

The Silver Platter

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"A State is not handed to a people on a silver platter."

Chaim Weizmann

...and the land was silent. The incarnate sun
Flickered languidly
Above the smoldering borders.
And a nation stood – cloven hearted but breathing ...
To receive the miracle.
The one miracle and only ...

The nation made ready for the pomp. It rose to the crescent moon
And stood there, at pre-dawn, garbed in festival-and-fear.
– Then out they came
A boy and a girl
Pacing slowly toward the nation.

In a workaday garb and bandoleer, and heavy-shod,
Up the path they came
Silently forward.
They did not change their dress, and had not yet washed away
The marks of the arduous day and the night of the fire-line.

Tired, oh so tired, forsworn of rest,
And oozing sap of young Hebrewness –
Silently the two approached
And stood there unmoving.
There was no saying whether they were alive or shot.

Then the nation, tear-rinsed and spellbound, asked,
Saying: Who are you? And the two sighed
Their reply: We are the silver platter
On which the Jewish State has been given you.

They spoke. Then enveloped in shadow at the people's feet they fell
The rest will be told in the annals of Israel.