

THE EMPTIED OUT CHILD

by Jean the Poet

Hollow.

An emptied out child says out loud

“Tomorrow our time will come to die”

How can you hear that and not cry?

“When I hear bombing I will run towards it”

Running should be for play, he’s only a kid.

A year of this horror they’ve had to endure.

365 days, plus 76 years more.

Because The Nakba never ended.

Exploded babies who’ve barely lived, yet died.

Limbless toddlers who’ve had their first steps denied.

Because The Nakba never ended.

Children deprived of education and fun.

Childhoods stolen by an Israeli gun.

Because The Nakba never ended.

Teenagers should have growing pains, not hunger ones.

Experiencing first loves, not losses from Israeli weapons.

Because The Nakba never ended.

Whistling death still rains from the sky,

Robbing futures and plans, just why oh why?

Mothers and fathers sobbing into shrouds of lifeless kin

Wailing to an uncaring world, when will humanity begin?

It doesn’t stop when you look away.

While the bombs pour down, day after day.

Resounding surroundings.

The endless monochrome of gray rubble

The terror filled faces of all who struggle.

How can you lighten your steps when you already tiptoe?

In case under your feet there’s a survivor below?

Palestinians are more than death toll numbers.
They have as much right to live in safety and free
Not just hoping to die identifiable and unpainfully
I don't want to live in a world a ten year old girl knows to write a will.
She died, so did her beneficiaries, which should give you a chill.
First they came for, never again, remember them?
Never means never, what will it take to make you condemn?
The slaughter? The destruction? Taking US into war?
What did the previous generations fight fascism for?
Their evil is again spreading, it cannot be allowed.
You have to stand up, shout louder and that time is right now.