



Echoes from the Heart: A Poetic Tribute to

PALESTINE



A Compilation of Poems in Solidarity With Palestine



UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

Echoes from the Heart: A Poetic Tribute to

PALESTINE

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Echoes from the Heart:
A Poetic Tribute to
Palestine

Academy of Language Studies,
Universiti Teknologi MARA Kedah Branch

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PALESTINE





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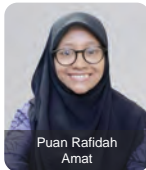
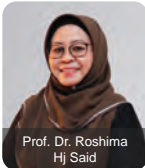
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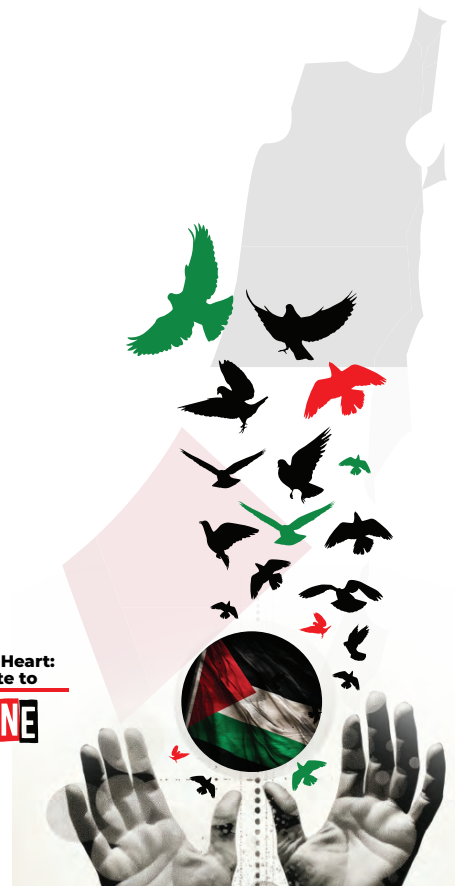



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From the Rector's Desk

Professor Dr Roshima Haji Said

Assalamualaikum warahmatullahi wabaratuh,

As the esteemed Rector of Universiti Teknologi MARA Kedah Branch, it is with great pride and admiration that I extend my heartfelt praises to the Academy of Language Studies for their noble initiative in publishing a poetry anthology in solidarity with Palestine. In times of adversity, academic institutions must stand in solidarity with communities facing hardship and injustice. The efforts of the Academy of Language Studies exemplify the ethos of compassion, empathy, and solidarity that we strive to instil in our students. Poetry, with its power to evoke emotions and inspire change, serves as a poignant medium to express solidarity and raise awareness. Through this anthology, our scholars and poets lend their voices to amplify the plight of the Palestinian people, shedding light on their struggles and advocating for justice and peace.

I commend the dedication and passion of everyone involved in this endeavour. Your unwavering commitment to social justice and human rights is truly commendable, and it serves as a shining example for our university community and beyond.

May this anthology serve as a beacon of hope and solidarity, fostering understanding, empathy, and meaningful change in our world.

With warm regards,

Professor Dr. Roshima Haji Said
Rector
Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch





Foreword

Azlan Bin Abdul Rahman

Assalamualaikum warahmatullahi wabaratuh,

It is with great pleasure and deep pride that I introduce "Echoes from the Heart: A Poetry Tribute to Palestine". This anthology stands as a testament to the power of language and the resilience of the human spirit in the face of adversity.

I extend my sincerest appreciation to the diligent members of the working committee whose tireless efforts and unwavering commitment have made this publication a reality. Their dedication to the project, from its commencement to its accomplishment, has been nothing short of inspiring. "Echoes from the Heart" is not merely a collection of poems; it is a testimony to the collective empathy and solidarity of our community. Through their words, our poets have captured the essence of the Palestinian experience, giving voice to the hopes, dreams, and struggles of a people yearning for justice and freedom.

As Head of the Academy of Language Studies, I am immensely proud of the diverse voices represented within these pages. Each poem reflects the unique perspectives and experiences that enrich our academic community. I am confident that "Echoes from the Heart" will serve as a source of inspiration and reflection for readers around the world. May it ignite compassion, foster understanding, and sow the seeds of change in our collective consciousness. Congratulations to the editorial team and poem contributors from all over the world.

With heartfelt gratitude,

Azlan Bin Abdul Rahman

Head of Academy of Language Studies
Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch



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Preface

Puan Hajjah Sharina Saad

As the Chief Editor of "Echoes from the Heart: A Poetry Tribute to Palestine," I am honoured to share the journey of this remarkable project from its humble early conception to its realization. This anthology is a piece of evidence of the collective effort and unwavering dedication of numerous individuals who have come together to lend their voices in solidarity with the Palestinian people. The rallying cry "From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free" serves as a powerful inspiration to all individuals engaged in this admirable endeavour. Though we possess a strong desire to extend our support with all our might, however, our geographical remoteness from the land considered holy by some prevents us from providing direct support. Nevertheless, this poetry tribute serves as our jihad—a heartfelt effort to express our solidarity and empathy. It signifies our recognition of the Palestinian tears and pain, and our commitment to stand by their side. May our humble actions be regarded favourably by our Creator, serving as a source of strength and encouragement for our brothers and sisters in that region.

From the outset, our vision for this anthology was clear: to create a platform for poets from diverse backgrounds to express their solidarity with Palestine through the universal language of poetry. To achieve this goal, we recognized the importance of reaching out to international institutions of higher learning to encourage contributions from poets beyond our borders. To facilitate this process, liaison officers were appointed to establish connections with universities and academic institutions worldwide. Their efforts not only expanded our outreach but also fostered meaningful collaborations with poets from different cultural and linguistic backgrounds. Through their tireless dedication, we were able to gather a diverse collection of poems that reflect the global solidarity with Palestine. 163 beautifully worded verses were successfully produced in the anthology. Alhamdulillah.

Furthermore, recognizing the importance of linguistic diversity, guest language editors were appointed from institutions outside UiTM and foreign countries such as Indonesia and India. Their expertise and linguistic proficiency ensured the faithful representation of poems written in languages including English, Bahasa Malaysia, and Arabic. Their invaluable contributions enriched the anthology, allowing it to resonate with a wider audience. It's noteworthy to mention that each contributor to this anthology is also a donor to Yayasan Nurjiwa, a foundation committed to funding Palestinians in Gaza and Rafah with food, clothing, medical, and educational aid. This dual contribution underscores our commitment not only to artistic expression but also to tangible support for those in need.

Proudly mentioned, the poems featured in this anthology are a testimony to the depth of feelings, spirits, and the tireless solidarity of the authors with the Palestinian people. Each poem written from the depth and breadth of the soul serves as a powerful reminder of the shared humanity that unites us all. I extend my deepest gratitude to all the contributors, liaison officers, and guest language editors who have made this anthology possible. May "Echoes from the Heart" serve as a beacon of hope and solidarity, amplifying the voices of those who strive for justice and peace in Palestine and beyond.

Puan Hajjah Sharina Saad
Chief Editor



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Acknowledgement

Puan Hajjah Sharina Saad

Bismillahirrohmanirrohim,

"Sometimes a homeland becomes a tale. We love the story because it is about our homeland and we love our homeland even more because of the story."

— Refaat Alareer, Gaza

Just as the quote suggests, the poems within this collection transform Palestine from mere geographical coordinates into a vibrant narrative, infused with the hopes, dreams, and struggles during the Nakba. In "Echoes from the Heart," the poems become a vehicle through which the stories of Palestine are told and cherished. Each verse carries with it the weight of history, the resonances of generations past, and the aspirations for a brighter future. As readers immerse themselves in the pages of this anthology, they not only come to appreciate the beauty and complexity of Palestinian culture but also develop a deeper sympathy and understanding of the Palestinian predicament.

In the endeavour to create "Echoes from the Heart: A Poetry Tribute to Palestine," numerous hands have contributed, and countless hearts have poured their empathy and solidarity into this endeavour. As the Chief Editor, I am profoundly grateful for the unwavering support and dedication of those who have made this anthology a reality. To all the brilliant poets whose words grace the pages of this anthology, I extend my deepest appreciation. Your genuine contributions have adorned this collection with depth, emotion, and resonance, embodying the spirit of solidarity with Palestine. I would also like to express gratitude to the liaison officers who tirelessly connected with international institutions of higher learning, enabling us to broaden our reach and gather diverse voices from around the world. Your efforts have been instrumental in fostering global collaboration and understanding. Special thanks are also due to the remarkable editorial team and guest language editors from institutions outside UiTM and foreign countries like Indonesia and India. Your linguistic expertise ensured the faithful representation of poems in various languages, enriching the cultural tapestry of this anthology.

Additionally, I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the donors who have supported Yayasan Nurjiwa, thereby providing vital aid to the Palestinian communities in Gaza and Rafah. Your generosity and compassion are truly admirable. With heartfelt gratitude, I extend profound thanks to the esteemed Rector and Head of Department for their invaluable support and encouragement. Finally, I am grateful to every individual who has contributed, in big or small ways, to the realization of this project. Your collective efforts have transformed this vision into a tangible expression of solidarity and hope. May "Echoes from the Heart" continue to resonate far and wide, strengthening the voices of those who strive for justice and peace in Palestine.

"Poetry is the language of the soul, a sacred symphony that echoes the resilience and beauty of the human spirit, even amidst the harshest of trials." — Sharina Saad
With deepest gratitude,

Puan Hajjah Sharina Saad
Chief Editor

Echoes from the Heart:
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Chapter 1

**Echoes from the Heart:
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5 Years

by Afni Anida Adnan

It was just a mere 5 years ago
He kicked and screamed
full of gusto and life
Cooing and gurgling noises escape from his pink lips
Now warm, wrapped up and bundled
And silent -because he was in a blissful slumber
A face of an angel, peeking from the white blanket.

And now 5 years later
He kicked and screamed
in sheer agony and pain
Moaning and writhing escape from his chaffed lips
Now cold, wrapped up and bundled
And silent- because he was in a forever sleep
A face of a martyr, peeking from the white shroud.



When Will It End?

by Firdaas Syauqi Sidiki

It had all started
with a piece of sacred land
Heartlessness, greediness, mercilessly intertwined
with gross oppression against the civilians

For years, it went by
War against humanity,
blood spilled along the horrific journey,
the powerless against tyranny.

Innocent lives cruelly massacred
Helpless children ruthlessly murdered
Schools and hospitals ignorantly bombed
Aids and facilities savagely destroyed

It went on until today.
If there's any possibility
to end it all peacefully,
we do yearn for that day

We have all seen and heard
through news all over the world
All went viral in the SocMed
We do wonder, when will all this end?

This is not a drama, or an opera, or a movie.
This has never been more real than life,
not a directed sketch, or play, or fairytale
Never to be ignored, such appalling violence and genocide!

The enemy's evil intention - inhumane ethnic cleansing
Precious human lives are treated like nothing
but their hearts and spirits, forever mounting
and we deeply wish a victorious ending

Our eyes seem unavoidably closed
Our hands seem inextricably tied
There seems to be no illuminating light
as Gaza is continuously destroyed

How can we, fellow humans, help it to end?
With technological prowess and resources at hand,
enhance our awareness and speed the spread
May victory soon be theirs, triumphantly rewarded!

