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We Wish to Be Dreams

Our hearts fly back to you like migratory birds.
Refugees scattered in foreign lands,
my country, my home—we cry for you.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
Waiting to correct your and our fate,
Waiting—oh motherland, we will come.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
Oh, motherland, we will come.

From a distance, I look out on my dream
vanishing like a fish in a blue-water ocean.

Silence, capturing the motion of life in its fist,
pervades the stillness in the waves
and passing through the gates of no return,
swallows the day leaving us in mere darkness—
to be delivered again out of its eternal womb like Jonah.

It flies away
with the day
in its hand
leaving behind
desperate men and women.

What a destiny! What a life!
Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
to correct our fate.

We wish to be sands
for Moses' Tree to rise upon
bringing with its resurrection the light of God,
His image ...
His love ...
and the abiding blessings...

We close our eyes,
fall down,
clap our fingers
and face God:
Together we wish in silence.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
to correct our fate.

We wish for the bread and wine
Jesus dined with
in his Last Supper ...
We wish for love,
for mercy,
for death ...
We wish to die
here altogether,
melt away like white lilies ...
We wish to be dreams
so no prison can confine us,
no walls to squeeze in on us,
no barbed wire to suck our blood
or drain our souls—
We wish to be free like stories passed to us in old days.
We wish to be dreams to come back to other nights.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
to correct our fate.

But all these dreams are shattered
like broken images
hanging on the walls
of our once homes.

With despair,
with loss,
with pain,
we collect them,
engrave them in our bleeding hearts,
and pray together

for them to come true
for us to be sparrows,
eagles,
or doves
so we can fly back to our homes and orchards,
across rivers,
mountains,
borders,
soldiers,
tanks,
and fly back home to you, oh our motherland.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
Waiting to correct your and our fate,
Waiting—oh motherland, we will come.

We dream to be dreams to meet with our beloved Mother.
We dream to live in her womb,
to grow there
stories and songs
to be heard by those who may pass by.

We wish to dissolve like dew in its soil
to season its wheat
and rise again from the dead.

We wish to be dreams.
We wish to be free.

Refugees we have become for seventy years and some.
But waiting still at their gates
Waiting to correct your fate,
Waiting—oh motherland, we will come.

Refugees we have become.
Oh, motherland, we will come.

Nameless

Handcuffed,
cold,
thirsty,
insomniac—
I bleed.

Shadows,
loud voices,
clenched fists,
and bent knees—
I bleed.

Shadows
eclipse my sun,
pierce my ears,
strike me once,
twice,
thrice—
I bleed.

Oceans and rivers
I bleed.

Oceans and rivers—
in interrogation rooms—
I bleed.

Another day ...
Another night ...

The shadows,
their voices,
mercilessly pierce my ears . . .
Their question:
“What is your name?”
“Your name?”
“What is your name?”

Their voices
strike endlessly:
“Yooooooooour naaaaaame?”

“What is your name?”

Oceans and rivers
I bleed

“What is your name?”

O, Palestine!
I bleed.