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*May amnesia never kiss
us on the mouth: Only
sounds that tremble
through us*

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ONLY SOUNDS
THAT TREMBLE THROUGH US

After everything is extracted
in the lack
in the negative

in zero in sub in minus in debt
within without withheld in doubt
Who is here
after everything is extinguished

One february afternoon
we speak about
what it means to be in constant mourning
we mourn
another death
we mourn the disappearing land
the severed horizon
we mourn that our bodies
can not carry the weight longer
we mourn the fields
sprayed with toxic herbicides
we mourn the water wells
poisoned with toxic chemicals
we mourn how toxic the breath
 between us has become
we mourn the loss
find ourselves in the lack

Majdal, the dead sea
day end in dark blue
the sea below us
her voice cracks
she begins the melody
a bird and then another
rest on a stone next to her
begin to sing
as though this melody has always been here
not with us
with the land
and the sea that is dead

In an arid land
they said is dead
the wind is blowing

as she nearly breaks under the weight
of this gesture
having arrived from baghdad thirty years ago
to here now at the sea that is dead
at this day end in dark blue

The wind blows harder
with every breath
as though the pores
of this sea and land they called dead
are transmitting
times and breaths we don't know
anything about
But here,
we feel
a tremble
that releases our breath
releases us

The wolf said do not aggravate my pain
Had it not been for hunger my fangs
would not have shown

5 am
Palestine
April
Julmud in the dark looks out
To where the light is about to break
I hear the water
From the ein
the one the settlers are stealing
The wolf said do not aggravate my pain
Had it not been for hunger my fangs
would not have shown
But here now
I watch him watching the light break
The wolf said do not aggravate my pain
Had it not been for hunger my fangs
would not have shown

soon this whole area
will be dangerous for us to be in

An echo
Buried
Buried
Buried

Deep
Deep
Down
But Calling still

Where there is violence
There is always a trace
An echo
Buried
Buried
Buried

Deep
Deep
Down
But Calling still

You going to Jerusalem
take me with you

We hold breath
we hold
we hold
we hold on
And we mourn
again
again
a land that is vanishing

Erupted volcanoes inside us
Inside us
Volcanoes

Erupted Erupted volcanoes
Beloved Who is wounded
Beloved Beloved Who is wounded
The land brings us back to life
The land is our home

The land haunts us
And we haunt them
The shadow the echo the ghosts of what remains

Give me your scarf to
Wrap my wound

maybe I am failing my body
But I know
it remembers
what I try to forget
holds
what has been erased

The song is the call
and the land is calling

The land is calling the vanished
through the song

The dead are returning
And we are returning with them

The song is the call
and the land is calling

The land is calling the vanished
through the song

The song is the call
and the land is calling

Haykal
whispers
words his own and not his own
words sung in a camp
in Jordan
words in tremble
Now
his voice
breaks
where their voices
were unshakable

The sleep of the privileged is forbidden us

He
loses breath
It's all tremble
a body in tremble
a voice in tremble
catches breaths
loses breath
catches breath
loses breath
Catches breath

last night again
we talk about ourselves
as mutating
Knowing that
in mutation
in contamination

We are tremble
in debt
and
in doubt

in the negative
is where they come undone

We are in the negative

We are the negative
Unbound

Those who chant do not die

Once we said
we are in search of a new language
now we hold on
to any form of language we can find
to hold these broken parts together
These half breaths

Hold breath
Sing
One february afternoon
Sing
we speak about what it means to be
Sing
in a constant state of mourning
Hold breath
Sing every day
Sing every day Sing every day
Sing every day

being
where you are
being
where you are not allowed to be
Being and breathing
breathing and being

Hold breath
release
hold
hold
hold
Release

being
where you should not be

being and breathing
breathing and being

breathing and being
being and breathing
in the negative

in doubt
in debt
Returning
here now
on this corner
in this word
that sentence
this rhythm
this silence
As tremble

Returning
As tremble