

If I must die by Refaat Alareer



If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth
and some strings,
(make it white with a long tail)
so that a child, somewhere in Gaza
while looking heaven in the eye
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze -
and bid no one farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself-
sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up
above
and thinks for a moment an angel is there
bringing back love
if I must die
let it bring hope
let it be a tale

