Sacred City of Chalk

Jess Silver

Outstretched against the borderless sky
the plane’s wing leaves its mark.
Like a gentle kiss, a wisp of air,
the line fades,
leaving only the stamp of a world traveler.

Like an ant I wrestle between the streets
thoughts crowding my head of ancient, historic feats.
From North to South
From the tip of The Sea of Galilee
to the inside of Masada’s mouth.
The sacred city of chalk enveloping us all as we walk
the glimmer of gold, an unthinkable anomaly.
Vibrating through me are the voices and calls
as I struggle to make sense of the natural wonders like the Tal Dan Falls.
Within this city of chalk not only rests the rock of Creation,
Remnants of old and new make for a storm of sensation.

Beyond borders, Beyond limits.

Climbing Gilboa’s red rock,
my body and mind are overcome with shock.
As the rhythm of my heart chimed in,
I began to realize where my foot had been.
Only in the sacred city of chalk do so many people congregate each day
So many different faces, voices and moments of prayer.
A chance of a lifetime,
a snapshot of glory and of pain,
the vivacious history that continues to remain in the crevices of Jerusalem stone
its story woven within the internal fabrics of the world traveler.