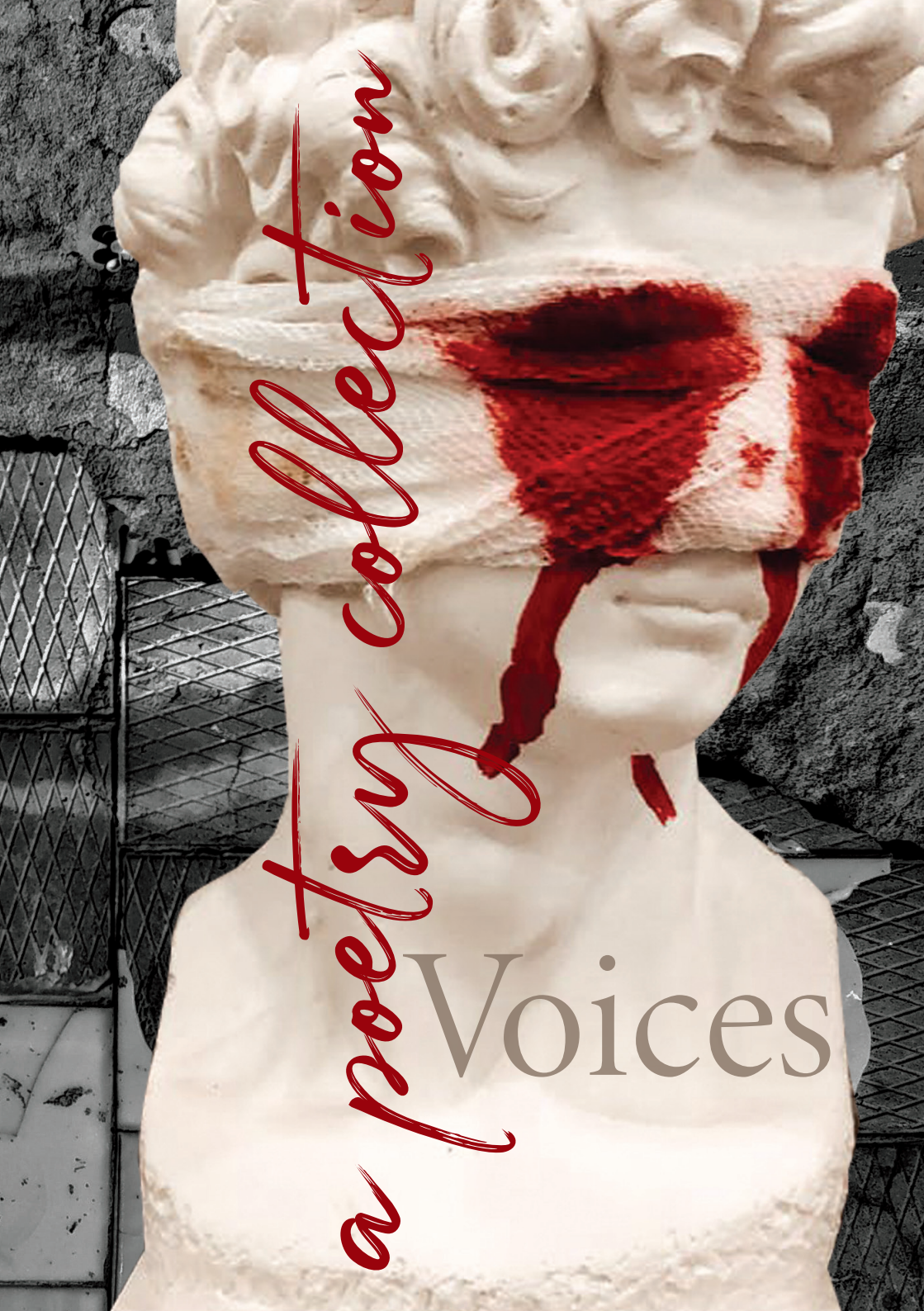


A white marble bust of a woman, possibly a classical statue, is shown. The bust is positioned against a dark, textured background that appears to be a wall or a large stone block. The woman's face is pale and serene, but there is a large, dark red, bloody wound on her forehead, just above the eyebrows. The blood is smeared and dripping down her face. The text "a poetry collection" is written in a red, cursive script across the bust, following the curve of her face and the wound. The word "Voices" is written in a large, grey, serif font across the lower part of the bust.

a poetry collection

Voices

Preface

Having all been contemplated and written, it is incumbent on me to outline the objectives of this flash poetry collective, which took place during the first week of June.

The poems curated here derive from the humane outrage at the atrocities committed against the children of Palestine, and their parents.

Hence, we are publishing this anthology on June 16th, Youth Day. In commemoration of the hundreds of youth mercilessly gunned down in Soweto in 1976. Ironically they were gunned down for raising an issue of language... hence the poetry. Including Afrikaans.

The poets writing in this anthology have the shared objective of raising our pens for justice to give a voice to the voiceless.

We are blessed to have the unflinching support of South Africa's Poet Laureate Dr Mongane Wally Serote in this humble effort, and in acknowledging his support, I would urge other Poet Laureates and global poetry societies to also raise their pens in solidarity.

It is my prayer that each drop of ink will obliterate those pints of blood, exponentially as we go.

Nirode Bramdaw

Foreword

This anthology of poems and artistic work by South African poets and artists, is a skillfully crafted and hopeful rendition of creativity about the seventy years of a brutal, ruthless and relentless struggle against Israel, for the sovereignty of Palestine by the Palestinians.

The anthology juxtaposes an unshakeable hope and a determination for freedom and peace in that country. The foundation of this hope and commitment the poets say, is of a people tempered by a relentless struggle for the sovereignty of their country, against an apartheid inspired regime.

The hope to fight on, no matter the odds, is anchored on the men, women, youth and children of that country, who carry the weight of that deep suffering which is imposed on them through occupations, shooting and bombs which leave behind, a muddy land soaked in human blood, and shriveled human flesh bombed into soot by relentless fire power from Israel.

Lifeless in Gaza

Missiles of hatred
Launched with such venom;
Whizzes, whistles, swooshes
Detonates and explodes,
Destruction radiates;
A father's armless torso;
Waltzes, stumbles
In Danse macabre,
Arms still clutching his infant child;
Arcs across the bloody air;
Lands on blasted rocks;
The frozen look of terror;
On lifeless green eyes of the babe;
Haunts for eternity
The missile launcher
And those that stand and watch!

