

Memory of Masada
By Zalmy Okunov
Jerome L. Schulman Poetry Memorial Prize
3rd Place

The naked eye sees
A paper card with calligraphy,
Drawn inside a heart.

The translation of these words
From ancient tongue to common;
“Good Luck” “Two-Lights”
My name.

The tradition –
writing holy letters
with quill and ink.

I got it on the ruins of the famous fortress.
Through a glass door,
From the scribe’s hand

The hand that writes our history
The hand that creates a memory.