

**Fairouz Bsharat**

***A message to the martyrs that I'll never write a poem for, I'm sorry***

**Poetry**

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**Grade 12**

*Everything in italics are direct statements (translated) from the people of Gaza*

A ghostly white sheet glides along the warm breeze  
And its name is Sorrow because  
Gazans stitch together their children's faces in the aftermath of flame  
While cameras pan over desert destroyed

Civilians can't define dead by body count  
Instead they weigh kilograms of flesh  
And for every seventy a tally is added  
And for every seventy its several families mourning  
The same pile and wishing for at least  
A severed arm to hug

Sorrow finds its way to  
A matching set of swaddled corpses safe  
In the arms of angels overloaded with  
Dead strewn over their every feather  
Akin to overburdened Zeytouna curling in the hands of

*قطف الزيتون*

A man calls out unaware of the onslaught of holy  
Hoping to be heard by someone other than the grieving  
*They haven't even worn their clothes yet.*  
He trades twin birth certificates and watches his babies become  
Numbers instead of newborns

Cameras turn towards anything in hopes of finding heart-felt  
While Sorrow lands across the shoulders  
Of a band of orphans tailing hospital staff  
A shipment of sheets for the dead have come  
In place of vital medical equipment and water  
They dance around in them and play tag with each other in the halls  
Hiding from suns that crash into the ground around them  
They have futures in the comfort of stark white contrasting with their burnt brown  
*They're jackets to keep us warm!*

Sorrow attempts to cover the remaining pulled dead  
From rubble and rests on rock  
Only to find a little girl grayed from ash  
Lingering in limbo between life and death  
Clinging to thought only by question  
*Are you taking me to the cemetery?*  
And the civilians carrying the stretcher aren't given the luxury of pause  
They continue to pull her along  
*No you are alive!*  
The blood mingles to create craters  
The soot spurs on her skin to resemble a glow  
And steals the sun's light to become reflection  
*You are as beautiful as the moon!*

The whiplash of freedom from the crushed land launches Sorrow  
Across the mixing waters of Mediterranean and Atlantic  
America is angry that their latest paycheck hasn't proven fully fatal  
For every Gazan killed ten are given stronger spirits to push back  
And the ratio of civilian to terrorist keeps dropping in their eyes  
And their fat stomachs overflow on the desks of the white house  
As they rumble over the cracking of their own foundation  
Pulling bricks in the forms of billions from their collapsing walls  
And chucking them across the sea  
Hoping it will bounce off the stubborn heads of democracy  
And onto the next hospital or school building safehouse  
Sorrow flips behind a woman and acts as an amplifier  
*Those that America has killed are my brothers, father, sisters, mother, sons, and daughters*  
*I will never forget what they have taken from me.*

A reporter pulls a kid off the street and in front of the camera  
Gunpoint of its own accord  
Different kind of death to just be total casualties instead of  
High school graduate or world renowned engineer  
They ask him of Hamas and he says  
*We will not kneel. We are all part of the resistance. We salute the resistance.*  
If every bomb fell around him he would walk straight past the fire  
And into the arms of his brothers because every fallen is family in Gaza

Airstrikes clash with upturned sand and send Sorrow  
To ride the heat elsewhere as overworked angels  
Crowd the ground with too many innocents to carry to God

Too many stories to fit in a poem

- قطف الزيتون: *Refers to the people who pick olives*
- “You are as beautiful as the moon” or زي القمر: is an Arabic saying casually used to describe the beauty, often used on children.