

AMITAI BEN-ABBA

f(quarantine-gaza==config)

(as of 2007)

((actually as of 1991))

there is barely any coverage
on the
(capitals==config)
Plague Hell
unfolding in gaza

in israel
libzionists avert
guilty gaze
(when t=simult)
genocidal commentators call on
covid=19 to finish the job

{topmost comment on a 4/9/20 maariv article¹ about the shortage
of testing kits: “Inshallah you’ll be eliminated by the virus, what the
government can’t do!!”}

gaza=densest human petri dish on earth
seeing first virus cases
minus clean water
minus functioning healthcare

everything=bombed
to smithereens

plus covid=19
equals
lim of
catastrophe impending

israeli minister of defense decides
to stop corona testing in gaza
saying²: {there aren't many old people there
it won't be a problem}

red ball rocket
bouncy-red quarantine
covet covid
the surgeon awaits
in the facebook

me=infiltrated secret facebook group
soldiers recounting stories from gaza
showing off the war crimes
f(israeli accent==config)
{Every warrior has amulet, somefing small he take wid him, somefing for
keep him safe. A littel book of Tehillim, de cap of a beloved commander,
a cartridge dat never malfunction. For me it was de diving knife dat was
always wid me in my vest. But, personally, I don't remember fear.}
{in seconds three dead terrorist!
six bullets all in all we shot!}
shooting arabs but
{years would pass until i could play wid a dog again...}

i want to track them down
shoot them (with camera) in quarantine
have them reenact

{we're all gonna die so now's the time to let me know if you have a crush
on me}
covid=19 and the secrets flow

¹ <https://www.maariv.co.il/corona/corona-world/Article-759116>

² <https://news.walla.co.il/item/3353067>

My Roof Blew Off

My roof is blowing off
I take a loan with interest
To cover my growing
gulfs
. Mysc
ars.
This is me.

When young, I'd take Whisky to the empty field gazing at Damascus Gate.
banyan, fig, olive, pine
lined the sides of the lot. Inside:
mounds of gravel. I'd release Whisky, and she'd run, like a fast blizzard,
like speedsnow
Shadowfax
OOOooooo she's a fast dog she was fast—fast.
She sniffed
Her
Olfactory symphony, and I traced the
edge of the terrace
gazed
at Damascus Gate
The center of
 The conflict. (light yellow infinite age
 stone layered over stone layered over decapitated cities sprouting palm
trees merchants bread and tea salesmen butchers and horses and their shit
 and the soot and the blackened oils of nicotine and exhaust)

My roof blew off
A group of boys saw me and pointed

Shabab from the Eastern city
They crossed the traffic artery
No BordPolice to stop them.
I retreated, moved back between the mounds of gravel like mushroom hills
thinking nothing of it. But they showed. They climbed the wall of the terrace.
They spread around
As if accustomed to
Doing this
Like a pack
Like a team
One pelted Whisky with stones
Not to hit her
But strategic
At the ground in front of her
Feet like dancing doves.
Another came and grabbed the broken leash, vacant in my hand
“I see, I see you”
He pointed at his eye
In broken Hebrew
He held the leash and I
Held on to it
He
Held the heldhe
Pulled the
I
Heldon, held on
Hell
Another boy
Bigger with
A leather coat
threw
A punch
My cheek like

flame I
Letgo

My roof blew off. And they ran. All of them. A big group. They ran away with my broken leash. And Whisky came to me I hugged her. Shaken. But they, too, were shaken. They ran away as if terrified of some invisible phantom, some menace in their heads that came when they unleashed their power.

My roof blew off. Between the mounds of gravel. In the sky the little birds that never rest filled the golden hour, chasing some invisible insect. Me: Back to Hazayin Het Street with a quickness. Soon Musrara was filled with blue and white blow-dancing disco lights. Words like Arab Children, and my voice shaky, not sure if I faked it to make an impression but eitherway the pig was reassuring “It might swell,” he told me. My dad soaked the blood And I saw the white-blue blows lights like the flag descending On Damascus Gate Looking for those bad kids those bad—bad On behalf ofme. And I wasn’t sure what I felt. glad because the punch dint-hurt And the leash was already broken, it

Was just a rope, really, which
I would tie with a grandma knot around
Whisky's
Neck

Tie. now

they were fugitives
Terrified kids who
Ran before I was alert enough to
even Return a

We were all

or something
empathized
didn't
want
penned.

humans
I
I

them

Still, my roof blew off. I felt stronger than them. Did I want vengeance?
Did I want the police to sniff them?

My roof blew off.
OOoo I had bad thoughts I was bad—bad.

in my mind i imagined fighting them off like an action figure grabbing
the smaller boy as my grandpa had taught me and striking him while
using his body as a shield against the others.

disappeared into the Jerusalem cityscape
like

They

shadows

like

dust

The yellow stones of agelessness

Tinged
Pink.

My roof blew off
Whisky-bit my mom

and
executed.

Now I'm less racist.
Bigger, too and no one. well
Wouldn't let my parents
call the pigs. Would be able to

██████████

-ly

██████████

in Arabic
the kids.
The field

Now a parking lot. No mounds. No
dirt. No Banyan no olive no fig No
dove. Soot, though and
Rows on rows of objects that
move despite being dead. And from
the parking lot
the Israeli boy
sans-Whisky
can gaze out on
Damascus Gate

And the new checkpoint
And watchtowers
And cameras
And permanently placed BordPolice

and on the pens
under the checkpoint
where the Palestinian boys are
periodically frisked.

My roof is blowing off where
I feel I could erase whole populations with a strike of a pen.
And I can see

the tireless birds above
flock
my spit

accelerates
inexorable

towards

the blue-white

blow.