

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