

**Peter Sparks**

## **Gaza Sequence**

### **I New Year. Gaza, 2009**

The tank commander, aiming well,  
Took out the vacant ground floor flat,  
So those I loved precipit fell  
In pulverised procession that  
Squeezed, through concrete's piercing bars,  
Soft choking from a jagged cleft.  
A wax of fire—shrill waning hearts—  
Then silence, and my life bereft.

### **II Dinner Party. Jerusalem, 21 January 2009**

'I'll take your coat. Ehud will fix a drink.  
How was the flight? Few noticed that you'd slipped away?  
The Washington distraction must have helped.  
So good of you to come and help us celebrate  
Completion of our necessary task to fight  
And crush this evil force. We did appreciate  
Your quiet support, as well as generous supplies  
From BAE. Do please sit here and Tzipi, pass  
The red to Gordon. I'm afraid the view just now  
Is rather badly marred by smoke but, as you  
English say, an omelette's only made by breaking eggs.  
Oh! must you leave so early? We had hoped  
You'd stay and see the fireworks when they start.  
No, we quite understand. We know you can't stay long  
And must stay silent for your public with an even-  
handed air of gravitas. Our thanks, and come again'.

### **III    The Envoy. Gaza, 1 March 2009**

Now we must cheer, for Blair is here.  
After two years' pay, this is the day  
He finally comes to Gaza (with chums).  
Avoids being distracted where it's 'badly impacted'  
But meets 'business leaders'—which means he won't need us—  
He's in with top brass and so scorns Hamas.  
Where we die to live, he has zero to give.

### **IV    Consequences. Jerusalem, 3 March 2009**

Giggly Hillary  
Met mean Binyamin  
In the offices running  
His fighting machine.  
He whispered sweet nothings  
And proffered a posy.  
She clutched it and simpered.  
The future seemed rosy—  
To her, a State Secretary  
Eyeless for Gaza,  
Blind to the consequence:  
*Tabula Rasa.*