Dear Gaza, we pray for you
May Allah end this bloodshed and brutality
Dear Palestine, we stand with you
One day, you will be freed!



And Gaza Weeps

by Alia Najaa Md Nor

At night as we sleep,
They curl underneath their sheets,
Tucking in with their children close,
Praying not another soul they have to lose,
The red skies bear witness,
Of wailing mothers,
And babies dried up of tears,
Their cuts beyond skin deep,
And Gaza weeps.

O' Believers but do not fear,
For Allah's help is near,
A consolation to the soul that is,
A faith unshakeable by bullets and fists,
The martyred souls they are gathered,
In the Heavens they are celebrated,
A promise by the Creator,
From the river to the sea,
Gaza will stand in all its glory.



Free Palestine

*by Alya Natasya Zulkefeli &
Nur Alyaa Maisarah Muhammad Asri*

From the river to the sea,
Palestine should be free,
From our hearts and above,
Palestine should be loved.

From the sky to the space,
No struggles Palestine should face,
From the ocean to below,
Palestine should be known.

From the soil to the sand,
Israel should be banned ,
From the grass to the trees,
Palestine should be seen.

Free Palestine we should pray,
Across the borders, across the world,
We are here for you to stay,
Palestine will one day be free and prosper.



Gaza Weeps

by Arifah Fasha Rosmani

Beneath the veil of the Eastern sun,
Gaza weeps, a tale just begun.
In the echoes of ancient stone,
A symphony of sorrow, a land to atone.

From the minarets, a call to prayer,
Rising through the scorched, heavy air.
In the alleys where children play,
Fear and longing dance today.

Olive trees witness the tearful plight,
As day turns to an endless night.
In the heart of Gaza's resilient street,
Silent tears, tales of defeat.

The skyline was painted with hues of despair,
Buildings crumble, a weight to bear.
Yet, in the eyes of the wounded sky,
Hope flickers, refusing to die.

Mothers clutch their children tight,
In the solemn stillness of the night.
Gaza, a canvas of sorrow and pain,
Yet, in each tear, resilience reigns.

In the rubble, a cry for peace,
A plea for suffering to finally cease.
From Rafah's edge to Beit Hanoun's gate,
The world watches, and can't ignore their fate.

Gaza, in tears, speaks volumes untold,
A story of a spirit is incredibly bold.
May the tears that fall like rain,
Wash away the wounds, heal the pain.

In the midst of chaos, a whispered plea,
For Gaza, for humanity, let it be free.
In the tears that Gaza sheds today,
May tomorrow bring a brighter ray.



The Palestinians: A Nation's Indomitable Spirit

by Saidatul Akmar



P	Prolonged suffering...	قُدريتَان يَغ برفنجاغَن
A	Aloof hefty treatment...	امت دهشت دَفْراکوکِن
L	Loss, and confusion as everyone sees...	لمه لوغلاي سسياقا فون مليهت
E	Ever willing to fight even badly hurt...	اغَن بر علاه بيارفون فاره
S	Stop thinking that the country is to be dissolved...	سگالا تربوراي ديبارکن ليراي
T	Toughen oneself and lean against the storm wall...	تروس برسندر د دينديغ باداي
I	Iman becomes a shield...	ايمان منجادي سباکاي فريسيائي
N	Now, the nation is defended with a desolate force...	نگارا دَفْرتاهنکن دغن کفواتن يَغ برداي

With unwavering faith, the Palestinians stand tall against adversity and challenges...



The Crying Palestine Kingdom

by Sharaniza Ab. Rahim

Decades of longing and missing
Years of pains and losses echo in this kingdom,
Caused by the greed, egoism, envy, and monstrosities of the
vanquisher who coveted the sacred land,
They say the darkest time is before the dawn
Yet darkness covers the kingdom all the time,
They say one's greatest fear is death
But death is craved in this kingdom by the Jihadis,
It's a sleepless kingdom not due to nightless parties
But to protect their homes and loved ones from the savage
tyrants,
The skies were frequently illuminated not by the shining of the
stars or festive fireworks but by the missiles and guns of the
soulless monsters
The occupation of the kingdom is not merely an
understatement
It represents annihilation, eradication, purge, and outright
genocide.
Sovereignty is promised to this kingdom, still, relentless
fortitude is a requirement,
Till triumph comes, the land remains crying, howling, and
yearning for its rightful owner.

It's no man's kingdom but for the chosen one,
It's the kingdom for the pure souls,
It's the kingdom of Anbiya',
It's the kingdom of Mujaheed,
It's the kingdom protected by the angels,
It's the Palestinian kingdom,
Past, present, forever.....



Synn of Humanity

by Shireena Basree Abdul Rahman

Voices echoing "Palestine will be free!"
send shivers down the spine in the name of humanity
Millions protesting, thousands congregating,
yet the stench of death is still escalating.

Why is there no sympathy towards children and mothers?
Why is the regime so heartless in killing the elders?
The land lies shrouded with bodies decaying
How much longer before the end of all these sufferings?

Kings and world leaders crying tears of deceit
Humanity has failed; thousands have been killed
The Palestinian fighting spirit never ceases to retreat
What is left are their faint cries of "Hasbunallahu Wa Ni'mal Wakeel."



Gaza is OUR Land

by Azlan Abdul Rahman

The Graceful Gaza
A land to plant pride
A land to breed bliss
A land to cultivate courage

The Great Gaza
A land to grow glory
A land to raise radiance
A land to sow sovereign

The Gallant Gaza
A land to dig out depression
A land to pluck out propaganda
A land to cut out crusade

The Gifted Gaza
A land to root Al-Iman
A land to sprout Al-Amal
A land to harvest Al-Jannah

Gaza is OUR Land



Little Angels of Heaven

by Derwina Daud

Little angels,
Dry your tears,
For Allah has promised you bountiful joy,
For Allah has prepared you a huge and breathtaking Eden,
Just for you and your dear friends,

Little angels,
Please forgive us for helplessly watching you fight for your
own freedom,
Please forgive us for silently turning our back on you,
Please forgive us for turning deaf ears upon hearing your
cries for losing your motherland,
Please forgive us for not being humans,

Little angels,
We mourn your departure with great sadness,

Ya Aziz!

Grant them the highest *Jannah*

Bless them under the care of our beloved Prophet Ibrahim AS

Little angels of heaven,
Let us continue fighting for you
Allow us to taste the sweetness of *martyrdom* so that we can
join you later in *Jannatul Firdausi*.



From a Distant Realm

by Dr Abdul Rauf Badrul Hisham

In a land where olives share tales, not of despair,
Under the moon's soft veils, a whispered prayer,
A spirit strong, burdened by the weight it bears,
A poetic ode to the sea's rhythm, its joys and cares.

In Gaza's vast skies, where kites reach high,
Children's laughter echoes, resilient, though wounds lie,
Amongst the rubble, hope begins to bloom,
A testament to people whose loyalty breaks through gloom.

Oh, Palestinian hearts, wrapped in the struggles they face,
Your story, a timeless song in life's intricate space,
Woven and undone in destiny's grand design,
A poetic tribute to a land kissed by the sun's shine.

In the canvas of conflict, strokes painted with grace,
Palestinian strength, an enduring embrace,
Through tears, smiles, united and devoted
Manifestation of hope in the sacred land.

From The River to The Sea,
Palestine Will Be Free.



Dear Palestinian

by Dr Afzan Adilah Ayoub

We are sorry.
From the bottom of our heart.
For not being there physically.
But do trust us
We are with all of you emotionally, spiritually
and in every single of our prayers.
You are the chosen ONE.
Being near to the Almighty at every second.
We are sorry if we are being a coward.
Never as brave as all of you
Palestinian, you are always in our prayers and
duas without fail.
May One day Allah will keep His promise to
free all of you.
Free Palestine



Echoes of Empathy

by Berlian Nur Morat

In a village where the raindrops weep,
My home is an island in waters deep.
Floods embrace us with a daunting tide,
While neighbours rest, safe and dry inside.

Jealous eyes cast upon their peace,
A longing for flood-free nights, a release.
Yet, thoughts now drift to a distant land,
Palestinians, surrounded, where freedom is banned.

Like islands in their own homeland's embrace,
They yearn for peace, a different space.
In their hearts, echoes of a silent plea,
Do they envy lands where minds roam free?

In my humble abode, my worries may lie,
Yet, compared to others, it's a lighter side.
Palestinians endure, their nights not as sweet.
A wish for Palestinians, a haven where peace may meet.



Nowhere

by Dr Hazlin Anita Zainal Abidin

Nowhere to escape
The land has changed the landscape,
Everything turns into a scrape,
How do you wish things back to shape?

Nowhere to hide
Your right has been denied,
The only thing left is just your pride,
Only from Allah, can you ask for a guide.

Nowhere to run
Nothing to eat not even a bun,
For them, this is just a pun,
But for us, this is all overdone!

Nowhere to go
They create such a great game show,
Unfortunately, it's a searing wave of sorrow,
Went through the time that is on borrow.

Nowhere to escape
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to go



Dawn

by Lee Seng Hua

I remembered there was such joy
No matter girl or boy
For we are free to roam
In this very place we call home

But then the alarm starts to chime
Thousands of bombs fall
Cover a city with dirt and grime
And many homes losing wall

This is a shameful crime!
We cry
But the world just turns blind
And leave our wounds to dry

When will this end?
You may ask
We are not sure my friend
But they said the best time comes at dusk

This is not a time to grieve
This is not a time to mourn
For we believe
We will rise at dawn



Palestine, Gaza, West Bank or Humanity?

by Dr M Ashraf Al Haq

The global South understands the call
The West ignores the call
Not desperately, but intentionally.
Why?

Because they did the same atrocities for centuries,
Receiving the title ruthless colonialists,
They still want to plunder, support Zionism
They want to support Israel at the Hague,
No, not for any good cause, but that genocide
must carry on.

Sad, these westerners learnt nothing from history,
The global south wants peace, happiness, but
West drop bombs, indiscriminately, not only in Gaza,
But in Yemen, Libya, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Palestine and
Everywhere.

That's the sad reality.
The BRICS nations are united that South must
speak up,
The leader, South Africa took the case to ICJ,
the Hague,
But the West is sad. Why?
Because they are losing badly the case
But no worries, we will build a new future.
Where we all will live happily ever after.
Long live the freedom, the global South
Peacefully, hand in hand and with a smile on
every face.
Long live Gaza,
A new Gaza is teaching us
How to live independently.
You are the winner, the Gaza, the land of
Great achievements in history.



Echoes of Resilience: An Epitome of Palestinian

by Nasibah Azme

Dear brothers and sisters, Dear Palestinian
What you have encountered makes us inferior
We feel sad but proud of you, Palestinian
for the resilience and sacrifice you have made
for your belief, faith, supplication, and total submission to
Allah
We are far behind you, yet we have forgotten all the blessings
we have now.

Looking at the trauma you suffered,
We realise that your faith is above everything
We realise that you are looking forward to the hereafter
We could not afford to swallow our saliva, looking at your
trauma
But we must continue with our lives...
But with new spiritual strength and imaan.

Dear Palestinians, we believe,.. the whole world believes
Your resilience, your patience, and your spiritual strength
Is the epitome of the current generation
It is a wake-up call for all the Muslims around the world
To be steadfast in their faith, belief, iman, and submission to
Allah
Thank you, Palestinian, for this call
You are such an exemplary
Here in the world and hereafter.