Ashok Madhunlall

How can humanity talk about peace and civilization in the world if it is so in Palestine? To tip that contradiction in favour of humanity, the human race must take sides on this matter. So, the poets persuade us. The poems and art works in this anthology express a hope which defines commitment and a determination of a people which is unshakable which manifests as does the rainbow when it is splashed across the sky after a stormy and thunderous rain has stopped. These creatives have taken sides on the side of being humane. They are poets and painters, who come from a land where freedom was died for by the thousands-in the three centuries of struggle in South Africa! They learnt there in the protracted struggle against colonialism and apartheid that as history is a memory it must serve to determine and manifest the understanding of the Now, because that history is also the now as a culture. Its lessons deserve and must become a contribution to a qualitative leap of development for the nation, the country and the people and contribute to a quality liveable future. This defines the twists, zig-zags, turns and eventual development of the struggle.

Moths

i

Bro, you asked me how to let go
of all the ties buckling,
You might as well have asked me how
the Earth can stop suckling
on the warm breast of dawn...

She is drunk on this golden glow,
liquid-fire like milk,
Although spinning thoughts in free-flow,
she's bound by her own silk,
blind to the morn just born.

Break the cocoon of what you know,
by understanding 'Now'
the future-past won't let you grow,
Life is to see 'Now' now,
not to mourn the well-worn,
nor dream a form yet born
but being the moth of the morn.

ii

A moth lays eggs on cacao -
leaves dreamt by the Aztec,
and now, this cocained caterpillar,
spins a cocoon most fantastic
with worlds swirled in a milk of silk...

He's purged of the urge to break free,
his sweet dreams - laced with traps
are but a future memory...
Thoughts are time and time flaps
inside this pupa of stupor.

But when he sees he's all alone,
wings of change beat urgent,
he starts a dance with the Unknown,
dare question her legends...
her spell breaks into its letters,
he rises free of his fetters -
a new moth - without hazy tethers.

Viroshen Chetty

All the actions, which can be defined as fascist, which Israel metes against the Palestinian people scream loud and clear as being -profane; they have been instantly reflected on media screens, day and night, all over the world. All of humanity can never claim not to have known what Israel has been doing in Palestine. Therefore, if democracies in Europe; in the West are not part of the protest against the terror of Israel against Palestine the world is not a safe place to be.

Palestine

Who is David, and who Goliath?
Those stones are unturned.
It slings back to haunt us.
Hurled daily at David.
From shredded keffiyehs,
like bloodied Holy shrouds,
suppurated, excoriated,
contemporary child crucifixion,
project extinction.
Wasn't David the child,
Goliath the adult?
Unshielded David, now ensconced.
Psychotic schizophrenia haunts.
Not haunts, perpetuates.
Palestine, your hurt is felt,
your pall bared, shared.
Branded Philistine by the crown,
the actual Philistine.
Carving territories like lamb,
on Christmas Day.
Protestants? On the birth of their
Jewish saviour.
Gluttonous at the trough
of exploitation.
Undigested carrion lodged in the
colon of colonisation.
Protestant, protesters...
Complicit silence.
Lambs abandoned by David
to combat Goliath.
Tender lamb,
thousands to their slaughter.

Nirode Bramdaw

The splash of droplets of blood; the incomplete torsos which are just there and present torn from some part of a human body; the haunting and incomplete faces and broken limbs, page after page after page different in form but explicit in expression, all singly and collectively are a stark creative effort by artists, not only to remind us about the gruesomeness of war, but to also appeal to the human race to find a way in which fascism, apartheid, oppression, exploitation of human beings by other human beings must come to an end.

If humanity can achieve that, the history of the human race will be written differently and positively for the first time since humanity arrived here, on earth. It will be written on a blank page about a brand new era of humankind and life.

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron.
Where settlers throw acid on children.
Children,
who protest the system just by
playing soccer at the checkpoints,
depriving the checkpoints of its
existence
and purpose.

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron
Where the IDF closes the checkpoint to the Ibrahimi mosque
at Jummah
While settlers try to dilute the power of the Adhaan with profane words
A mosque that is divided
into two sections
But a blind man sits
and recites the Quran that
echoes through the barriers
And overpowers the profanity

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron
Where settlers throw trash onto Palestinians on al shuhada street
But 70 year old Nahid still dresses up in his suit
Every morning
Cleans up the trash
And stands outside his olive stall
Which smells like memories
of his olive farm in
Haifa

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron
In solidarity with
Palestinians who continue living in Hebron because that
is resistance
in itself

