

From Gaza to Shakespeare,

Help me, my friend, how can you be present after more than 500 years? You jump before my eyes with every image and every cry. I hear you screaming with the children and sharing their crying with the mothers. Dressed in black like Hamlet's father, emerging from under the rubble carrying a child's toy. You appear from above the church bells ringing them, warning of their destruction. Standing above a minaret, when nothing remains of the mosque except it. Trying to help those who fell in a hospital courtyard. You are present everywhere as if a group of ghosts has split up to force the world to stop the massacres and ethnic cleansing that are happening in Gaza.

This is not a war, but something else. When the witches predicted that Birnam Woods would move to King Macbeth's palace. It is as if you are predicting that Gaza City will move to the sea after all this destruction and death. There is not a house or building left that is not destroyed along with its residents. It is as if you predicted that Gaza would move to the sea. But when the forest moved, the soldiers won. Will it be the destroyed buildings laden with cement and iron and the thousands of bodies still under the rubble of children, women, the elderly, and the fathers, all those pure souls that will inevitably be swept into the sea after the end of the war, as is the custom of all buildings after every war?

But the difference this time is that the buildings are mixed with flesh and blood, and will be baptized by the sea. As if the price of our freedom, which we struggled for, more than seventy years, was this baptism towards freedom.

I do not know why the saying of the occupation Prime Minister Rabin comes back to mind. How I wish I would wake up to find Gaza swallowed by the sea. Was everything that happened planned? Did you, Shakespeare, know that the price of freedom is the movement of cities and forests? And that still water is stagnant water? Yes, if this is the price of our freedom and dignity, we will pay it with appreciation, respect, and a desire to go towards the sun.

Was aviation included in the movement as well? The body of my friend Majed flew 100 meters into the air, and his body ended up on the balcony of an apartment, torn apart by a missile that killed him together with 120 members of his family. The war was not a Mid-Summer Night's Dream, but rather a terrifying, weeping nightmare. The main players of the show were some clowns, including airplanes, tanks, and battleships, throwing lava at children. How could you, William Shakespeare, write us in Romeo and Juliet and warn us of the ugliness of conflict and war between cousins and that everyone will pay the price? The vision has changed, my friend. It has become much more difficult. The sound of rockets makes the heart jump in fear. The smell of gunpowder and carcinogenic smoke forcibly penetrates your lungs. Phosphorus bombs, which are banned internationally, burn the green and dry land. Seeing your loved ones in pieces. Your heart that is torn a thousand times every day as if it were a piece of rubber. Get up, Shakespeare. Help me, my friend. I'm really tired. Resist with your wise pen, full of love, joy, revolution, humanity, hope, and freedom openly, maybe we will all become brothers under that blue sky.

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