

## Have You Met The Falastīn Breeze?

Written by Mia Thompson

An Israeli, 16 years old,  
Fiddles her hair, wields a weapon.

A Palestinian, 8 years old,  
Raises his voice, arrested and beaten.

A mother mourns her child  
Releasing her to violence. To war.

A mother mourns her child  
Questioning if he's alive.

A baby, 4 years old  
Leaps from her burning home.

A woman, veers from what she's told  
Raped and killed, her voice unknown.

The Falastīn Breeze  
Is tainted by teargas and turmoil.

An olive tree  
Rooted for centuries, ripped from the soil.

Both ends suffering  
Israel killing their own  
Killing Palestinians  
Killing any sense of moral  
Killing culture, peace-  
And for what? Money? Land? Destiny?

Across an ocean,  
A society claims to understand.  
Entitled, they believe they're superior  
Prepared to gamble lives they've never met  
Land they've never touched.

A people, all religions, all kinds,  
So focused on comfort  
Willingly head lies and  
Dismiss the inhumane behavior  
Portrayed by their leaders.

“Every person for themselves” they say  
Apparently, no human feels that community, care, or compromise  
Is more dire than their privilege -  
Their need to be right.

They pretend to know  
They select a side  
Israel over Palestine.  
To them it's political, religious, even.  
They normalize violence, nearly enjoy it, even.  
They deserve it? God wills it?  
Bullshit.

This is more than a political party,  
More than what's preached on the news.  
It's a person, a story, community, history -

To them it's either “Jesus's magical land”  
Or nothing at all.  
Connect the dots, it's no fairytale.

Don't tell us we don't exist if you've never met us.  
Don't gaslight us if you can't feel our pain.

Do you have my brain? My body? My heart? My blood? My traditions?

Then don't speak for me, take advantage of me, use my feelings, spill my blood, kill my family  
or  
Claim I don't exist.