “he” never took
To look for his favorite son.
And mother, left behind,
In a tomb of forsakenness.
Forsake me not.
You forsook me, too.
And now,
Tears wallowing up within
I scream with anguish
It is me you buried.
It is me. It is me.
Feel my pain, feel it burn within.
The years of loneliness
The years screaming for a moment
To ask that man in the field

Why he pointed me
In this prophetic path of Mosaic direction.
Was he...He?
We'll do the brotherly exchange.
We'll play the game of give and take.
You'll line up in chronological order
Only to marvel at this timeline of deceit.
Tick-tock. Tick-tock.
Time meanders on.
Bring me my father.
Bring the seventy into exile.
You shall all suffer with me
In this land of plenty
In this wealth of the other
And eventually
The other
Will make us the other.
Isn't that the way it was planned?
But promise me this
You boys of lost
You symbolic metaphor of mankind
You mirror of my being.
You-me. You-me.
When my time will come
Please bring my bones back home.
Back home to my mother.
To the land of our father.
To the land of our being.
And let me finally be.

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