

Poetry Favorites of James F. Hill



Introduction

Poetry is a visual art painted with words. The following are some of my favorite colors splashed about the canvas of Hebrew fabric. My first choice is understandably #1. Take care to track the pigment around the neighborhood.

jfrancishill

Rachel's Tears

She has loaned her tear,
given sight to the blind,
a heartbeat for the waiting
and hope to the fearful.
For so young a child
the pathway home
paused
for one backward
glance,
a gentle smile
and the wisp of a kiss
from the poet's pen.

©2002 jfrancishill
flinttexas usa

Smile

God's smile is found
in the warm flush
of rosy cheeks a-blush,
of toddlers hurried rush
and mothers fawning hush
while eternity waits
for the rainbow's frown
to turn upside down.

©1998 jfrancishill
flinttexas usa

Captured Spirit

We the people are Israel!
G-d hath robed us
with this land
and we have put it on.
A garment of fine thread
woven through the loom
of persecution
dyed with bright blood
of Jewish martyrs.....
helpless mothers
clutching their sacrifice,
children without memories.
Oh Jerusalem!
Coveted of the world
Moriah!
Jewel of our crown
Messiah

Come down!
Amen.

(c)2002 jfrancishill
flinttexas usa

Mother Israel

It may be fitting
as some say:
the blood of Jewishness
flows through
the land of Motherhood.
While G-d's great miracle,
wrapped
in human passion,
creates life
where none exists,
his spoken word
hangs the stars
as children of the night
by the breadth
of his intellect,
and the lives of Israel
two by two
praise our nation
from the fruit
of their love.

©2002 jfrancishill
flinttexas usa

Wall of G-d Present

Two thousand years
of Roman silence
has not weakened
the very heart
of all creation
beating
in the stone and script
of this Holy Wall
where Jewish existence
is written
with stylus
and blood
spilling down
through centuries
into weathered wrinkles
on this battle scarred face
that fathered time.

©2002 jfrancishill
flinttexas usa
may 6, 2002

Jeru2002salem

A wild and solid beauty
of reckless flirtations
splendidly robed
in festive garments
whose love eternal
fills the heart Almighty.

©2002 jfrancishill

flinttexas usa
june 2, 2002

Daughters of Kissufim Road

(Ode)

Gaza may 2, 2004.

The angels of Katif
sang in dirge this day
of loss and life
and yet unborn.

They came to gather
souls of sorrow's sadness
spilled across the stones
of hardness and the heart,
to bear them home
but not alone
for grief and goodness
lift the angel wings
and send them on with tears
to wash the waiting
and seal the pain

in dungeons of dark
and hollow hate. jfrancis

Evicting Gaza

Jews removing Jews
from the land.
Gaza, once again
shifting sand.

©jfrancis

8.18.5

jfrancishill

[Return To James F. Hill's Poetry Landing Page](#)