Karishma Magan

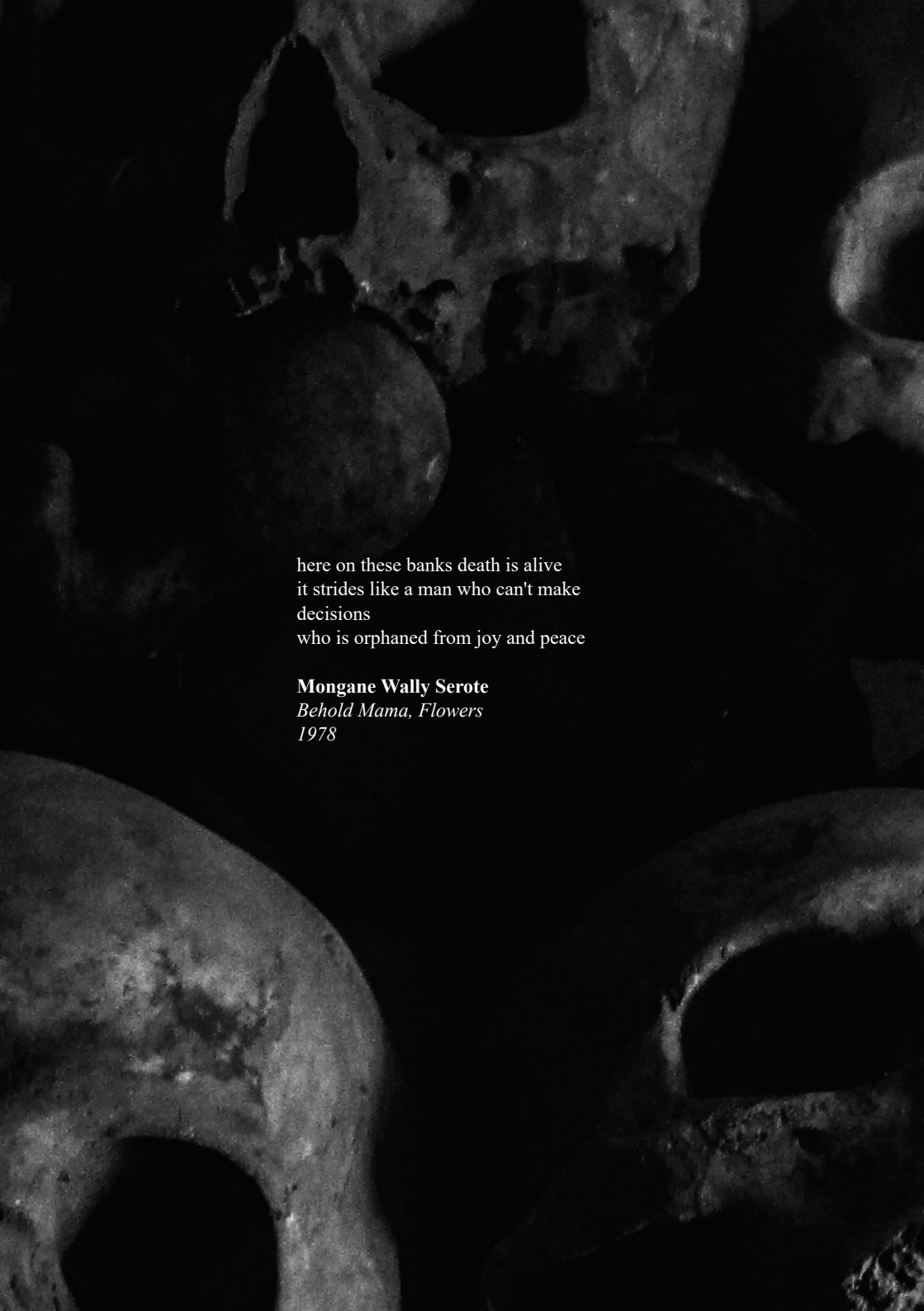
Besides the fact that the Palestine struggle has nothing to do with religion, but to defend and protect the sovereignty of Palestine, freedom and right of association and belief of choice, the issues, creative artists and poets express, propagate and defend, as has the people of Palestine, are not about Palestine only. Eventually they raise loud and clear that humanity does have the stamina and courage to defend peace.

That is what the militants and masses of Palestine have done through their struggle for the past seventy years.

The Palestinian struggle as the poets repeat and repeat, and hopefully humanity will not only know but will accept that the people of Palestine, do deserve to live in their country as a free people, in peace and to determine their own destiny.

Mongane Wally Serote

June 2021



here on these banks death is alive
it strides like a man who can't make
decisions
who is orphaned from joy and peace

Mongane Wally Serote
Behold Mama, Flowers
1978

Palestine



the prime minister said
the prime minister
he said
he said it through the loud hailer
for all to hear
saying it to the world loud and clear for him to be heard
he said
as would one telling the good news
listen he said to the world
listen please and believe what I say
hear me and believe me
i
i am the prime minister I give orders
listen
it will take a long long time the longest of time indeed
the longest of time which will tire us all from waiting
it will take the longest of time as do plants
for children to be born in bloody palestine
to be born so they can become youth
so they can become militants
it will take time now it will take the longest of time
we bombed them
i heard the prime minister meaning to say
he left human soot behind in palestine
i am certain the world heard the prime minister saying so
meaning to say so
as I also heard him
he said so through a loud hailer for all the world to hear him
I have not heard anything from the world yet
except
i heard from the united states
whose fire power is in abundance in israel
i look around and see and hear
the world is shocked it gasped
it is so still here.

Mongane Wally Serote

Palestine

You have the credibility, making you worthy,
Being mentioned by Allah Himself -
On the tongue of leaders, laymen, clergy,
Even though ignored by the commonwealth.

Despite your tumultuous history -
Embedded in the crossroads of culture,
Politics, commerce and humanity -
Desperately facing this precarious juncture.

Precious feet have trodden your lands,
Sanctified by the Isra during the Me'raj -
And yet attempts to soil it with evil hands,
Yet, you will always remain in charge.