May Allah grant you all JANNATUL 'ALA



Whisper of Mother's Hope

by Nur Syazwanie Mansor

In a quiet room, a mother holds her new baby close,
Both joy and sadness in her eyes, like a delicate rose.

In a faraway place, where troubles persist,
Mothers and babies, their struggles exist.

In Palestine's land, where skies may weep,
Mothers cradle babies, their love runs deep.

A mix of emotions, a bittersweet song,
In the hearts of mothers, strength lingers strong.

In the nursery's hush, a lullaby of care,
For babies born into a world unfair.

With simple words, we share their plight,
A mother's love, a beacon of light.

In the quiet room, a whispered plea,
For Palestine's mothers, may peace set them free.



The Flying Horse

by Dr Paul Ghana Selvam

I am seated on a playhorse –
 rocking gently
 by a large window- the piercing sunlight
 stealing softly on my skin.
 “Play little girl, ride high on your horse,” says Ummy, gifting me
 her crescent dimples.
 Abbou emerges through a curtained hole by the wall- his jubilant
 smile
 fragrant with raisins as he bends to kiss my forehead,
 his forehead raked with lines- like
 those you see in a poppy field during winter,
 presenting Ummy as a loaf wrapped in old newspaper.
 “Let’s go Hamood,” I tell my play horse. “Let’s visit the famed
 poppy fields of Nimruz-
 For they must be laden with flowers-
 ready for picking.
 “What colour?” he asks. “I say...white- white like Ummy’s
 wedding dress!
 And we take off swiftly from Rimal, but
 rattling into a terrible drum hum in Beit Hanoon, we witness the
 heralding missiles at Jabalia, blinded when
 the skies prised open by sudden thunder, lightning and
 then, and then a blast that shook Shati, Tal al-Hawa.
 The world around me– shakes, crumbles, and falls apart like
 warm baklava.
 My eardrums burst like a balloon, and my nose bleeds, as
 I ride on Hamood, away from the piling debris.
 Released from the marauding clouds, Hamood descends and
 slows to a trot.
 “We have arrived,” he says.
 My feet is now planted on soft white sands bordered by a
 beautiful ocean with gentle waves- the
 air crisp and clear, smelling strangely of sweet raisin-filled
 kuboos.
 Before I could ask Hamood,
 I hear someone clapping- and see Ummy, and Abbou.
 I run to them
 and bury my face into Ummy’s soft breasts,
 - and kiss Abbou’s smooth forehead.
 I turn around to look for Hamood, but he snorts, and
 takes off on his wings, hurriedly
 flying into the golden horizon-
 “I will return, soon”-
 he promises.



Being Human

by Ravindra Jadhav

I am human
And
You are also
we all are humans
Yet we are killing each other.

Revenge always defeat humanity
So why do we kill each other?
If the colour of blood is red
Whether it is mine or yours
Then why do we fight over the colours of flags?

But don't forget we are in the same boat of the earth
So why do we compare each other by birth place?

I know you are jewish
He is Christian
She is Hindu
They are Buddhist
I am Muslim
But God knows that we are humans.

So my dear humans, on earth
Humanity is our basic religion for peace and happiness.
Stop destroying it.
It is against humans and humanity.

We are humans
So stop destroying the planet
Otherwise it will turn into a big fire
Where everything will be burnt.
So think for a moment
Keep calm, maintain peace and save humanity.



Silence of the True Losers

by Dr. Suryani Awang

Our heart aching
Watching you from afar
Tortured mercilessly, killed heartlessly
But we are silent
Because we are cowards

Our heart aching
Watching you being suppressed
Denied of own house and land
Yet we are silent
Because we are hopeless

Watching babies blown away
Infants turned into pieces
And houses are flattened
Still we are not moved
And we remain silent

Oh Lord!
We seek your forgiveness
For our ignorance and selfishness
Amidst humiliations
On humans of the same beliefs

We seek your forgiveness
For submitting to fear of humans
For worrying of losing something nice
For having no guts to make sacrifice

Palestine
No one is your rival
When the world doesn't care, you brave genocide like no other
Knowing the heaven welcomes you, the martyrs
To the highest Jannah with dignity
While we, the empty barrel
Long for it too, but shamelessly

Palestine
Forgive us for being indifferent at heart
And silent in actions
No doubt, we both are incomparable
For you are the real heroes
And we are the true losers



Echoes of Courage: Palestinian Journalists Unveiling Truth

by Dr Tengku Elena Tengku Mahamad

In the heart of Gaza, where shadows fall,
Palestinian journalists stand, brave and tall.
Their pens as sword, and their cameras as shield,
Against injustice, they never yield.

For seventy-five years, a tale of strife,
Palestinians struggle, carving life.
A saga told through tired eyes,
Journalists unveil truth, dispel the lies.

Through rubble-strewn streets, they tread,
Documenting the tears the Palestinians have shed.
The echo of gunfire, a relentless symphony,
Yet they march on, proclaiming liberty.

Fear may linger, but courage prevails,
In the face of death, their spirit sails.
Through shattered homes and whispered cries,
They bring to light the truth that lies.

Sleep-deprived warriors, weary but bold,
Stories of a struggle, unfolding and untold,
For justice craves a relentless chase,
And they endure in this perilous space.

In the ink of their words, the cries are heard,
Of a people oppressed, their voices stirred.
Fearless scribes on a perilous quest,
For justice, for peace, they give their best.

Through decades marked by grief and sorrow,
Palestinian journalists pave for tomorrow.
For the world must witness, comprehend,
The suffering that seems to have no end.

The world may turn a blind eye,
But these words echo in the sky.
In the face of darkness, they stand tall,
Brave journalists, answering the call.



Heroes from Paradise

*by Dr Wan Hartini Wan Zainodin &
Abdul Hamid Saifuddin*

In Paradise's open embrace, locked for seventy-five,
Sovereignty violated, a nation's cruel thrive.
A Merciless oppression, a tale so grave,
Yet your noble character, steadfast and brave

The cries of the little one are meaningless,
Lives offered as substitutes,
In the ruins, bodies buried,
Heartless and cruel gunfire,

You are trapped in which direction to take,
Every corner welcomes your martyrdom,
Every step embroidered with confusion,
Whether to live or to die,
We send our prayers always,
Although our souls are in agony,
You fought with the strength,
That will forever remained.

Blessed land, the warrior stands,
You are each one of them,
Trading lives for fortune and fate,
To your Lord, you often inscribe,
Begging for your deeds and faith to be accepted,
Victory or martyrdom, it's your count,
Every step only for Him, in your surrender.

With each of your deaths, Palestine,
Our souls come alive,
How cruel Israel and its hellish allies,
We plead for their destruction,
Like the destruction of your lives devoured,
by the voracious wicked Zionists,

The promise of Allah is certain,
Al-Aqsa will return into your embrace and ours,
O Palestine... Do not grieve,
You have won in this temporary world,
Your place is reserved,
While our fate is uncertain,

We will not forget the world's injustice,
We will not forget the cruel silence,
Just remember...
From river to sea, Palestine will be free,
You are forever,
Our heroes from paradise.



The Cherished Land of Palestine

by Wan-Norafikah O.

Palestine
The land with bounteous of barakah
The land with plenteous of hikmah

Palestine
Regardless of the encroachment by the heartless colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still evolving in you

Palestine
Regardless of the substantial devastation by the ruthless colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still thriving in you

Palestine
Regardless of the wounds and impairments caused by the vicious colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still blooming in you

Palestine
Regardless of the psychological persuasion by the relentless colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still flourishing in you

Palestine
Regardless of the starvation instigated by the pitiless colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still burgeoning in you

Palestine
Regardless of the demise and assassination by the merciless colonizers
Muslims and Islam are still breathing in you

Hence
Palestine
Stay strong
Stay resilient
Keep believing in HIS promises
That you will remain of being cherished by HIM
The victory will ultimately be yours
On that one fine day

From the river to the sea
Palestine will be free



He Land Where Olives Tree Whisper Tales

by Dr Wan Razazila Wan Abdullah

In the land where olives whisper tales,
Beneath the sun that never fails,
Palestine stands, resilient, strong,
A melody of hope in every song.

Mountains echo ancient cries,
Witness to enduring skies,
Olive branches tell a story,
Of courage, grace, and boundless glory.

Amidst the whispers of ancient sands,
Grows a resilience that forever stands,
In the heart of a nation's strife,
Sprouts the roots of endless life.

Palestine, a canvas of dreams,
Where rivers flow with timeless streams,
In every tear, in every smile,
Lies the spirit that will beguile.

From Gaza's shore to Jerusalem's gate,
A poetic tribute to Palestine's fate,
In the ink of history, forever inscribed,
A tale of strength, in every stride.



Whispers of Sorrow: An Ode to Palestinian Parents

by Yuslinda Mat Yassin

Dearest Palestine,
My heart resonates with the echoes of your pain,
Longing for the dawn that whispers freedom's refrain
In the morning light, yearning to witness smiles so bright,
On the faces of resilient children bathed in hope's light.
I weep for you, a canvas of stories untold,
Names written on bodies, a poignant truth to behold
Parents, warriors, writing their children's names with care,
A defiant act of love in the face of despair.
No parent should bear such sorrow,
No parent should bury their children,
Yet, they endure, facing an uncertain morrow,
In their faith, an unyielding strength,
A testament to love, transcending life's length.
Palestine, in my heart, you dwell,
A tapestry of pain, a story to tell.
I may feel powerless, small, and meek,
Yet, my prayers for you are fervent, endless, and speak.
I implore the Almighty to shield you from war's cruel might,
To cradle your children in solace,
dispelling the lonely night,
May the strength of grieving parents rise,
And hope, resilient, blooms where heartache lies.
With love and unwavering solidarity



Red Carpet to Heaven

by Faizah Baharudin

In shadows deep, where questions wane,
A world adrift, in silent pain.
A small body, lies-down in vain,
Awaiting light, so deem and faint.

A canvas dark, a tale untold,
As blood's revered, proof of malice.
Sleep dear children, let dreams take hold.
As fate's decree, you are now in the palace.

Oh, defenders arise though steps may falter,
Bound by fatal faith marched to a fiery quest,
A chant of resilience, where spirits aspire,
As blood's dyed attire, warriors in their best.

Your steps may confine, drown in suffering.
Your life is tough, your path is bloody,
In the dance of time, let hearts conspire,
In the tapestry woven by the Almighty.

The battle persists, relentless and vast,
Fear not, oh brothers and sisters,
Not them, nor prowess, but destiny's cast.
As your path to heaven is indeed affluence.



Mothers of Gaza

by Farhana Idris

God,
Grant me strength like the mothers of Gaza,
Strengthen my heart, fortify my resolve,
So I may surrender my beloved men to You,
Truly, unto You alone.

God, when the time arrives,
Take them home as Your martyrs,
Hold back my tears,
Grant me composure, an unshaken heart,
Flow with acceptance and sincerity.

Just leave to me,
Stay in my soul,
The smell of musk,
A scent lingering on,
A whisper of their refuge within Your sanctuary.

Assist me in preparing their shields,
Like Habil's offering,
The finest sacrifice for You,
The shield of knowledge, the shield of deeds,
The greatest present for You.



