

Untitled

– Nasser Rabah

And a day goes by, and tanks, and the sky a festival of kids flying kites, and blood
flowed behind a panting car.

And a day goes by, and the planes, and the tent of the displaced makes a bet
with time: winter is late.

And a day goes by, and the snipers, and the market itself has no salt: so I said:
No worries, the merchants have plenty of sadness.

And a day goes by, and artillery, but my neighbor's funeral passes along
slowly, why rush at a time like this!

And a day goes by, and the newscasts, and when evening came, it was a bit
joyous to find us all there with none missing, except the house.

***(Translated, from the Arabic, by Emna Zghal, Khaled al-Hilli, and Ammiel Alcalay for the
Brooklyn Translation Collective.)***

Mosab Abu Toha Poems

Sobbing Without Sound

I wish I could wake up and find the electricity on all day long.
I wish I could hear the birds sing again, no shooting and no buzzing drones.
I wish my desk would call me to hold my pen and write again,
or at least plow through a novel, revisit a poem, or read a play.
All around me are nothing
but silent walls
and people sobbing
without sound.

Displaced

(In Memory of Edward Said)

I am neither in nor out.
I am in between.
I am not part of anything.
I am a shadow of something.
At best,
I am a thing that

cs-apr-2024-artical-poem

does not really
exist.
I am weightless,
a speck of time
in Gaza.
But I will remain
where I am.

WE DESERVE A BETTER DEATH.

We deserve a better death.
Our bodies are disfigured and twisted, embroidered with bullets and shrapnel.
Our names are pronounced incorrectly on the radio and TV.
Our photos, plastered onto the walls of our buildings, fade and grow pale.
The inscriptions on our gravestones disappear, covered in the feces of birds and reptiles.
No one waters the trees that give shade to our graves.
The blazing sun has overwhelmed our rotting bodies.