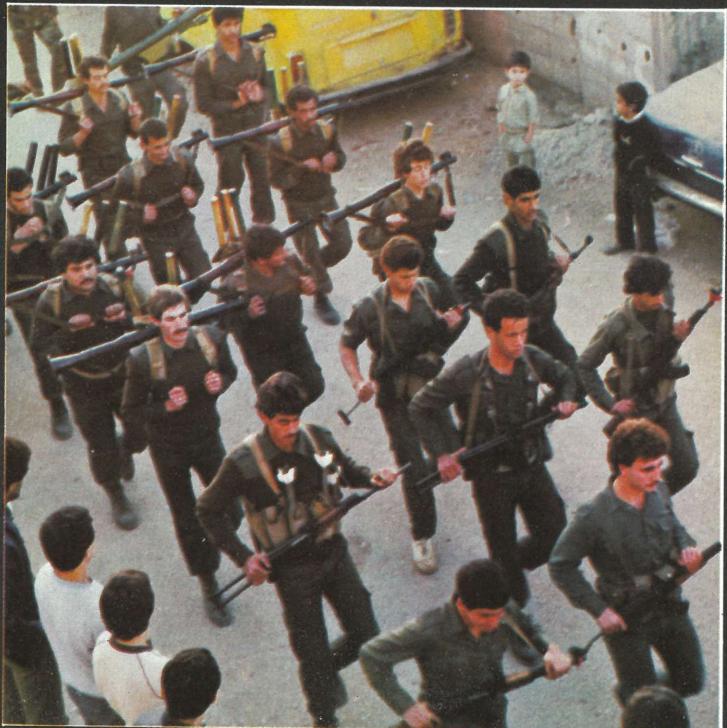


Out of the Ruins of a Camp

*In the aftermath of my torture
in the ruins of my body
from the horizons of distance
A floating rose on my red river
through a needle's eye
I could see it clearly
I could sense the force
the force of mourning and oppression
The rose grew larger and larger
It became bigger than my body
It caressed my skin
and its passion penetrated to my depths...
A martyr screams in his grave
his bones flash with happiness and anguish
and the moon shines away in shame
for it witnessed the crime
In a moment of silence that followed
a new life emerged and on the river it walked
passing by corpses and ruins...*

*The new life started saying:
My soul I will spread
My flesh I will sacrifice
My moisture will quench the thirst.
And suddenly many roses began sprouting
with a rifle on one leaf
September 17th on two other leaves
August 13th on another leaf
April 14th on another
All the roses marched in the darkness
And towards Palestine they headed.*

-from a friend of the Palestinian revolution in the US



- September 17, 1970 - Black September when the Jordanian regime attacked the resistance and massacred thousands of Palestinians
- September 17, 1982 - The Sabra-Shatila massacre by the Lebanese fascist forces with Israeli support
- August 13, 1976 - The fall of Tel al Zaatar camp and the massacre of Palestinian civilians by the Lebanese fascist forces
- April 14, 1948 - Zionist terror gangs massacred the residents of Deir Yassin village in Palestine