



We disagree about many things, we people of Gaza,
but we share one certainty:
the war has not finished with us yet.
Its loudest damage is still gathering inside our bodies,
waiting for time to open its mouth.
In a year, perhaps two,
we will begin to fall.. quietly.

After illness, the body leaves a trace:
a blister of heat on the lips,
proof that pain once passed through.
But what mark does a war leave
when it burns thought itself,
when it drinks the strength of muscle and memory alike?
What shape will it wear then?

The world changed after Gaza
or perhaps it revealed its true face.
Death was performed in daylight,
and the audience did not attend.

The war was a question posed to humanity.
No answer was required.
No verdict announced.
Maybe years from now, history will demand:
How did this happen?
And where were we
when the test arrived?

A friend of mine -now a name carried by the wind-
used to laugh and say,
“You think too much, Amjad.”
Maybe thought itself was my way of surviving.

I brushed against death more than once.
Sometimes I look at my body in disbelief,
as if it belongs to someone who should not have survived.
Still, my memory keeps circling one moment:
the ceasefire,
the crossing,
the thin line between south and north
where the word *home* briefly felt solid again.

That day, we all believed it was over.
Belief came easily then.
Everything I had lost gathered inside me:
faces, voices, streets.
The pain I had postponed for an entire year
until it outweighed my own presence in the world.

When I entered Gaza again,
memory began to dissolve.
There was no proof left.
No street remembered my footsteps.
No wall recognized my childhood.
Youth had no roads.
Work had no doors.
Love had nowhere to stand.

Places vanished.
People followed.

For one terrible moment,
I was certain I had reached the lowest point
a human being could occupy.
Certainty, too, can be cruel.

And yet,
from somewhere unruined,
a voice rose:
Begin.

A beginning became my last refuge.
To start again.
To ask for almost nothing:
quiet,

a life that does not tremble,
a sky that does not scream.

But can a war be erased?
Or does it settle inside us,
an organ we did not choose,
beating in unfamiliar rhythm?

Was I more human before the war
or after it, carved its questions into me?

The questions do not rest.
They circle.
They deepen.
Like philosophy,
they refuse an ending.

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