**Introduction**

*Against barbarity, poetry must stand with human frailty, like a blade of grass in a wall as armies march by. – Mahmoud Darwish (1941-2008)*

*A Blade of Grass* is only the second compilation of Palestinian poetry to be published in the UK. Like its sister volume, the landmark multilingual Scottish-Palestinian anthology *A Bird is Not a Stone*, it represents a small step on the road to the long-overdue recognition Palestinian poetry deserves in the Anglophone world. Aiming to reflect the Palestinian experience in all its contemporary dimensions, it showcases new work from a wide variety of poets: new and established voices from the Palestinian territories, the diaspora, and within the disputed borders of Israel; women and men writing in a diverse set of forms and on a broad range of themes – expected and necessary, surprising and challenging. It includes bilingual poets who translate their own work and Palestinian poets writing in English. The result of a dialogue with poets and translators across languages and culture, in falafel shops, emails, smartphones and Skype calls, this book is a kind of a microcosm of global Palestinian poetic activity in Arabic and English, reflecting the dynamic pluralism of that endeavour, and yet also just scratching its surface.

In their steadfast witnessing of the Palestinian catastrophe over the decades, Palestinian poets have created a body of work that addresses with relentless creativity the most searching question art asks of us all: how to transform human suffering into personal and collective growth. But beyond that, as human ecologist Andreas Malm trenchantly argues, in asserting the survival of the Palestinian people and honouring their yearning to return to their land, Palestinian writers have anticipated and plumbed the great themes of the twenty-first century. For everywhere the line between refugee and resident is muddying: the increasing threats of severe weather events, environmental degradation and nuclear war are creating a volatile and insecure world for even the wealthy. Malm cites Naomi Klein, from her 2016 Edward Said lecture:

The state of longing for a radically altered homeland – a home that may not even exist any longer – is something that is being rapidly, and tragically, globalised. … If we don’t demand radical change we are headed for a whole world of people searching for a home that no longer exists.

Palestinian poets, then, are the voices of our mutual future. But though climate change may yet unite humanity in a call to transform our bankrupt global economic order, given the distinct, severe and complex pressures under which Palestinian poets live and write, their work does not permit easy identifications.

To complicate matters further, translation is a double-edged blade, one that can cut against its own best intentions. In his introduction to his translation of *The Silence That Remains* by Ghassan Zaqtan, Fady Joudah quotes Jean Genet’s claim that translation answers a human need to experience ‘the ecstasy of betrayal’. In a colonial context, where Palestinian poets are celebrated even as their cultural and political annihilation accelerates, this remains a disturbing insight. But painful as the contradictions are, translation is also a crucial, loving attempt at communication. The book’s title is a small example of the creative conversation that translation, at its best, can enact.1 The image of a blade of grass carries paradoxical connotations: a tender green knife, incapable of drawing blood, yet which expresses a power greater than that of any army’s. Like ‘sheep’, however, the Arabic term for grass takes identical singular and plural forms. The Arabic title of this book, *Shafra min al-‘ushb* [‘blade/knife of grass’], is therefore, according to my Palestinian friend Rewa’ Attieh: ‘really strange – but not violent at all . . . something like poetry’. Yet that small jolt tells a larger truth. Against the attempted erasure of Palestine from the world map, translation is also a weapon in the long, slow Palestinian revolution.

The word is not lightly used. To achieve a just peace in Israel/Palestine will take nothing short of a revolution: for all the current and rightful inhabitants of the region, Jews and Arabs, to equitably share the land, the political status quo will have to change dramatically, with Israel not only acknowledging the UN mandated Right of Return for all Palestinian refugees, but addressing the core contradiction between being a Jewish and a democratic state. Although such a radical transformation may seem impossible, the Palestinian experience has taught us that revolution is not an event, or even a process, but a state of mind: an electric commitment to human dignity, justice, and solidarity, charged by an uncompromising vision of freedom. And like their brothers and sisters in South Africa, another place where the impossible needed to happen, and did, Palestinians have had an excruciatingly long time to develop and hone this elevated consciousness.

