



# Homeland & Homemaking

poetry by our youth

Edited by *Bara'ah Oriqat*

*October 2024*

“أسميتك من جهلي وطناً ، ونسيتُ أن الأوطان تُسلب”

*“Out of my ignorance, I called you a homeland and I forgot that homelands are taken away.”*

Mahmoud Darwish, Palestinian Poet



## editor's note

**Presenting *Homeland & Homemaking: poetry by our youth* - a collection of cento style poems by ten youth and one written as a collective.**

**Cento, derived from the Latin word “patchwork”, is a collage style poem written using lines from poems by other poets. The pieces included in this anthology use lines derived from poems by: Mahmoud Darwish, Refaat Alareer, Mosab Abu Toha, Jabra Ibrahim Jabra, and Nazik al-Mala'ikah.**

**This beautiful collection of poems is a reminder of our history and richness of our culture. Let's take a moment to honor the poets that came before us and our youth who found their voices through these stories.**

## *Bara'ah Oriqat*



## featured youth poets:

**Kheloud Ali  
Kenouz Ali  
Yasmin Alkhateeb  
Ali Muhammad  
Aya Barbakh**

**Husam Alkhateeb  
Abdul Alshareef  
Mohammad Al Refai  
Hazem Hosamaldin  
Hisham Alkhateeb**

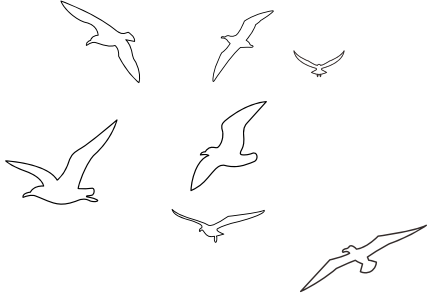
I speak in my own voice.  
The homeland asks who I am:  
I am unworthy of your lofty wing.  
O, homeland! I was born and raised  
in your wound.  
I was born as everyone is born.

The homeland asks who I am:  
I am unworthy of your lofty wing.  
I was born to tell my story.  
I was born as everyone is born.  
So if the homeland asks, then the  
answer is

I was born to tell my story  
If I must die, let it bring hope  
So if the homeland asks  
I will say it's my duty  
And the oak tree is my witness

If I must die, let it bring hope.  
O, homeland! I was born and raised  
in your wound.  
And the oak tree testifies  
I spoke in my own voice.





اتكلم بصوتي  
ارض الوطن تسأل من أنا ؟  
انا الغير جديرا بجناحيك  
وطني انا ولدت وكبرت بجراحك  
انا ولدت كما تولد الناس

ارض الوطن تسأل من أنا ؟  
انا الغير جديرا بجناحيك  
ولدت لأروي حكايتي  
انا ولدت كما تولد الناس  
فإذا أرض الوطن سألت, فالجواب هو

ولدت لأروي حكايتي  
فليأت موتي بالأمل  
فإذا أرض الوطن سألت  
فسأقول هو واجبي  
وشجر البلوط يشهد

فليأت موتي بالأمل  
وطني انا ولدت وكبرت بجراحك  
و يشهد شجر البلوط  
سردت كله بصوتي



## Home

Home is a place where smiles are real

Home is a place where you love and feel

Home is where all my friends and family meet

Home is where my grandma cooks delicious meals

Home is where dreams come true.

Rhelond, Ali

## Home

Home is a place where smiles are real  
Home is a place where you love and feel  
Home is where all my friends and family meet  
Home is where grandma cooks delicious meals  
Home is where dreams come true

Kheloud Ali



I belong

I belong there

I have many memories

I have a mother

A house with many windows

brothers, friends

An oven that my mother used to bake bread

And Roast chicken

A cafe where I watched football matches and played

A white kite with a long tail

Made with a piece of cloth and some strings

I learned all the words needed while

looking heaven in the eye

Bringing back love

By letting it be a story.

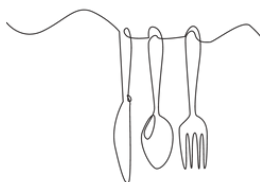
Kheloud, Ali



## I Belong

I belong there  
I have many memories  
I have a mother  
A house with many windows  
brothers, friends  
An oven that my mother used to bake bread  
And roast chicken  
A café where I watched football matches and  
played  
A white kite with a long tail  
Made with a piece of cloth and some strings  
I learned all the words needed while  
looking heaven in the eye  
Bringing back love  
By letting it be a story.

