

Red Sea: April 2002

This Passover, who reclines?
Only the dead, their cupped hands filling slowly
with the red wine of war. We are not free.
The blood on the doorposts does not protect anyone.

They say that other country over there
dim blue in the twilight
farther than the orange stars exploding over our roofs
is called peace.

The bread of affliction snaps in our hands like bones,
is dust in our mouths. This bitterness brings tears to our eyes.
The figs and apples are sour. We have many more
than four questions. We dip and dip,
salt stinging our fingers.
Unbearable griefs braided into a rope so tight
we can hardly breathe,
Whether we bless or curse,
this is captivity.

We would cross the water if we knew how.
Everyone blames everyone else for barring the way.

Listen, they say there is honey swelling in golden combs, over there,
dates as sweet and brown as lovers' cheekbones,
bread as fragrant as rest,
but the turbulent water will not part for us.
We've lost the trick of it.
Back then, one man's faith opened the way.
He stepped in, we were released, our enemies drowned.

This time we're tied at the ankles.
We cannot cross until we carry each other,
all of us refugees, all of us prophets.
Until the family blasted into fragments at the seder table
bears the body of the Arab man

In Honor Of Juliano Mer Khamis born 29 May 1958; died 4 April 2011



Theater students released a statement on Tuesday morning, saying
"Juliano, your mother's children have passed away, your mother Arna
has passed away and so did you - but your children are going to stay,
following your path on the way to the freedom battle, and we will go on
with your revolution's promise, the Jasmine revolution.

"The Revolutionary message will not pass away. It will come storming
the yellow sands and the mountains covered by almond trees, blowing
the jasmine revolution out of the freedom fighter's hands, from here,
from the Freedom Theater's stage, where men were and are made to be
free and engaged in the cultural revolutionary battle for Freedom.

"In thousands of silences only one violin is playing, and in thousands of
silences only one voice is raising up, it's the freedom fighters' voices,
to whom you taught how to carry the cultural gun on their shoulders."

The statement was signed, "Juliano's Children."