

Death in the Neighborhood

We are the neighbors of Death.

Death is our neighbor.

Death in the vicinity.

The vicinity of Death.

We are living dead.

We are the neighbor's dead.

The dead die and as they die, they leave behind,

things, things of things, their things.

They leave behind fragments,

fragments of themselves.

Fragments in the neighborhood

They leave behind miracles,

the dead - miracles.

They leave behind,

our traumas.

And Death,

the flame thief,
the shadowed one,
the trickster,
will be a Death present.

Ever Present.

Death – God.

The only one,
that manifests his presence
on bodies, the bodies of bodies

- Gaza's bodies –

in two components:
a shiver on the skin
and the diffused burden.

Death is in Palestine.

Death is in Gaza.

Death brought by humans,

for humans to die.

And they knew not.

And they knew but did not wish to.

And they pretend that they do not
although they do.

We are the living dead,
neighbors of Palestinians.
Our Palestinian neighbors.
Palestinians are dying.

We are neighbors of the dead Palestinians.

Palestine - neighborhood.

The neighborhood of Palestine.

We are them, their neighbors,
barely breathing and in pain.

We are Palestinians and oh so hungry.

Unprecedented hunger

-but not for bread.

A dangerous kind of hunger.

Gaza burning, Gaza in thirst,
Gaza a funeral song, Gaza bleeding,
Gaza knocked down, Gaza pierced,
Gaza standing, Gaza free,

Gaza for all time,
Gaza tortured, Gaza isolated,
Gaza alone, all alone
Holy Gaza,
Gaza deeply rooted olive tree
Gaza mother's bread
Gaza cardamon roasted coffee,
Gaza before the birth of the world.

Death and Palestine.

Death present in Palestine today.

And Palestine is present in Afghanistan, in Syria, in Jordan, in Lebanon, in Libya, in
Kurdistan, in Yemen.

Gaza is present in Ukraine, in Cyprus, in Sarajevo, in Belgrade, in Kosovo, in South
Africa, in Armenia, in Uganda, in Liberia, in Somalia, in Ireland, in Kashmir, in China,
in North Korea, in Japan, in Argentina, in Cuba, in the States and in India.

Palestine is present where there

is

was

or will be

injustice and exclusion.

Palestine is present in the shiver and the diffused burden

- left behind by Death. -

on our bodies.

- Death is quiet,
more subtle and more dignified
than humans who cause him. –

I cannot avoid the thought
every time I shiver
or when I feel my body somewhat heavy
that the turn will come

- Our turn will come. -

of my exclusion
from the neighborhood
and as I die
the things
the fragments
the miracles
and traumas
I'll leave behind.

