POETRY

# To my Syrian friend

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*Dedicated to Ephrem Ishac, April 2016*

Wish I had met you in Aleppo,
when ash-Shahbaa saw better days.
For now we're both trapped disoriented,
you from your roots, I in my ways.

Wish you had shown me every corner
of that ancient, original land.
Wish the bridge from dream to life was shorter
and there were deeper things we would wrestle to understand.

Wish I had seen it as it stood there,
in its peaceful, glorious way.
No sorrow in her people's eyes
"Expect, to see the coming day."

I pray that one day, we could be there.
That we may see the old, anew.
I never thought that we would meet here.
So blessed at least, to now know you.

I pray that one day, we will be there.
That we will see the old, anew.
It is the virtue, history tells us,
to stay the same and make it through.


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