Kheloud Ali



## I must live

I must live

To tell my story

To travel without end

To pass without pause

To tell my story

To create the distant past

To pass without pause

From the charm of pleasant hope

To create the distant past

To fashion for myself a new yesterday

From the charm of pleasant hope

To go on a ship in which a thousand adventures my sail

To fashion for myself a new yesterday

To travel without end

To go on a ship in which a thousand adventures my sail

I must live.

Kheloud, Ali

## I Must Live

I must live  
To tell my story  
To travel without end  
To pass without pause  
To tell my story  
To create the distant past  
To pass without pause  
From the charm of pleasant hope  
To create the distant past  
To fashion for myself a new yesterday  
From the charm of pleasant hope  
To go on a ship in which a thousand  
adventures may sail  
To fashion for myself a new yesterday  
To travel without end  
To go on a ship in which a thousand  
adventures may sail  
I must live

Kheloud Ali



- 1) home, where every one is loved
- 2) home, where we feel included
- 3) home, where memories are made
- 4) home is my grand parents black and white wedding photo
- 5) home is a house with many windows
- 6) home is place where all my brothers and friends meet
- 7) home is my uncles prayer rug
- 8) home is a four letter word that holds all of this.

Kenouz Ali

## Home

Home, where everyone is loved  
Home, where we feel included  
Home, where memories are made  
Home is my grandparents black and white  
wedding photo  
Home is a house with many windows  
Home is a place where all my brothers and  
friends meet  
Home is my uncle's prayer rug  
Home is a four-letter word that holds all of this

Kenouz Ali



My Home!  
where is it?  
where olive trees laggy  
and blood runs a river

where is it?  
where mountains stand tall  
and blood runs a river  
through a dry desert

where mountains stand tall  
where birds fly  
through a dry desert  
can a word hold all of these?

where birds fly  
where olive trees laggy  
can a word hold all of these?  
My home!

Yasmin

My Home!

My Home!

Where is it?

Where olive trees lay,

And blood runs a river

Where is it?

Where mountains stand tall

And blood runs a river

Through a dry desert

Where mountains stand tall

Where birds fly

Through a dry desert

Can a word hold all of these?

Where birds fly

Where olive trees lay,

Can a word hold all of these?

My home!

Yasmin Alkhateeb



وَأَنْ هَدَرْتَ مَا لَيْسَ بِكَانَ رَافِعِي

تَصْنَعُ كُنْهِي بِالسُّكُونِ

وَلَفَقَتِ قَلْبِي بِالظُّنُونِ

لَا شَيْءَ يَمْنَعُنِي السَّلَامُ

تَصْنَعُ كُنْهِي بِالسُّكُونِ

سَيُظِلُّ هَيْبَةَ سَرَابٍ

لَا شَيْءَ يَمْنَعُنِي السَّلَامُ

إِنَّا اخْلَقَ الْعَاضِي الْبَعِيدَ

سَيُظِلُّ هَيْبَةَ سَرَابٍ

دُونَ أَنْ يُوَدِّعَ أَجْدَا

مَنْ مُتَلِّئَ الْأَمَلِ الرَّغِيدَ

وَأَبْكَرَ لَتَعْرُضَنِي خَيْفَةً عَائِدَةً

دُونَ أَنْ يُوَدِّعَ أَجْدَا

وَلَفَقَتِ قَلْبِي بِالظُّنُونِ

وَأَبْكَرَ لَتَعْرُضَنِي خَيْفَةً عَائِدَةً

وَإِنْ هَدَرْتَ مَا لَيْسَ بِكَانَ رَافِعِي

Alī



وأن هدرت فالبحر كان رفيقي  
قنعت كنهيا السكون  
ولففت قلبي بالظنون  
لا شيء يمنحني السلام

قنعت كنهيا السكون  
سيظل يحجبه سراب  
لا شيء يمنحني السلام  
أنا أخلق الماضي البعيد

سيظل يحجبه سراب  
دون أن يودع أحداً  
من فتنة الأمل الرغيد  
وأبكي لتعرفني غيمة عائدة

دون أن يودع أحداً  
ولففت قلبي بالظنون  
وأبكي لتعرفني غيمة عائدة  
وأن هدرت فالبحر كان رفيقي



I was born as everyone is born.

I have many memories  
and an immortal olive tree.

