

WRITINGS FOR PALESTINE

*I'm tired of empty words
O Gaza
I'm tired*

- Rashid Hussein

TO OUR READERS, and those picking up *Unstamatic* for the first time, the following is a collection of art and writing on Palestine, revolution, liberation, freedom, and the undying hope for, and inevitability of, all of the above. For this call, we charged a submission fee. All the proceeds went to purchasing eSims for Palestinians through gazaesims.com, which helps Gazans connect to loved ones and document the genocide on the ground, and we posted receipts of delivery on our website. It's not enough, and will never be, but it's one way we contrived to use our available resources to help, however we can. We encourage you to do the same.

This special issue is also available as a free, downloadable, and printable PDF booklet, with the blessing of our contributors. Feel free to print and distribute it as you see fit. Included in the booklet are resources, additional readings, and other ways to help.

Free Palestine, now and forever.

Luke Larkin,
EIC

UNSTAMATIC

unstamatic.com

Resources

GAZAFUNDS.COM

Redirects to a random, verified GoFundMe for Palestinians seeking donations in order to survive and evacuate.

GAZAESIMS.COM

Instructions for how to purchase and send eSims, which connect Palestinians to their loved ones and enable them to document the genocide on the ground.

PCRF.NET

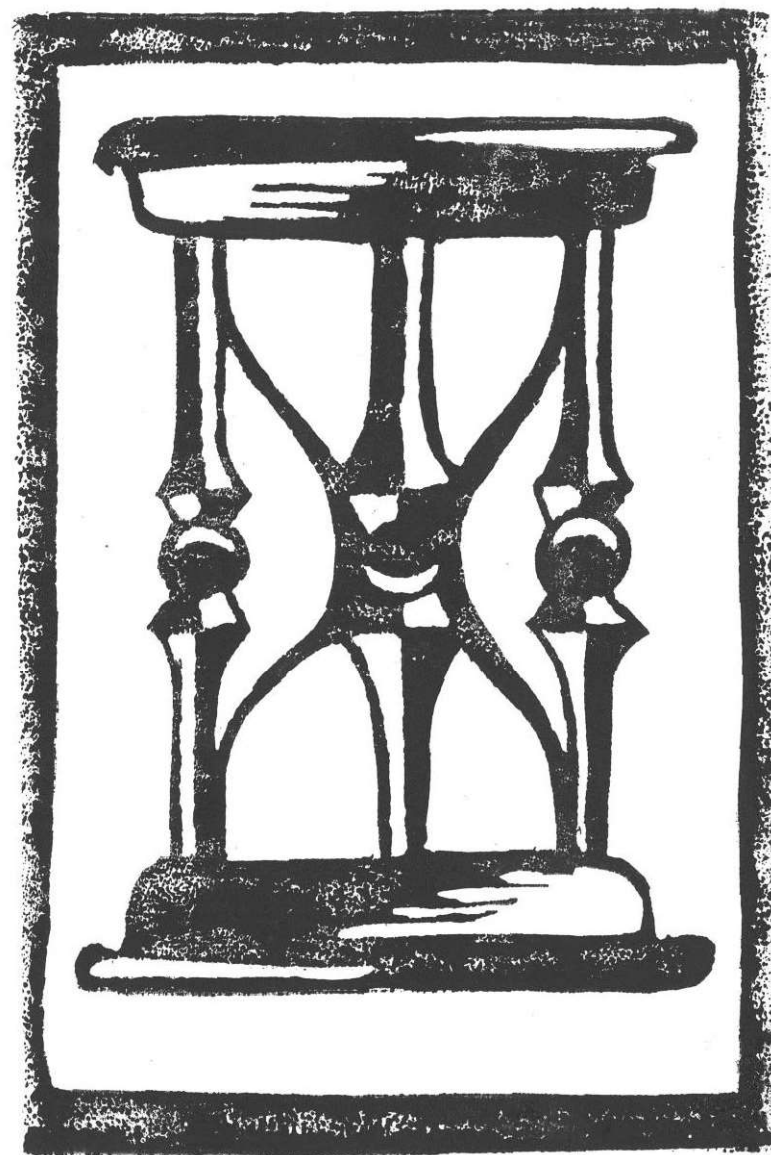
An organization providing on-the-ground aid to Palestinians.

DECOLONIZEPALESTINE.COM/READING-LIST

A list of essential reading material key in understanding the genocide in Palestine.

Tom Barlow is an Ohio author of poetry, short stories and novels. His writings have appeared in journals and anthologies including PlainSongs, Ekphrastic Review, Voicemail Poetry, Hobart, Tenemos, Redivider, Aji, The New York Quarterly, The Modern Poetry Quarterly, and many more. See more at tombarlowauthor.com.

Faith Palermo is a writer from Eastern Massachusetts. She is an MFA candidate in Creative Nonfiction at George Mason University and the Nonfiction Editor at Phoebe. You can find her on Twitter @faith_palermo or on her website: faithpalermo.com



"Higgs's Hourglass" by Tom Rose

Children of Amnesia

by Mahmoud Jaber

The children of amnesia
have built prisons in paradise,
have made monsters in the mirror,
have made the people of the homeland homeless.

