

MILENA RAMPOLDI

I am giving birth to you Palestine



Anti-Zionist Fragments



PROMOSAIK LAPH

"IN LETTERS OF BLOOD" SERIES NR. 1

“Anti-Zionists? No, anti-Semites!”: this is what the black crows of the hasbara, the schnorrers of the “Promised Land” tirelessly caw, and this is no doubt how they will try to disqualify these 24 poems of love for a people and a land whose holiness has been flouted for a century by invaders who have given up on the expectation of the Messiah. Poems of a woman, a mother, a sister, who shares the suffering, the belief, the revolt and the undying hope of her Palestinian sisters.



Milena Rampoldi is an author, translator and publisher born in Bolzano/Bozen in 1973. She is the founder of the ProMosaik initiative, part of The Glocal Workshop. She has been living in Istanbul since 2014.

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diversity

tlaxcala-int.blogspot.com/

Promosaik - Dialogue between cultures and religions

promosaik.org/

La Pluma a non-aligned French-Colombian website

lapluma.net

...and many associated individuals and groups

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IN LETTERS OF BLOOD SERIES

*Dedicated to the poetry of freedom fighters from all times and all
over the world*

*I dedicate these poems to all anti-Zionist
feminists united in a common struggle.*

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Murder of a voice

I heard my voice
It grew louder
It screamed
It rose in revolt
The voice of my soul
The voice of my spirit
The voice of my reason
The voice of my body
It spoke its full
It spoke until empty
Murder of a voice
First, they fired through me
And my voice died then
My female
My enraged
My “incautious” voice
Against the hissing
Against the seduction
Against the murders
By the loud persistent Zionist voice

Uninhabited

The Land is empty
The road is paved
The olive trees wait
The Land is empty
Let us travel
It is an empty Land
Clear for the world's most moral army
Clear for the inhumane
Without humanity
Clear for the powerful
Clear for the merciless and heavy
Poison of Zionism
They are no one
The Land is uninhabited
Let us build
Let us take
For old people die
And young people forget
And should memory remain -
It will be an empty memory,
without people, and empty
like the Land,
A Land without people

The Just War

He looked at me
And repeated
So that I could write it down
The sublime narration
The narration of the Just War
He beat me
And repeated
So that it penetrated my flesh
The sublime narration
The narration of the Just War
He murdered me
And repeated to my corpse
Wasted by putrefaction
The sublime narration
The narration of the Just War
He left me on the ground, dead
And repeated to my dead body
To tattoo on my bones
The sublime narration
The narration of the Just War
But the sublime narration
The Zionists' monologue
Remained a false one

Divine Water

They took away our water
Yahweh created the world from water
Allah created the world from water
They took our water again
Our olive tree became a camel
Taking its water from Yahweh and Allah
They took our water once again
And then it started raining
Yahweh and Allah let it rain
And between us
And their Atheist Zionism
Only drops of divine rain

You are a child

You are a child
Said the human rights activist
You are a child
Said the activist
You are a child
Said the Bible
You were a child
Said the Palestinian father
In front of the tomb
Of his innocent child
You were *my* child

Female Struggle

He stood up
And fell down
He looked at her
And closed his eyes
He had seen enough
Of the occupation
He had drunk enough
Of his fellows' blood
He had fired enough of the
Bullets of his weapons
She stood up
And stayed upright
She looked at him
And opened her eyes
She was hungry
For Freedom
She was thirsty
For Independence
She was greedy
For Female Struggle

I am giving birth to you...

I give birth to you

Palestine

I push you out

Palestine

I vomit you out

Palestine

I raise you

Palestine

My vomit

Becomes honey

My spit

Becomes olive oil

My blood

Becomes mint tea

I am the mother

I give birth to you

Palestine

The Wall

The wall of separation
The wall of Apartheid
The wall of racism
The wall
Look away
Lock yourselves
Lock yourselves within your arrogance
We stay outside
We stay here
Waiting
Before the wall
Before the dead wall
We aim our eyes towards the sky
We aim our eyes at the past of humanity
Palestine - you, Land without wall
You, wall of Israel -
Built with the bricks of colonialism
With the enemies' vomit
With the garbage of the waiting ones
You, wall of Zionism -
You lock them up
The foreign bodies of Zionism
Here in the Middle East

In the world of Patience
We stay here
Waiting
We tear down the bricks of colonialism
We are nourished by our enemies' vomit
We recycle the garbage of the waiting ones
Wall of Zionism
What destiny awaits you?
I am patience
Your worst enemy

This is my Prayer

This is my prayer

Ya Allah

This is my land

Ya Allah

This is my homeland

Ya Allah

Allah's world is big

Ya Allah

I am just a guest

Ya Allah

You created my prayer

Ya Allah

Nothing is mine

And nothing is theirs

They don't have my prayers

As they are not mine

They don't have my ground

As it is not mine

They don't have my homeland

As it is not mine

They targeted me

Robbed me

Stole from me

Murdered me
With their greedy hands
With their Zionist weapons
I stand here
And Allah is with me
And it is His prayer
It is His ground
It is His homeland

Sold Palestine

They honor their enemy
They get their shoes shined
Their blows dig into our flesh
They are the enemy's tools
They accept the enemy's dirty money
They suffocate our hope
They smash at our anger
They stage our anger for us
To please the occupiers
The staged anger
O impotence of power
O lapdog of Zionism
You, sold Palestine

Hunger Prison

I fast
And my mind becomes clear
I see the bars
At my cell window
My hand
Bathes in the sun
I starve
And my anger becomes clear
I break through the bars
Of my cell door
My hand rots
In the sunless mass grave
of the enemies of Zionism
of the enemies of the colonialist power

