

An Unforgotten Iron Key

Noor El-Husseini
Independent Scholar
nelhu052@gmail.com

Passports do not recognize the shadows in white tombstones.
What rifle could turn my eyes from you, Palestine?
Your olive gardens have been courted by a bastard son.
Refused, I return to the absent-minded exile.

What rifle could turn my eyes from you, Palestine?
Strange men claimed Sito's home at gunpoint in Ramallah.
Refused, I return to the absent-minded exile.
I am your memory, an unforgotten iron key.

Strange men claimed Sito's home at gunpoint in Ramallah.
She travelled 200 miles south from the 'Height of God.'
I am your memory, an unforgotten iron key,
a worn copy of *Wild Thorns* by Sahar Khalifeh.

She travelled 200 miles south from the 'Height of God.'
'Your right,' she said, wrapping a kuffiyah over my head.



In Loving Memory of Mahmoud Darwish
1941 - 2008