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## Natasha Sajé

The Bedouin boy in bare feet on asphalt in Wadi Rum. 120 degrees outside my air-conditioned taxi. A couple of days before I'd burned my feet at the Dead Sea, having no flip-flops for the walk to the water. From French for game, *jeu*, jeopardy is divided play, but also *exposure to or imminence of death, loss, or injury*. In Nablus the tile maker wanted his photograph taken with American women. Later, stopped by police, Ann put on her irritated journalist act. *Who do they think they are*. Today Nablus is in debris, sealed behind a wall. King Jeroboam caused his people to worship golden calves. I am not a journalist, I judge what I see: hilltop settlements and ruined villages below, the crowded hours before sunset and shabbat, before the shops close and the buses stop running. That last Friday evening in Jerusalem I walked for miles on empty streets, feeling I should be somewhere else.