In the Heart of Palestine: Songs of Sacrifice

by Fatimah Norazami Abdullah

Upon ancient hills where olives shed their tears,
Unfurls a saga of sacrifice, echoing through the years.
Palestinian hearts, persistent and bold,
Convey a narrative of endurance, a tale to be told.

Beneath the crescent moon's silent witness,
A symphony of sacrifice, a profound finesse.
From Gaza's shores to the West Bank's hold,
A people's steadfastness, a grace manifold.

In the shadow of olive groves, where stories reside,
Palestinian spirits, indomitable, can't be denied.
Generations pass down the torch of resilience,
A sacrifice engraved in the struggle's brilliance.

Through checkpoints and barriers, they persist,
A sacrifice written in clenched fists.
Yet, in every tear that marks the earth,
A testament to a people's enduring worth.

In the hushed whispers of refugee camp nights,
A sacrifice transcends political fights.
For the right to return to ancestral lands,
A sacrifice, akin to shifting desert sands.

Children playing amidst the rubble's traces,
A sacrifice is embodied in each innocent face.
Dreams confined by walls and wire,
Yet hope persists an eternal fire.

From Nakba's echoes to the present strife,
A sacrifice transcending the limits of life.
For freedom's call, for justice to prevail,
In the Palestinian heart, an unwavering tale.

In the diaspora's dance of memory,
A sacrifice etched in the Palestinian story.
From keys retained as tokens of a homeland lost,
To the unyielding dream, no matter the cost.

So, let the world heed the Palestinian song,
Of sacrifice endured, unyielding and strong.
In the face of adversity, people rise,
A sacrifice echoing beneath ancient skies.



Palestine, I Am with You

by Fauziana Bt Fauzi @ Mat Rawi

GAZA, I feel so hurt,
 I cry, I pray,
 each time my eyes catch the brutal acts of the most arrogant,
 heartless, cruel human in the world
 called Zionist every day in the media.
 Destroying everything, killing everyone,
 Babies, children, women, old folks, and men,
 Not one, not two, not a thousand but millions
 Without any sympathy.
 Professionals – doctors, engineers, press, Ph.D. candidates...
 Some of them who are pursuing their studies in Malaysia died
 horribly.
 Where were they during the awards-giving ceremony?
 They are with angels in paradise, who died as syuhada',
 protecting their country.
 Can Zionist be called human?
 Can the ones supporting them – US, UK, EU, Canada also be
 called humans?
 How dare a human see the hardship of others, the dead bodies,
 the blood everywhere,
 the wounded people and children without treatments, children
 crying and frightened, missing their parents, and hungry?
 How dare a human see other people living in destroyed houses
 without electricity and clean water?
 Even animals help other animals, be a symbiosis...
 It is a shame.
 Testing the modern technologies on the unarmoured people –
 babies, children, disabled persons, old folks.
 This is not a war.
 This is genocide.
 Dropping more than 25,000 tons of explosives, using white
 phosphorus, attacking the very small area called GAZA.

PALESTINE,
 I feel so hurt.
 WHAT ELSE CAN I DO NOW?
 I was there years ago, to support, to learn, and to see with my
 two eyes the Al-Quds.
 Afraid of one day I am not able to be there anymore...
 Bring along children, showing them the places of Prophet
 Sulaiman, Prophet Daud,
 Feel blessed to be with 40 thousand Palestinians on the night of
 27 Ramadhan,
 With only one day's permit, came to pray for being free.
 The al-Quds in Jerusalem, rich with its history, the places of
 Ambiya, the most memorable Isra' and Miraj..
 Is the land of waqf.
 It's ours.
 Let's all Muslims protect this holy land together.



Whispers in the Dust: A Poetic Journey Through Gaza's Heart

by Fhasha Nabiela Fasmurin & Ezzlyn Elyani

Deep in Gaza, where legends are told,
A tale of bravery, boldness, and resiliency.
A poem that tells a story appears amid the echoes of
struggles that remain unspoken.

Hope continues, reaching high and far beneath the canvas of
the Palestinian sky.

Gaza's spirit soars, a determined sigh, in the face of hardship,
where tears may lie.

A whisper of grace pokes through the debris.
overcoming obstacles while remaining motionless.
Within Gaza's embrace, a sturdy trace
A robust foundation and lyrical resilience.

Gaza's soul, forever free, in the olive groves and by the sea.
A poem immortalised in time,
Where dreams decree, deep in the heart of the resilient.

Gaze upon the rhythm of Gaza with a poetic grace, from
dawn to dusk's embrace.
A powerful melody, a vivid trail,
A holy place in the endurance poetry.



Cry of Innocence: Free Palestine, Free!

by Haziah Sa'ari

In a land where ancient olives touch the sky,
Once echoed laughter, now a distant cry,
Children's dreams beneath the rubble lie,
Yet from their hearts, hope will never die.
Free Palestine, Free!

Tiny hands reach for a future unknown,
Innocence and courage, in their eyes, shone,
In the darkest hours, they stand alone,
Yet in their souls, a light is brightly grown.
Free Palestine, Free!

Martyrs' names in the stars, forever engraved,
Their sacrifice, a nation's spirit saved,
In every heartbeat, in the prayers we craved,
Lies the strength of Palestine, unshaken and brave.
Free Palestine, Free!

Mothers weep for what's been torn apart,
Love and loss etched in every heart,
Yet within their tears, a timeless art,
A plea for freedom, a united start.
Free Palestine, Free!

Beneath the ruins, a resilient plea,
Amidst the chaos, a vision to see,
For every fallen home, every uprooted tree,
Emerges the spirit of Palestine, wild and free.
Free Palestine, Free!

Let this verse be a beacon in the night,
A promise of dawn, a guiding light,
In the face of darkness, a courageous fight,
For every child's dream, we unite.
Free Palestine, Free!

In the whispers of their dreams, we find,
The strength of a people, loving and kind,
For peace, for justice, for ties that bind,
In their hope, liberation we'll unwind.
Free Palestine, Free!



Where Innocence Weeps

by Hishamuddin Salim

In the cradle of sorrow, where innocence weeps,
Children of Palestine, in restless slumber, sleep.
A tragic ballet 'neath the moonlit sky,
Each star bears witness as young souls say goodbye.

Bombs paint the heavens with fiery strokes,
A cruel canvas where innocence croaks.
Little hearts silenced, dreams torn asunder,
In the cacophony of war, a haunting thunder.

Tiny footsteps etched in the dust,
Washed away by tears, in despair they trust.
A playground transformed to a battlefield cold,
Where stories of joy and laughter are foretold.

In the quiet of night, a lullaby's hush,
Echoes 'midst ruins, a sorrowful crush.
Mothers weep for the children they've lost,
In the cruel tempest, a heavy cost.

Little hands that once reached for the sky,
Now rest in the rubble, asking us why.
Tender souls, like flowers in bloom,
Tragically silenced, facing impending doom.

Oh, how many sunsets will they never see?
Snatched away in a brutal symphony.
The world watches, yet some hearts remain blind,
To the myriad deaths of the innocent kind.

But in the darkness, a candle may glow,
A plea for humanity to cease its woe.
Let empathy rise, like the dawn's tender light,
To end the endless, sorrowful night.

May the winds carry the cries of the small,
A requiem for innocence, a universal call.
In the realm of compassion, let healing begin,
To mend the wounds and wash away sin.



I Will Be There

by Ilham Alia Mat Isa

Books have told me,
it is a wonderful place,
beyond words, unimaginable,
it is hard to be there, heaven!

But you, my dear brothers and sisters,
you are enjoying every second of your eternity there!
flying like angels and feasting like kings,
reaping the fruits of your sacrifices,
gathering with your loved ones,
how I envy you.

Yes! You've ached my brothers and sisters!
in the savage battle you faced,
laughed in pain, smiled in tears,
fought with no fears.

You taught me lessons,
any teachers couldn't,
stand for your rights,
believe that you won't fail.

For God never sleeps,
never even blink,
for you are the chosen one,
HE loves you more, HE cares.



Bread

by Johanna Adlin Ahmad

I sleep tonight in comfort,
with a heartache for
your sleep too,
When your night
becomes too bright,
to shadow the next day
with such a sight,
I whisper Hope and Prayers,
In your darkness
there will be no fear,
So that your cries will be over,
For you to finally have a
Day
to eat bread and laugh
Away...

Be safe Palestine, we felt your heartache too...



The Departure

*by Mafarhanatul Akmal Ahmad Kamal &
Mohd Fadli Shah Khaidzir*

When the whole world is against you
but you strongly stand against them,
you have won.

With your beautiful smile,
and the purest heart,
you bid us farewell
causing tears of denial and disbeliefs.

There you are
line by line, side by side -
ready to depart.
Wrapped in pure white shroud
with stained memories to stay

Behold dearies!
you shall be taken away
not to be parted with us
but to wait for us in all eagerness
Smiling..
Laughing..
Giggling..
from the higher above
while looking down at us
in this temporary deluded world

With no guarantee of tomorrow
or even the end of today,
we shall sit and pray
while on this waiting game
of which we are put to be blamed

If this world chooses to eliminate us,
we will gladly leave
to somewhere we belonged,
to smile, laugh, and giggle,
to be reunited with those that we have lost.



Free Palestine **Seven Ten Twenty Twenty-Three**

by Maisarah Rahim

The starting point is unforgettable tragedy unfold
The world saw the skies of Gaza rain down not
with water but with fire
Screaming from Gaza City
Every corner of the buildings
Mother, father, children, babies,
Grandparents, uncles and aunties in tears
In just a second, either their eyes can open or close
In the lovely house that turned into rubble
The helpless babies, children crying for help
Men and women seek protection
Some suffered injuries and burns all over the body
After the bombing by Israel
The bombs have become the harbingers of dread
and despair
Hospitals, ambulances, mosques, churches, schools,
universities were bombed
No safe places to stay
Doctors, nurses, reporters, were killed
The blockage and restriction on humanitarian aid
of food and medicine
Palestinians may die of disease and destruction
Escalating tragedy unfolds in Gaza
Connectivity was shut down
No communication line, no electricity, no water, no food
Widespread hunger, dehydration, starvation
Civilian, innocent children for how long to sustain
Months, years or decade uncertainty
Whose only dream was a silver of normalcy
Their lives were unjustly taken by the machinery of war
Their right to live as a human being has been denied
Israel bombs chase them on earth
Their heart keeps strong with their faith
Free Palestine, is about human lives
Deserve the right to live in peace and dignity



Time Will Unfold

by Masturah Sabri

People of Palestine, custodians of a
grand realm
Ancient trees: standing through the
test of time
In sorrow, united, we take our stand,
feel your pain and heavy burdens, like
shifting sand
in a world where greed and fear conspire,
and the media's hypocrisy fuels the raging fire.
Yet, in your souls - faith gleams pure and true.

Palestine will rise, its spirit is ever strong,
undimmed by time, its echoes will prolong
People of the world - let's combat evil,
targeting their sphere,
raise our voices, unite for the just fight.

A land of splendid beauty, where faith and hope
never die,
time will unfold,
sorrow will disappear,
and glory your fate will hold.



A Kinder World

*by Masturah Sabri &
Ku Nor Syakina Ku Sulong*

In this world where wealth reigns without moral rhyme,
Humanity suffers, enduring an endless time.

