

each day  
that dawns  
we measure time  
in terms  
of the deaths per minute  
in Gaza

how many deaths later  
will Time come up for air ?

each midday  
when the shadows  
are the shortest  
the darkness  
is the longest

how many deaths later  
will Time come up for air ?

each night  
the tide of dreams  
brings to our door  
sleep deprived children  
singing in the rubble  
to mute  
the sound of the bombs  
they are alone to hear

how many deaths later  
will we wake up to save them ?

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