

As if twenty impossibles we are

In Al-Lid, Ar-Ramleh and the Galilee
Here ... on your chests, staying as a wall
Remaining we are
In your throats
Like a piece of glass, like cactus
And in your eyes
A storm of fire
Here ... on your chests, staying as a wall*
Remaining we are
Hungry we get ... naked ... we challenge ...
Chant poems
Fill the street with angry demonstrations
Fill prisons with pride
Produce children ... a revolting generation ...
after generation
As if twenty impossibles we are
In Al-Lid, Ar-Ramleh and the Galilee

Plant ideas, like yeast in dough
The coldness of the Galilee in our nerves
Live coal ... hell in our hearts
If thirsty we get rocks we squeeze
If hungry we get soil we eat ... and we never leave
Our redolent blood we don't spare ...
We don't spare ... we don't spare ...
Here we have a past ...
A present ...
And a future