We have no unknown soldiers,
Nor a Tomb of The Unknown Soldier,
Whoever wants to lay a wreath
Would have to take his wreath apart
Into many flowers and separate them
Into petals and scatter them.
And all the dead come home
And all of them have names...

-Yehuda Amichai (1924-2000), Israel's most famous modern poet

NO RATTLING OF SABERS AN ANTHOLOGY OF ISRAELI WAR POETRY translated by Esther Raizen Copyright © 1995 Courtesy of the University of Texas Press.

Once I was sitting on the steps near the gate at David's Citadel and I put down my two heavy baskets beside me. A group of tourists stood there around their guide, and I became their point of reference. "You see that man over there with the baskets? A little to the right of his head there's an arch from the Roman period. A little to the right of his head." "But he's moving, he's moving!" I said to myself: Redemption will come only when they are told, "Do you see that arch over there from the Roman period? It doesn't matter, but near it, a little to the left and then down a bit, there's a man who has just bought fruit and vegetables for his family."

-Yehuda Amichai (1924-2000), Israel's most famous modern poet

The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai, by Yehuda Amichai, edited and translated by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell, © 1986, 1996 by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell. Published by the University of California Press.

אנו באנו ארצה לבנות ולהיבנות.

Anu banu artza liv'not u'l'hibatot – "We have come to the Land to build and to be rebuilt"

-early Israeli pioneer song

ניֹאמֶר משֶׁה אֶל-בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל, רְאוּ קֶרָא ה׳ בְּשֵׁם, בְּצַלְאֵל בֶּן-אוּרִי בֶן-חוּר, לְמַטֵּה יְהוּדָה. נַיְמַלֵּא אֹתוֹ, רוּחַ אֱלֹהִים, בְּחַבָמַה בִּתִבוּנַה וּבִדַעַת, וּבִכַל-מִלֵאכָה.

And Moses said to the Israelites: See, the Lord has singled out by name Bezalel, son of Uri son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah. He has endowed him with a divine spirit of skill, ability, and knowledge in every kind of craft.

- Exodus (Shemot) 35:30-31

רַנְּנוּ צַדִּיקִים, בַּה'; לַיְשָׁרִים, נָאנָה תְהִלֶּה. הוֹדוּ לַה' בְּכִנּוֹר; בְּנֵכֶל עֲשׁוֹר, זַמְרוּ–לוֹ. שִׁירוּ–לוֹ, שִׁיר חָדָשׁ; הֵיטִיבוּ נַגַּן, בְּתִרוּעָה.

Sing forth, O you righteous, to the Lord; it is fit that the upright acclaim Him. Praise the Lord with the lyre; with the ten-stringed harp sing to Him; sing Him a new song; play sweetly with shouts of joy.

- Psalms (Tehilim) 33:1-3