

PLSTN.

my latin is useless, is spent already, bent down by the evidence of each word-act as it fails to world forth a small fire, unassuming portrait of orchards (later discarded), or fist blown right through blooms of rage broken and old,

yet ever eager to reshape the surface in its image,
if only as means to bear witness.

faulty, mal-coded, micro-managed: witness. this image of nothings, as curated by prisms of proper/
improper attention. each successive distance of sight is a dispossession of the political heart: drains it

of its wills, oils, bloods.
knives, minds, old muds.

no full gesture allowed to halt, to alter: to shatter this plainness of fucking disaster,
sans glimmer of failure in its unmaking,

the angular pattern of my breath is no structure of aid, withdrawal, or repair.
just something occurring at present conjecture of [objectivity],

as it swallows the skies in the fullness of death; constant horizons of hurt perceived as they reorient to no
end; impeccably perfect each harm enacted in its intrinsic design;

i cannot even alter or halt this mind,

without wishing forth old stone crows,
olive trees, crowning in gold,
oceans, fevers, phoenix-like creatures,
the thickest of raindrops ever imagined,

or the bulk of black ships
'built of nothing but song

to come, dream again:

undo this world,

&

yield (please.)

that other one.

It all happened in autumn

When the yellow leaves stain the dark Parisian streets
And shine amongst the varnished rain, as unnoticed tears do
As youthful blood has uninterested my brainwashed city
Levantine souls screamed and muted for their voices were judged before they spoke
They have cried in the shadows, felt betrayed and betraying
Miles away a people that holds my genes is dying
Their land had been full of colors, so bright, they bothered the demons
And so, this autumn, they may cease to exist all under your curious eyes
All while you read the lies that will keep you silenced
Theft is your culture
Stealing our land, food, flesh and skin and calling it yours
Our people have nurtured your trees, built your homes and fed your soil
As this land holds their name, Palestine
If democracy is encaging civilians and capitalising the rain
If being civilised entails clapping for the shattered limbs of children
And calling animals those you have forbidden to ever meet liberty
Then I don't want it
Call me barbaric if I don't blindly follow your tyranny
If I'd rather risk my respect and stand with humanity
I'd resist alongside those who's love holds more importance than safety
All while you bloodily purchase the narrative, and put your atrocity in our name
Yet another theft of the pain you inflict on my people
Shame on you

Free Palestine

One day my mum told me that the world was dying,
and the children in Palestine were crying.
So, we went marching to save people who were starving.
I wanted to do more to save the brave people,
so, me and my friends slept outside to collect money,
that would affect Palestinians lives.
Even though some are making fun of people's son,
who is being pointed at with the gun,
They've done nothing wrong but are being bombed,
But they are staying strong.
The people in heaven are looking down at the watermelon,
Wondering what Israel's doing is real.
Because of the war people are sleeping on the floor.
We need to take action for fighting on what's right and
lighting the path of justice brightly.
We should not be furious but curious on how we can help.
So next time you're marching for this situation,
Remember your lighting up the dying embers of the
Palestinians who won't surrender.

—Amaya Bakshi—
—Juliette Bejani—

El 5/12 llamamos
Para poemas de solidaridad
con Palestina; poemas que respondan a
poemas escritos por poetas palestinos; poemas
que consideren la represión estatal & cultural de la solidaridad;
que registren las cosas hermosas pasando en las marchas;
que critican la represión estatal & cultural de la solidaridad;
no estás sola. No se permiten poemas sexistas,
racistas, antisemitas, capacitistas u
homo/transfóbicos. Estos son
los poemas que mandaron
la gente.
ThemAll.Magazine, Canal &
Streetsoundsystem

—Salomé Honório—

Emotional Irrigation Systems

How impoverished our world will come, if we only have time to describe that which happens on the abstract plane, in the *economy* or the *nation*, those religious realms that pull at the strings of lived reality like the will of God once moved the limbs of peasants, guiding their actions without ever showing face. All the while, our emotions flow through the irrigation system, our need for love, the hunger to grow in our spirits, as bell hooks names it. It is this hunger that searches outlets, whilst the barren landscape of profit births yet another wave of the same hunger unfulfilled, all the more ravenous, while *nation* tears at the fabric of human existence.

So we go in circles, short bursts of emotion that return to their sender, a short-circuit. They circle the epicentre of our anxieties, or that which these ruts have rendered unspeakable, insofar as we have been made to believe that that which can be made extinct in *language* does not exist at all. But we know that which goes unspoken shapes the world. The irrigation system overflows, and in those moments, we have the opportunity to find one another again.

From the river to the sea.

On 5/12 we called
for poems in solidarity
with Palestine; poems that respond
to poems by Palestinian poets; poems that
consider what solidarity means; poems that document
the many beautiful things that are happening on marches;
poems that critique state & cultural repression
of solidarity; songs of love, hope (lessness)
and rage. Gaza Gaza you're not alone.

Gazan Lament

The white corner where
walls and ceiling met
collapsed
wailing
like mother from the next room.

Head covered, ready to take flight
at the scent of cement dust
fire, gore.
Fingers pinched,
she asked for god.

Laundry basket
Football socks, size 11,
never washed again.
Love so deep it turns to grief
Grief so deep it turns to love.