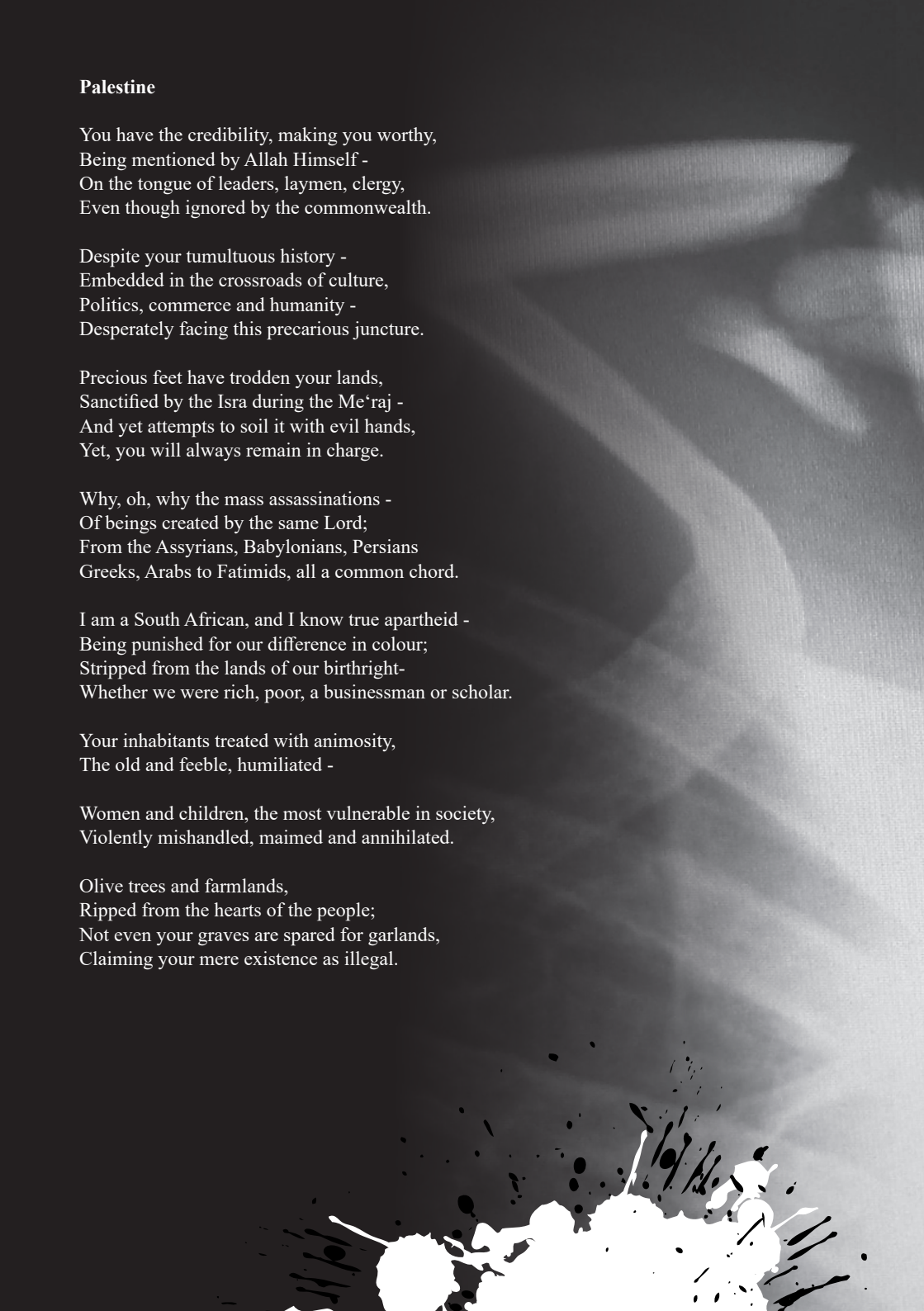
Why, oh, why the mass assassinations -
Of beings created by the same Lord;
From the Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians
Greeks, Arabs to Fatimids, all a common chord.

I am a South African, and I know true apartheid -
Being punished for our difference in colour;
Stripped from the lands of our birthright-
Whether we were rich, poor, a businessman or scholar.

Your inhabitants treated with animosity,
The old and feeble, humiliated -

Women and children, the most vulnerable in society,
Violently mishandled, maimed and annihilated.

Olive trees and farmlands,
Ripped from the hearts of the people;
Not even your graves are spared for garlands,
Claiming your mere existence as illegal.



What is the crime, you ask -
Is it because of your stance for the Truth?
Who will eventually take hold of the task,
To stand up for the elderly, women and the youth?

The world leaders have preferred to ignore –
Your plight of being murdered and maimed;
You witness your children's blood and gore -
But even through this, you cannot be tamed.

Your spirit can never be crushed or killed;
It remains forever in the realm of the unseen;
Your passion for independence can never be stilled,
Who then do you need to reconvene?

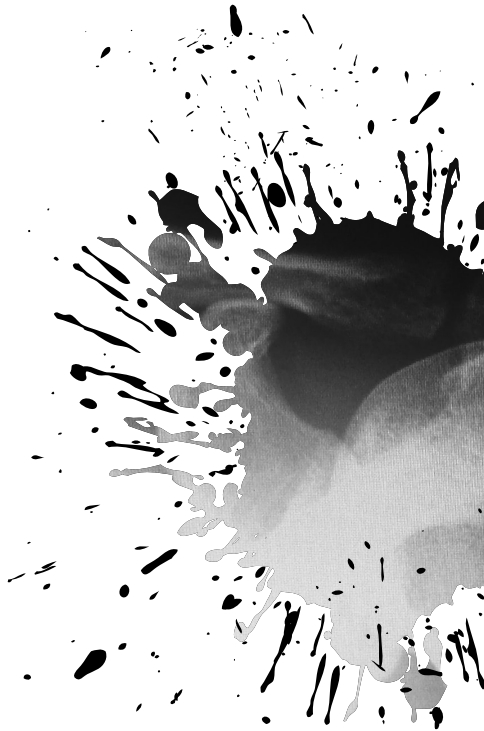
Intifada scorned, Israel acting like donors-
Brutally continuing to expropriate land;
Settling in homes by evicting its rightful owners,
Thinking they have succeeded at what was planned.

Zionists, your narrative, a web of lies,
Cannot be shaped in your favour, once discreet;
Pretense of 'self-defense' to your allies -
As social media bares your brazen deceit.

The Zionist culture, deluded by their beliefs,
Creating havoc in your lands of purity;
Legitimising the marauding thieves –
Shouldn't be too confident of their security.

Oh Palestine, you are conflicted!
By a diabolical entity for many many years,
Be assured that your foes will be convicted,
The Just, is hearing and witnessing your tears.....

Fahmidah Chikte



I walk with silence

I walk with silence
Assassin's accomplice.
The threads that connect me
to my history in shreds.
The olive tree uprooted
The ancestors buried in lies
Goodbyes unheard
Hands unheld.

Niemoller's words burn
on the foul breath of
Balfour's broken Promise.
So few open arms
Stretched till their fingers
Cannot close over
This gaping wound
in the gut of humanity.

Map, most banal butcher
Your lines in the dirt
Have made foreigners of us all
We will find each other
We will be what is left
When the smoke clears
You can occupy a garden
But not the heart that planted it.

Deborah Ewing



Help! My Gazi's lam!

They have been stripped of their innocence and laid to rest in rubble graves
Seeing them ripped to pieces
Shrapnel tearing limb from limb
Countless bodies maimed

Spines dislocated and destroyed
Children fighting a spiritual war
As the world watches gawking in awe
And does nothing more

Help! My Gazi's lam!
Kyk! Die pratagste kinnes sit innie
hospitale met geswolle oë,
gebroke bene, verlamde liggame
en verbrokkelde glimlagte

Dis al oor'ie duisend wat hulself aanie dood moes oorgie
Gru moorde
Dit kon net so wel ôs kinnes wies wat daa lê
Met traangas in hulle oë en plofstof in hul longe
Ôs kannie net ôs profile pics update met "save palestine" filters 'ie

Ôs moet biete dink en doen
stuur hulp en redding asb.

