

To Love a Palestinian Woman

When you love a Palestinian woman,
the essence of resistance seeps into your existence;
you comprehend
the meaning of persistence

In her eyes you may see
residues of a tear,
but never
a sign of fear

When you love a Palestinian woman,
your heart is tuned
to the beat of a heart
that can never forget
You travel far;
you walk the narrow streets of Jerusalem,
in the footsteps of Jesus,
carrying his cross, cleaning his wounds, wiping his tears

When you love a Palestinian woman
you love every wave
that kisses the shores of her land,
every olive tree in the Galilee,
every particle of salt
in the Dead Sea

When you love a Palestinian woman,
you love a smile
mysteriously mixed with pain unknown to others;
and a laugh that was choked
when the land was separated from its faithful lovers

When you love a Palestinian woman
you love a spirit
that inherited the will to stand,
and eyes
that terrify check-point guards,
in a way no man can

How can any man love
but a Palestinian woman?

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Ehab Lotayef
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