Next door
fragment of a garden chair
is pulpit for Uncle's sermon.
Voice cracking,
he asks for god

to curse their canals
their drones
their planes
Curse the oil that nature gave
The greed that clouds their sight

The wasteland where once were homes
The strength of our faith that it must be so tested
The beauty of our children that they must be plucked
Our power that it must be challenged
'How mighty we must be,' he laughs.

'What a curse to be so bountiful
that all they want is to take.'
Olive stones scattered
on an abandoned kitchen table
will one day grow groves.

talat simone -

ThemAll.Magazine, C. anal &
Streetsoundsystem

We are Indignant, Enraged, Grieving, Fearful, Fighting (excerpt)
We condemn silence that grips so strongly onto violence
We condemn this violence that is complicit with the oppressor We condemn the oppressors.
who loot and dispossess.
who assign lands into prisons
who turn lands into graveyards
who call graveyards war zones
who turn people into thieves
who call thieves righteous
who turn murderers an army
who turn people to hate
who call hate reasonable

who show hate as justified
who call this justification a fact
and their death as collateral damage.
who turn fears into reality
and dreams- into a luxury, a privilege, a hope,
an impossibility.

who turn people into mirrors of their oppressors
We condemn those who condemn others to such a life.

We condemn narratives that refuse to acknowledge
the occupation and humanitarian crisis in Palestine.
We condemn colonialist and imperialist mindsets that teach us
to devalue the humanity of some over others.

We are Indignant We are ENRAGED We are grieving
We are Fearful
We are hurting
We are Fighting
We are RESISTING!

*Ana Gabriela,
Anisha
& Marita -*

-Hana Sara -

(excerpt) poem for the fallen
Tell me again about how long ago it was
Tell me again how Grenfell was a mistake
Tell me again about the swarms and swarms
Mine the Earth to nothing
Chase us out of our homes
Ignore our dead
Bomb our dead
They weren't human to you
Destroy our lives
The living community remembers
The body remembers
The land remembers
And every fallen member
Will live forever
They will rest in the Earth's arms and we will weep over them as you pass on to ruin

A.B poet -

MY PEOPLE

When I tell you you're my people I mean I see homeland in your voice
My people run to neighbours living under houses on fire and burn their own wings
Because what is a dream if it was built upon somebody else's ashes?
My people write love letters to the sea, and seal them with a kiss
My people call you *habibi* on the first day you meet
My people say I love you with the weight of the word "love" so light, you can ride it to the clouds
I love my people and sometimes it's so heavy it sinks me into the ground, shrinks me down into a fetus
And when I'm born again, I'll kiss both of my knees because my people taught me how to stand up

Thank Irit

My people hold on to grief like a knife
But truth is, it's a needle, slowly piercing into their core
My people carry dead relatives in the bags under their eyes
So when they cry, their tears mixed with blood

My people are still bleeding
I ran out of time for anybody less

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Free Palestine

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And the children in Palestine were crying.
So we went marching to save people who were starving.
I wanted to do more to save the brave people.
Even though some are making fun of people's son,
that would affect Palestinians lives.
Who is being painted at with the gun.
But they are doing wrong but are being bombed.
They are doing wrong but are being bombed.
The people in Israel's doing is real.
Wondering what Israel's doing is real.
Because of the war people are sleeping on the floor.
We need to take action for fighting for this situation.
lighting the path of justice for this situation.
So next time you're marching for this situation.
Remember your lighting up the dying embers of the
Palestinians who won't surrender.

Amaya Bakhshi
(10yrs old)

Reflections

A holy land, that's yet to see a holy day
Abundant with olive trees, but yet to see a single soul
When will we understand
That the state of Palestine,
is just a reflection of the state of man

Laila Shakeran @lailerc

I ask myself
the fortunate ones
how many times does the white world have to fuck you
before it hits
it's killing you hard, not softly
None of us not wounded
none of us whole and
I want to scream when
I rediscover what it means to have a voice or
to their power
I tell you that I want us to remember
all the names of our siblings in peril
all the names of our elected representatives openly administering social death
(what we said) No peace without justice
Now is the time
here is a gift
the Fagqua Iris (still) dying standing upright urging us to exercise
our right to refuse

Lilly Marks

To be

To be Palestinian
Is to know death before living
To know pain yet still forgiving
It is to know that your very existence is a mirror to your surroundings
And throughout life you will be surprised with your findings
To be Palestinian
Is to be united in your struggle but not with your land
A difficulty you don't forget but with time you learn to withstand
They say when one part of the body is harmed, the rest of the body will rush to its aid
So that the world can learn to form a new base
In hopes that this stain on humanity won't leave a massive scar

Laila Shakeran @lailerc

A MOMENT OF SILENCE

For the not numbers
For the faces
For the dreams and the places
For the schools hospitals mosques and churches
For the evidence stacked negligent in searches

For the mother wailing in a silent degree
For a father carrying bags of remains and debris
For a sister and a brother and a tree and a home
For the chaos back home breaking up the back bones

For the image that you painted that's not mine
We're not the sons of the graves you designed

When a coloniser claimed his what was always mine
When a paper-drawn border threw my names in a folder
Threw my skin in a folder
Threw my blood in a folder
Let it rot till revenge grew thick with broad shoulders

Cause we are not the sons of the grave you designed
We are not a sum on a plane you device
We are not a sinking boat of wrong answers
We are not the missing poem we are the bold stanzas

