

Poetry

Small Wishes

by Nawel Abdallah

If only she could love more

as if the war had never broken her heart.

If only she could read May Ziadeh and Ghassan Kanafani

for hours under the sun,

without breaking news disrupting a smile or a tear.

If only she could return to her grandmother's land,

drown a little in the sea,

sleep on dewy grass,

and kiss every poppy flower she meets.

If only she could write down all the words that attack at night,

ruining sleep like the buzzing of savage drones.

If only she could become a name on a bookshelf

before everything ends.

Appeared in Issue Spring '25