

**CLAIRE SCHWARTZ**

**Geula Amir speaks**

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.**