Read through your history you ignorant sheep
The land always remembers what your guns still not keep
Tell your castles that mountains move
And planets quake
Every empire must and we will be there to celebrate

We are not the sons of the grave you designed
We do not come with bloodstains intertwined
We are not the victims you framed into minds
We are not helpless, not dragging behind

We are not surrender, defeat or the end
Now you call me enemy, when I tried to be friend
Don't get it twisted and let's not pretend
shields can be swords at just the right bend

And at just the right angle, pain turns to pen
With just the right scream, one voice turns to ten
When a child turns to ash a mother turns to beast
Roaring for the pack to bring her back a full feast

We are not the sons of the graves that you made
You still fall prey to the same old mistakes
You have the guns and the ships and the planes
We have a god we have a faith
We don't die we multiply
We eat acid rain for lunch we digest
Mock you on the screen you jokes, you'll die jests
Hide behind your castles, we'll take you with no vest

We are not the sons of the graves you missed
Death is not the end to a man who submits
Keep paying for the graves and the walls and the gates
Keep paying for blood and generational hate

act so afraid your claims are limited
Your name is so fake, it has the word real in it
But let's reel it in
I feel sorry for you
Living with all that fear
Just to cry when rebuked

No one swears it wasn't him more than a guilty thief
Your feet are shaky as flaky as your so called beliefs,
So fuck a moment of silence, this is a moment to scream
For syria Iraq lebanon sudan
And a free felesteen

Ziad Gadou

الفلس لكم والطين لنا

محتاجين بصيص أمل
يقين إنه الوجد محتمل
جزافة إيمان تحمل جبال
بصيرة تشوف ما بين العيون والخطابات والألاعيب والحيل

بصيرة تحترق بصيرة تخرق
وانطبب على كثاف الحق
بصيرة كل قلب انكسر اتوسع ورق

ما بكفي الفن
ما بكفي الدم

ما بجيب الرن إلا نفاق
وصوت نفاق بيحفر شعارات فاضية في الراس
صار بدنا حديد ورصاص

وغل يدعي على القصاص
إلى طخ أخوي الشجرة
وأختي الوادي
وابن خالي الغابة
وابني الحقل

ما بكفي العقل
شو قصد الحزب وشو قصد الحرب وشو
قصد اللعب بالأرواح

لك الأسد طلع غول
وابن صهيون قاعد بالعقول
وبالبنوك
وبالمؤسسات وبالمسلات وبالدول وممكن في بيت أبوك

ما بكفي الفن
ما بكفي الدم

منموت منموت
منفوت بإيدينا على بطن الحوت
منفوت مثل ما فات الساروت

محتاجين انط وانطخ ونغني وانسبح
منموت منموت لو صرنا انشبح

نحن أكبر من مفهوم الدولة و الدولتين
نحن بلد عايش في العينتين
مقاومة صخر وحجر وجبال وغصون
تاريخ، وحضارة وموسيقى، وزيت وزيتون
مر الرمان وحامض الليمون
نحن صوت الحق عم بصرخ
بدنا نحارب بدنا نصحص
منموت منموت لو صرنا انشبح

DIM

i labeled your smile green
i labeled my land running
i labeled my sky pure
i labeled the light a mirror
i labeled my home a halo
i labeled my skin a birth
i labeled the end a butterfly
knowing all wings echo
knowing all things begin again

Shia Cantan

They told me

The stories I hear weren't real
But I painted them anyway.
They told me
To protest peacefully was hateful
But I marched peacefully anyway.
They told me
I didn't know the history
But I spoke out anyway.
They told me
These were savages and terrorists
But I felt their pain anyway.
They told me
It wasn't my business
But I bore witness anyway.
They told me
Humanity was gone
But I held on to mine anyway.

Henna Bakshi

thirty-three

Plumes red, black, green
laughing emojis onscreen

You're not a pixel
you're a beating heart

It's 2 o'clock
I've got up

To stir so late
not in our name

Sasha Cyril

waking in the dark

I think of the mothers,
the rubble,
the mothers,
the rubble,
I think of the mothers,

my child's own heart beat next to me
is something I have not earned,
too precious even for a poem
the warmth of her,

What if this pain
can radiate outwards
so that they might feel it,
so that they might know,
if it burns bright
enough,
if I shout loud
ENOUGH!

I think of the mothers,
their arms wrapped around stone cold rubble,
I think of the mothers,
the rubble,
the mothers,
the rubble.

@rubytruthpoems

Learning heartbreak by heart
stop the cars

Drunk on schooling
I've seen your cruelty

Useful idiot
your flesh and blood

No soul to wear it
thirty-three years of sharing

These seas
please leave

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Salma Charfi @eupho.nics

Ci raccontano che Gaza mentre cammina sa di musk
Mentre marcia in macerie e carezza carcasse
I suoi corpi e membra ora sono lumi di luce
E i suoi gridi si elevano alati in canti di tasbic

Tra noi e loro
Ci accumuna una nuvola
Ci unisce un cielo dove sorge un sole e un pensiero
Quello che quando tramontiamo nell'eterna akhira, una volta spiegato questo emisfero
Il dolore si eclissa in beatitudine
In gioia letizia, lenta e infinita