When power and riches blind their moral sway,
Palestinians will rise, your faith and values on display.
Compassion and empathy will lead the fight,
To counter leaders who have lost their moral light.

With empathy as our light,
We will make all the wrongs turn right.
With hearts that care, your scar will mend,
For a kinder world, our journey without end.

In this embrace, problems will sway,
In a kinder world, darkness fades away.



Never Far from Us

by Misrinah Misban

Palestine, you are far from us
But your blood and tears are close to us

Palestine, you are far from us
But your screams and cries
We are hearing next to our ears

Palestine, you are far from us
But the bombs, the bullets, the rockets, the missile
That destroy your body, your home and your land
Tear our hearts

Palestine, you are far from us
But your sufferings, your deaths, your disappointment
Made the world united

Palestine, you are never far from us
Your Jerusalem belongs to everyone
Who loves peace and faith.



Peace in Palestine

by Mohamad Hakim Mohamad Rani

Do you want to make peace ?
With the villains who starved me?
Do you want me to make friends with the killer
who murdered my entire family?
Do you want me to make peace with the robbers
who stole my home and land?
Do you want me to make peace with
someone who's trying to manipulate me in
every aspect of my life
How do I live my prospect for a prosperous future?
would you make peace and obliterate your
existence or would you fight to continue to exist?
I am telling you right now
existence is my bare minimum request
and not even then
Is the world looking into the scourge and plight
of palestine?
Free Free Palestine.



P.A.L.E.S.T.I.N.E.

by Muhammad Zaid Zainuddin

They asked me to spell "Palestine",
 I took my time, and I said fine, I'll spell "Palestine",
 It wasn't that I didn't know how to spell the word,
 I just had a tough time to swallow the hurt,
 And do justice in explaining injustice,
 To underline and not undermine obvious war crimes,
 But I had to give it a punchline, to intertwine rhyme,
 and give it a storyline,
 I had to confine the headlines to nine letters that matter,
 So with suppressed anger, I deliver my answer,
 From a whisper, my voice got louder and louder,
 I said fine, with nine lines, I'll spell "Palestine".
 P – Painfully preserving and praying for protected peace.
 A – Apocalyptic atrocities against incarcerated
 unarmed civilians.
 L – Legalised illegal land looting leaving lost loved
 lives and lies.
 E – Expose evil, empty entitlements enabling
 ethnic exodus.
 S – Systematic strangulation and slaughter of
 sacred sites and sanctity.
 T – Truthful tears resisting terrorising thieving tyrants.
 I – Incredible identity impacting international insights,
 ideals and inspirations.
 N – Native narrative negating and nullifying nonsense
 news and noise.
 E – Enough with the senseless ethnic expulsion and
 eradication. End now.
 P.A.L.E.S.T.I.N.E.
 Palestine.



Where's My Mama?

by Nasyie Saleh

Yesterday

My mama made me wear the best dress
My mama cooked her special dish for me
My mama played with me under the blanket
My mama smiled and tickled me till I had teary eyes
My mama cuddled me till I slept...zzzzz

Last night

My mama hold my body tight and tighter
My mama kissed my forehead, cheeks, and hands
My mama recited zikr the whole night while I slept
My mama hugged me with so much love
My mama said to my ears...no worries Allah is with us
My mama whispered zikr and dua to my ears..

Today

My mama is no longer with me,
Only rubbles and dusty stones stand by me
My mama cannot be found
Only her sweet smell lingers around me
My mama is gone and nowhere to be seen
Only her thick pashmina wraps around my body
My mama...

Where's my mama



Flipped

by Nazima Versay Kudus

In the land of flipped dimensions, where heaven resides,
Bricks of gold and silver shimmer side by side,
Clay scented with musk oil, an intoxicating blend,
Pebbles adorned with pearls and gems, without end.

The soil, infused with saffron, a fragrant embrace,
Extending beyond the sky and earth's graceful space,
Unseen by eyes, unheard by ears, unfelt in hearts,
A realm where desire and delight never departs.

Beneath a tree's dense foliage, the ground is covered,
A haven where every soul feels forever smothered,
Living in immortality, time has no hold,
Adorned in garments pristine, pure as untarnished gold.

Draped in silk, green attire of finest thread,
Lying on diasses adorned, beneath heavens spread,
The weather mild, temperate, a gentle caress,
Rivers flow with milk, honey, and wine, no less.

Unaltered in taste or smell, these rivers flow,
As fruits of all kinds, their vibrant colours show,
Accompanied by angels, beauty beyond compare,
Perfect in appearance, morals and actions are rare.

Their radiance illuminates when Allah reveals,
Unveiling a sight that every believer deeply feels,
A pleasure unrivaled, like no other or the same,
In this realm of flipped dimensions, heaven's grand flame.



Peace for Palestine

by Noor Azlin Abdullah

Peace for Palestine
Pray to Allah SWT
Bless our prophet Muhammad SAW
Pray for all events of heaven and earth
May the land of Palestine return to peace
Safe for Palestine
Again... Pray to Allah SWT
The booming of bullets and cannons rhythmically in war
There is no meaning of day and night
The voices of the cries
Make us feel the sense of pain
Allah
Please lift the pain of Your servant
Please give your peace in the land of Palestine
We pray for Palestine's destiny with Your power Allah..
please peace for Palestine



A Ballad of Unbroken Spirits

by Noor Farahhein Johari

In the garden where once nations stood tall,
Amidst war's shadow, we witnessed our fall.
Yet in this despair, a stubborn hope gleams,
For the heart's allegiance transcends war's extremes.

In the night of time, when cruelty spread its wings,
Stole our peace, yet to life, our spirit clings.
In sorrow's depth, a silent promise keeps,
As the echo of freedom in our hearts still leaps.

Bound not by fate, but by undying will,
We yearn for peace, through the night so still.
Pause, oh time, in your relentless flight,
Return to us our dawn, banish this night.

I return to dreams where peace rivers flow
(the serene once ours),
Shattered by conflict, yet in us, hope glows.
Unchain our tears, bestow forgiveness light,
In this epic of a nation, striving back to right.



Martyrs March

by Anayeleron (Nor Eleyana Abdullah)

The faintest voice, the sunken scream,
The oppressed freedom, in their land and streams,
While veto powers are orchestrating their grand plan,
Propagating lies from their high horse,
These faintest voices are the loudest, defending
their home in full force.

The people of the land, they don't flinch an inch,
Fighters in skinsuits against the armoured cowards
with rockets and machines.

How ironic is the world's peacekeeper advocating for
"peace, dignity and equality on a healthy planet"?
When it is really about chaos, shame, and simply and
unjust tenet.

The people of the land, innocent lives, young and old,
Souring high up as martyrs, defending home with
unshaken imaan they uphold.

While power parades invincibility,

The worried witnesses of the world rise in solidarity
and humanity.

Blood is thicker than water, bringing believers against
the blood spill,

Let the flame of jihad, be it big or small, burn bright
until the end of time, it will.



The Heroes of Palestine

by Nordianna Seman

Brothers and Sisters of Palestine,
Together you stay strong
Against those who never admit to being wrong
Living in no fear even without a spear
Keep instilling hope
Even in moments that anyone would not ever cope
To Allah, you give your heart
From him, you never keep apart

Angel of Palestine,
What a great inspiration
When you keep protecting your aurah
Even the midst of dhoruroh
We adore you
We pray for you
Even if it is only from far
But our hearts lie with you
When others spread the hate
We continue spreading our love
Cause we know it's just a bait
To steal the land that belongs to you

The fight is never your will
But it becomes a must to prevent the land from
being taken
You stand still for your rights
Never feel fear even though you are not a knight
Keep strong, keep fighting
Even at the moment, you lose everything
We are here with you, always supporting.



Hope for Gaza

by Dr Norhafiza Razali

In the heart of Gaza, where sorrow resides,
A tale of injustice in each tear that slides.
A confined open-air prison, a land oppressed,
Where dreams are shattered, and hope is suppressed.

Bombarded by forces, a relentless storm,
Palestinian spirits, resilient and warm.
In the night, skies weep, echoing the pain,
As innocent souls endure strife and disdain.

Courage blooms amidst the shadows' descent,
Families torn, yet their strength is unbent.
Children, like flowers, in the debris bloom,
A poignant reminder of an impending gloom.

The world must awaken, heed the silent cries,
Empathy and justice, where humanity lies.
In the face of adversity, unity must stand,
A harmonious plea for peace to command.

Through the echoes of despair, a call resounds,
To mend the wounds, where empathy rebounds.
A symphony of hope in the darkest hour,
For Gaza and Palestine, a tranquil flower.



Unwavering

by Norliza Che Mustafa

When the land of Gaza was suddenly and brazenly
set ablaze

Everyone everywhere could only gape and gaze
Stunned, the time slowed down, stood still in a daze
Could not believe one nation's vicious and vengeful
craze

Possessed and determined to flatten the tunnel in
the said maze
Innocent lives are cruelly taken, homes are completely
razed

With impunity, they lied, without fear, without faze
So shameless and insolent, everyone was
incredulously amazed

Villainous nations voted and fell into disgrace
When the conflicts reveal their deceitful double-face
No longer can they hide the rottenness under the surface
When their hypocrisy can be seen, tracked and traced

Tenacious Palestinians persevere with dignity,
with majestic grace
Unwavering, steadfast under heavy fire, under
constant menace
Bravely persistent, without complaint, without grimace
Serenely praying, hand in hand, trying to find solace.



Never Retreat, Never Surrender

by Norzahana Zainol

A bad day
They choose a bad way
They never mean to be tender
Never retreat, never surrender

They tread their despicable ways
Even under the sun rays
They bomb places and even yonder
But still, you never retreat, never surrender

We still hope
And you never mope
Though every day is under the weather
Yet, you never retreat, never surrender

You'll rise back soon
Regardless of the sun or the moon
Being the fearless defender
Show them, you never retreat, never surrender

The hope is high
The end is nigh
Let's pray together
For always, you will never retreat, never surrender



Gaza, Here We Are!!!

by Norzie Diana Baharum

For You, here We are Gaza,
breathing dua'.
our flesh and bones stand here, Gaza!
our minds and souls
to Gaza flown!

Stand proud, Gaza!
stand tall, and fight well!
pray hard, with zuhud and taqwa Gaza.
Here we are,
doing whatever We could!

Envy hearts are kicking here, Gaza!
We let you fight...We let you strike!
Your hands,
Your blood alone!

Don't despair...don't lose Your grip, Gaza!
for Jannah, Allah let You go!
to Jannah, there Palestinians will go!!!



Elegy of Gaza Strip

by Nur Azlan bin Zainuddin

A tale of the Gaza Strip,
the world's largest open prison,
bullets and bombs rain down,
striking its people day by day,
rivers of blood and house rubble,
bear witness to Zionist cruelty,
relentless killings, unafraid they stand,
for there are world powers backing them.

The besieged people of Gaza,
cannot escape anywhere,
they can only grieve and pray,
for the loss of family and belongings,
if they rise to fight for freedom,
the terrorists' title will be bestowed upon them,
meanwhile, people around the world,
can only watch and sympathize,
without being able to do anything.



Promise of Dawn: Palestine's Journey to Freedom

by Nur Rasyidah Mohd Nordin

In lands where history's whispers cry,
Beneath a sun that paints the sky,
A tale of strength, a tale of woe,
In Palestine, where passions grow.

