

A History Set in Stone

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Your beauty is eternal, so irrevocably pure,
The red-gold stone contrasting with the desert sky's azure.
Rough-hewn buildings blend into a landscape quite divine,
The scents of different spices appetizingly entwine.
A city with a history that shall never be forgot,
If I am the story, Jerusalem, you are my plot.
Your terraced hills surround me, high above everyone,
Warmed by the shining rays of the hot Mid Eastern sun.
An island in a sea of woe, a refuge for the weak,
We the wandering nation come to you when life is bleak.
When your doors were beaten down and we were forced to part,
Your ardor went to every head, your courage every heart.
A tumultuous history, but still you proudly stand,
A beacon in a clouded world of blind and groping hands.
We've flourished, but our history still is set deep in your stone,
And so our roots are planted yet in soil quite our own.
Jerusalem of gold! I pray you stand forevermore,
A timeless city, bittersweet with memories of before.