

Lament for Watermelon

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I

For an identity, bloodbath becomes a necessity,
For the future babies in the incubator calling for Ummi and Abi.
Wrecking houses by hostility,
No deterrence, only a cold-blooded army.
The battlefield melody, riots, and brutality,
Intifada or Hamas resistance, a watermelon as a symbol of solidarity,
Massacre and genocide, torture, and homicide.
When will this come to an end? Who will decide?

They beg us not to cry, just pray for their peace in the blink of an eye.
And prostrate I lie, towards the Almighty, so they reach
A destination called Jannah, being an Ihsan in today's Ummah,
With guidance in our hands, no fear no horror will shake our stance,
By the graves, their Jasmine scent, along with tears and apology,
Tragedy or not, in the end, Palestine will be set free.

II

An occupation, neither a job nor a profession.
In their land, history repeats again by the coloniser's men.
They send airstrikes resulting in casualties, booms they heard,
It is a call for wartime to claim for territories, not finance bank,
But a home to be called in the West Bank after the calamity.
Divided by a strip, like the border between flowers and their lands,
Do not water them with tears, but word of prayers, the perfect reassurance
Like their mother's hands, warmth and soft, coloured by red bands and stitched
hands.

I can't sleep when the bombs are falling, the flying living flesh,
I will close my eyes at four, can't stop thinking of this sorrow,
I will ask for the world to say no but their hypocrisy stares them in the eye,

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A dreadful eye looking at those emerald tears, with red fountain flowing out
from their flesh,
A white shirt stained with a black sticker, isolated, and discrimination throw,
What could this poet do, besides punching keyboard, with muted tears and
sorrows?