

16th May 1997 (Glenn Fern)

Israel - Grey Areas

Dilated pupils witness the right-wing As mournful tear-droplets shed over the left ...

Torn between 'right' and 'wrong'.

This is my story of tinted lenses

Clouds of shadows

Sunlights of truth ...

... An epic song hummed to the motor's tune

As I traveled roads of old mine-fields

Barren veld and views of clustered settlements

I knew not the words

Yet the song pricked at each of my heart's chords

Strumming my journey of ultimate sorrow.

A heart arrived open-minded

To a country of conflicting foreign cultures

Falling in love, in hate, in fear ... in confusion!

Sign-boards passed by,

As my fuel gauge slowly retanked a well of tears.

A journey thus far, always a matter of heart and mind

Now a question of True and False.

Passionate and critical

I fell in love with stories of justice.

Fell in hate with tales of terror

Only later to question: which is the lie?

The struggle of the oppressed

Became my fight against the oppressor.

Then, vice-versa.

The mid-day news jolted me back to the wheel

A road-block. Looking left:

A wounded soldier carrying the enemy to safety ...

Looking right:

Revolutionary screams, gun shot ... silence!

National identity has created victims;

Religious doctrines: ethical diversity;

Survival: power.

What makes land possible,

Societies authoritative,

Man ... unequal ??

My hand reached for the ignition key

I had reached my heart's destination:

A grey area

Of no judgment !