Farah Chamma

بصيرة تخرق بصيرة تحترق

ما بكفي الفن
ما بكفي الدم

بدنا نسمع صوت أهاليها
بدنا نسمع صوتهم فينا
بدنا نسمع بدنا نركز
في صوت مخذول بضل يقول
رح نعجز رح ننكسر رح ياكلنا الطمع
رح ياخدونا الشرطة
رح تموت فينا العزة
ورح تموت غرة

بس هذا الصوت ابن شرموط
منموت منموت
هذا الصوت زي الخرا
صدقت يا عبدالعزيز

ما بكفي الفن
ما بكفي الدم

محتاجين يقين سكين
محتاجين نشوف الصحوة في عيون النايمين
ياسين

محتاجين ما ننسى وما نوقف
مش رح تنسينا الوظيفة
مش رح تنسينا لقمة العيش
ومش رح يشلنا الخوف

ما رح نخسر إلا أغلالنا
والغل اللي عايش فينا
الأرض نفسها رح تنفخ من روحها في أسامينا

مش رح تنسينا الحياة العادية
نحن ما خلقنا للعادي
وما خلقنا للتطبيع
بموت بموت اللي عايش ليبيع

وبموت كل مذلول وكل عميل
وبموت اسرائيل يتموت اسرائيل

The Painter

July 1936: In Chile, the ambassador told her: forget everything you have lived.

November 2023: The US government sends a missile submarine to Gaza through the Suez Canal

Yes when Europe fell, I was sick.

No sé si soy española. No entiendo esas cosas.

Fresh red paint on the facade of the University Library:
independencia socialisme feminisme

In America, I shed these useless worries.

We wish not to take sides, said the institutions. We are weary of politics.

They say I have fourteen souls, but after I left, it grew to twenty.

Al Jazeera reports only 2,000 of 30,000 manage to evacuate.

The Mediterranean is nothing like the American coastline, with its violent tides, its seaweed forests that would drown even a decorated swimmer.

There were days, Picasso once told me, he found only a coffee to sustain him.

I don't wish to speak of Spain. Hasn't enough been said?

These are times when language capitulates, or is inaugurated, such as: woman.

The unburied remains of the Middle Ages, or: the portrait of a country.

What could the artist do? — Stefania Gomez —

jag älskar dig

solen kysser din bara hud varje morgon
värmén väcker kärleken inom dig och du andas i ett rytmiskt lugn
dina andetag får mig att finna sinnesfrid

jag älskar dig

dina ögon gnistrar i solens strålar
vi sitter på min balkong och dricker te
te från världens heliga oas

du ler och njuter

jag suckar av vördnad, för gudinnorna vet om hur vacker du är
varför kom det sig att du lämnade mig och oss alla
så ung?

jag älskar dig

stjärnorna skriver ditt namn i skyn, och
varje gång jag öppnar mina ögon ser jag dig lika tydligt som en klar himmel
du lämnar aldrig horisonten, och din sång kommer aldrig att lämna mig
alla sagor sjunger om din kärlek

din kärlek för universum och kärleken självt lyser upp alla rum
ingenstans du går lämnas någon ensam
du är vacker som en gudinna

jag älskar dig

— Phoenix Toni Willow Loe Aspen Plyhm —

visca Palestina lliure

This is their home!

This is their home!
Don't you dare deny it!
While you dismiss their history,
Plague it with your lies.
Claiming you saved us, from their terrorism.
NOW YOU COMMIT GENOCIDE
Sending them back,
To the only one who can save them.
Families together,
Lined up in body bags,
For the angels to take them...
You won't stop till they are all dead!
Everywhere they look,
They have been alienated.
No longer seen as human.
Outcasts to everyone.
This is their home!
You tried steal if from their ancestors.
Created this divide for the world to see.
Cut them open and made them bleed.
You convinced the world with lies,
That you could offer a better life.
Now they are shamed and blamed for everything
Wrong, with your lives.
They have no home!
You are destroying their land!
Constantly having to prove themselves,
Fighting for their lives.
Defending every action.
Never forgetting, big brother is always watching.
Treated like zoo animals
Expected to suffer in silence.
That's what you wanted,
To divide and conquer.
That's how you keep your power.
This is their home!
You can never have it!

— Asiyah Barre —

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ThenAllMagazine, C and G
Streetsoundsystem

FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

spectres of today and always, nihilistic devices,
white phosphorus flesh and sight,
IS A BROKEN STRIP

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

defence dictionaries, wax-like skin,
remnants of personal details and intimate rights
IS A KILL BOX IN WHICH DEATH IS MINE

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

kill strategies, kill maps, kill lists,
drones firing outside the door and safe traps
COMES IN, COMES IN AND OUT RELENTLESSLY

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

a cheap blood propaganda, genocidal lyrics,
deadly ultimatums & stones in the mouth
FALLS ON US THERMOBARIC

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

draconian nightmares, olive scars,
shattered soil & sounds of dispossession
IS STILL ALIVE BUT BARELY

THE NEW PRESENT TENSE

final words, last pictures,
mass graves and record numbers
NATURALLY IT IS NOT
IS A MARTYR

-Diontra Ioanna-

Transcending Diaspora

The intergenerational sentiment of diaspora
handed down from mother to daughter,
The sentiment of constant 'non-belonging'
made apparent by one side and the other,

Escaping war from our mother country
but not finding peace at our destination,
Rebuilding ourselves to try and fit the mould
When we were never meant to be whole,

