
Caravan



We drove with our caravan,
children at the back,
straight through the old continent,
all the way to biblical Tiberias
for an urgent UN Peace mission

One day we dived deep into the Sea of Galilee,
where we saw a box at the bottom of the lake
covered with shells and algae,
inside we could clearly hear the Sermon resonate

“Two thousand wasted years, my friends,
but listen, My Kingdom is still at hand
Blessed are the meek in their service
and strive for Abundance of Peace

Thank you for watching with your UN-binoculars
over hard needed decent human dignity,
turning the Other One the Other Cheek
before nukes demolish my beloved city”

Running out of oxygen,
we slowly rised to the surface,
greeted by schools of one hundred and fifty three
Saint Peter’s fish, barbels and sardines

The next morning we saw through our binoculars
a caravan passing by an old Shepherd
with a flock of sheep grazing in the field,
while stray dogs were barking in the distance