From the charm of Pleasant hope

Let it be a story,

a story history will never tell,

and if I must die, you must live

to tell my story

so that a child

somewhere in Gaza

while ~~tooke~~ looking heaven

in the eye

brings back hope

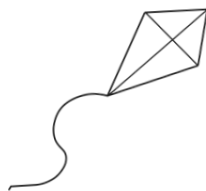
I belong there


Aya

## I Belong There

I was born as everyone is born.  
I have many memories  
And an immortal olive tree.  
From the charm of pleasant hope  
Let it be a story,  
A story history will never tell,  
And if I must die, you must live  
to tell my story  
so that a child  
somewhere in Gaza  
while looking heaven  
in the eye  
brings back hope  
I belong there

Aya Barbakh



If my body shall taste' the bitterness of death'   
 let my soul peacefully rest  
 under the shadow' of the immortal olive tree'      to bring hope'  
 or tell my story' All I possessed' in the presence of death'  
 were my memories.' a life  
 let no memory of mine be looted'      in a museum/  
 but' spread like flames'      I have learned all'  
 the words needed' yet none'      could be enough  
 to fit all

Humm

## Tell My Story

If my body shall taste  
the bitterness of death  
let my soul peacefully rest  
under the shadow  
of the immortal olive tree  
to bring hope  
or tell my story  
All I possessed  
in the presence of death  
were my memories  
of life  
Let no memory of mine be looted  
in a museum  
but spread like flames  
I have learned all  
the words needed  
yet none could be enough  
to fit all

Husam Alkhateeb



Palestine is a beautiful place

but the war ~~destr~~ destroyed it

like a sword of flame that struck it

I had a house with many windows

but the war destroyed it

but the war turned my house into ashes

I had a house with many windows

but my whole land turned into blood because of  
the people that died

but the war turned my house into ashes

but it was my grandparent's wedding <sup>before</sup> the

but my whole land turned into blood because of the people <sup>died</sup>

but my memories the past that I looted somewhere

in a museum

but it was my grandparent's wedding before the walls crumbled

like a sword of flame that struck it

but my memories are in the past that I looted somewhere

Palestine is a beautiful place,

Abdul Alhaseef

## The World Destroyed It

Palestine is a beautiful place  
But the world destroyed it  
Like a sword of flame that striked it  
I had a house with many windows  
But the war destroyed it  
But the war turned my house into ashes  
I had a house with many windows  
But my whole land turned into blood because  
of the people that died  
But the war turned my house into ashes  
But it was my grandparents wedding before the  
wall crumbled  
But my whole land turned into blood because  
of the people that died  
But my memories [are in] the past then looted  
somewhere in a museum  
But it was my grandparents wedding before the  
wall crumbled  
Like a sword of flame that striked it  
But my memories are in the past then looted  
somewhere  
Palestine is a beautiful place

Abdul Alshareef



## Where is Home?

my home is where I don't appear to different  
my home is where I climbing the Olive tree behind  
my Parents house. Home, Home is where I pick grapes in  
front of my house. my home is where I hear the Call  
Pray in the mosque calling me to Pray. my home is where  
I hear the echo of my friends voices calling me to Pray.  
my home understands me. my home speaks my  
language. my body is here and my soul is there.  
I am from there. not from here. I am from there.  
not from here. If I must leave I will leave the  
Olive tree behind me. to tell my story.

Where is Home? Written by mohammad  
AL Refai





Where is home?

My home is where I don't appear too different  
My home is where I [climb] the olive tree behind my  
parents' house  
Home? Home is where I pick grapes in front of my  
house  
My home is where I hear the call [to] pray  
in the mosque calling me to pray  
My home is where I hear the echo of my friend's  
voices calling me to play  
My home understands me  
My home speaks my language  
My body is here and my soul is there  
I am from there  
Not from here  
I am from there  
Not from here  
If I must leave I will leave the olive tree behind me  
To tell my story

Mohammad Al Refai



3.) I was born like everyone else } 2.) I have memories  
 4.) I have a mother } 1.) I belong there,  
 5.) if I must die } ~~let it be a story~~  
 6.) let it be a story }  
 7.) to buy a ~~piece~~ piece of cloth }  
 and some strings }

Hazem Hosamaldin

## I Belong There

I belong there

I have memories

I was born like everyone else

I have a mother

If I must die

Let it be a story

To buy a piece of cloth

And some string

Hazem Hosamaldin



The self ask who am I?  
I will keep thinking it has come close  
What is home?  
I belong there  
I have memories  
you must die  
and bid no one farewell

Hisham

Who Am I?

The self-ask who am I?  
I will keep thinking it has come close  
What is home?  
I belong there  
I have memories  
You must die  
And bid no one farewell

Hisham Alkhateeb





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