Amongst olive groves, ancient and wise,
The land holds secrets, beneath its skies.
Stories etched in every stone,
A legacy in every moan.

A cradle of cultures, a mosaic of faith,
Where echoes of struggles, defiance, and faith,
Reside within each humble soul,
In the heart of a nation, young and old.

From Gaza's shores to Jerusalem's gate,
A longing for peace, an enduring wait,
Where children dream of a tranquil morn,
Free from the shadows of wars reborn.

The soil remembers tales of old,
Of conquerors, heroes, and stories untold.
Yet, amidst the chaos, a resilient bloom,
hope persists, dispelling the gloom.

Beyond the confines of imposed divide,
A dream ignites, refusing to subside.
For in the soul's quest for liberty's spree,
lies the essence of what Palestine will be.

In the tapestry of time, a destined decree,
A land where every soul breathes liberty.
The echoes of courage, from the river to the sea,
The unwavering truth: Palestine will be free.



I Am a Mother

by Nur Shaqira Adera Mohd Shah

I am a mother,
Who bathes my child every day
Who sends my child to school today
Who feeds my child three meals a day
Who reads my child bedtime story each day
Who rewards my child with toys and chocolate at the end of the day

I am a proud mother...
But lately,
I have to admit
I deem myself unfit
If I were to switch
To be a mother of Palestinian kids

A mother,
who walks hundreds of miles looking for water
Who scours every nook and corner for a piece of bread but none for her
Who assembles sticks and stones to make a dollhouse for her daughter
And who whispers '*shahadah*' each night to her children's ear

I am a mother...
but I'm not a Palestinian mother
who watches her home razed to pieces
who screams god's name to soothe her
As she saw her lifeless child in front of her...
I am a mother...
but I'm not a Palestinian mother
who dreams of raising a doctor
But instead raises a martyr
And loses her life too because she is a mother...

Dear Palestinian mother,
I saw your despair
I feel out of air
I saw your sorrow
I feel the world is hollow
You saw your hope crushed
You saw your dreams turn to dust
And yet you never think it's unjust
In your eyes, it's a paradise

Dear Palestinian mother,
By now I realize
Your pain is your pain
Your loss is your loss
Your grieve is your grieve
No one could ever believe
The strength that you gather
For you are...a Palestinian mother.



A Sacred Land Named PALESTINE

by Nurazila Abdul Aziz

I am thinking about Palestine
And here I stand
My eyes witnessing unbearable stories of the land
My ears hear the cries and grievances
A land of hope.. a land of courage. a land where a
child is the hero to a million men
I am thinking about Palestine
Apparently...the world is blind..has no ears..muted
They neither open their eyes nor take any stand
Can't they hear the children crying and the bombs
raining from the sky?
Oh yes THEY DO!
But all they did was nothing...
I am thinking about Palestine
I am bleeding .. the wound tearing my flesh
The world may not hear you and not even look at you
But hang on,
Hang on there, my beloved brothers, sisters and
children of PALESTINE
I am praying to the All Hearing
And I do believe.. every cloud has a silver lining
There will be a day..the sun will brightly shine
You will breathe the air, lie on the soil of your own land,
a free sacred land named PALESTINE



Broken Heart

by Naela AJ

Angst,
anguish,
abash,
abhorring,
belligerent,
are strong words that won't describe our hearts
to compensate for the loss of innocent lives
censorious minds are overflowing, of those unwilling,
to learn the history,
but to blind the mind.
Derisive comments, thrown to the explosive air,
adding up more to the disturbing oozing, broken heart.



Whispers on Wings of Peace

by Nurul Asyikin MZ

In the heart of ancient lands, where olive trees whisper
the tales of old,
There's a melody of dreams in the eyes of the young,
the brave, and the bold,
Through streets etched with stories, where laughter
should echo wild and free,
Children of Palestine carry wishes on wings of peace
for the world to see.

With every sunrise, they paint a canvas of courage in
the colours of dawn,
Playing games amidst the shadows, cherishing the
light before it's gone,
Their laughter against silence dances through the air,
In every corner of their world, they find a playground of
moments rare.

As the night adorns the sky with stars, a quilt of
sparkling sights,
Children of Palestine dream beyond the heavens,
beyond the plights,
For their spirits know no bounds, their wills unbroken
by strife,
In every heartbeat, a rhythm of endurance in a
symphony of life.

So let this be a window to a wish for laughter never to
cease,
A yearning for chapters of joy and learning, for
chapters of love and peace,
For the children of Palestine deserve more than a
frame in a film of name.



Dear Palestine

by Nurulakma Abdul Wahab

Palestine

This is our land

The holy land of the prophets

A land that must be protected

A land that belongs to all

Red, black, white and green

Your flag fluttering all over the world

Your name being mentioned

All eyes are watching you

Cruelty from those hand

Tears, blood as witnesses

Women and children were killed

No freedom and peace

Little children starving

Mourn the passing of the family

Crying in peacefully

Accepting destiny

The whole world is watching

The truth will emerge, surely

The perpetrators will be punished

Allah's promise is certain

Genocide is ongoing

Heartless people won't change this

No mercy for moaning

At your own land, you are like refugees

Palestine

Be patient

One day, you will be free



War

by Ong Elly

Since 1948,
Battling to stop invasion,
Lost in endless bloodshed and vengeance,
Striving for freedom,
Abandoned in constant oppression and abuse,
Struggling to survive,
Sacrificed in pointless destruction and death.

Since 1948,
The endurance for dignity,
The perseverance for honour,
The determination for recognition,
The tenacity for acceptance,
The endeavour for existence,
The conscious for persistence.

Since 1948,
Cursed,
At worst



Echo from My Heart

by Salmah Amir

Since 7th October 2023
and three months have passed now
Palestine is still being attacked by the Zionist
continuously
Why?

Can't the world hear?
The cries of the Palestinians
Can't the world see?
The wounds that cut their limbs and injure their bodies
The innocent civilians, women and children
Suffer from the pain
And witness death after death in mass
Crazy!

The people in this world are mainly blind, heartless and
inhumane
Houses and buildings are bombed
Places for worship, shelters and hospitals too
Still, welfares are blocked
As if the Palestinians are made of wood, that have no feelings
But they are in pain, hunger, thirst, cold
Sad!

Can a decent meeting end this upheaval action?
Except for a brave African lawyer
Who bring the case to the International Court of Justice
For Israelis' Genocide and Torture
For the Palestinians
Hope!



Basil Abu al-Waf

by Shamsul Harbi

Basil Abu al-Waf
You walked like a gentle breeze
A radiant smile, a heart at ease
Your eyes sparkled like stars at night
A soul that shined, a pure delight

Basil Abu al-Waf
Your gentleness flowed an endless stream
A beacon of hope, in every dream
Your laughter was music, a joyful song
With you, every moment felt so strong

Basil Abu al-Waf
In a world of chaos, you were a guiding light
A perfect child, making everything feel right
Like sunlight breaking through the rain
A symphony of beauty, a calming refrain

BANG!!!

An afternoon of terror, a flight of fright
It was all needed to take you away
An act of cowardice done by a beast
Snatched away the dream in plain sight
Basil Abu al-Waf

No tears could bring you back
No forgiveness could mend the grief
The pain of losing you will always linger,
forever etched in my swollen heart
Basil Abu al-Waf

Now you have found your home
Play as much as you want in the garden
with aromatic greeneries and lustrous light
and the milky river to quench your thirst
My son, Basil Abu al-Waf.



Do Not Forget Me

by Sharifah Syakila Syed Shaharuddin

Please do not forget me
I did try to fight, protect and survive
I did try to put on a brave face.
But I miss my father,
my mother, and Otto, my cat.
They are all saved up there.
So, I guess it's okay
for me to go away.
But I do hope you won't forget me
Do not let my passing be in vain
Do not let this tragedy freely pass

Because I did try
I really did, we all did.
Night and day we would cry
Rain or shine we would fight,
trying to survive.

Please,
Do not let my tears run dry
Do not kiss me goodbye
but instead sing my name out loud.
Fight for my burning soul,
fight for my brothers and sisters,
fight for every whimper.
Please do not forget me
Do not forget my family
Do not forget the reds and greens
Do not forget my country.



Whispers of Gaza

by Sharunizam Shari

In the heart of ancient lands, under sapphire skies
Where olive groves stretch and the mournful wind
sighs
There lies a tale, woven with sorrow and might
A story of Gaza, through the day and the night

Amidst rubble and whispers of a history untold
Echoes of resilience, a spirit so bold
In the alleys of memory, where shadows play
Lives the hope of tomorrow, in the heart of today

Children of Gaza, with dreams in their eyes
Under the veil of conflict, their innocence lies
Their laughter, a melody amidst despair
A testament to strength, in the thick, heavy air

The gates of Rafah speak of pain, in hushed, broken
tones
Of families divided, of journeys unknown
Yet amidst this passage, where hopes and fears cling
Resound tales of love, of longing, of simple, small
things

Olive trees near Al-Wehda Street bear witness to
ages gone by
Roots deep in the soil, under the same sky.
Their branches, like arms, reach out in prayer
For peace, for solace, in the cool evening air

In the heart of Gaza, where sorrow resides
Is an unwavering hope that forever abides
A call for justice, for a world more humane
Where love conquers hate, and only compassion
remains

So listen oh listen to the soft whispering of Gaza's
resilient night
Echoing through the ancient streets of Shuja'iyya, in
their undying fight
Their voices a symphony, amidst shadows cast
In the enduring whispers of Gaza, our hope stands
steadfast.



Unyielding Light: Palestine's Eternal Flame

by Siti Dalina Tumiran @ Kamal Nasser

In a land of ancient stories, under a sun so bright,
Palestinian hearts keep fighting, with all their might.
Through tough days and darker nights, their spirit
stands tall,
Showing strength and bravery, refusing to fall.

In streets where scarcity looms, no water, food, or
light,
Yet in each heart, 'Alhamdulillah,' echoes through the
night.
No electricity, nor comforts, life's barest thread,
Still, 'Allahu Akbar' resounds, their spirit unscarred by
scar.

Since 1948, in silence, their stories stayed untold,
Last October, the world began to behold.
Palestine's enduring fight, through years so stark,
Now draws global hearts, igniting a spark.

Palestinian strength is a lesson, for each of us to
learn,
In their eyes, a flame of hope, forever burns.
Their story is a beacon, for hearts that seek light,
In their unbroken spirit, we find our own fight.



Rivers of Hope

by Sri Kandy Putri Naru Abdul Hamid

Peace blossoms in ancient lands, hope's testament is forever strong,

Amidst olive groves and ancient stones, where faith and dreams belong.

Light of resilience in every heart, unyielding and shining bright,

Echoing promises at dawn, from river's breadth to sea's delight.

Stories whispered on the breeze, through sacred times of yore,

Together, hearts and spirits stand, beneath the sky's vast lore.

In every prayer, in every chant, freedom's echo rings,

Nurturing visions of a day when peace like an eagle springs.

Enduring love for this land, where rivers meet the sea, and soon, Palestine will be free.



Elsewhere

by Tengku Aniq Ismara Tengku Ezuan Ismara

Festive mood and smiles mark the New Year's Eve,
Yet elsewhere, Palestinian lives fall like autumn
leaves.

Fireworks painted the night sky in celebration,
Yet elsewhere, airstrikes fell on a once-peaceful
nation.

