

Exhausting the narrative,
Exposing the vile monstrosity,
With only comfort and kindness for the forgotten, betrayed,
tortured.
With bodies and grit,
They stand beaten but not broken,
A small token of the pain
That showers upon Palestinian prisoners.
No one knows what will cause the collapse,
Will it be cheap drones or an ocean of indignation?
Where will the resistance rise?
In a small tent, beneath a scorching moon,
A child is bit by a rat,
Barely whimpers,
Barely struggles,
A young man sees it and instead of picking up a gun,
Exhausted, brushes the rat aside,
And dreams that night
Possibly their last one,
That someone has once again tried to bring them comfort and
kindness and resilience from the other side of the world.