



**Wildpeace**

BY YEHUDA AMICHAJ

Not the peace of a cease-fire,  
not even the vision of the wolf and the lamb,  
but rather  
as in the heart when the excitement is over  
and you can talk only about a great weariness.  
I know that I know how to kill,  
that makes me an adult.  
And my son plays with a toy gun that knows  
how to open and close its eyes and say Mama.  
A peace  
without the big noise of beating swords into ploughshares,  
without words, without  
the thud of the heavy rubber stamp: let it be  
light, floating, like lazy white foam.  
A little rest for the wounds—  
who speaks of healing?  
(And the howl of the orphans is passed from one generation  
to the next, as in a relay race:  
the baton never falls.)

Let it come  
like wildflowers,  
suddenly, because the field  
must have it: wildpeace.

**The New Colossus**

BY EMMA LAZARUS

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

**Virtuosi**

BY LISEL MUELLER

In memory of my parents  
People whose lives have been shaped  
by history—and it is always tragic—  
do not want to talk about it,  
would rather dance, give parties  
on thrift-shop china. You feel  
wonderful in their homes,  
two leaky rooms, nests  
they stowed inside their hearts  
on the road into exile.  
They know how to fix potato peelings  
and apple cores so you smack your lips.

The words start over again  
hold no terror for them.  
Obediently they rise  
and go with only a rucksack  
or tote bag. If they weep,  
it's when you're not looking.

To tame their nightmares, they choose  
the most dazzling occupations,  
swallow the flames in the sunset sky,  
jump through burning hoops  
in their elegant tiger suits.  
Cover your eyes: there's one  
walking on a thread  
thirty feet above us—  
shivering points of light  
leap across her body,  
and she works without a net.

**Rosh Hashanah**

BY LUCILLE CLIFTON

i bear witness to no thing  
more human than hate

i bear witness to no thing  
more human than love

apples and honey  
apples and honey

what is not lost  
is paradise