

Poems by Ada Aharoni

Life Is A Pomegranate

The secret of life is

A Pomegranate

My friend,

Open its red hard cover

Then its white flimsy

Curly membrane

With love fingers

Delicacy, curiosity -

Inside you will find

A secret core world

Full of ruby grains

When you discover them

My friend,

Taste them fully

One by one

Squeeze their juice

With firm teeth

Before

They become

No more.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

On the eve of Hanuka

I climb the staircase

Of what used to be my home –

In El Tahrir Square in Cairo

In my faraway Egyptian past.

After thirty fleeting years

With trembling hand

I ring the bell of my former home.

A woman with a kind round smile

Opens the door, hears my story and cries:

“You lived in this house thirty years ago?”

Come in, come in, *ahlan wesablan*, welcome,

I am so glad you came!

I have kept something of yours

For thirty years, which I think

Is important.

But first, coffee and *sharbat*,

And my *bassbousa* dipped in golden honey...

I sip the honey, sharbat and coffee

While happy, hurting memories

Flamboyant pictures of the past

Flow down my spine

Like the turbid copper waters

Of the Nile.

Then with a round secretive smile

Monira places on the table

A white nylon bundle and

Slowly, slowly opens

Our Hanuka miracle -

A velvet bag

With golden letters and a flower

Embroidered by my grandmother

Half a century ago -

And in it

My Father's Talit

My Father's prayer shawl!

A BRIDGE – NOT A WALL

I will inhale the Bridge

And will exhale the wall.

I sang you Bridge

In every grain

Of the Pomegranate of my life,

I wrote you in all the languages

In all the keys of a unique

Symphony.

TO MY PALESTINIAN SISTER

*"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree,
and none shall make them afraid." (The Bible - Micah, 4, 4).*

"The Man who walks with Peace – walk with him!" (The Koran, Sura 48)

My Palestinian sister,
Let us build a sturdy bridge
From your olive world to mine,
From my orange world to yours,
Above the boiling pain
Of acid rain prejudice –
And hold human hands high

Full of free stars
Of twinkling peace

I do not want to be your oppressor
You do not want to be my oppressor,
Or your jailer
Or my jailer,
We do not want to make each other afraid
Under our vines
And under our fig trees
Blossoming on a silvered horizon
Above the bruising and the bleeding
Of poisoned gases and scuds.

So, my Arab sister,
Let us build a sturdy bridge of
Jasmine understanding
Where each shall sit with her baby
Under her vine and under her fig tree –
And none shall make them afraid
AND NONE SHALL MAKE THEM AFRAID!