

Seeds of peace

A single olive seed grows into a tree
planted on the border of Israel and Gaza
it spreads into branches which stretch over water
the thick dust of sand dunes
ripples the afternoons
scorched by the fiery heat that divides us
the same sun unites us
reflecting the golden Dome of the Rock
in the eyes of passers-by in their millions they flock
to Jerusalem
where they sing in unison
their prayers to end this
game of staves
musical chairs

far from black and white
is this battle of birthright
Palestinians and Israelites
fighting for their holy sights
both waiting for the tune's last note
the words they wrote on creased little papers
begging for peace with their long-lasting neighbours
what the Western Wall swallows the government erases
ignoring the cause of this ongoing war
politicians forget our countless petitions
their mission to protect their precious traditions
of two similar religions kept apart by partitions
guns loaded with prejudice as well as ammunition

we've had enough of the generalisations
Muslims and Jews share a determination
when they come face to face
they are joined in frustration
looking up at the sky
they trace the same constellations
the outlines of shapes which are drawn over warzones
small children who throw stones
are exploited in news stories
of neighbouring territories
attached to their past glories

feed our curiosity
disguise this atrocity
by making it one-sided
a little short-sighted

it's always misguided
you show us the West Bank
watch us in our fish tank
our memories wiped blank
swimming in circles brainwashed by your think tank

I don't mean to preach
but this freedom of speech
which you take out of proportion
your constant distortion of facts and fake news
we both seem to lose
when Muslims and Jews
are like sides we should choose between
it's about people not triumph or pride
without compromise no one is satisfied

it's life over land
when will you understand
that we witness first-hand
on the blistering sand
how the innocent bleed
how the leadership's greed
forces people to plead
asking please intercede

instead of spitting out the pit
spare it for the ground that's split
with cracks of broken promises
and hopes of youth whose solace is
a future
together

put an end to all the slaughter
let us raise our sons and daughters
to learn lessons under the shade of the same tree
to play hide and seek amongst the rubble and debris
to heal their wounds in the salt of the dead sea
to plant messages of peace until they cease to disagree

because a single olive seed grows into a tree
its roots intertwined with yours and mine
stretching towards the finish line
where dazzling sun begins to shine
on our Israel and Palestine