

To Love a Palestinian Woman

When you love a Palestinian woman
you love the mysterious smile
of her pain
and a laugh that was choked
when justice was slain

In her eyes you may see
residues of a tear,
seldom a sign of fear

When you love a Palestinian woman
your heart is tuned
to the beat of a heart
that won't forget
You travel far;
you walk the narrow streets of Jerusalem,
in the footsteps of Jesus,
carrying his cross, cleaning his wounds, wiping his tears

When you love a Palestinian woman
you love every wave
that kisses the shores of her land,
every olive tree in the Galilee,
every grain of salt
in the Dead Sea

When you love a Palestinian woman
you love the spirit of persistence
and eyes
that terrify checkpoint guards
as no man can

How can any man love
but a Palestinian woman?

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