Help!
My Gazi's lam!

Estelle Cyster





Our reality; what's yours?

I heard another bomb go off today.
This time it was closer to my demolished home.
I peered outside of the rubble
to discover pieces of blood and bone.

I rushed to my little brother,
to soothe his hysterical cry,
I hugged him as tightly as I could,
as he asked if we were going to die.

I told him if we do, "we'll be with mommy and daddy".
I told him if we do, "the afterlife will be so happy"
But his four year old self couldn't understand
why his family was obliterated over their land.

He told me he was hungry.
Honestly so was I.
It was our third day without food.
It was my twelfth year living this life.

I told him to stay put,
in what was left of our bedroom.
I snuck outside in the dreads of daylight
avoiding the guards who changed shift that afternoon.

I was lucky today.
I found a packet of chips not too far.
Still full and sealed,
must have fallen from the pocket of a guard.

I ran back to my home,
climbed under the rubble to reach our room.
Thankfully my brother was still alive,
but I know soon it will become our tomb.

After we savoured every piece of every chip,
we heard a woman screaming out for God.
After a few loud bangs,
we realised she had been shot.

My brother and I put our hands out in prayer,
and when we were done I said it's time to sleep.
He looked for a brush to brush his hair and said
"If tonight I meet God, I want to look neat"

Farah Amod



Lifeless in Gaza

Missiles of hatred
Launched with such venom;
Whizzes, whistles, swooshes
Detonates and explodes,
Destruction radiates;
A father's armless torso;
Waltzes, stumbles
In Danse macabre,
Arms still clutching his infant child;
Arcs across the bloody air;
Lands on blasted rocks;
The frozen look of terror;
On lifeless green eyes of the babe;
Haunts for eternity
The missile launcher
And those that stand and watch!

Ashok Madhulall



Moths

i

Bro, you asked me how to let go
of all the ties buckling,
You might as well have asked me how
the Earth can stop suckling
on the warm breast of dawn...

She is drunk on this golden glow,
liquid-fire like milk,
Although spinning thoughts in free-flow,
she's bound by her own silk,
blind to the morn just born.

Break the cocoon of what you know,
by understanding 'Now'
the future-past won't let you grow,
Life is to see 'Now' now,
not to mourn the well-worn,
nor dream a form yet born
but being the moth of the morn.

ii

A moth lays eggs on cacao -
leaves dreamt by the Aztec,
and now, this cocained caterpillar,
spins a cocoon most fantastic
with worlds swirled in a milk of silk...

He's purged of the urge to break free,
his sweet dreams - laced with traps
are but a future memory...
Thoughts are time and time flaps
inside this pupa of stupor.

But when he sees he's all alone,
wings of change beat urgent,
he starts a dance with the Unknown,
dare question her legends...
her spell breaks into its letters,
he rises free of his fetters -
a new moth - without hazy tethers.

Viroshen Chetty

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron.
Where settlers throw acid on children.
Children,
who protest the system just by
playing soccer at the checkpoints,
depriving the checkpoints of its
existence
and purpose.

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron
Where the IDF closes the checkpoint to the Ibrahimi mosque
at Jummah
While settlers try to dilute the power of the Adhaan with profane words
A mosque that is divided
into two sections
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Cleans up the trash
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Which smells like memories
of his olive farm in
Haifa

I left my soul in the streets of Hebron
In solidarity with
Palestinians who continue living in Hebron because that
is resistance
in itself

Karishma Magan

Equality
Sincerity
Equal education
Child protection and safety
Status of women in cocotte
Honesty
Loyalty
Compassion
Peace
Love
Education
Freedom
Gratitude
Humanity
Respect
Dignity

All forgotten.

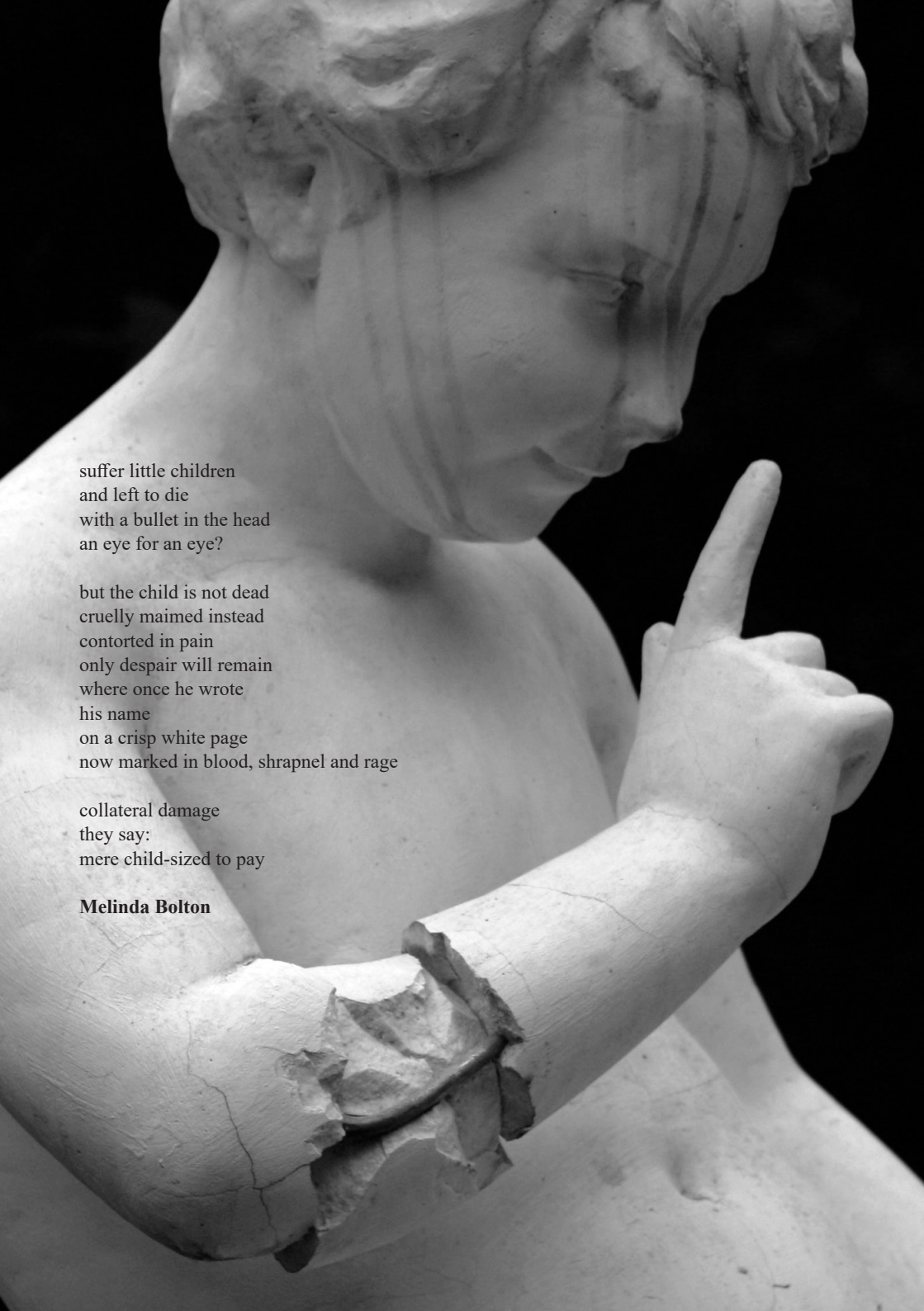
Awake .
Be human .
Make amends .

