



**Rubble of a Palestinian home destroyed by Israeli military bulldozers.**

Bethlehem, West Bank, May 1989. Photo by Muna Hamzeh

**From Under the Rubble**

**By Muna Hamzeh**

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From under the rubble, the wild sage rises  
and finds a path leading to the sun.  
On a slab of twisted concrete sits a young mother,  
Her breast exposed to the light.  
A baby hungrily ravishes her nipple,  
Drops of milk drip from his mouth.

Their bulldozers appear in the horizon,  
as they thunder toward an olive grove.  
When they're done, the land is flat,  
And small unripe olives are mixed with the soil.

The screams of a man fill the air,  
as thirty bullets riddle his flesh.  
His blood waters the olives,  
And trickles down under the dirt.

From under the rubble, they pull the remains  
of boys who have fathers.  
Young women wail. Old men sob.  
Grandmothers weep and yank their hair.

The living count their dead.  
The dead no longer bother.  
The rise of each day is like a game of Russian Roulette.  
Will a son tomorrow lose his father?

This poem was inspired by the April 2002 massacre in the Jenin refugee camp, a Palestinian refugee camp in the northern West Bank.