

TALI MY BEAUTIFUL RARE FLOWER

What a terrible lack of justice! What pain!
We educated you for love, honesty and giving,
To honor life, peace, and humankind -
And this is how you grew; this is how you lived,
An angel on earth,
A beautiful, rare flower, plucked before her time!
What a terrible lack of justice! What pain!

You were wise, with a heart of gold, lovely and so gifted!
Despite your painful suffering due to your cruel cancer,
You never complained, you never cried,
Went on caring for your family with warmth and devotion,
To dance and sing, to direct your excellent “Nofit Choir”,
And to lecture on the “Importance of the Development of Memory”
At the exemplary “Dorot” college, which you founded in the Galilee.

Your wonderful husband and three children
And even tiny, sweet Lotem; your first granddaughter,
Helped you to bear the pain.
We all stood by you holding your gentle, noble hand
Till the bitter end.

What a terrible lack of justice! What pain!

Even then, you courageously smiled your enchanting, hopeful smile,

And this is how we will always remember you

Tali, My Beautiful Rare Flower,

Rest in Peace.

Your loving mother

Ada

My wonderful daughter, Tali Aharoni Winkler, who enjoyed a fully fruitful and devoted life, died of bone cancer, on the 8th of July, 2011, after a courageous struggle for sixteen long and eventful years.

Peace Is a Woman and a Mother

By Ada Aharoni

How do you know

peace is a woman?

I know, for

I met her yesterday

on my winding way

to the world's fare.

She had such a sorrowful face
just like a golden flower faded
before her prime.

I asked her why
she was so sad?

She told me her baby
was killed in Auschwitz,
her daughter in Hiroshima
and her sons in Vietnam,
Israel, Palestine, Lebanon,
Bosnia, Rwanda, Darfur and Chechnya.

All the rest of her children, she said,
are on the nuclear
black-list of the dead,
all the rest, unless
the whole world understands -
that peace is a woman.

A thousand candles then lit
in her starry eyes, and I saw -
Peace is indeed a pregnant woman,
Peace is a mother.

THE POOR

ALL THE POOR WITH PLENTY FED

Is Dryden's Mirabilis dream –
“All the poor with plenty fed,”
Reachable at last in our own fat days?

Mother, oh mother I'm so hungry
I have sharp-toothed rats in my stomach!

What would it take today
For all the poor to be plenty fed?
Should the rich grab less and let
Some juicy morsels fall
Into the laps of hungry children?

Mother, oh mother I'm so hungry
I have sharp-toothed rats in my stomach!

Should bank managers get only
Three times more salary than their staff

And not a hundred times more?
When will governments understand
That it is nobler and more sociable
To feed the poor than to
Feed their guns with deathly bullets
And their tanks with shells,
Rockets and napalm

Mother, oh mother I'm so hungry
I have sharp-toothed rats in my stomach!

Can the dream come true today?
Don't be a Don Quixote!
The rich will go on being richer
The poor will go on being poorer
And hungry children will go on dreaming
Of delicious banquets when they go to sleep
On craving empty stomachs

Mother, oh mother I'm so hungry
I have sharp-toothed rats in my stomach and in my belly!