

in the corner
of my house
that receives
the most sun beams
i have built
a secular altar
on my humble wooden floor

candles are lit
for the tiny children
who become ancestors
each day
in Gaza
and i create a garden
of peace
for them
with my favorite plants
to keep their spirits company -
healing aloe vera
tall and wise papyrus
resistant bamboo
sun absorbent succulents
the vigilance of snake plants
delicious edible portulaca
as well as
a young acacia
rescued from
the climate war

i whisper
bedtime stories
to those baby ancestors

i share with them
our hope push-ups

I tell them how
i take this daily
darkness
with a grain of light

and at night
i let them know my secret :
i lie in bed
counting not the sheep
i would not wish
to die like anyway -
but the streets' victories
to be thanked

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