

Mosab Abu Toha

SOBBING WITHOUT SOUND

I wish I could wake up and find the electricity on all day long.

I wish I could hear the birds sing again, no shooting and no buzzing drones.

I wish my desk would call me to hold my pen and write again, or at least plow through a novel, revisit a poem, or read a play.

All around me are nothing but silent walls and people sobbing without sound.

From the book 'Things You May Find Hidden in My Ear: Poems from Gaza'