

*“Crux” was written in October 2023, the first month of Israel’s genocidal invasion of Gaza. The poem is at least three things: a parody of the absurd means by which many media outlets have warped and weaponized language in order to obfuscate Israel’s clearly stated intentions and its meticulously documented actions; a response to the letter signed by Israeli doctors that called for the destruction of Palestinian hospitals; and an honoring of the hundreds of Palestinian families reported to have been wiped from the civil registry.*

## **Crux**

My daughter’s lawyer is a lawyer, and my lawyer’s daughter is a daughter. The doctors are wearing green helmets and bombing hospitals. Let us now bring under the yoke our flaming, high-caliber billions, pre-blooded. The issue at hand is plural and leaden. Yes, and what will you do about it. City and coast in dark mode. My lawyer’s lawyer is a daughter, and my daughter’s daughter is a lawyer. The green helmets are only a partial crux of the problem. Our problems have problems. And films of ash, replacing the vanished pages of the civil registries, sing. Or singe.

*A version of this poem first appeared in Iron Horse Literary Review*