

## THE WOUNDED STRIP

Hyenas laugh  
Because money buys  
Black toys.  
How the stones tremble  
On the wounded Strip!

The children seek,  
With horse's eyes,  
Their broken dreams  
On the white roofs  
In the lethargy of the day

The sky bleeds  
If the scythe shows,  
Biblical scourge,  
The most abject edge  
Under the cold moon.

The wall isolates,  
The emergency aid,  
Hypocritical,  
Lasciviously flirts  
In the plenary sessions of the UN.

The bombs roar  
When night comes.  
The world keeps quiet  
And Palestine, alone,  
In her martyrdom cries out.

She beholds then,

Terrified at the dawn,  
Her black grief.  
Oh love, what impotence  
On the wounded Strip!

**“Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us” (2014-2018)**

Jesús Claver Giménez