

Safed

What is this blue city
that guides my eyes up to the sky?
What is this ocean I feel
of honey water
in the midst of ash and rye?

Even faced with fire,
Tzfat cradles me close—
I am an infant without a name,
a song without a tune.
From here, I can feel those
unsolicited strokes
of Jerusalem,
the harsh pinch
of Tel Aviv.
I am perched atop the *metzudah*,
legs crossed, eyes shut.

Have peace, Safed says,
For the rivers still flow
and the clouds still roll
and long ago, Abraham welcomed
strangers into his home under the same sky—
have peace,
for hospitality is written in history
and you will watch the sun rise.

by *Hannah Butcher*