My heart torn between religion and secularism,
I see my sisters and brothers massacred,

Their pain is mine, while the oppressor's cruel judgement passes onto me
My brown body yet removed from the land, remains the target of their hatred

To which I oppose, my voice becomes the vessel for all:
Hamas is not Palestine,
The Taliban don't preach Islam,
And that Muslim kid in your class.. is not a terrorist

-Samira-

Santa

Imagine it's Christmas
And noises wake you up in the middle of the night
When in fact,
You were excited about opening gifts
And then he barges in through the door
Except, it isn't Santa
He draws his weapon and riddles you with his 'gifts'
Surprise
And now it's you who's drenched in red
It's you who no longer exists
And just like Santa, the world fails to believe you're even real
e the. metropolitan. hermit -

Exodus

mishearing Louis Zukofsky's "A"-12

"Never—" hearing "again"
of worship-induced gentrification
Tanakh nulled by teen tours
Extreme Sentimentalism
lionized by Israeli fixations
and enemies here meant
midnight pillow talk.
Glow sticks aim missiles,
Aliyah to steadfast wounds
heartsores land fictions.
I'm averse to monadic destiny.
After nature shudders
Nazis, exile... bible-thumping
ruins of the Warsaw Ghetto
now breast a tumor
hailing suburbanites:
tasteless pursuit of warfare,
worse, call it "Exodus."

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homo/transfóbicos. Estos son
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la gente.

ThemAll.Magazine, C_anal &
Streetsoundsystem

This Was No Natural Disaster

Say Baba.
Say yes, I'm here.
Say I drew scribbles on the walls,
I ripped up your wedding photos,
I started a fire.
Say Baba, I'm hurt.
Say Baba, I'm bleeding and I don't know if I'll make it.
Say Allah
let the earth swallow those who push buttons to kill children,
to kill bakers, and reporters, and defenders of our home.
Say where is help, where is the world?
Say I am a burst pomegranate seed in the palm of an angel
should I not let him carry me away?
Say there's no peace here, Baba.
Say the sky is a gash of flesh raining bombs that never cease.
Say this is living hell. Please.
Say this is not a life -
so I know you have some left in you.

-Rakaya
Fatuga-

If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth
and some strings
(make it white with
a long tail)
so that a child in Gaza
while looking heaven in
the eye
awaiting his dad who
left in a blaze—
and bid noone farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself
Sees the kite,
my kite you
made, flying
up above and
thinks for a
moment an
angel is
there.
bringing
back
love
-Refaat (1999)
Alarier (2023)

-Noa Micaela Fields-

-Anon Ahmed-

The Soul of my Soul
I saw a beautiful man today,
My heart broke with sadness
As he kissed the eyes of Reem
The Soul of his soul
I saw a beautiful man today,
I wanted to give him everything I had
As he cried at the loss of
The Soul of his soul
Oh beautiful man,
I see the light upon your face,
You will drink from the hands of our beloved prophet pbuh
You will be reunited with the soul of your soul

El 5/12 llamamos para poemas de solidaridad con Palestina; poemas que responden a poemas escritos por poetas palestinos; poemas que consideran la represión estatal & cultural de la solidaridad; poemas que registran las cosas hermosas pasando en las marchas; poemas que critican la represión de amor, de (des)esperanza y de rabia; Gaza Gaza no estás sola. No se permiten poemas sexistas, racistas, antisemitas, capacitistas u homo/transfóbicos. Estos son los poemas que mandaron la gente.

ThenAll Magazine, Canal & Streetsoundsystem

Paisaje de infierno

Esta es la zona de los cuerpos.
Las almas
se han ido
atravesando el lago.
Llueve sin alma y el cuerpo de la lluvia
no entiende su propio palpito sobre el lago.
El tilo hierve a gritos sedantes. Un alma
reparte los tazones. Las demás velan el palpito
de la lluvia sobre el lago.

— Mane Ferret —

Dream siblings

I will whisper to you before you fall asleep:
do not be afraid
if you need to fall apart a little
I'm here
and when the morning comes
we will feel the sun
behind our eyelids
we breathe every other breath
and hold tight to the warmth we have created

they will not get our hearts so easily

do you feel
the fire under our skin
we will never forget what love is
we are the ones who created it

I want to translate the whole world for us
give all languages a new heart
write all poems as necessary punches in the chest
you me and our army of dream siblings

— Drömsyskon/Dream
Siblings. line —

Para Mohammad al-Tamimi

Los tiempos se han doblado
como una pesada manta de flores.
Hay un niño tumbado encima.
Parece que duerme, una estrecha grieta
le atraviesa, ¡el río!
Suenan juncos, nunca debió dormir.
El niño amarillento
escuece y baila en nuestro vientre.
Madre y tías se apretujan para verlo nacer.
en esta tierra que era un amor por cultivar.
Los tiempos se han doblado.
La artillería no duerme;
los niños ajetados hacen volteretas
y el cielo es una gran alubia pinta.
Hemos puesto límites: de ceniza y sangre.
Aprietan los costados de la tierra,
salta la costra.
Palestina se abre
como una inmensa pupila.
El río, la luz, nuestros abuelos: todos entrarán.

