

Waiting at Allenby Bridge

In the grey tiles, tin chairs hall,
travelers sit and chew,
some twisting worry beads,
most staring morgue-like
at the silence of controls
where all have been conditioned
to comply
with the power of the poker faced
inside the glass
while outside,
folded arms functionaries
distinguish the worthy from the unworthy,
Christians from Muslims,
anglo saxon names
from the ones with Arab sounds
in a waiting-for-permits play
where most of the cast
can only guess at the script
let alone know when the curtain will fall
on the final act
of this daily
degradation ceremony.

*Allenby Bridge Israel/Jordan Border
Jan 25th 2012*