HUMAN ARCHITECTURE: JOURNAL OF THE SOCIOLOGY OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE
A Publication of OKCIR: The Omar Khayyam Center for Integrative Research in Utopia, Mysticism, and Science (Utopystics)
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Truth

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There are things that are truths and then there is the indefinable TRUTH of the connection and power that exists between human beings. The first and last stanzas are chants calling for an end to this separation which was created and is maintained brutally and illegally by the colonizers. As a Jewish American woman, the poet Dorothy Shubow Nelson feels no separation between the Arab people and herself, between Palestinians and herself. We cannot control the forces of nature such as rain or drought, although we can severely damage those natural forces. We can control our relationships to each other. She recognizes the great losses brought about by the occupation and projects a deep longing for no separation.

you are my half sister
we have the same father
we have been
separated too long

I can stay in the city no more

steel buildings hide your eyes from me
the sand in your hair your wrinkled face

machines and airplanes smother your cries and
the cries of little birds

where are your children
I want to see them (was it a hard birth)

Dorothy Shubow Nelson's book of poems, *The Dream of the Sea,* was published in 2008. Her poems have been published in *Sojourner, The Café Review, Rhythm Magazine, atelier, North Shore North, The Cambridge Tab, Spare Change, The Bridge, The Somerville News, Consequence Magazine,* the Website of the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, and the publications of The Boston Conservatory, *The Marquee* and *Illusions.* She has read her work in Cambridge, Boston and New York and on Public Radio. She has presented numerous papers on the teaching of writing and literature at educational conferences including the National Council of Teachers of English, The Conference of College Composition and Communication, The American Literature Association and the Association for the Study of Literature and the Environment. She is a Senior Lecturer in English at UMass Boston. She has also taught at The Boston Conservatory and The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

let me see your roses blooming
near the well, the almond trees
the family's garden, the graves

partitions and walls stand between us —
occupation keeps us estranged
did you see the half moon recently low in the sky
I ran to the highway to find the moon

do you have enough water
can I reach you with this page

will this offering call forth water from the dry spring
call forth absent voices whose lips
will kiss stones under stones

here the rain keeps coming, pushing against
the cracks in the frame of this wooden house
there is nothing we can do about this rain

you are my half sister
we have the same father
                we have been
separated too long