You reap what you sow.
Good triumphs over evil.

Patience.
Palestine shall overcome!
God is the greatest!

Joy to the World





suffer little children
and left to die
with a bullet in the head
an eye for an eye?

but the child is not dead
cruelly maimed instead
contorted in pain
only despair will remain
where once he wrote
his name
on a crisp white page
now marked in blood, shrapnel and rage

collateral damage
they say:
mere child-sized to pay

Melinda Bolton

Metal Tears

Oh Isreal
The peaceful heart
Bleeds
You've let the hand
With the olive branch
Drop

Oh Isreal
Stop the murder
Stop the mayhem
This is not war
This holocaust
Chokes the peacemakers

Oh Isreal
Free the radicals
From their fundamentals
See the tears of the children
Before they harden into metal
To rocket

Oh Isreal
This land was promised
You're broken that bond
You've pierced the hearts of your enemies
And your friends
All our blood flows

Oh Isreal
Your armies
Dishonour unborn generations
Breed fear for another millennium
Segregate siblings
Of the same parents

Oh Isreal
From a desolate patch in the Balkans
A black hand triggered global catastrophe
Your bloody hands will bury your mothers
In the sliver of desert whose promise you've broken
The world turns its back on you.

Kiru Naidoo

Palestine

I asked not to be born
Gaza dust as straddle cloth.
Whistling rockets as lullaby.
Burning shrapnel for toys.
To the firmament I rise
With no winners or losers.
I asked not to be born.

Jugadesan Pather

Palestine: Resistance and Solidarity

i

The will of the people shall always stand tall,
the many still heed the revolutionary clarion call,
infused with resounding passion, and urging us all,
to lend a hand to our comrades who may stumble and fall.

The ache for freedom burns bright,
the hunger for justice is ablaze in the night,

the struggles of generations fiercely proud,
beseech us to let our slogans resound aloud.

The catapulted stones may bounce off the Caterpillar beasts' metallic hide,
yet the cauldron rages, stoking the fires of the ongoing Intifada that burns within in us with pride.
We shall never be defeated for history is on our side,
for no F-16s, no military might, can hold back the coming of freedom's overwhelming tide.

ii

Today we rise as one, from the Argentine pampas to the South African sands,
today we rise as one, from the Gangetic plains to faraway sisterly lands,
today we feel the solidarity of people of all hues and of all creeds,
today we feel the truth of the internationalist spirit that from every human it is red blood that bleeds.
Today we awaken to the living dream of a just, free, principled new dawn,
today we awaken with hearts pumping with renewed vigour for the free tomorrows that will be born.

Viva the Intifada
Aluta Continua

Amandla! Awethu!

The Struggles Continue ...

