again with the american journalists
who come to call
my sons *murderers*, again
with my sons who rise redly
waving their four good hands
like their best name has been spoken
by the wide blue mouth of their god
or prime minister, O,
when a child dies, the village keens,
when children kill, there is only
one mother to kneel & lap
the blood from their names,
O forked & feral tongue,
i spit in the tea & carry the cup
to the journalist perched on the couch
i cleaned just this morning, whose bald head
shines like something polished, O stupid sun,
O futile gesture, smokestack, yeshiva, fanatic
in one hundred languages, O headlines,
bylines, ball bearings, rigged & riddled,
O new & no speech of mine,
when i die, who will be there
to write the end of history?

Note: Geula Amir is the mother of Yigal and Hagai Amir, right-wing Jewish brothers and conspirators who assassinated Israeli Prime Minister Rabin. Although the brothers take outspoken pride and responsibility for the well-documented assassination, a third of Israelis, including their mother, do not believe they are guilty.