

Masada Cries

Masada cries,
and I am torn up the tortuous crags
of barren peaks so void of life
that even the blood
from a thousand cut throats
could never cause
a single grass blade's whisper.

Pride carries me to god-made,
man-made walls; pulls me, pleading,
to the ranks of the already fallen;
the fallen to be.

Are nations always born in death?
Is not the world a nation bound
in the sorrow of slaughter?

Yet, Masada cries,
and pride swells through my legs;
lifts my arms to shield and sword.
It whispers, a seductive harlot,
making me a man spitting
defiance against other men.

Masada stands: The rock of my soul,
the soul of my flesh; solid within,
destiny and regret, impaling
far deeper than the Roman sword.

—*Tony Marconi*