

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.