

Lines In The Sand

*They drew lines in the sand and gave us red, white,
black and green,
Told us to call ourselves the Middle East,
Told us to battle, told us to never know peace,
So to this day my people suffer in silence.*

*Slaves to colonialism and to our own pride,
Won't even see me as human even if I bleed red,
white, black and green—these are the colours
that have forsaken my destiny.*

*Red: the crimson blood that continues to stain my people,
White: our righteous acts, our piety, we are martyrs,
Black: the battles we fought, the battles we won and the battles we lost,
Green: our rich fields that birthed the olive tree,
and our bountiful soils brew coffee, grow figs,
harvest honey and cradle the people who fought to be free
but now lie 6ft feet under wrapped in white cloths.*

Freedom to Arabs are like flames to moths.