uKuthula
Shalom
Shanti
Salaam
Peace

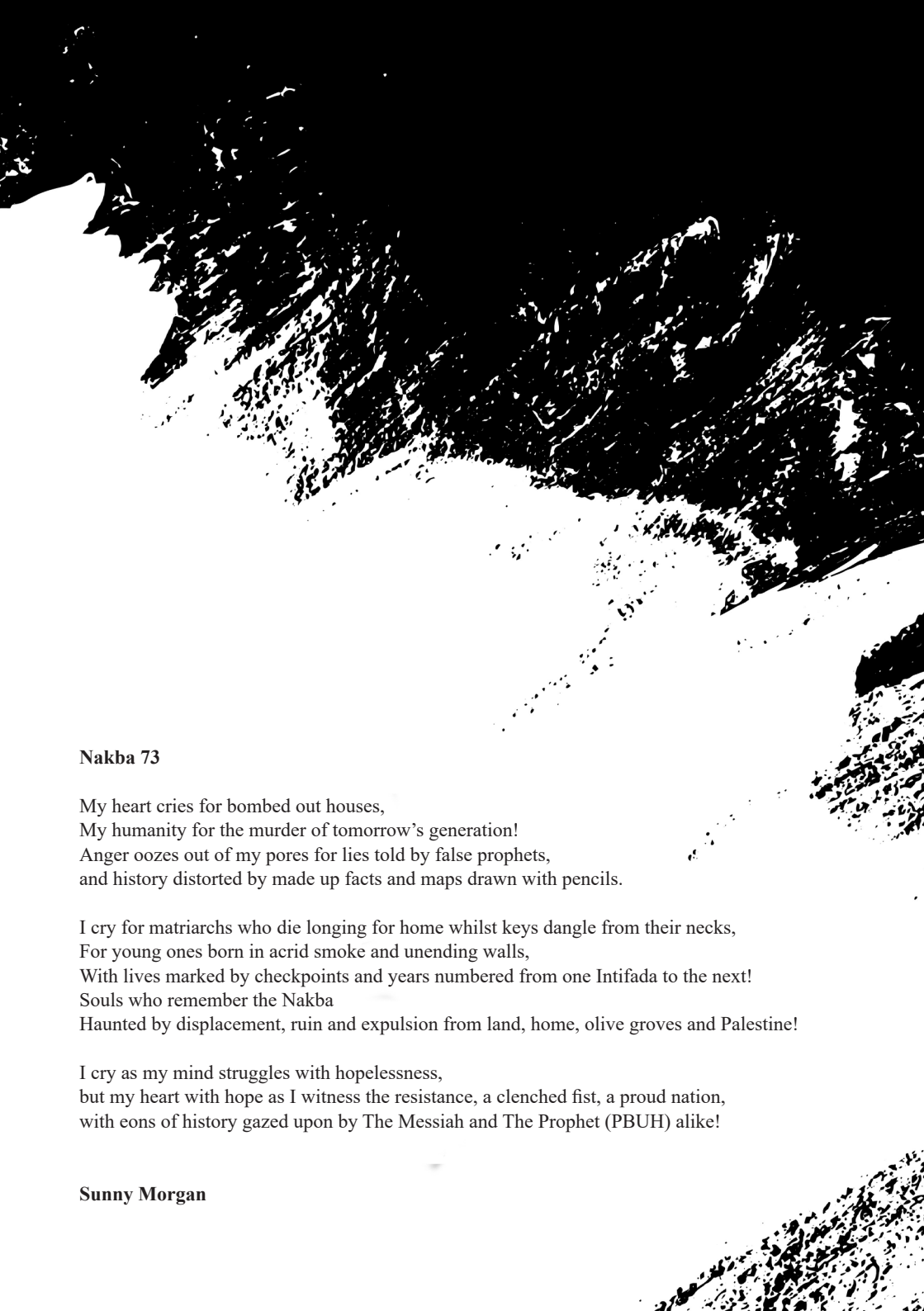
Afzal Moolla

Palestine

I am feasting on the glorious fat of an iceberg.
This apartheid is wretched and separates the sun's
wife from the bonds of the groceries. Your health
is milk while I eat a stale croissant that teaches
me about winter. I come across you in worship
songs about nature still. Your lotus feet a parable
while I walk these streets under a sun that feels
as if it is oak syrup pouring through my hands
like an archive of ephemera. You are Palestine
while I am South Africa. Death becomes the layers of
this stale croissant. My eyes see and hear. I rise
like flags. My arms are like doves. Pale subject matter
that triumphs in blue. In the waters of the swimming
pool. Back and forth, back and forth the captain of the leaf falls
soaking up the magnitude of the distress of the
day, the hours that fill my solitude. This dazzling
image of your being is like two birds. It won't last
long. I have never been to Palestine. I do know not
her people, its folds or folklore. The clouds there
exist alongside the folds of the sea and the folklore of
the hills. These dates nourish my soul. I am just

about surviving. My interests do not serve you
anymore. I am forgiving of the hardness found
in the branches around me. Class suffocates me. Your
air is found in the genius shake of a fish, the rooftops
of Palestine, the people of the lake. This is a sign of the
times we are living in. The leaf falls while I float
away oblivious to the stares of the river at my feet.
At night I dream of geometry. How good it is to
me. Once we met on afternoons. We spoke of the
sun and many other things. You were perfection in my arms.
Your dance and movement so sure of itself. I was
woman folk. A fisherwoman. This is my diary. And
then the moonlight fell from the sky followed by the
sun. The mood of the day changed from sea to cold to
autumn and I was caught in a shroud that felt like
cloth. You gave me up to the life found in branches. The
lonely leaf has its own math and engineering. You
taught me that. I was deer, then antelope. Antlers
having a definitive will of its own. Alone. Mapping.
By my very nature I became an expert birdwatcher.

Abigail George



Nakba 73

My heart cries for bombed out houses,
My humanity for the murder of tomorrow's generation!
Anger oozes out of my pores for lies told by false prophets,
and history distorted by made up facts and maps drawn with pencils.

I cry for matriarchs who die longing for home whilst keys dangle from their necks,
For young ones born in acrid smoke and unending walls,
With lives marked by checkpoints and years numbered from one Intifada to the next!
Souls who remember the Nakba
Haunted by displacement, ruin and expulsion from land, home, olive groves and Palestine!

I cry as my mind struggles with hopelessness,
but my heart with hope as I witness the resistance, a clenched fist, a proud nation,
with eons of history gazed upon by The Messiah and The Prophet (PBUH) alike!

Sunny Morgan



Looming Fate

You hold me close, as we watch the sky light up
Not by the sun, but by their guns.
So bright, it burns.
You say a prayer for the land we call home.
For the land they call theirs.
For the land we know to be His.
I am your child, you've sworn to protect.
But how can you fight the fire in the sky?
How can you keep me safe from this looming fate?
You say another prayer. This time for me.
That one day we will be free.

Lisha Sewpersad

Too Long...

For too long we have been raped with the tyranny of labels
For too long the West has expected us to defend ourselves from labels
For too long disturbed loners have been called Terrorists
For too long, the children, youth, women have been orphaned, widowed.
For too long have the innocent had vacuous looks and longings for normalcy
For too long have souls been shredded and left in turmoil
For too long the dreams have been nightmares
For too long, screams reverberate on empty walls and shelled homes
For too long, voices are living in painful silence
It is from these ashes that the cycle of revenge, retaliation, reverberate and rise.
For too long
For just too long
How long ?
Only the monsters who machine down Muslims know.

Mariam Natalwalla



I come from women who cannot live alone

I come from women who cannot live alone.
Born to fathers, hurrying to barter them on display
Mothers teach them to suck sadness into their cheeks.
Weepy eyes do not keep happy husbands she plaits into my scalp.
Husbands suggest more children to occupy her lap. In case she
claims her rights to the pleasure ordained by holy matrimony.
Strangers now hook their tongues on the demi-god, traditional crime decides.
They stay with hus-God-bands they should leave. When asked about their skins they tell you,
it changes colour only once in a blue moon.
They raise sons who inherit supremacy in its most pious form.
They have grown too old to remember the hand that stayed soft- to guide their steps to
school, out of the bath, into their hungry mouths.
They have grown too old to remember the way home.
I come from women who cannot live alone,
for happiness is a stranger and pain
breeds like an unpaid guest.

