

كتابةٌ عبرَ الإبادةِ

Passages Through Genocide

We collect, translate and publish texts from Palestinian writers confronting the genocide in Gaza, to lift up their words.

We urge you to share, print, publish and distribute these texts by all possible means, in support of Palestinian liberation.

Ahmed Mortaja

A writer born in 1996 in Gaza city. Studied psychology and was active in many cultural organizations in the city. He survived a bombardment that destroyed his home on 28 October. He came out from under the rubble and continued writing.

29 October, 6:08 pm

Ahmed, coming out from under the rubble speaking to you..

The one who inhaled thousands of tons of dust... My color is gray (in case you needed to know)...The one who was unable to count his family members, split between the colors (of red and grey)- if you were able to see the colors anyway.

Colors here do not have the luxury of being chosen. Red: You are full of blood. Grey: You have just embraced your and your neighbors' houses and stones, and came out breathing.

Ahmed, who witnessed death a bit ago, and his experience in psychological support failed to help him overcome the screaming of children and mothers.

My words could not assist me to formulate anything to say and put on children's chests. In fact, I did not see anyone. I only knew they were alive, from their screams (a tip for you: always know your beloved ones' screams, it is the only way you could recognize them, and know if they were alive or not).

I, Ahmed, hate all the dreams that I have. I no longer have beautiful familiar memories, no friends left to recognize, or a safe home to be in.

Ahmed, and I hate the world that cannot stop a war bigger than my heart and the hearts of children.

I am Ahmed, and I do not want to arrange this text, as I am in a hurry. I may not be able to publish it before another shell misses me, and both of us, the text and I, see the light.

