16th May 1997�? (Glenn Fern)
? ?????????????????????????????Israel - Grey Areas
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????????????????????? 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 authoritive,
Man ... unequal ?? ? My hand reached for the ignition key I had reached my heart's destination: ???????? A grey area
???????? Of no judgment !???????