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European Languages

زبانهای اروپایی

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## ***THINK OF NONE, IT'S PALESTINE (Poem)***

When you see the children dying  
Weeping, beseeching, and crying,  
In hunger, thirst, and freezing winter,  
Think of none, it is Palestine.  
Staring the heaven: seeking help,  
Where a merciful God dwells,  
But finding jets scaling the sky,  
Despatching death cold and dry,  
To mince their bodies to the smithereens,  
With heart palpating on one side,  
And limbs scattered far and wide,  
Thirsty lips neatly slit, from the faces.  
That once glowed with gilded life,  
Sleepy eyes gorged aside,  
Fingers tips convulsing still,

As if calling those stultified, somehow survived, standing beside,  
Their silvery feet are scattered around,  
The heavenly faces are calm and quiet,  
Free of pain and fear of night,  
Bombs are falling from the sky,  
But once dead they need not die, to say goodbye,  
To the savage world gone blind,  
Where arms flow and wealth glows,  
Where money, a gospel, and capital a God,  
And death is free, and life is sold,  
To enhance someone's profit, we are told.  
Under the blind and a scorched sun,  
Where sorrow reins and happiness is done.  
Where life has vanished in the graves,  
And dogs are nibbling human limbs.  
Where wolves are stalking living kids  
And guns are howling day and night,  
Tanks are ravaging with their might,  
A crowd of human wearing death, on their sleeves,  
Holding guns as a cloak of grief,  
Welcoming death with a battle cry,  
Waiting for the receptive ears,  
Who could later take up arms,  
when death has made them serene and calm.  
Wave after wave, their message spreads,  
Their voice shrieks to break the silence,  
Cutting the air into half,  
Leaving no room to escape: neither for a friend nor for a foe,  
Inspiring them differently,  
Inflicting Dread in the Enemy's Heart  
Sowing Hope in Hopeless Minds,  
The air of the graveyard and its deadly taste,  
And the shadows babies leave behind,  
Walk in silence as they haunt, a callous heartless humankind,

Their Specters move and smile in death,  
And unlike their mothers' wombs:  
Inter their killers deep into tombs,  
The cold and clammy fingers of death,  
Will shove them into Dante's inferno,  
Where Zionists are condemned to burn,  
In a boiling cistern.

Till the dawn, we wish to see,  
Appears, to set the Palestinians free.

Saulat Nagi

[https://saulat.substack.com/p/think-of-none-its-palestine-poem?r=eqi2g&utm\\_campaign=post&utm\\_medium=web](https://saulat.substack.com/p/think-of-none-its-palestine-poem?r=eqi2g&utm_campaign=post&utm_medium=web)



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