<p align="center">Arava desert◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆January 1993</p> <p align="center">◆</p> <p align="center">Shabat shalom</p> <p align="center">◆</p> <p align="center">The rocks lie restlessly under the Golden Penny,</p> <p align="center">The sun devalued.</p> <p align="center">The Acacia surrenders to defeat -</p> <p align="center">Tears rolling from her shriveled leaves and fragile thorns.</p> <p align="center">The puffy clouds bearing blue helmets</p> <p align="center">Find no homage in the pale skies of the Arava.</p> <p align="center">The icy Jordanian wind filtrates my base</p> <p align="center">Terrorizing once warm fearless nights.</p> <p align="center">Dead, hollow spiders cling transparently to once geometric webs,</p> <p align="center">And wagtails enumerate on the twisted barbed wire.◆ </p>