Mother of Shame

Mother of shame
She bore a soldier
For the just war
For the Zionist reign
Mother of shame
She pushed out a soldier
For the just war
For the expansion of Israel
Mother of shame
She feted a soldier
For the justified murder
For the most moral colonialism

Thou shalt not Kill

Thou shalt not kill

I don't kill

I bump off

Thou shalt not covet the property of others

I do not covet

I take

Thou shalt not steal

I do not steal

I expropriate

Thou shalt not covet another's wife

I do not covet

I rape

Thou shalt have no other gods before me

I am no Atheist

The other's garden is my God

The other's child is my target

I do not kill

I aim - and I hit my target

Responsibility

Judaism means responsibility

Moral responsibility

Zionism means responsibility

In a moral army

Judaism means faith

Moral pureness

Zionism means faith

In the God of Zionism

Judaism means the Messiah

And waiting for the Messiah

Zionism means impatience

Since I, nothingness, I am your God

I take and I give

I kill and take revenge

Truth

He went to the brothel
And bought a woman
And called her Truth.
He went into battle
Murdered a woman
And called her Betrayal.
He came back home
He kissed the woman
And called her Demographic Hope
He went to the grave
Kissed the cover of Herzl's book
And called it Goddess.
And in the end of the gloomy tunnel
The Nothingness
The world without women

Patience

He was a patient Zionist
He always waited for the next opportunity
For the next order
For the next illegal expropriation
For the next murder
He was a patient Jew
He always waited for the next opportunity
For the next dialogue
For the next prayer
For the next life
He was a patient Palestinian
He waited for no opportunity
He waited for a new patience
For the next patience
And for the patience after that one

Gazan Night

Night in Gaza

Candle light

Poverty

Braveness

Night in Dimona

Nuclear bomb

Betrayal

Technology

Night in Tel Aviv

Electricity

Wealth

Fear

Fear of the destroyed enemy

Fear of the traumatized child

Fear of the brave widow

Fear of true justice

Fear of truth

The Last Time

He pissed in my food

I fasted

He pissed in my food

I starved

He pissed in my food

I fell

He pissed in my food

I stood up

I did not piss in his food

He did not fast

I did not piss in his food

He did not starve

I did not piss in his food

But he fell

He fell - because he could not fast

He fell - because he could not starve

He fell - because he could do nothing but piss

Brother of Fear

He sat in his garden
In front of his big house
On his brother's land
Under his brother's sky
He ate in his garden
In front of his big house
He breathed his brother's air
He drank his brother's water
His brother sat in his tent
With the key of his home in his warm hand
On the land of his brother's brother
Under the sky of his brother's brother
He took his meal in his tent
With the key of his home in his warm hand
He hoped and knew that
His brother, the brother of fear
Had a big garden of fear
Had a big house of fear
And a big diary of fear –
The fear of the end of his big lie

Peace

He taught his children war
And they survived
He taught his children military technology
And they expanded
He taught his children power
And they colonized
He taught his children greed
They stole the land
He taught his children betrayal
They attacked the oppressed
And *he* taught his children peace
And *they* won

Foreign Body

He went to the land of the ravenous hordes
He became fat and rich
And he became fatter and heavier
He went to the land of the crazed fighters
He attacked and won
He expanded and won again
The victorious tumor
His victory was foreign -
Since he was a foreign body
But his narration repeated
You are victorious
You are addicted to victories
You thirst for aggression
Since you - the technological tumor
You are victorious
The narration continues
To repeat this
He shot and looked around
In the solitude of his deceptive truth
The others crouched on the ground
He repeated the monologue of his tale
He believed in this lie
It was **his** truth

He adored it
You have won
You are the winner

The Pitch-Black Crow

I was there
Tired of occupation
Exhausted by Apartheid
Overloaded by oppression
Stretched by interrogations
Disgusted by prison
Wiped out by checkpoints
I was there
And thought
Who remains silent, is guilty
They cut out my tongue
And I thought
Who does not write, is guilty
They cut off my hand
And under the olive tree
I sat down and thought
Keep your eyes open
Since he who looks away is guilty
A pitch-black crow
Black like the deepest sorrow
Croaked from the branch of the olive tree
“Antisemite! Antisemite!”

We Would Have Welcomed Them

We would have welcomed them
The Jews, persecuted by Nazi Germany
We would have welcomed them
As we did then
When many of them fled from Andalusia
We would have welcomed them
If they had knocked on our door
Asked to share our space
We would have welcomed them
The Jews, persecuted by Nazi Germany
To break bread together
We would have welcomed them
The Jews, persecuted by Nazi Germany
To speak together
But Zionists came
To rob our land
Zionists came
And called it a Jewish State
And the Jews left
Full of shame, they left the Zionist land
Our Palestine
We would have welcomed them
The Jews, persecuted by Nazi Germany

But Zionists came
To rob our land
They killed us
Crushed our resistance
Though we, we would have welcomed them *once again*
The Jews, persecuted by Nazi Germany
To our common Holy Land

You Woman Terrorist

You, mother of Palestine
You, terrorist
You, freedom fighter
You, terrorist
You, sister on hunger strike
You, terrorist
You, mother of patience
You, terrorist
You, mother of justice
You, terrorist
You, mother of peace
You, terrorist
You, buried female body
You, terrorist
The pitch-black crows crackled
From the tree of mockery
From the branch of haughtiness
Like a broken record
You, terrorist
You, woman terrorist