Drömsyskon

jag ska viska till dig innan du somnar:
var inte rädd
behöver du falla isär en stund
så finns jag här och
när morgonen kommer så känner vi solen bakom ögonlocken
vi andas vartannat andetag och
håller hårt i värmen vi skapat
de ska inte få våra hjärtan så lätt
känner du elden under huden
vi ska aldrig glömma vad kärlek är
det är vi som skapat den

jag vill kunna översätta hela världen för oss
ge alla språk ett nytt hjärta
skriva dikter som nödvändiga slag i bröstskorgar
du jag och våran armé av drömsyskon

NO RETROCEDISCA.

We are all Palestinian —
our brain stem dents the axe
that rains down in
discriminately from the Gospel
whose death toll's incline
steepens, shakes off
the rust from spiritual
electronics I melt
against to globalise
the Shuddering in song,
in remembrance of Gazaeen
families deleted
from the civil registry,
their slaughter industrial
and the West so complicit
I want to smear a confession
onto my enhanced DBS.

— Justin Katko —

untitled 23.11.2023

Do not let the coloniser confuse you with nation states. Most of our nations are younger than our grandparents. Most national borders divide neighbour from neighbour. Divide mountain from mountain. Divide root from root. Most of our great-grandparents never saw our flags. There was a time when we did not need flags to prove that we exist. Unfortunately, that time is not today. Today, we raise our black and white and green and red, as one people — united against genocide and brutality. Our politicians want us to look away. But today, we bear witness, as our governments arm the war machine, whose goal is to extract money from the bodies of children; whose goal is to destabilise the Middle East and steal her oil; whose goal is to bring that same bloodthirst back home, and subjugate us, too. Today, we bear witness as our politicians pretend that four days is enough to heal bullet wounds. Let alone clear the smoke of 14,000 candles snuffed out in a single breath. Let alone archive the histories of 900 bloodlines. Let alone dry our tears. They want us to forget that we are one people. That this is bigger than Palestine, or Sudan, or Congo, or Myanmar. This is Afghanistan 2021. This is Iraq 2011. This is South Africa 1994. This is Vietnam 1975. This is Jamaica 1962. This is liberation for all people. And we will not rest until all people are liberated. There is nothing humanitarian about a temporary pause. The only hope for humanity is a full ceasefire, followed by an end to the occupation, followed by land back, followed by the fall of all oppressive empires worldwide, and the freedom of all people to live without state violence. So today, we remember the dead, and we fight for the living. Today, we boycott, and we disrupt, and we keep each other safe. And one day, our children will be free.

— Samir Saunders —

other chants other worlds* *neneh noi*—

scores for vowels:

a = part lips make a black hole visible
where anger is

i = cut face into boomerang severe it from ignorance (cruel kind)

e = transtranstans gress cend action mit pull up (literally *intifādah*) vowel from ancestors (soft bit)

o = excavate embalming authorities look inspect them keep what cares

u = (re) turn

, = a bracket in time a collection find it in boundaries

= stand with the roots of stones soften gaze open pray palms and wait until Cosmos' re:

. = doesn't exist

From the river to the sea

From my wo/mb pursing her lip>s

For one to 64, 65, 66, 67 days

Refusing to speak to to spe/ak

In the no/w. Apocalyps, Now

From h♥arts to

Burning my insides at night

wailing with not for

Say it

Say say it

Say the bodies out loud

Say them say them in your mouth

Coat them in your spit make

them Bitters bottle them trans

port/form them bOw them to Stars

Make them your vocabulary

Bite into de dead weigh them

in your veins retain every

Syllable swallowed for the sake

of killing.

Joy

who is o>ur grammar?

To Prove I Was Here

I write with a half-dry ball point pen

I write in spray paint on train track walls

I write postcard notes home, which curl

when I run out of space

I write the groom's name in henna

I write battle rap on envelopes from HMRC

I write over teardrops on the paper

I write to my painfully silent local MP

when there is everything to say and no words

we write furious

until the pen splits and ink stains everything

to counter what we've read where lies stain everything

we write nightmares from the pictures we can't clean

from our minds,

like a doctor's address from a courtyard of dead bodies,

or a swaddled infant, turning a potato sack red,

or Palestinian children

who write their names on their hands

so when death seeks them out, viciously early

someone will know who they were.

—Rakaya Fetuga—

Erin St. Breen

autumn song
strong winds lately
lift up our fallen leaves
causing ripples down the river
coursing through pretty reds and
greens. the sky is clear and cloudless
not a puff of white in sight watch out
get ready to put up a fight
winter's cold comes quickly
set your layers on sweaters, scarves,
and friends and family together
we'll keep warm

Shy

'Women are shy to tell you of this, but they don't have to be shy, actually.

The world is not shy to let us to death for 62 days now.'

— Bisan Wizard, on the lack of menstrual products in Gaza

twists of the stomach
made impossible to bear.
ordinarily means death,
of life — a life unendurable.
their beds, leave stains
privacy
it is a privilege to recoil
it is a privilege to own
for your own comfort
it is a privilege to bleed
there should be more to life
no donations of pads
informs the world outside
these voices that we must
this online archive
palestinian footage is
this archive of gaps and
freedom to thrive and recoil.

the awkward everyday
in a place where bloodshed
in these shy moments, is a sign
women made to bleed into
imprints of a body breathing.
has become a privilege.
out of choice.
a home in which to recoil
for your own safety.
and have it be mundane.
than this bloodletting.
permitted. the daily algorithm
where the daily papers erase
hold on to. do not let
be destroyed. each day,
censored or removed.
silences. this archive needs
to rest, to bleed, to breathe.

