On You, O, Children of the World, My Tears I Shed

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The thousand motionless eyes set pointedly,
At infinity,
Are stronger than the whole of our existence.
The small debilitated eyes are faster than light,
Mightier than the knight,
Stronger than the waves of the sea,
In invading the hearts,
From the deserts of Africa to the greenlands of Mohawk,
And from the crying to the smiling infant lands.
O children of the earth,
The brown eyes of the desert have turned to you,
O sons and daughters of the soil,
And of apples and meat and playlands,
Have you turned your heavy ears to the tearing storm
Of the empty stomach?
And the grim winds of Africa,
Have they whispered to you
The untold story of the dying baby,
Helplessly roaming, with her mouth,
In search of life,
On the lifeless body of the mother,
Departing to the endless heavens,
by making, with a believer's walk with destiny,
The long, long endless and ending journey,
To embrace into her trembling thin hands,
The drops of holy loved water for her
Innocent fading child?
Oh, angels of good,
To you, with insecure, yet never dying, hope, I turn,
Seeking to atone for the repugnant long journey
Of long caravans loaded with bleak miseries,
Of want and thirst and encounter with the
Smiling arrogant death.
And, when the father,

With his skinless shape and tearless eyes,
Because no tears are left to be shed
Turned, a short while before he entered eternity,
With the open arms of a body crucified on the
Stake of life and dignity,
To his vanishing family,
What was the message that he was conveying,
Stronger than the speeches of one thousand Ciceros
And that should shake the earth?
And when the mother, with her milk-deficient breasts,
Witnessed the last departure of her tongue-less son,
What was the message that should,
Like one million tidings,
Have moved the human conscience to harvest
The blessings of wheat, and to fill
The basket of bread from the neighbor,
Nay, but from the brother,
In humanity's common home?
When the vanishing child's extended arms
Were withdrawn with a weak human sigh,
For there was no loaf for parents' loaf-less hands
To fill the child's revolting being,
A magnificent celebration of contented malice,
By the evil creatures of night,
Was reigning in the spacious stretches of the land.
Your eyes, oh, John, Jasmine, and Yan, are stronger than
One million strong,
If only the clear light of humanity has
Removed the deluding myth of mocking boundaries.
And your tears, oh, beautiful Maryam, are heavier
And more precious than tons of barley,
If only the beauty of men and women,
On snow and mountains,
Had discovered Maryam and Dina with their
God-given beauty in the waterless desert and the
Green watery forests.
Where is the knight who, with one giant stride,
And an all-embracing power,
Scared the dreadful evils of celebrating death,
And malicious want and human indifference.
Where are the selfless man and woman, whose blessed stride

Was spacious, spaceless, embracing all lands?
The horse-mounting knight who, in the blink of an eye,
Delivered to the dying peoples of world the tidings
Of life and the rays of a smile?
Where is the mother of the earth who,
With her rich, generous breasts,
Overwhelmed her sons and daughters with the
Blessed sanctified milk?
Where is the sheriff who, with sensitive humanity,
Like a nourishing healing summer breeze,
Spread out, like the act of a magician,
The salvaging straw,
To which clung with their soft pure hands,
All the life-thirsty children?
Where is the messenger, whose message has no color,
Whose word is the word of race-less humanity
Of fellow-citizenship of this one,
shared small flying planet.