

The sun soaks the red sand
of this desert called rose city

the land of rocks
founded by nomads

their village now deserted
now filled with Bedouins

selling dusty handmade jewelry
donkeys carrying sweaty tourists

camels stooping for the tiny tots
in this land my dad claimed

dangerous before the days
of peace treaties and handshakes

of two cultures as opposite
as black and white

but as similar as the borders
between love and hate.