Sylvie Jane Lewis

On 5/12 we called
for poems in solidarity
with Palestine; poems that respond
to poems by Palestinian poets; poems that
consider what solidarity means; poems that document
the many beautiful things that are happening on marches;
poems that critique state & cultural repression
of solidarity; songs of love, hope(lessness)
and rage. Gaza Gaza you're not alone.
No sexist, racist, anti-Semitic,
ableist or homo/transphobic
poems allowed. These
are the poems that
people sent.

Christmas Carol

Away in a manger
No hospital beds
For the hurt and the dying
Small children unfed
The bombs are still falling
— On refugee roads
On babies and elders
The souls of our souls
The stars over Gaza
Look down on us all
The silent bystanders
To illegal assaults
As your nights bring you comfort
Feel festive and shamed
As the bombs fall on Christmas
Do not turn away

—Emily Payne—

HYDROCHLORIC ACID HOUSE

A racket is a sound that activates distaste, a matter of aesthetics
and amplitude, context and density, like when liberal brains oscillate

between both sides and the sovereignty of revenue,
or musicians mute their politics so the whine

of their self-interest can propagate through the biggest
audiences of their careers. When Fady Joudah asked

what if solidarity with Palestine in English becomes profitable?
he offered us a filter, a matter of reorganisation

and aesthetics. A racket is a concentration of effective
frequencies. A sound system. An uprising.

—Ed Garland—

In the cradle of the olive's grace, Palestine's story finds

Abdullah Sameed

In shadows cast on ancient land,
A tale unfolds, a haunting brand.
Where olive trees once touched the sky,
Now silenced, stifled, the mournful cry.

Through ages past, a history etched,
In sacred soil, injustice fetched.
Occupied hearts, the tearful gaze,
Longing for freedom's sunlit blaze.

A wall divides, where dreams aspire,
Yet, hope persists, an ember's fire.
In Gaza's tears, resilience sown,
A struggle shared, not walked alone.

Injustice, a bitter cup they drink,
Yet, through the rubble, voices link.
A prayer for peace, a plea for grace,
In the heart of conflict, a sacred space.

Oh, ancient land, let justice reign,
Release the shackles, break the chain.
For in the whispers of the olive trees,
Lies the song of peace, carried on the breeze.

Nora Ugras

Tăcerea creează consens pentru genocid

poem pentru Palestina liberă

بالروح بالدم نفديك يا فلسطين
بالروح بالدم نفديك يا فلسطين

imi amintesc că în școală
la ora de literatură
la ora de istorie
la educație civică
am vorbit despre tăcerea
oamenilor care locuiau lângă lagărele
de exterminare a evreilor și romilor
în Al Doilea Război Mondial

Staying silent creates consensus for genocide

I remember that in school
in literature class
in history class
in civic education
we talked about the silence of the people
who lived near the extermination camps for Jews and the Roma
in World War II

so will our children speak
about the silence
of people who choose NOT
to look now
who choose not to see
nothing but the story
in the name of which consensus is created
for genocide

staying silent creates consensus for genocide
colonizers are washing their hands
in blood

a poem cannot stop no bomb
not even hundreds and thousands of Palestinian poems could
and who knows if millions of protesters would
if the resistance of millions of Palestinians will

sometimes I feel powerless
and from where I am, the greatest power that I still HAVE, is
to speak
to oppose
to protest

shields
after Adania Shibli
after the bombing of the Al-Ahli Arab Hospital, Gaza

if language proliferates into seams of all worlds
precious focused attached hanging to smallness 3

& both speaking & oxygen primed
detonate status treatment embodiment

silence tracking disintegrations
, the repetition of bodyminds on barbed politics /
& on the cycles of memory you are not to be eliminated—

language weeping holds form, pages refusing
narrative or co/herence or to move when held at gunpoint,
denied acculturated rites

& the roads profuse with blood refuse to disappear in the
threat to every aspect of vital substance
, before the fire derelict of the imperial dreams of colonists unfixed, toxic
, claiming to last

& if the bile we expel crouched, low, venerate
emerging illegible, exiled, pale but draped in expansive
colours that fall by our own perspiration
to floors tiled thorned aromatic rare burnt perturbed antisocial,,
& all the parts of the narrative are removed, inspected for political motive
rebranded reordered disappeared executed by air raid or firing squad
when they weren't even in narrative form in the first place,,
unmade, gunshy with adhered fractures of belonging
— could we relearn

lines of protection , lines in lust,
singing dismantled melodies an absolute
blues

grievous
of these decades years minutes

dissolving
changing phase

flame-licked, as the
distance between cities multiplies, becomes a gulf of borders,
impossibility, occupation, apartheid, hostility,
the burning planet one horrific hour at a time in Gaza
glean hunger intimate ocular

in admission crescendo profanities into the vacuum, into the void—

if even the suspension of hope promises something more, if even
the poets are also dead, our lovers silenced,
memory a kindling
animating lines incandescent to negate
abstractions capital land nationhood
reaching beyond solipsism to a future —

& if it is possible to forget the sensations of love, but so easy to erase its absence

așa o să vorbească și copiii noștri
despre tăcerea
oamenilor care aleg să NU
se uite acum
care aleg să nu vadă
nimic altceva decât povestea
în numele căreia este creat consensul
pentru genocid

tăcerea creează consens pentru genocid
colonizatorii își spală mâinile
în sânge

un poem nu poate opri nicio bombă
nici măcar sute și mii de poeme palestinienne nu au putut
și cine știe dacă milioane de protestatarx pot
dacă rezistența milioaneilor de oameni din Palestina poate

mă simt fără putere
și cea mai mare putere pe care AM, în locul unde mă aflu,
este să vorbesc
să mă opun
să protestez

Sara Sheppard
thoughtless.
a bad crudely displaced
from her laying ground
is a child made spineless
by the weight of the world.
implicated in an
unearthly trade is a
child destined to cry
the last tears of a
decade.

