

A Mission

Written by Joana

Tzukiem - Israel ♦♦ January 6th, 1993

♦

A Mission

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Both a Moshbute and an army-base

The vast Negev desert surrounds this place

To the locals it's known as Tzukiem

A home for volunteers it would seem.

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The Jordanian border but two kays away

Marked by the route to Em Jahav each day.

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A view from a window reveals sand beyond sand

Mountains folding like velvet curtains through the land,

Shrubs and Acacia carpet the ground

And when you hold your breath, the only sound;

Is the whistling wind that prostitutes the skies,

Swaying your body and blinding the eyes.

♦

My life is a jigsaw-puzzle-fallen apart

A mission to find the missing piece - my heart.

So, dear Tzukiem, I have come to you

In search of an answer: I don't, or I do.