

Here are some poems children can read at our events:

What is Home

By Mosab Abu Toha

What is home:

it is the shade of trees on my way to
school

before they were uprooted.

It is my grandparents' black-and-white
wedding

photo before the walls crumbled.

It is my uncle's prayer rug, where dozens
of ants

slept on wintry nights, before it was looted and
put in a museum.

It is the oven my mother used to bake
bread and

roast chicken before a bomb reduced
our house to ashes.

It is the café where I watched football
matches

and played -

My child stops me: Can a four-letter
word hold

all of these?

We Deserve a Better Death

by Mosab Abu Toha

We deserve a better death.

Our bodies are disfigured and twisted, embroidered with bullets and shrapnel.

Our names are pronounced incorrectly on the radio and TV.

Our photos, plastered onto the walls of our buildings, fade and grow pale.

The inscriptions on our gravestones disappear, covered in the feces of birds and reptiles.

No one waters the trees that give shade to our graves.

The blazing sun has overwhelmed our rotting bodies

Oh Rascal Children of Gaza

by Khaled Juma

Oh rascal children of Gaza.

You who constantly disturbed me with your screams under my window.

You who filled every morning with rush and chaos.

You who broke my vase

and stole the lonely flower on my balcony.

Come back,

and scream as you want and break all the vases

Steal all the flowers

Come back..

Just come back..

The Mothers of Gaza

By Natasha Ahmed Khan

The mothers of Gaza should be counting down the minutes to bedtime so they can finally put their feet up and catch up on their shows. The mothers of Gaza should be curled up on their couches, breathing in the scent of their beautiful, little newborns. They should be counting to little fingers and to little toes as their babies squeal in delight. The mothers of Gaza should be preparing lunch boxes and sighing as their toddlers ask for the 20th snack of the day. The mothers of Gaza should not be collecting pieces of their children blown apart by bombs.

They shouldn't be begging their dead babies to come back to life and writing family names on their little arms and legs in case they're blown up in the middle of the night. Are the mothers of Gaza not mothers just like you and me?

Enough for Me

By Fadwa Tuqan

Enough for Me

Enough for me to die on her earth be buried in her

to melt and vanish into her soil then sprout forth as a flower

played with by a child from my country.

Enough for me to remain in my country's embrace

to be in her close as a handful of dust a sprig of grass a flower.

Before reading this poem by Refaat, you should explain that he was killed by targeted Israeli air strikes on December 6, 2023 and as we speak, his body is decomposing under the rubble as it is not safe to recover it and there is none of the needed equipment. He wasn't even afforded a proper burial.

If I Must Die

By Refaat Alareer

If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth and some strings,
(make it white with a long tail)
so that a child,
somewhere in Gaza
while looking heaven in the eye
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze-
and bid no one farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself-
sees the kite,
my kite you made,
flying up above
and thinks for a moment
an angel is there
bringing back love
If I must die
let it bring hope let it be a tale

Before reading this poem by Mahmoud Darwish, you can mention that he was born in 1941 and died in 2008. He was a Palestinian poet who was 7 years old at the time of the Nakba. This poem was written well before this current Israeli aggression:

On Man

By Mahmoud Darwish

They gagged his mouth,
Bound his hands to the rock of the dead And said: Murderer!
They took his food, clothes and banners,
Cast him into the condemned cell
And said: Thief!
They drove him away from every port, Took his young sweetheart,
Then said: Refugee!
O you with bloodshot eyes and bloody hands,
Night is short-lived,
The detention room lasts not for ever, Nor yet the links of chains.
Nero died, Rome did not:
With her very eyes she fights.
And seeds from a withered ear
With wheat shall fill the valley.

This is another famous poem by Mahmoud Darwish:

And we love life if we find a way to it.
We dance in between martyrs and raise a minaret for violet or palm trees.
We love life if we find a way to it.
And we steal from the silkworm a thread to build a sky and fence in this departure.
We open the garden gate for the jasmine to step out on the streets as a beautiful day.
We love life if we find a way to it.
And we plant, where we settle, some fast growing plants, and harvest the dead.
We play the flute like the color of the faraway, sketch over the dirt corridor a neigh.
We write our names one stone at a time, O lightning brighten the night.
We love life if we find a way to it...