‘Jeremias without a jeremiad’

devon spier

or lamentations
for those with pages
of unwritten loss
lamenting
Jerusalem
and everything else
they never had
but Are
somehow
we are

some(how?)
on
Tisha b’Av-

what of the prophets
who don’t say a word

whose bodies are
abandoned highways
and vacant city lots of unspoken griefs and ill completed thoughts
devoured!

the Greatest Mourning’s
set calendar day

what is the way to you
Jerusalem

when you are travelling
in your own fearful
circles to get through a day

and in Sickness’ time
inside resting restless time
who is a day
“And she can only sigh.
And shrink back” (Eicha 1:8)

confined
in this house of lies

and i don’t mean lockdown
quarantine
there were villains in masks
and politicians pocket books
full filled up fast

before time slowed

and we learned we
collectively couldn’t
and hadn’t moved
in some time

some owner’s privatized time

the world has stopped
the bill has come due

“Zion spreads out her hands” (Eicha 1:17)

we are unclean
removed
and i scream in parking lots
past curfew
on Av

if the sword is out
and the plague is in
we have to get real sick
for a new world
to break through the deep of our skins

Old world has gone out swinging
And yet
Jerusalem is me is you

out of the mouths of captives
who never sung
the flower
the fury
of fiery songs
surge
the only way back
is furthest from
and through