This book is published one hundred years less a day after the Balfour Declaration, that wrongful promise of the British government, made on November 2nd 1917, to support the establishment of a national Jewish homeland in land already occupied by other peoples. This insurmountable difficulty was clear to the early Zionists: as Palestinian historian and memoirist Ghada Karmi reports in a book that takes its title from the encounter, two Viennese Rabbis on a fact-finding mission in 1897 warned their circle back home that “the bride is beautiful, but she is married to another man”. The obstacle, however, was deemed a mere inconvenience. In 1948 the state of Israel was created, in a war that destroyed over five hundred Palestinian villages, dislocated over 750,000 people, and claimed far more land than the UN had granted the new country. This expansionist settler-colonial project has continued unabated until, today, the descendants of those evicted Palestinians number approximately six and half million refugees, nearly four million of them living in UN camps as the world’s forgotten people, while Gaza has been under siege for ten years, its economy stifled and its hospitals, schools, farms, electricity plants and people, down to its many children, periodically subject to ruthless bombardment. In the West Bank and Jerusalem, decades of land grabs have corroded any hope of a viable Palestinian state, while travel restrictions, checkpoints and erratic access to basic services make daily life a constant battle against humiliation, frustration, fear, anger and despair.

Inevitably, the conflict has generated cycles of violence, but the mainstream media fixation on rockets and knife attacks obscures the fact that, as eco-scientist and human rights activist Mazin Qumsiyeh has extensively documented, since the times of Ottoman Rule, Palestinian civil society has overwhelmingly responded to occupation, ethnic cleansing and injustice with *muqawama sha’biyya*, or popular resistance, large swathes of people engaging in forms of mass peaceful protest. This year alone, a prisoners’ hunger strike won the right of family visits and the al-Aqsa mosque protests, in which thousands of people prayed and demonstrated on the streets of Jerusalem, forced the Israeli government to remove the metal detectors it had installed at one of Islam’s holiest sites. These victories come after a decade of flourishing popular resistance, including the Open Bethlehem campaign, Qumsiyeh’s Palestine Museum of Biodiversity, and, most visibly of all, the international Boycott Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement, which for ten years now has been steadily building support for its inclusive demand for a human rights-based future for Israel/Palestine. As Israeli historian Ilan Pappé observed in 2015, Palestinian activists are writing a ‘new dictionary’ of resistance, in which the terms ‘ethnic cleansing’, ‘apartheid’, ‘decolonisation’ and ‘one state solution’ replace the moribund shibboleths of the ‘two state solution’ and ‘peace process’, with their false assumption of parity between the two parties.For although there is violence on both sides of the conflict, only one side has tanks, fighter jets and nuclear weapons, only one has a financial umbilical cord to the United States treasury, and only one is an occupying force, violating international law on an industrial scale.

Inseparable from all this activity, is the sense of a burgeoning, internationally recognised Palestinian cultural resistance. With its call for cultural and academic boycott the BDS movement has made culture itself a double-edged grass blade, focusing the world’s attention not only on Israel’s restrictions on freedom of speech, but also on Palestinian creative expression. Cultural resistance in this latter sense has three main dimensions. Through their art, literature, music, dance, cuisine and national dress, Palestinians affirm their identity and survival; creatively develop their revolutionary consciousness; and, in their claim on a world audience, significantly address the huge narratological disparity in the conflict. The Zionist narrative, forged as it is from a long traumatic history of persecution culminating in the crime against humanity that was the Holocaust, is embedded like shrapnel in the post-war Euro-American psyche, but the Palestinian story is barely known in the West: their catastrophe, the Nakba of 1948, reduced to the odd sepia photo of refugee columns, the anniversary eclipsed by Israeli Independence Day, while in Israel itself, Nakba commemoration is a criminal offense. This distorted view of the conflict, in which Israel is always portrayed as the victim, justifies and perpetuates Zionist state atrocities, and redressing the imbalance is a crucial prerequisite to establishing a just peace in the region.

Palestinian cultural resistance is doing that work, and in its multiplicity, vitality and determination is building an unstoppable momentum. Like BDS, roaming literary festival Palfest celebrated its tenth anniversary in 2017, while The Freedom Theatre in Jenin refugee camp having survived the 2011 assassination of its charismatic co-founder, Juliano Mer Khamis, marked its eleventh year with tours of America, India and the UK. Also over this period, visual artists including Samia Halaby, Leila Shawa, Larissa Sansour and this book’s cover artist, Belal Khaled, have achieved or consolidated international renown, Palestinian prose writers including Raja Shehadeh, Selma Dabbagh, Susan Abulhawa and Mischa Hiller have emerged to acclaim, and Bashir Abu-Manneh has published the first English-language study of the Palestinian novel.Pop culture has not gone untouched either: thrillingly for young people in the region, two Palestinian singers in the last four years have won Arab Idol.

