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## Moving Towards Home

*"Where is Abu Fadi," she wailed.  
"Who will bring me my loved one?"  
New York Times 9/20/82*

I do not wish to speak about the bulldozer and the  
red dirt  
not quite covering all of the arms and legs  
Nor do I wish to speak about the nightlong screams  
that reached  
the observation posts where soldiers lounged about  
Nor do I wish to speak about the woman who shoved  
her baby  
into the stranger's hands before she was led away  
Nor do I wish to speak about the father whose sons  
were shot  
through the head while they slit his own throat before  
the eyes  
of his wife  
Nor do I wish to speak about the army that lit continuous  
flares into the darkness so that the others could see  
the backs of their victims lined against the wall  
Nor do I wish to speak about the piled up bodies and  
the stench  
that will not float  
Nor do I wish to speak about the nurse again and  
again raped  
before they murdered her on the hospital floor  
Nor do I wish to speak about the rattling bullets that  
did not  
halt on that keening trajectory

Nor do I wish to speak about the pounding on the  
doors and  
the breaking of windows and the hauling of families into  
the world of the dead  
I do not wish to speak about the bulldozer and the  
red dirt  
not quite covering all of the arms and legs  
because I do not wish to speak about unspeakable events  
that must follow from those who dare  
"to purify" a people  
those who dare  
"to exterminate" a people  
those who dare  
to describe human beings as "beasts with two legs"  
those who dare  
"to mop up"  
"to tighten the noose"  
"to step up the military pressure"  
"to ring around" civilian streets with tanks  
those who dare  
to close the universities  
to abolish the press  
to kill the elected representatives  
of the people who refuse to be purified  
those are the ones from whom we must redeem  
the words of our beginning

because I need to speak about home  
I need to speak about living room  
where the land is not bullied and beaten into  
a tombstone  
I need to speak about living room  
where the talk will take place in my language  
I need to speak about living room  
where my children will grow without horror  
I need to speak about living room where the men  
of my family between the ages of six and sixty-five  
are not  
marched into a roundup that leads to the grave  
I need to talk about living room  
where I can sit without grief without wailing aloud  
for my loved ones  
where I must not ask where is Abu Fadi  
because he will be there beside me  
I need to talk about living room  
because I need to talk about home

I was born a Black woman  
and now  
I am become a Palestinian  
against the relentless laughter of evil  
there is less and less living room  
and where are my loved ones?

It is time to make our way home.