Nat Raha

No Words: After Living In

I've been meaning to write
To you again
Need to spell out a few things
I regret these letters
Their false starts
Cut out my tongue
It starts
I'm sorry I wrote you
This letter
I deplore its forged nostalgia
Its staged retreat
Its black logic
Its entire lack of yelping dogs
Inside this letter
Moved hands of mowed up grass
So I give you tonight
And every single other night
To say, Free Palestine
Against the occupying army
Against their petty checkpoints
Their poems of racist laws
Say, Free Palestine
Against their wall
That field of profit
Their webs of ordered silk
Their humiliations, prisons
Their slow control of Gaza's
Poisoned water
As in 70% of your body
And then with what remains
Of your flesh say
Free Palestine
Against the tourist, the thief
In a hail of stones
In a certain hail of peace
In endurance
In boycott
In Oslo
Say, Free Palestine
And these are your only words
Free Palestine
At Arizona's border
Inside Rishi Sunak's hemlock lung
In Balfour's bleeding ear
In the ventricular halls of England's colonial heart
Say Free Palestine
It ends in music
Yes, it ends in frozen coins of blissful glass
Say Free Palestine
It starts in your mouth
It ends in the streets
Say Free Free Palestine

Steve Wilkey

Questions for US(A) After Reading, "Fifteen-Year Old Girl Killed For Attempting to Kill a Soldier (With a Nail File), Or Context," by Mohammed El-Kurd

Does the context ever matter to hungry eyes staring down their next meal?
Does a war machine see context outside of red, white, and blue?
Do you?
Do I?

Solidarity, not a mere 'choice'
Nor an 'agreement'
Nor a 'conscious identification'
Such feeble definitions falter, incapable of capturing
the fervent fire that violently consumes my belly.

It transcends the act of donning a badge.
Goes far beyond clutching a picket sign.
More than a hollow social media post,
None of which could possibly convey the searing acid that scalds
my tongue in profound dismay.

Solidarity is akin to tightly grasping my mother's hand as
we ragefully watch Al Jazeera,
It mirrors a tender embrace from my cousins as we
exchange our cherished Palestinian poetry,
It embodies my father's hand solemnly anchored upon
my shoulder as we march for Falasteen.

It evokes a sensation vaster than us, a cosmic roar,
It resonates as a religious vocation,
It manifests as an innate spirituality,
It is our survival.

—Shehrezad Zara—

To a place once called Gaza: prayer in V*

I pray for humans
I pray for peace
My heart is weeping
I find release

Alina
Mircea

The load is heavy
I feel their pains
The bloodied river through my veins

"Please stop the terror!"
"Stop the war!"
My cry to humans hits a wall

I pray for humans
I pray in peace
The harm is done
There's no release

No hope for us, the human race
The once prized city gone to waste.

*V from "vain" & "vein"

What context would justify a baby killed before they could be named?

What context could explain burning entire blood lines? Whole groves of history?

What is context to a shaking, wide-eyed three-year-old, alone after watching their parents die? To a girl watching on a small screen as a soldier plays with her cat in the rubble of her home? To a boy carrying his brother's body parts in a backpack?

Did you see the context when you moved in?

Do you see the context you disturb, disrupt, destroy?

When did context become background noise?

Will adding context restore your soul?

When does context bring long-awaited peace instead of worn-out absolution?

My daughter said to me today

"I wish superheroes existed. I wish they were real
To help Gaza"
I teared up and wished it to be true then I turned
And said "Superheroes are born in Gaza"

If she was old enough to understand I would tell
her that superheroes wear blue press vests, risking
their lives every day to share their truth to the
world.

Superheroes are ordinary men, who bomb after
bomb, used their bare hands to claw through
rubble to save lives.

Superheroes are mothers who had the faith to thank
Allah with their heads raised to the skies as they cradled
their dead babies and whispered goodbyes.

Superheroes are fathers who had the strength to through
tears carry the bodies of their children from hospitals
to the grave.

—Iman Kotb—

Superheroes are hospital staff who refused to leave their
patients in the face of threats and bombs, they work
tirelessly day and night to save lives, and care for
babies as if they were their own.

Superheroes were the children taken before they had a
chance to live and make the world right again. The children
who sat covered in rubble and dust shaking from fear,
yet found the courage once again to play and find joy
in their lives while bombs flew above.

I will say to her superheroes do exist because the world
could do nothing for the people of Gaza but watch them
save themselves day after day, in the face of the oppressor
they said this land Palestine is my home.

I will say to her superheroes do exist and they are
Born in Gaza.