

To Jerusalem

Dear Jerusalem:

You are the sun of my rainy days... You are the reason of my existence... Living in your neighborhoods gives me a special feeling of tranquility...hearing the echoes of your mosques and churches' sound blesses my days... I decided to write to you my mother to express my love and to tell you about my daily life... when people ask me what does it mean to be a Jerusalemite? I stay silent for a moment then I begin telling my long chain of stories of endless suffering...

Being a Jerusalemite means to pass through the check points everyday... Being a Jerusalemite means to endure all the kinds of humiliation that Israeli soldiers cause just because of loving YOU... Being a Jerusalemite means trying hard to endure the pain when you watch the scene of your ancestors' house tarnished by a Zionist family... Being a Jerusalemite means to love Jerusalem more than anything in your life... Being a Jerusalemite means to have the stamina to steadfast in your land and to water it from your own blood... Its soil will be part of your flesh ...Its trees will be your children... Being a Jerusalemite means to carry the image of the golden dome in your mind to light it with its vital shines ...

Beloved Jerusalem I promise to love you and to keep you in my heart and mind... you are a bit of heaven... long live Jerusalem...

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