More than any other art form, however, the Palestinian cultural resistance has been defined by poetry and poets, most famously Darwish, whose inexhaustible body of work honours every fragile stem of the grassroots, and whose readings famously drew audiences of tens of thousands of people from all walks of life.The reasons for this immense popularity, unheard of for a British poet, are complex. Partly it is a function of the intimate relationship between poetry and suffering. Modest and frail as a single poem may be, poetry is also, like grass, a perennial genus, versatile, self-seeding and nourishing. Like grass, poetry grows in the desert cave of a prison cell, in the marshes of despair, and in the wildflower meadows of the heart. And as the place where language renews itself, poetry is the garden in which our broken spirits can find deepest healing. Poetry is thus always most popular in countries whose people suffer the worst forms of oppression.

There are also, however, culturally specific reasons for poetry’s exalted status in Palestine. In the hands of Darwish and his contemporaries, Arabic poetry with its classical and oral tradition of the long poem, the lyric epic – a form both exquisite and capacious, individual and collective –became a medium *par excellence* for the expression of the magnitude of the Palestinian trauma, and the depth of the people’s longing to return to their stolen land. As expressed in ‘Take Care of the Stags, Father’, translated by Fady Joudah in *If I Were Another*, this is a longing not death, distance or occupying army can dismember:

I am from here . . . I saw my guts looking upon me through the corn fuzz

I saw my memory counting the seeds of this field and the martyrs within it

I am from here. I am right here . . . I comb the olives in this autumn.

I am from here. And here I am. That’s what my father shouted: I am from here.

Reading these long, incantatory lines, we feel a powerful tug at our own sense of attachment to place. In epic poem after poem, drawing on the ancient traditions of Arabic love poetry and other global indigenous cultures to honour his people’s uprisings, dreams and defeats, Darwish conveyed the true nature of the crime of the Nakbah: a world event that goes to the heart of our shared humanity, one for which we are all responsible.

But Darwish was also legendary for his ability to reinvent both himself and Palestinian poetry. Fady Joudah notes in the poet’s later period ‘the shift in diction from a gnomic and highly metaphoric drive to a stroll of mixed and conversational speech’, an ambulant migration that also saw Darwish scuffing the formal borders of poetry and prose. Presented here in Josh Calvo’s tensile translations, new versions of late work distinguished by their taut music and startling verbs, the master’s prose-poems merge lyric reflections with meta-reportage and spontaneous diary entry. Similarly, new Palestinian poetry as a whole has come to be characterised by an increasing and engaging use of colloquial speech. In part, as Maya Abu Al-Hayyat contends in her introduction to *A Bird is Not a Stone*, this change reflects a post-Oslo Accord disenchantment with old metaphors and symbols. Yet though the times are drained of beauty and, in Calvo’s arresting phrase, a weary Darwish might write of an autumnal summer’s day as ‘a prosaic poem’, figurative language is inherent in the nature of poetry: any ‘poetic dictionary’ contains, Borges-like, a hundred invisible definitions for every one inked on the page. Though thankfully retiring stale tropes, not least the problematic association of “land” and “woman”, contemporary Palestinian poets are not abandoning their lyric tradition but challenging, augmenting and invigorating it. As Nathalie Handal observes, ‘Palestinian letters today is a composite of vast thematic, stylistic, and linguistic traditions’, and reflecting its vanguard nature as a global enterprise, the poetry collected here performs a dynamic, mixed and mutable aesthetic, a cascade of registers, lexicons, and modes of address.

Nowhere is this hybrid aesthetic more evident than in the work of Ashraf Fayadh. Based in Saudi Arabia, where his parents settled as refugees, Fayadh, a modernising art curator, was famously convicted of apostasy by the Saudi courts in November 2015: partly on the basis of poems in his first collection *Instructions Within*, he was sentenced to be beheaded. After an international outcry, this edict was eventually quashed: Fayadh is currently appealing his new punishment of eight years and eight hundred lashes. Fayadh’s quixotic, anguished, restless poems, lurching as they do between candid confessions and gross bodily functions, bald political truths and an implosive lyric impulse, interrogate poetry as much as power. When Fayadh uses a metaphor – ‘the freedom shoe’ – he labels it, brands it in a mockery of poetic aspiration. But his poems, which Waleed al-Bazoon and I have translated, also achieve a touching intimacy, their raw grief and despair tempered with a Herculean effort at honest emotional communication. Efforts continue toward his release, and a percentage of profits from this anthology will be donated to English PEN on his behalf.

