

Faith and Other Poems

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I want to learn how to pray
to Allah, so my Christian ears

would understand how they
weep for their children.

My Muslim brothers, dreamless
among rubbles and dust.

I pray to speak the language
of truth, so I could ask my God.

Do you hear Your children singing?
I, too, have been weeping.

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What falls after hate
is cast from the sky?

I watch as my brother
catch mercy and die.

Bitter is the aftertaste
of blood from the gutter.

Our daily ash fills our
grief, one after another.

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A mother pulls her daughter's
shoe, half-buried in dust,
reaching for what is no longer
there:

olive branches, paper dolls,
the fruity scent of her hair
when she was born.

From the wreckage,
a shrapnel of metal glints.

It is not hope that fills
her eyes.

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In Gaza,
they line up the bodies of children
like a tally of lost dreams.

Across the street,
the curve of a mother's hand
is empty, and a father is
no longer one.

They cover the faces of their heart.
Each, a promise stolen by a world
short of love.

The wind will whisper their names
at sunrise, so we never forget
to remember they lived.

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