Sacred Jerusalem, a holy city defiled by the insolents,
Barren lands are now lush; fertilized by the blood of
the innocents.

Once a historic site for worship and pilgrimage,
Now, the greatest open-air prison of the modern age.
Families torn apart, marred by death,
Household of five, now only the little one is left.

Their mothers wept, and their fathers bled,
Because overnight, their world was filled with dread.

Millions of voices cried; verbal tears of sympathy,
Yet they were drowned in the silence of apathy.

Amidst all, olive trees flourish as the time flew,
Yet elsewhere, only misery, pain and despair grew.



The Holy Human Pal (estine)

by Vijay Prakash Khandizod

The Holy Pal looks for peaceful place,
The pity innocence in chaotic race,
Nature, Human being and war,
Make humanity far away, for
power of Greed,

Starving, poverty and helpless arms,
Pal in pain, where no charms,
Partial line in their minds,
The Holy Human Pal and all binds,

Pathetic Humanity gave up all,
Domestic walls break and fall,
Sacred Heaven into terrible hell,
The Holy Humanity can't tell,

How mighty father gives salvation,
Or Holy Human Pal will find solution?



Gaza's Heartbeat

*by Warid Mihat &
Noorul Balqis Che Ibrahim*

In the heart of Gaza, under the moon's soft glow,
Lies a city of stories, where the winds of sorrow blow.
A mother's heart trembles, in the silence of your night,
Her children's laughter lost, in the echoes of your fight.

The walls bear witness, to your tales of the brave,
Of innocent dreams, swallowed by the wave.
The war drums beat, your ground beneath does
shake,
A mother's heart shatters, with each breath her
children take.

Through your smoke and rubble, the sun still dares to
rise,
Casting long shadows, on your land where hope
never dies.
A mother's prayer ascends, a desperate plea for
peace,
For your war to cease, for your violence to decrease.

In the heart of your Gaza, amidst your ruins and your
dread,
Courage takes root, in the hearts that bled.
A mother's love, a beacon in your night,
A testament to resilience, to your enduring human
fight.



Whispers of a Mother's Heart

by Yuziana Yasin

In the shadow of a war-torn sky,
A baby in Palestine learns to cry,
Born into a world of sorrow and strife,
Their tiny heart gripped by the hands of life.

In the hospital's gentle embrace,
Where echoes of tragedy leave no trace,
A soldier's presence, a chilling cold,
A story of innocence brutally told.

Mother's eyes carry the weight of despair,
Her plea for health lost in the air,
In a land where hope is a fleeting breath,
The baby faces a chance of death.

No cradle song, no lullabies sweet,
Just the rhythm of distant, marching feet,
The tears of a mother silently shed,
As dreams crumble in a world so dread.

Yet, across oceans, in Malaysia's light,
A baby basks in a different plight,
In a mother's arms, so warm and secure,
No echoes of gunfire, no battles to endure.

While one loses family in the dust,
The other's cradle is filled with trust,
In the midst of plenty, how can we deny,
The stark contrast of one baby's cry?

Oh, baby in Palestine, a heart so small,
In the face of injustice, you stand tall,
May the world weep for your silent pain,
And strive for a day when peace shall reign.



A story of Palestinian mother: A Reflection

by Zawani Badri

My son has been cranky for the past few days
Teething has been hard for him to bear
He only wants to be cuddled and swayed
Hoping that the pain will go away

His high-pitch cry of pain
I've tried everything I can
So, the cry can be refrained
I am at a loose end
Can he just understand?

Then I remember a story of a Palestinian mother,
who had had a hundred injections, struggled to have
her only one,
Her boy was then inhumanely taken away from her,
By people who are not even worthy to be called
human.

The vivid image of her holding the martyred son,
wrapped in a blood-smeared white kafan
Flashed through my mind

The grieving mother,
Seen breaking down in tears,
Begs her lifeless son to forgive her,
For any lack during her care.

We might share the same struggles to become a
mother
For me, the countless injections can be arduous
enough to bear
For her, to go through that too and to lose her only
heir
My life at the moment is far way better to compare
As I can still hold my son, enjoy his laughs and
shed his tears
but hers is somewhere way better than here

As my son slowly goes into his slumber
I hold him a little bit longer and tighter
With a heart full of gratitude and prayers
Hoping that better days ahead in future
For our dear Palestinian brothers and sisters



Bangsa Laknat

oleh Ahmad Noh

Khatamkan sejarah lalu
tidak mungkin ada untuk menipu
catatan bukti pengkhianatan
pada tangan kemanusiaan yang luhur
pada tangan mulia sambut derita kalian
pada tangan menghulur masa depan
pada tangan menadah kebahagiaan
kini dibalas peluru kekejaman
menggugur keringat, air mata
menumpah darah, meragut nyawa

Bangsamu memperkosa kedaulatan
bangsamu meragut kedamaian
bangsamu menyingkir kasih sayang
bangsamu mudah lupa daratan

Ilham apa sahaja demi cita palsu
terkujur anak kecil
gelimpangan ibu hamil
kaku sosok si tua di bumi yang menyaksi

Bangsamu bohongi dunia
sasar letupan bom, bunyi tembakan
menjadi nyanyian penyeksaan
sayup suara memanggil
tiba meratapi erti kehilangan
lalu bangsamu laung
bangga ke seantero bumi

Memang bangsamu laknat!!!



Gaza Dalam Cahaya Quran Dan Sunnah

oleh Ahmad Faiz Yaakob

Di bawah cahaya Quran, Gaza teguh berdiri,
Dalam sinar Sunnah, ia berseri-bercahaya.
Di bumi yang didoakan dengan harapan,
Gaza menanggung beban, di setiap sudut tanahnya.

Allah berfirman dalam Quran yang agung,
"Dan berpegang teguhlah kamu semuanya kepada tali Allah,
dan janganlah kamu berpecah-belah" (Ali Imran: 103).
Rasulullah s.a.w dalam Sunnah menyampaikan,
"Umatku seperti hujan yang tidak diketahui siapa yang lebih
utama, yang terdahulu atau yang kemudian" (Hadis Riwayat
Bukhari).

Di malam yang sunyi, doa-doa memecah keheningan,
Membawa sinar, kepada jiwa yang terluka.
Gaza, di dalam bayang Quran dan Sunnah,
Menjadi mercu tanda keberanian, di tengah kegelapan.

Dalam kesabaran, mereka menggenggam keadilan,
Sebagaimana firman Allah, "Dan janganlah kamu merasa
lemah dan janganlah kamu bersedih hati" (Ali Imran: 139).
Dengan keyakinan penuh, mereka berdiri teguh,
Sebagaimana ajaran Rasulullah, "Sesungguhnya setiap amal
bergantung pada niatnya" (Hadis Riwayat Bukhari).

Gaza, dalam cahaya Quran dan Sunnah bersinar,
Menjadi teladan kepahlawanan, di setiap langkah.
Dalam setiap perkataan, dalam setiap ayat,
Mereka menemukan kekuatan, yang membara dalam hati.

Di bawah cahaya yang bersinar, Gaza terus maju,
Menebarkan keindahan di sekelilingnya.
Sebagai pengingat bagi kita semua,
Bahawa kebenaran dan keadilan dipandu oleh cahaya Ilahi.



Kakofoni Di Palestin

oleh Ahmad Meerza Muhamad Sobri

Maafkan aku **Palestin**

Tika aku mudah dihanyut buana
Engkau dibungkam masyghul gulana
Berdarah, bernanah, menanggung derita

Kakofoni menjerit merobek jiwa
Memekak harmoni, membisu simfoni
Bumi membuta kendati majoriti
Menyaksi kronologi tanah suci
Dikudungkan seinci demi seinci

Maafkan aku **Palestin**

Tika engkau dipenjara bumantara
Separuh abad dihenyak sang durjana
Di sini kubisa bebas gelak gembira

Semenjana melihat Gaza terkepung
Hanya bidak ini mampu kugerakkan
Kumerayu pada Al-Wali wal Muhaimin
Walau tidakku garap rencana percaturan
Tuk sentiasa Kau-lindung
Kiblat pertama seluruh Muslimin...



Demimu Palestin

oleh Arrominy Arabi

Aku akan terus menyokongmu
Aku akan terus menyebut namamu
Kerana ku tahu suatu hari nanti kau pasti bebas
Bebas sebebaskan bebaskan dari rejim Zionis
Aku akan terus berdoa dan berdoa
Agar Palestin seantero selamat dari kekejaman

Walaupun bertubi-tubi peluru dan bom dilepaskan
Namun aku tahu Palestin tidak akan pernah mengalah
Sanggup bergadai nyawa memperjuangkan negara
Satu hari nanti tangisan dan ratapan akan membawa
kepastian
Bahawa rakyat Palestin seantero akan bebas

Meskipun banyaknya darah yang tumpah
Namun aku tahu Palestin tidak akan berundur
Malah makin tekad untuk memperjuangkan hak mereka
Ya Allah, Kau selamatkanlah Palestin
Kau bebaskanlah Palestin agar merasa kehidupan yang
aman dan damai

Yakinlah bahwa satu hari nanti
Palestin pasti bebas dari cengkaman musuh
Aku akan terus berdoa dan berserah
Allah Maha Adil dan Saksama
Allah pasti balas kekejaman yang Palestin lalui nanti



Perjuangan Yang Tak Terkalah

oleh Asrol Hasan

Diantara keruntuhan jiwa yang sunyi berinding
Palestin berdiri, ditawanan penderitaan meruncing
menanam segunung harapan di medan peperangan
tetap teguh, mengejar hidup debunga yang berterbangan

Jeritan anak-anak bergema di lorong kegelapan
rintihan memancar tekad yang tiada noktah perjuangan
langkah mereka teguh, jiwa penuh dengan ketahanan
meniti jalan dalam gelap, mencari setiap cahaya harapan

Dalam kebisuan malam yang pahit dan kesuraman
mereka bersatu, menyemai kekuatan setiap kedukaan
doa-doa bersatu dalam kerinduan yang tak terkalah
jiwa damai yang tersembunyi dari kekalutan langkah

Runtuhan menjadi saksi bisu perjuangan mereka
disanubari, tak terkalah menggegar setiap jiwa
mereka bangkit, memulihkan dengan hati yang tabah
menatap kehadapan, menghela nafas sejuta langkah

Sayap yang merunduk terhempas ke bumi
menyampaikan pesan keberanian yang tulus dan abadi
meskipun terkoyak dan terluka oleh tusukan kekejaman
kehidupan meronta di tanah yang penuh luka perjuangan

Dalam setiap senja dan fajar yang berjelaga
kisah perjuangan menyalut seribu semangat air mata
Palestin sebuah pahlawan dalam kegelapan
menyemai dunia dengan jiwa semangat yang menawan

Dalam penantian akan kedamaian yang tidak terjumlah
mereka terus berjuang dengan jiwa yang tak terkalah
perjuangan untuk kehidupan, untuk sinar dikejauhan
di bumi yang penuh ranjau, keabadian mereka bersinar
kemuliaan...