Fayadh’s situation is not unique. Poetry’s power to unite and inspire people makes poets a potent threat to repressive regimes everywhere. Poems can be reproduced easily and cheaply, memorised, chanted in protest: in countries where freedom of expression has been whittled away, poetry can spread like wildfire – and is therefore vigorously stamped out by the state. Given that over forty percent of Palestinian males have spent time in Israeli prison, and any outspoken woman runs the same risk, it is not surprising that another poet in this book, Dareen Tatour, is currently incarcerated. As evident in a poem written for International Women’s Day 2013, translated here by Andrew Leber, Tatour, of Reineh in northern Israel, is a poet of passionate nationalist and feminist concerns. In October 2015, she was charged with incitement to violence for a poem she posted on YouTube. Although Zionist poets have never been prosecuted for incitement, and tens of thousands of recorded instances of Jewish Israeli hate speech go practically unnoticed by the Israeli justice system, Tatour was tried and placed under house arrest pending final sentencing in October 2017, when she faces a possible eight year jail term.

The contentious poem, ‘Resist, My People, Resist Them’, painstakingly translated by Tariq Al Haydar from audio recordings on the internet, calls on Palestinians to ‘follow the caravan of martyrs’, a phrase that may alarm some readers. Blogger and activist Yoav Haifawi, who has worked tirelessly to keep Tatour’s case in the public eye, explains, however, that the line underscores the deceptive nature of translation. The prosecution’s case rests on the highly emotive transliteration of the Arabic word *shahid*, the plural of which was rendered in the Hebrew translation of the poem as *shahidim*, a Hebraicization which most Jewish Israelis automatically and erroneously conflate with ‘terrorists’. But *shahid* in fact has various dictionary definitions, including ‘one who has fallen in battle’, ‘martyr’, and ‘victim’, and should be properly translated in Hebrew as ‘*halal*’.Tatour’s poem, the defence contended, was not a call to terror, but a commemoration of victims. A relevant interpretation of the line can only be arrived at in the context of the poem as whole, and in fact the three individuals alluded to in the poem were all recent innocent victims of Israeli violence: sixteen year old Muhammed Abu Khdeir, kidnapped and burned alive by Israeli settlers, the infant Ali Dawabsheh, killed, as were his parents, in an settler arson attack on his home, and Hadeel Al-Hashlamoun, shot at an army checkpoint, a killing Amnesty International views as extra-judicial.

Plugged into the newsfeed and spitting out sparks, Tatour’s poems make sparse but potent use of poetic imagery, invoking the classical tradition with references to caravans and fragrant agarwood. That tradition, with its roots in pre-Islamic *Jahili* poetry, infuses the work of Marwan Makhoul, translated here by Raphael Cohen. Steeped in manna and cedar, Makhoul’s ‘Nocturne’ is an erotic poem that creates its own candle-light. But the poet, renowned for his expressive readings, exerts virtuosic control over diverse forms and tones. ‘An Arab at Ben-Gurion Airport’, a Kafka-esque lyric mini-epic set in Israel’s notoriously racist airport, erupts in a *tour de force* of humour, sensuality, history, anger and pride no Israeli soldier can prevent from travelling on. Though sometimes disembarking early is the only option, as Makhoul suggests in a notepad vignette of a train journey cut short by a literally rude ending.

Repression can also be felt from within a culture, and metaphor can be a weapon against such social restrictions on self-expression. In ‘The Lost Button’, translated by Anna Murison and Sarah Maguire, the Gazan poet Fatena Al Ghorra uses sartorial imagery to slyly explore the topic of female sexuality – taboo in not just her own society. Al Ghorra is also bold, however, offering Waleed Al-Bazoon and me the riveting experience of translating two dramatic new poems in which blood and fury spill over the boundaries between men and women, love and war, fertility and wound, body and soul. In ‘I am your opponent’ anguished accusations adhere to the reader, who must confront the uncomfortable possibility that the poem expresses the pain and fury of all those who, shut out of power, go unheard and untended in our globalised world. Yet the speaker’s intimate recriminations stick also – and perhaps ultimately – to God

