

Stagnant tide. Weightless blackness. Motionless cold
around a non-existent fire.

Car with no driver Achrafieh-Hamra words under
lock. Fear with no substance.

Windowless walled City.

A dead man forced to go home on foot. A bullet in
the belly.

Prayer in the mosque. Black procession tinier than
ants. Allahu Akbar.

Cybernetics of Doom broken machine. A breeze but
no garden.

The much awaited enemy has not come. He ate his
yellow sun and vomited.

Time: lemon crushed by a wheel grating under
funerals.

Between Beirut and Sidon there is the sea. This night
is not of war.

Nothing is crushed by the Silence. Guns are rusting in
travel bags. Revolution.