Masoodah Mohamed



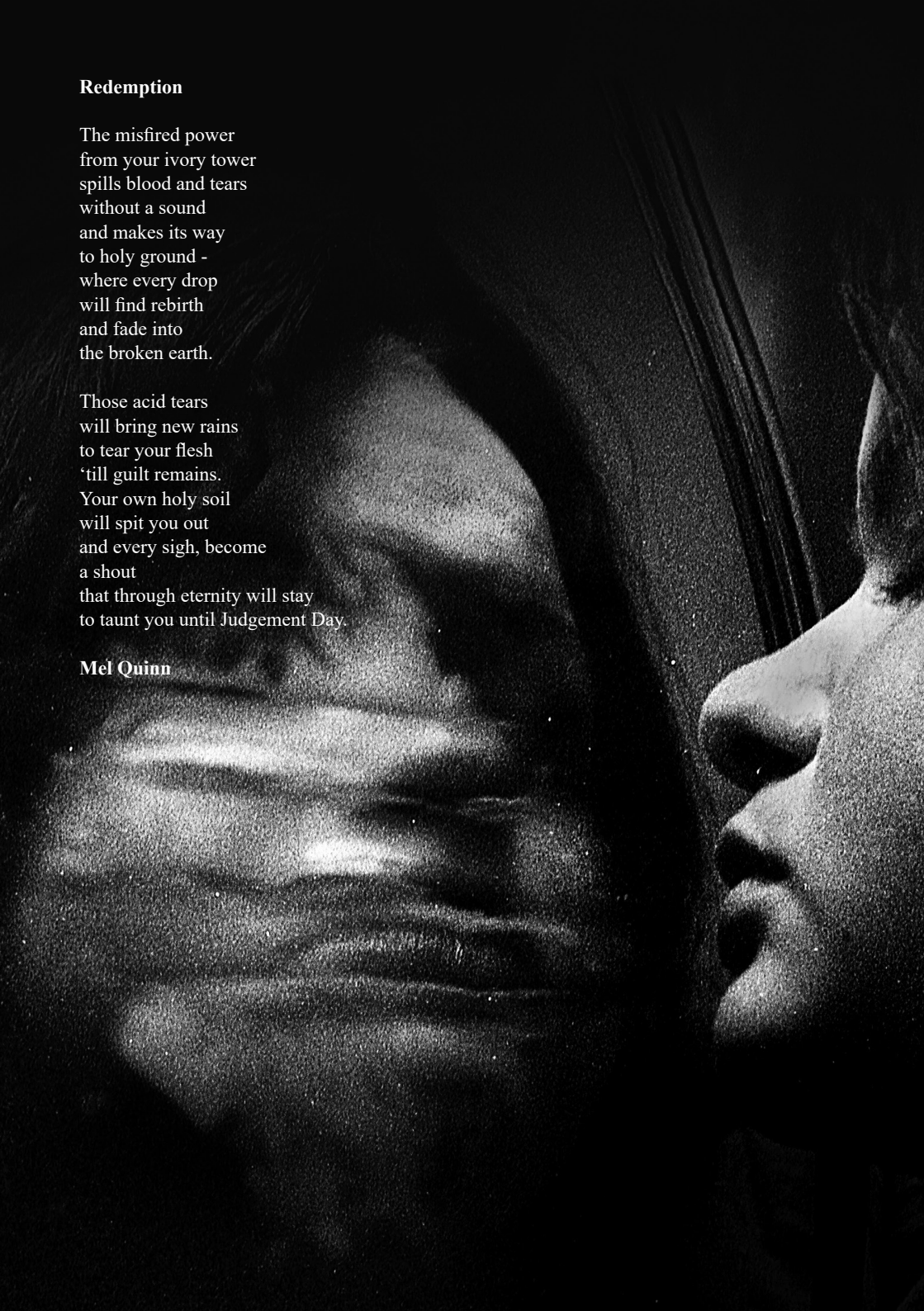


Redemption

The misfired power
from your ivory tower
spills blood and tears
without a sound
and makes its way
to holy ground -
where every drop
will find rebirth
and fade into
the broken earth.

Those acid tears
will bring new rains
to tear your flesh
'till guilt remains.
Your own holy soil
will spit you out
and every sigh, become
a shout
that through eternity will stay
to taunt you until Judgement Day.

Mel Quinn



Palestine

Freedom! Cries the land.
Against oppression, we will stand.
Victory will one day be mine,
even if I live or die, cry the people of Palestine.

The Intifada will not end.
Until we get our freedom, we will not bend.
The Zionist strength and might,
will not deter us from our fight.

Our streets with the blood of the martyrs are stain.
The women and children do not refrain
to fight a Jihad, so just.
Because peace in Palestine is a must.

Israel rules by oppression.
Sticks and stones are our only ammunition,
And with the belief that “Allah SWT is Great”,
We will defeat illegitimate Israel and form our own State.

The Intifada will carry on,
Until Palestine, for the people is won.

Anwar Suleman

Freedom, never came cheaply
for us, in South Africa,
believe me, I should know.
For like the flickering flame
that became a fire
it surfs the wind
rising higher , much higher.

So will Palestine be free,
it can never die out
sharon believed he could
and failed
and where is he now?

followed by bibi netanyahu
the big bad wolf
who tried to huff and puff
but palestine still stands,
left wondering
Who are these
that withstand fire
as intense of hell?
they must be
chosen people
covenanted to an unseen force....

It's happened before

just like it did in badr

I do believe

palestine shall be free
palestine will be free.....



Saber Ahmed Jazbhay



Palestine

Who is David, and who Goliath?
Those stones are unturned.
It slings back to haunt us.
Hurled daily at David.
From shredded keffiyehs,
like bloodied Holy shrouds,
suppurated, excoriated,
contemporary child crucifixion,
project extinction.
Wasn't David the child,
Goliath the adult?
Unshielded David, now ensconced.
Psychotic schizophrenia haunts.
Not haunts, perpetuates.
Palestine, your hurt is felt,
your pall bared, shared.
Branded Philistine by the crown,
the actual Philistine.
Carving territories like lamb,
on Christmas Day.
Protestants? On the birth of their
Jewish saviour.
Gluttonous at the trough
of exploitation.
Undigested carrion lodged in the
colon of colonisation.
Protestant, protesters...
Complicit silence.
Lambs abandoned by David
to combat Goliath.
Tender lamb,
thousands to their slaughter.

Nirode Bramdaw







PRAY, SHOOT
& NEVER LEAVE

Derek Carelse



Curated by: Nirode Bramdaw
Designed by: Melinda Bolton