I am a neighbor
sleepwalking through an Arab spring.
My toes touch Beirut sand,
I walk south through Saida and Sur to Nablus and Quds,
I wake up in Gaza.
Crumbling concrete in my hair and in my heart.
Those who can never forget
but are always forgotten
have been here from the start.

Samir Kassir mused that when the Arab spring blooms in Beirut
it announces the time of roses
in Damascus,
and in Gaza, in Gaza, in Gaza.
The children of amnesia build walls
but the roses always know.

I am a child of amnesia,
forgetting the Arab heart.
Forgetting Gaza, Nablus, Quds, Beirut, Damascus beat together,
will be together,
have been together
from the start.

Contributors

Tom Rose is an everyman writer, visual artist, and musician currently struggling in Washington DC.

Mahmoud Jaber is a Beirut-made and DC-based human who writes poetry and stand up comedy.

Jordan Alejandro Rivera (he/him) is a 23-year-old queer Xicano writer living in Boston. Jordan is passionate about mutual aid and wants to see a free Palestine in his lifetime. His work is featured in fifth wheel press, Writers Resist, HAD, and others. Read more at jordanarivera.wordpress.com

R.S. Saha is a queer Tamil American translator, writer, and editor. They have been published by Baffling Magazine, Kaalam Magazine, and have work forthcoming in Strange Horizons. They are the Associate Managing Editor of The Maine Review.

Mercedes Lawry is the author of three chapbooks. Her collection, *Vestiges*, was published in late 2022 by Kelsay Books. Her new collection, *Small Measures*, is available from ELJ Editions. She's been a Jack Straw Writer and held a residency at Hedgebrook. She's also published short fiction in numerous magazines.

James Von Hendy writes poetry to explore, reveal, and understand the complexities of our fragile world(s) with compassion and curiosity. His poems have appeared in many small journals over several decades.

a stone

by Jordan Alejandro Rivera

each of you pick up a stone, the streets are filled with children
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"Higgs's Bird" by Tom Rose

Iron Thread

by R.S. Saha

Engorged eagles in the sky discard their meals.
Bodies spread limbs in freefall terror;
flailing hands find purchase in flailing hands;
discarded, undone, asunder.
Those still on the ground
stumble over limbs and heads
to piece them all together again
in groves that once grew olives.
They knit with needles made from their own bones;
threading tendons and hair to recreate
the whole from memory as memory
is all that is left for those still on the ground.
Backs tingling in anticipation of talons raking overhead,
those still on the ground refuse to play dead.
These children between river and sea -
moving with their missing pieces,
with fingerless hands, with broken teeth -
work the needles.

white shrouds. We don't think about why Palestinian
children would be so familiar with the sound of bombs.

This isn't what's being taught.

In the classroom, they decide on a two-state solution. In the
hallway, we laugh as we scream in dissent.

An American Portrayal

by Faith Palermo

In seventh grade, we model the UN for history class. It was decided, amongst our teachers, that 100 students in Massachusetts could resolve the Israel-Palestine conflict. We're appointed to different delegations based on who we played in our English class's rendition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I played Peter Quince, was deemed the most likely to be "the leader of idiots;" all the absent-minded Mechanicals were assigned to represent Hamas.

We're told that last year's Hamas took things seriously, that this blind diligence made everything more entertaining. We want to make things fun too.

We're told that Hamas is an organized terrorist group, so we tear arm and head holes in trash bags, encasing ourselves in uniform white plastic.

We're told that Hamas speaks through bloodshed, so whenever Israel talks, we make explosion noises with our mouths, our fingers detonating invisible missiles.

We're told that Hamas is selfish, only dedicated to their own goals, so we ignore the warnings from the UN mediator and cheer when we're exiled to the hall by the bathrooms.

Sweating under our trash bags, we rip them off, tossing them in the rubbish. We don't think about the Palestinian children the same age as us who are unable to tear off

Balance of Power

by Mercedes Lawry

I won't allow it
to be taken
without permission. The little ones
gather in a circle
for protection. Illusory. Wolves
are in the forest.
The length of time
to forgive, also
questionable. Who is serving who?
The length of a sentence
truncated for the unreasonable.
Leftovers carried off
in a mild wind. I don't promote
echoes of pain
but power is a fat fist that will not unroll
without unbridled effort.

So Many Pieces

by James Von Hendy

Starting a jigsaw puzzle, I think of Gaza
in a satellite image,
the brown rubble of destruction
almost abstract at that orbital remove;

so many pieces spread across
the dining room table; chaos
amid the deafening roar
of ordinance; we look up and listen

when an owl calls in the darkness
outside; refugees surge
into a wall of bullets,
desperate for aid; we search

for edges, for borders between grief
and rage, the wings of a hummingbird
below a birdless sky, the colors
of tracers and smoke no place to start.

Famine

by Tom Barlow

Who gave the baby a megaphone?
Hand her that one-eyed sock puppet,
I mean, her mother's flaccid breast.
How strange every moment baby

lives through now is written in milk;
I mean, how comforting that she
makes no memories with it yet. I mean,
what could she take from war at

her age anyway, the pounding of perdition
so familiar? I mean, she tries
to shout out the blackout every night,
she in her Moses basket with

a small bag of rice from the sky concealed
beneath her, that no one may be allowed
to see, lest they wrest it away,
lest they wrest her away.

I mean, she sleeps like an AK47 sleeps—
hungry.