Concerned with poetry’s place in a world of mass media, and driven by the desire to confront reality directly, Maya Abu Al-Hayyat writes poems of lucid detail, grimed with endurance. Her work, sliding on oiled tracks between resignation and refusal, storytelling and aphorism, conveys both the harsh specifics of the Palestinian situation, and the speakers’ responses to our globalised world: an impotent empathy in the face of internet images of suffering, and a feminine courage, rooted in a desire to be true to her protective maternal instincts. But though the poet eschews symbolism, as Abu Al-Hayyat’s co-translator, I confess I find it difficult to let the almond blossoms in her scrupulously frank poem ‘Insight’ remain just petals on the street. In my mind they drift across pages and years, a new phrase in Darwish’s ‘white almond song’.

The allusive poetry of Mustafa Abu Sneineh, translated here by Katharine Halls, also leaves the contestable question of metaphor to the reader’s aesthetic judgement. Abu Sneineh, of Jerusalem and now resident in London, bears oblique witness to Palestinian suffering in poems that mingle family history with folklore and a lightly worn erudition. His ‘Emperor’, a dramatic monologue pinned to the classical past, holds a mirror to Cavafy, whose Roman Senators finally, famously, admit that the ‘barbarian’ is a ‘kind of solution’.The act of barbarism presented here, though, is no rhetorical threat, but comprehensive and final. Unsettling as the term is to encounter, with its archaic dehumanisation of the enemy, in a world in which state violence still goes, not just unchecked but rewarded, the poem subtly raises the spectre of genocide, and questions the limits of survivors’ psychological endurance. Yet despite its sting the poem also remains a fable: a poem that gives voice to a bee.

Palestinian poets’ modes of expression are changing, then. And so is their choice of language. Uprooted as they have been, Palestinians now write in the many languages of the diaspora, the most common undoubtedly being English, the forked tongue of the Mandate coloniser. English, for transplanted Palestinian writers, thus becomes yet another double-edged blade, both a language of exclusion, in which their history is marginalised or erased, and a shining weapon with which to pierce the barricades of Anglo-American literature, history and self-perception: not simply to insert the Palestinian narrative, but to radically change the entire structure of power, opening it up into a new, porous sense of our shared humanity. Ultimately this is a project of decolonisation, redistributing power from the false, stagnant, monocultural centres of power to the active, multifarious and long-exploited periphery.

The diasporic Palestinian poets represented here negotiate a complicated linguistic relationship between mother and other tongue. One, the Palestinian New Yorker Farid Bitar, writes and performs back-and-forth in Arabic and English, translating his own work. Arabic poetry has strong oral roots, and Palestinian rappers, hip hop artists and performance poets are a natural development: just as Palestinian page poets embrace colloquial speech, their brothers and sisters on stage urgently deploy street vernacular in the political imperative to “tell it like is”. It is, of course, largely thanks to African-American urban culture that spoken word has become a global vehicle for indigenous resistance movements; Bitar honours this symbiosis of struggles in his acknowledgement of the wrongfully imprisoned Darby Tillis, while his voice, in his recorded work with musicians, achieves a warm brotherhood of tone with Gil Scott Heron. Bitar’s melancholic musicality draws deeply too draw too on the Arabic lyric tradition and its intrinsic relationship with silence, memory and loneliness. As Fady Joudah notes in relation to the work of Ghassan Zaqtan, for a people at risk of erasure, every act of forgetting can be felt as a betrayal. Yet the past is inevitably rewritten every day. In Bitar’s ‘Nakbah’, decades of determined remembering are distilled into the flickering admission that so many versions of the story exist it is impossible to remember them all, personal and collective memories of catastrophe evaporating like the rain that remains one of the speaker’s only vivid memories of his childhood in Jericho.

Defining herself as an Arab-Australian, Sara Saleh’s part-Egyptian heritage testifies further to the plurality that defines contemporary Palestinian identity, while the delicacy of her poems on the page veils her record as an international spoken word Slammer. A writer who communicates in English, Saleh collaborated with fellow Palestinian poet Wejdan Shamala to provide Arabic versions of impressionistic, itinerant poems that acknowledge many homes and none, speaking to the pain of dislocation and the yearning for connection, but also to youth on a global voyage of self-discovery – a thematic tension that resonates like the plangent overtones of the pear-shaped oud Saleh so poignantly celebrates.

