

## Personal Preference

I think  
 (now that I look back)  
 I'd rather drive a taxi  
 In Jerusalem  
 Than be the King  
 Of all of South Dakota  
 Or the cantor  
 In the Great and Ancient Synagogue  
 Of West Rangoon

I don't know why  
 (to be sure)

Here the sun sets red  
 And there the suns set red

Here the trees sway with infinite grace  
 And there the breeze moves the leaves  
 With equally gentle fingers

I don't know why  
 I'd rather drive a taxi in Jerusalem

But neither have I come to know  
 Why the seed becomes a daffodil  
 And not a rose

## A Rebbi's Proverb (From the Yiddish)

If you always assume  
 that the man next to you  
 is the Messiah  
 looking for some human kindness

You will soon come to weigh your words  
 and watch your hands,

And if he chooses not  
 to reveal himself  
 in your days

It will not matter.

## ITS THE TRUTH

By the way the women walk  
 you would never think  
 a Jewish girl was raped  
 by Crusader or Cossack

By their animated tone of voice  
 you might think "ghetto"  
 was a word some mother  
 needed for a lullaby  
 to rhyme with  
 giapetto

And the millions of trees younger than myself  
 would lead even the best historian  
 to say that war  
 had never scarred  
 and seared  
 the Judean Hills

And looking up to trace the growl of phantoms  
 makes you stop to wonder  
 if Hitler and the Mufti  
 really understood  
 anything at all  
 about the Jews