

If gaza is the soul of Palestine,
The west bank is the heart,
And both are bleeding,
Both are in a state of shock,
Tractors across their veins,
Their arteries poisoned,
Their airwaves struggling for life.

Maybe the time for poetry is dead,
Buried in a mass grave
Along with the doctors and ambulances,
I can't keep up with the slaughters
And the evil of zionist cowards
Hiding behind their military power.

A poem cannot supply the resistance
With equal might, with a navy, an army,
Bombs to retaliate,
To shake the fuckers off the land,
A poem can't do most things
Like land a stone right between the eyes
Of an arrogant Brooklyn settler,
Oh no, not another headline of the barbarity of the arab, here
come the blood thirsty victims raping children- for jewish
safety,
For national security-

A poem is not a tank,
Nor is it a victim,
It is not a baby miraculously pulled
From the rubble,
Because that cry,
That shriek in the face of erasure
Is why we gather,
Why we fight
And why you can never tell me that
There is nothing to fight for.

A poem cannot resuscitate
The martyrs,
It cannot build a world
Where all children are playing in the sun,
Not under rockets and snipers,
But under the caring gaze of elders,
It cannot do a lot of things,
But it can imagine in a time
When even to imagine is an act of resistance.
It can say, i will not remain silent.
I will not obey or comply.
I will witness and I will not forget their crimes and i will
haunt zionists – as long as I live, and as long as this poem
has wings –

that is what a poem can do.