

when they say palestinians don't exist

Mandy Shunnarah

They'll say it to my face but
we both know you can't spell
corporeal without *real*.

They say it like they wish
I was already a ghost. But
they don't imagine what
my haunting can do.

Watch my phantasmagoric
form slither over separation
barriers, their false borders.

Watch me slide past
checkpoints, jamming
rifles. I'll rattle the locks
on the doors they stole
with my sedo's house key
from before The Nakba.

They think my voice
is too loud now, just wait
until my jaw unhinges and
hangs down to my chest
in a scream that'll shake
them from their sleep.

If they think their "state"
is old, wait until they find out
apparitions can linger longer
than a measly 75 years.

Imagine: if the mere existence
of my body that can throw stones
enrages them enough to
dedicate their entire earthly lives to
exterminating us,
just wait
'til I can walk through walls.