Naomi Shihab Nye, a resident of San Antonio, is the daughter of a Swiss-German American mother and a Palestinian father, a refugee who imbued her with an indelible sense of her own history, and of the importance of kindness. A prominent voice, she is well known in the UK for a nomadic body of work that treasures the texture of everyday life and approaches the world in a profound spirit of friendship. Conversational and compassionate, Shihab Nye’s poems sound the cadences of sincerity and trust, building companionship with the reader through a constant undercurrent of empathy that extends here, in ‘Amir and Anna’, to Israeli Jews. When violence erupts, as inevitably it must in the work of this deeply politically engaged poet, it is all the more shocking for the supple dignity of her voice, rendered here in Arabic by Raphael Cohen and Ahmed Taha.

Also based in Texas, Fady Joudah is another transatlantic literary figure, whose poetry and translations have won many prizes. A doctor and humanitarian medic, Joudah addresses the sprawling realities of global injustice and Palestinian identity with a restive, scintillating precision: his three collections vigilantly circle themes of disappearance, loss and return, and, in poems about the speakers’ children, legacy. Elliptical, compelling and formally innovative, Joudah’s poetry performs unexpected leaps and disarming admissions. Capable of seamlessly grafting scientific terminology into meditative verse, Joudah has also replied to our technological age with the ‘Textu’, a 160 character poem composed on his mobile phone: mindful of phone charges in developing countries, the Textu must fit all the world’s injustices, disappointments and consolations in one old Nokia screen.

Responding to the bombardment of Gaza, Deema K. Shehabi was drawn to the renga, the collaborative precursor of the haiku, co-authoring a book of the linked form, *DiaspoRenga,* with distinguished poet and translator Marilyn Hacker. In ‘Gaza Renga’ a harrowing sequence of memories flashes from an almost metaphysical smoke – a grief so pervasive it can never be fully described. Elsewhere Shehabi creates a subtle tissue of conflicted histories, damaged beauty and family tensions, in which a female speaker responds with a tense blend of sensuality and silence to the harsh decrees of religion and state. In these longer poems of beguiling lyricism Shehabi calls to mind, once more, Darwish, and yet another of his definitions of poetry, rendered by Joudah in a hermeneutic ‘nut shell’:

He said: It is the mysterious incident, poetry,

my friend, is that inexplicable longing

that makes a thing into a spectre, and

makes a spectre into a thing. Yet it might also explain

our need to share public beauty . . . /

Certainly when I read Palestinian poetry I feel an irrepressible urge to share it. This book in your hands is the result of that need. Here in its pages are the poets of *A Blade of Grass*, Palestinians with a collective history of unfathomable loss, facing an uncertain future, speaking from their shared condition, not in one voice but, like a thirteen-stringed oud, in complex harmonics. One is no longer with us, but I hope Mahmoud Darwish would have given this book his blessing. As I was editing the book I had a dream that I was sitting alone at a large round table in a Mediterranean garden. Sensing a presence, I turned to see a man at a gate in a low stone wall: Darwish, smiling. I knew then I was waiting for the poets and translators to join me. A few weeks later, I took a break from the book down by Brighton beach. As I walked alongside the tangle of sea plants that line the old Volks railway, for the first time in my life a butterfly, a monarch, alit on me – twice. Back home, thinking Darwish would have something to say about that, I opened at random his last book of poems, *A River Dies of Thirst*, to find myself one page away from the poem ‘The butterfly effect’ – a mysterious power that conveys ‘the lightness of the eternal in the everyday’. I believe the poems in this book, which have flown in from around the globe, have the butterfly effect. I hope they will alight on your sleeve too, delicate heralds of beauty and endurance, flitting between worlds we all, in the end, share.

*Naomi Foyle, September 2017*

1The Darwish quote from which this book’s title was plucked was cited by Natalie Handal in her May 2002 interview with the poet, published in *The Progressive*.

2 Dareen Tatour’s case is covered in ‘“With Furious Cruelty”: Palestinian Poet Dareen Tatour Still Facing Prosecution in Israel’ by Kim Jensen and Yoav Haifawi, *Mondoweiss*, Apr 13 2017; and “The Theatre of the Absurd: The Jewish State versus Palestinian Poet Dareen Tatour’ by Yehouda Shenhav and Revital Hovel, *Haaretz*, Aug 08, 2017.

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