

[...]

Fady Joudah

I am unfinished business.
The business that did not finish me
or my parents
won't leave my children
in peace. In my right hand,
a paper. In my left, a feather.
To toss, to quill, to meet
my terminal velocity.
I forget Palestine
has a kind way of remembering
those who mark it for slaughter,
and those it marks for life.
I write for the future
because my present is demolished.

I fly to the future

to retrieve my demolished present

as a legible past. To see

what isn't hard to see

in a world that doesn't.
