

Feet upon the Street

and other poems

Maya Etkin

*Dedicated
to all who serve God.*

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FEET UPON THE STREET

Like a mighty river's flow
in rosy light of evening's glow,
move myriad feet
upon the city street.

She – with blazing red, long wavy hair,
her eyes of blue, pools of despair.
She's tiny, crippled, four feet high,
her body her does crucify.
With pain she moves her twisted spine,
small outstretched hand her thin lifeline.
Limping feet upon the street.

She – hips that sway, clothes that display,
darting eyes her needs convey
as she looks for who will pay.
She was a child but yesterday;
tragically she's gone astray,
in heartbreak street she lives today.
Enticing feet upon the street.

She – body lithe and slim, so swift,
her chestnut hair the wind does lift.
With chin held high, and sparkling eye
she moves with style, mile on mile.
Vibrant, lively, radiant girl
has her potential to unfurl.
Running feet upon the street.

Feet Upon the Street

He – with confidence, he leads the tide,
achieving much, he's filled with pride.
His head held high, with steady eye
success he does exemplify.
He is from another land,
important that all understand.
Ambitious feet upon the street.

She – expensive clothes and well-coiffed hair,
married to a millionaire.
Life is easy, cash to spare.
Her children in a nanny's care,
does she think how well they fare?
Thoughts of others very rare.
Stylish feet upon the street.

She – stooped little lady on a cane,
anxious that it should not rain.
Wrinkled face and greying hair,
squinting eyes age did impair,
hands that shake and legs that ache,
worried life will her forsake.
Halting feet upon the street.

He – rumpled clothes and toothless gums,
one of many stumblebums,
to life's misfortunes he succumbs,
lives on other people's crumbs.
He holds out a rumpled hat
while sprawled upon a dirty mat.
Stumbling feet upon the street.

Feet Upon the Street

She –hair all mussed, sad eyes glazed,
her infant clutched, her mind drug- dazed.

Past decisions so unwise,
now mind and body agonize.
She's heading for a young demise-
grant her mercy- don't despise.
Dragging feet upon the street.

He – compassion flowing from black eyes,
comforts, gentle and so wise.
He helps many to survive ,
from despair their hopes revive.
With loving heart he serves his Lord,
God will help him and reward.
Pious feet upon the street.

They – moms and dads with kids in tow,
little faces all aglow,
as children skip and run and play,
having fun at end of day.
Teeners cluster, heads held close,
secrets shared do them engross.
Family feet upon the street.

No matter what the race or hue,
whether Christian, Muslim, Jew,
whether Buddhist or Hindu,
whether citizen or new,
fat or thin, or short or tall –
we are brothers, sisters, all.
Whatever fate does one befall
that fate does touch us all.
Like a mighty river's flow
in rosy light of evening's glow,
move multi-coloured feet
upon the crowded street.

THY BROTHER'S BLOOD¹

Danger! I see a stranger!
Danger! perhaps his eyes are brown or blue
or some other unusual hue.
Danger! perhaps his hair is black or fair, so have a care,
for only red or brown is fine - it has to be like mine.
Has he round or slanted eye? What would that imply?
What shape is his nose? What would that disclose?
What colour is his skin? Does he have receding chin?
Is politeness his disguise? Does he tell lies?
What language does he speak?
Does he dress like a freak?
Is he aggressive and strong? Will he belong?

To which God does he pray - how many times a day?
Would he lead my kids astray?
In prayer, covers he his head - or leaves it bare instead?
Does he use articles weird, by us feared?
Does he kneel, bow or stand?
What book holds he in his hand?
Does he pray on carpet kneeling, or stand with body swaying?
Does he sing or chant? Will his commandment he recant?

Is he more poor than we - will he envy me?
Will he take my place - he of another race?
Will he bring me sorrow tomorrow?
Will he steal - do dishonest deal?

Is he powerful and rich, will he grab important niche?
At my expense?
Is his presence a threat, if my wife or child he met!
Perhaps his great grandfather came, and our land did claim,
grabbing ruthlessly, in long past history

¹ Genesis 4: 9,10: "And the Lord said unto Cain ...What hast thou done? the voice of *thy brother's blood* crieth unto me from the ground."

if so - revenge must be!

*Seed of suspicion sown,
of ignorance, fear, and envy born.*

Those strangers whom we hate must not us contaminate;
those who come o'er land or sea,
e'en live close by to you and me,
whose customs, habits I beware - they scare.
They're different, they're a threat, to be met
with violence if need be,
by all who are like me.
Look, he's NOT my brother, he's another.
Him and his kind I hate,
let us them eliminate.

Let's have a final ending!
Let's have an ethnic cleansing!
With machete, knife or gun,
we'll have them on the run.
Terrible tableaux:
vicious blows, blood flows,
screams, moans, anguished groans.
Torture, rape, wounds gape;
refugees cower and quake.

My murderous deeds I can't conceal,
death is final - death is real,
for the slain there's no appeal.

God's thundering voice exclaims -
" WHAT IS THY NAME ! "
" **My name is Cain**" ¹

¹ Genesis 4: 8 "...Cain rose up against his brother and slew him."

OF THE SIN OF PRIDE

James 4:6 “ Wherefore he saith,
God resisteth the proud, but giveth
grace unto the humble.”

Matthew 5:3 “ Blessed are
the poor in spirit: for theirs
is the kingdom of heaven.”

Matthew 5:5 “ Blessed
are the meek: for they
shall inherit the earth.”

Proverbs 16:5 “Every one *that is* proud in heart *is* an
abomination to the Lord ... he shall not be unpunished.”

Proverbs 16:18 “ Pride goeth before destruction, and
an haughty spirit before a fall.”

Isaiah 13:11 “... and I
will cause the
arrogancy of the proud
to cease, and will lay
low the haughtiness of
the terrible (ruthless).”

These verses from Psalm 24 relate to the poems
about pride and avarice that follow.

PSALM 24

verses 3 - 5

**" Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
and righteousness from the God of his
salvation."**

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