

THE ARMS OF SHADOW

In the blanket of deep night
I look upon a sickly moon
Glimmering in a misty sky
Shedding embers of scanty light

Sleep is out of reach
In a night time daydream
I run free into the forest
Into the twilight under the trees
Squat down in a deep reverie
Constant with the silence

Exuding proud freedom
Offered by my core
I am insensible to all pain
That is happening to me
A feeling of light like levitation
Such as occurs in dreams

My soul sheds its weight
In a melody and rhythm
Of a purer, sunnier life
I am elevated and impelled
By the permanent, the infinite
Into the absolute timeless

In the cold hour before dawn
Comes sultry disturbances
Like burning gusts of wind
Cutting a path in my quietude
Like a falling, winding stream
Raging in a torrent downhill

Dedicated to Ghassan Kanafani, Palestinian revolutionary, intellectual, artist and literary figure
assassinated by the Israeli Mossad in a car bomb in 1972.

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I am still awake
When day leaps into the sky
The red rim of the sun rises
Over shoulders of dark land
Colours of waking earth returns
As the shadows of my night melt

My wonder drips
To warm, comfortable beds
Having a hot tasty meal
By the cheeks of a red fire
While the wind howls outside
The rain tirling upon the roof

There is a whirring in my mind
As my wonder leaks and shifts
To conscience thoughts on
The poor and sickly
The cold and hungry
Biting fingers in the bitter blue

No sooner I try to close my eyes
My mind and body reels
Forcing me to open them again
Toss, turn, sit up and lie down
The lightening dark dazzles me
Into a dead heavy like lead

In an instant, a dread lightness
I cannot walk, I float
Drift like a gossamer
The ground is a cloud,
The air a current, like a river
Carrying me to and fro

Transported on the breeze
Twixt a castle of rude plenty
And sombre, meagre hut
My eyes are wide open

To the pain of poverty
I know its unnecessary

My eyes are open
I am wide awake
It's raining blood

I am blown away, away
On a cloud carried by the wind
Into the reaching long arms
Of a travesty of shadow.

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NOTE: this poem appears in the Second Chapter of Sher Chandley's poetry book – *SOUL OF HUMANITY*, which is dedicated to Palestine and its Martyrs.



Imperialism has layed its body over the world, the head in Eastern Asia, the heart in the Middle East, its arteries reaching Africa and Latin America. Wherever you strike it, you damage it, and you serve the World Revolution.

Ghassan Kanafani



Ghassan Kanafani



Born: April 9, 1936
Died: July 8, 1972
Occupation: Writer

The Palestinian cause is not a cause for Palestinians only, but a cause for every revolutionary, wherever he is, as a cause of the exploited and oppressed masses in our era.



My friend asked me to define 'settler colonialism', I found the most precise definition..



They steal your bread, then give you a crumb of it...
Then they demand you to thank them for their generosity...
O their audacity!!!
Ghassan Kanafani



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