

The war will end!

The war will end and people will return to what remains of their homes and families. The children will go to their schools, after cleaning the blood and remains of body parts from the schoolyards.

Our good neighbor will go to open his shop as usual in the morning, but without the most important thing in his shop, the refrigerator. Due to the bulldozing of electricity poles and infrastructure in general, including roads, sidewalks, and sewers. I don't know how people will wash after that and how much we will need to restore the water and sewage networks to their previous miserable state.

The war will end and the farmers will return to their fields after removing traces of tanks, fertilizing the land and cleaning it of traces of explosives. Drivers will return to their vehicles, searching for new roads to take among the rubble.

The war will end, and after years we may restore all the destroyed buildings, roads, schools, universities, and towers, better than before.

But people will not return to what they were, as this war has taken our children, our neighbors, and our friends. It took our souls and left us waiting for only one thing; for this war to stop, for our daily death to stop, and for us to return to die slowly, carrying for the rest of our lives memories that will be impossible to forget.

The language of our dialogue and memories will remain war, displacement, the dream of return, and the Nakba. We will get lost in the conversation whether we are talking about the first or the second Nakba, returning to our villages before 1948, or returning to Gaza?! But we will not be unable to find vocabulary in which to explain to our children years later, when we tell them the story, whether we meant the first Nakba, the second, or, God forbid, the third.

Thousands of mothers will return, waiting for their children who will not return. Our neighbor will grow old early after losing his only son, who was supposed to help him in his old age. The children's screaming will continue at night for an unknown period of time. Thousands of young men, girls and children who lost their limbs will return, suffering the pain of disability for the rest of their lives.

The war will end and we will continue to resist epidemics and diseases created as a result of it.

The war will end on the ground, but it will never end in our memories, hearts, and souls. Certainly nothing will return to what it was before.

The war revealed everything. It did not only reveal the infrastructures, but it revealed the nature of the people, their loyalty, belonging, and sincerity.

The war will end and people will not return to what they were before at all levels.

The war will end on the ground, but it will never end within us.

The war is not over yet, but we say Happy New Year.

We repeat it every year, but unfortunately every year we are not well.

Season's greetings.

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