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Refuged to Rafah from Gaza City

Where shall we go? We are tired. Our lives have turned upside down. Running, running, from the minute we woke up, we start to run. When the night befalls it turns to fear and terror. We run during the day for a loaf of bread, a liter of water, and a bite to eat. We run from place to place, perhaps we would be safe, but unfortunately there is no safe place in Gaza. Wherever we run, we are in danger and bombarded. In every place and at every minute in time.

When the night comes and we are all sitting next to each other, we hug each other and lie to one another to forget the fear in our hearts. We keep moving from room to room on the basis that this room is safer than the other one, until we end up hiding under the staircase thinking it is the safest place! Do you see how our days are? Running, running, fear and terror.

Every day the same.. and anyone who can escape, believes he is a survivor.

Sadly, no one is a survivor. Every home has grief. Every memory once existed has been erased.

I don't know what this is for, and where is the world from us?! Are our lives that cheap, SIR? Consider us, as you said, ANIMALS! where are the animals' rights from what is happening, to us?

I don't know what tomorrow is hiding, but what I'm sure of, is that we are dying, but each one is waiting for their turn. Until our turn comes, we must suffer and die a million times. If this is the end of the story, then kill us all, we are basically dead.

We have neither lived the past nor the present or the future. We have not tasted anything in life. It was all black amidst darkness, no taste or color.

We always pay the bill, we know why; because we are fragile. I will not forgive. God is mighty..

Now the winter season started.. Do you know what does this mean?

We are living 30 people inside one tent. Unfortunately every two people are on one mattress, stuck next to each other, head to toe. When the falls, the tent turns into a pool inside - may God not let it happen to any of you - we find ourselves in the middle of water, speechless. People start to cry, some people start to pray, and others try to fix the tent. What a miserable and sad situation!

Do you know? we wake up from our sleep and walk in the streets like ghosts? Like a face that saw a snake. All people in Gaza are in state of shock. We don't know what is really going on. WHAT IS GOING ON???

Are we having a dream or is this a Candid Camera? I hope it is a dream or even a nightmare, as long as we wake up and nothing has happened for real.

If I were martyred... then I would not have been martyred in sacrifice for anything or for the sake of anyone..

I died oppressed, with many unachieved dreams.. I died while I was still longing for life...