

THE PALESTINIAN, A SLICE OF MOON,
AND OLIVE OIL

He cut a slice of the moon
And wished to control the seas
Of his life

He cut a slice of the moon
And beamed stillness on
His blood

He cut a slice of moon
And hoped to draw
The tides of history

He took a slice of the moon
And buried it in a pool
Of gold

Where he dipped his soul
In order to remain
A man