

A Letter From Gaza

By Hania Qutub - Vienna, VA

I have to tell you about how hard it is to lose
an arm a leg an eye
while being a kid in Gaza

I have to tell you about how hard it is to be
in a wheelchair in a place where
all the wheelchairs are filled with children

And all the graves are filled with small shrouds

But the hardest thing I have to tell you
is how hard it is to have

no parents no uncles no grandparents no brothers no sisters no cousins
They bombed our house.

And killed them all.

They say we are terrorists.

I have to tell you

We are the terrorized We are the starving We are the thirsty

We are shot and gassed when we try to find food and water

For 4 generations we moved from place to place
running from their bombs, prisons, fires, and guns.

I have to tell you

We have had enough and We are dying

What will you say in return?