

## **A GREEN WEEK**

By Ada Aharoni

A week like fresh mint  
a green week spreading its fragrance  
to the roots of my being

“Gometek Khadra!” Have a green week!

My father used to bless us  
on Saturday nights in Cairo  
after the ‘Havdala’  
when he came back  
from “Shaar Hashamayim,”  
the Gates of Heaven,  
the grand synagogue in Adli Street

Have a green week he beamed  
brandishing a fragrant mint branch  
over our keen heads -  
but don’t keep it merely for yourself  
and your family - this scented green week -  
give it back to the world

fully blossoming ...

Who will give me a green week

now that he's gone?

Now that the "Gates of Heaven"

are shut?

Only peace

only a fragrant

real mint peace .

## **THE SECOND EXODUS**

By Ada Aharoni

Today, I again bring my grain vessel  
to the docks of your granary, father -  
while breathing the wheat smells you loved,  
me in Dagon Silo in Haifa,  
you far away back in Cairo.

Joseph in Egypt land, Canaanite jugs,  
ritual bronze sickles from temples,

crushing-stones, mill-stones and mortars -

all link me back to you

on old rusty scales.

I remember your orange-beige office

in Cairo's Mouski,

with deaf Tohami weighing

the heavy sacks of flour and grain

on old rusty scales.

And me listening unaware

to the birds' chirped warning

on the beams of your ceiling:

"Wandering Jew, open your Jewish eyes,

you will soon have to spread your wings

again, and look for new nest."

Mighty Dagon's giant arms storing in bulk,

fill my own silo with tears

that you are not here with me

to view this wonder

deftly handling bread to Israel –

the land you so loved

but are not buried in.

For you dear father,  
I plant today a garden of grain,  
for you, who always taught us  
how to sow.