

Proletarians

Come

To Sabra-Shatila

Ask for the shoemaker,

«Abu Raya is alive, his wife, the boy,

Palestine the daughter is alive.»

Day after day

Under the feeble electric lamp

Within your mouth a handful of nails,

Spitting

Fixing them in the leather shoe.

You shod the Palestinian fighters

You shod the children

You shod us with history, our common history

That imperialism-Zionism hid from our knowledge.

Our mouths full of nails

Nails of consciousness

We will shoot

To imperialism, Zionism, racism.

For life

We go forward

With our will

Our science, history!

- A modest friend of the Palestinian people



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