Roti Taboon Di Tebing Barat

oleh Dr Muhammad Remy Othman

Mari Salwa kita sarapan dulu,
'roti taboon' berpinggankan batu,
Mungkin....
Ini juadah terakhir untuk mengekang perut kita,
Yumma... sahut Salwa,
Sambil menitis perlahan air mata si Abu,
Melihat Salwa anak gadisnya yang comot,
Tiga puluh hari tidak mandi,
Debu penuh di pipi,
Hitam berjelaga tapak tangan dan kaki.

Ayuh! Tadahkan doamu wahal Salwa,
Kamu adalah anak Palestina,
Seluruh dunia tidak pernah melupaimu,
Mereka hanya tertelap keletihan berhujah,
Dalam mencari syurga yang mahal.

Titipkan dalam doamu wahal Salwa,
Kerana debu-debu tanah Palestina menjadi saksi,
Melihat Akhimu menunggu di Syurga,
Kerana fitnah gemerlapnya peluru hinggap di atas kepalanya.

Sabarlah wahal Salwa,
Perlahan-lahan menjamah 'taboon' itu,
Mungkin sarapan dan makan malam mu yang terakhir.



Palestin, Anjakan Perpaduan

oleh Nor Asikhin Ishak

Disini bukti sejarah terpahat,
Melekat rakus dihati sekilas hembusan angin
Palestin, degupan jantung kencang bak ribut taufan
melanda,

Mencarik luka, menobat hormat di mata dunia
Sedang Engkau meranjau duri, getaran jeritan kian
membingit kesayuan,
Bak puisi menentang kejahilan, makin jelas tersembul
kebenaran,
Ibarat berdesus ilmu kepahitan, perkongsian
yang dilalui,
Memperjuangkan segala keadilan, bait-bait
kebenaran ibarat aliran air deras,
Lontaran luahan, senjata, seni perlindungan,
seni revolusi,
Memberkas kejiwaan, keilmuan, ketangkasan,
keperkasaan, dan menyalakan setiap hati hati
yang halus,
Rintihan hati tiada siap yang tahu, sakit, pedih ,
meronta tanpa jawapan,
Terabadi penghormatan, terorong sejarah
terpahat ribuan masa,

Ketika angin lalu menyapa pipi, bisikan jiwa pergi
berlalu,
Semangatmu hidup, panduan yang tidak berbelah
bahagi,
Palestin, dalam gema pelukan hati,
Cerekarama pentas hidupmu, kekuatanmu,
tiada apa bisa memadamkan api itu,
Berdirilah dengan teguh dan yakin selagi daya
mampu.



Tanah Cinta Abadi

oleh Noraini Bahari

Bisikan pohon zaitun
menjadi saksi langit yang sunyi dan tenang
pada daunnya, tersirat derita yang tersembunyi
akar yang mendalam, menyerap ke tanah suci

Laungan dari hati, bergema merentasi perbukitan
tanah kenangan, impian, dan azam yang tak tergoyah
pada setiap rekahan batu, pada tiupan angin sepoi
hanya bicara tentang ketabahan dan semangat yang
tak pernah padam

Di jantung kota tua, gema berdentingan
melintasi souq yang sibuk dengan gerbang yang
bersejarah
suara-suara merdu, paduan cerita lama dan baru
dalam tenunan kain, dalam wangi rempah yang
membelai

Di ladang zaitun, di bawah hangatnya matahari
generasi bertaut, warisan keanggunan dan kekuatan
tangan mereka, penuh cerita perjuangan dan cinta
merawat bumi bertuah ini, dengan ketekunan dan
kasih yang tak terhingga

Di bawah khemah yang dingin, Ibrahim, Warda dan
Sumaiyah berkumpul
tawa mereka mengalun, dalam ikatan yang sukar
digoyahkan
bersama aroma knafa arabiya yang memikat
simbol solidariti dan cinta yang tak berakhir

Di bawah bulan sabit, mimpi-mimpi terbang tinggi
melintasi rintangan, menuju damai yang diharapkan
di mana harapan bagai layang-layang, menari riang
di angkasa
tetap terikat pada tanah, di mana mimpi dan cinta
takkan pernah layu

Dalam nada-nada nyanyian, dalam irama tarian
di situ tersembunyi kekuatan masa kini dan janji
masa depan
dalam setiap gema hati, bersatu padu dalam harmoni
penghormatan buat Palestina, tanah cinta abadi.



Diam Gaza Bersuara

oleh Dr Roslinda Abdul Wab

Suara sunyi, bicara sepi
Gaza dicabul di tanah sendiri.

Suara hati membara, terluka
Deras air mata, saat Gaza merana.

Suara doa memohon, mata bersaksi
merah darah bumi, peluru dan bom menari-nari.

Suara keazaman, terbakar menyala
Dunia berjuang, memapar peristiwa.

Suara Gaza, merentasi bumi
sekian lama, teguh berdiri.

Suara kamu, meraut hati
Yakin Gaza, janjiNya pasti.



Solidariti Untukmu Wanita Palestin

oleh Dr Siti Fatimah Osman

Tabahkan hatimu wanita Palestina,
Wanita Palestin contoh teladan dalam keberanian dan kesabaran,

Sabar dalam menempuh penderitaan,
Ujian Allah SWT dihadapi penuh iman dan takwa,
Ayuh bangkitlah wanita Palestin,
Walau hidupmu penuh derita, duka dan nestapa,
Namun jihadmu membara di hati,
Tetap tabah dalam menghadapi musuh-musuh Islam,

Anak-anak kekuatan bagimu,
Semoga kesabaran dan ketabahan menjadi semangat untuk suamimu,

Terus berjuang penuh berani membebaskan al-Aqsa
daripada cengkaman
musuh-musuh Zionis Israel,
Yakin Allah SWT tetap bersamamu,
Hidup di dunia tidak selamanya,

Solidariti kami untuk wanita Palestin,
Mendidik anak-anak dalam iman dan takwa,
Tanamkan semangat jihad untuk anak-anak,
Ceritakan semangat jihad sahabat-sahabat Nabi dan pahlawan Melayu,
Jati diri yang tinggi untuk anak-anak akhir zaman,
Hentikan peperangan dan kezaliman,
Hasbunallah Wa Ni'mal Wakeel....



Runtun Jiwa

oleh Evana Kamarudin

Runtun jiwa mendengar berita,
Saudara selSLAM menderita.

Runtun jiwa melihat dunia,
Buta, bisu, pekak manusia.

Runtun jiwa berbagi rasa,
Israel rakus bagai raksasa.

Runtun jiwa setiap detik,
Darah Palestine menitik-nitik.

Runtun jiwa setiap usia,
Dimanakah hilang nilai manusia.

Runtun jiwa mengalir air mata,
Hanya mampu menulis tinta.

Runtun jiwa bersenjatakan DOA
Buat saudara Palestine semua.

Runtun jiwa pasrah padaNYA,
Moga Palestine berjaya.



Penyembuhan Hati

oleh Fadhlina Che Arshad

Dunia ini semakin tenat
nilai kemanusiaan semakin menipis
ada pihak yang berasa cukup bangga melakukan
keganasan
berasa megah dapat menghunus senjata
berbesar hati dapat menindas pihak yang lemah
tetap angkuh dan mendabik dada
tanpa sekelumit rasa bersalah
tanpa sedikit rasa penyesalan

Namun, mata ini seperti sudah tidak mampu lagi untuk
memandang semua
apabila melihat susuk-susuk tubuh yang lemah
terkulai layu tanpa kata
terbujur kaku tanpa suara
ada bayi yang belum sempat melihat dunia
sudah pulang ke negeri abadi
ada wanita yang masih belum puas bergelar ibu
sudah dijemput Ilahi
ada kanak-kanak yang masih belum lelah bermain
telah meninggalkan dunia ini
ada warga emas yang masih belum puas menikmati
kehidupan
telah awal ditarik nyawanya

bagaimana hati ini akan sembuh?
jika nilai kemanusiaan masih lagi samar-samar
bagaimana minda ini akan lapang?
jika nilai intelektual masih lagi dipandang remeh

Desakan dan asakan diberikan, dari pelbagai pihak
dari segenap penjuru, namun tetap diendah
tetap dipandang sebelah mata

Jihad kecil yang kita lakukan
boikot yang kita lancarkan
meskipun terasa kecil nilainya, jika dilakukan bersama-sama
dengan kata sepakat dan muafakat
tetap besar impaknya di mata dunia

Hati dan minda kita ini perlu dirawat
disemai dengan benih-benih ilmu
dibaja dengan nilai-nilai kemanusiaan
disiram dengan rasa keprihatinan
dijaga dengan perasaan kasih dan sayang
sebelum ia menjadi semakin tenat
untuk tatapan generasi yang akan datang



Sarkarsisme

oleh FADZIAHFMZ

Di sini,
kami hanyalah sang pengecut
mengumpul amarah
melempar seranah
menyaksikan kemusnahan bumimu
penonton kisah dukamu
tercium hanyir darahmu di bawa angin ke mari.

Di sini,
bersama pengecut lain
tidak henti-henti berdebat berhujah tentang cara bersimpati
terhadap takdirmu Palestine
Ada yang sinis senyumnya
"ah, jihadnya bermusim, Yahudi dan Palestine memang
kerjanya berperang".
Sedang kamu di sana terus dibedil
dibedil lagi dan lagi
diledak berkecai
dihujani kimia
luluh hilang rupa jasad
Berkepul kemusnahan
Begitu lazat kezaliman buat zionis laknatullah
Kemanusiaan kami turut sama berdarah
Iya, sesungguhnya kami peduli nasibmu saudara kami :
Tiada putus doa buatmu

-Selawat Asyghil-

اللَّهُمَّ صَلِّ عَلَى سَيِّدِنَا مُحَمَّدٍ وَأَشْغِلِ الظَّالِمِينَ بِالظَّالِمِينَ وَأَخْرِجْنَا مِنْ بَيْنِهِمْ سَالِمِينَ وَعَلَى
إِلِهِ وَصَحْبِهِ أَجْمَعِينَ



Sirna Palestin

oleh Jamilah Bebe Mohamad

Mereka itu tidak mengaku
Mereka menafikan sekerasnya
Mereka kononnya menegakkan keadilan
Mereka nyatakan itu hak mempertahankan diri
Mereka hilang kewarasan akal berkali-kali
Akan begitu,
Mereka lupa yang buminya bernama Palestin
Tanahnya sejarah para anbiya sekian lama
Jati diri penghuninya tauladan seisi dunia
Kekejaman kezaliman diperlakukan dengan rakus
Merobek mencengkam hati nurani insan waras
Sekali lagi.
Mereka lupa sirna Palestin itu
Sebuah mimpi palsu
Tidak akan terlaksana mustahil tercapai
Mereka hanya terus hanyut leka
Dibuai agenda sendiri tanpa batasan
Tiada sebarang beruntung hasilnya
Rugi semata-mata berputih mata
Sinalah mereka dengan balasan pasti
Oleh Yang Maha Esa seperti janji yang diberi



Sedang Kita Leka

oleh Munirah Asary

Sedang kita leka,
Mereka menjadi mangsa,
Sedang kita leka,
Mereka terkorban setiap masa,

Sedang kita leka,
Mereka menderita jiwa dan raga,
Sedang kita leka,
Mereka berterusan menjadi boneka,

Ayuh,
Jiwa-jiwa yang sering terleka,
Ayuh, jiwa-jiwa yang sering alpa,
Kita bangkit!

Ayuh,
Kita panjatkan doa,
Pada sang pencipta,
Kerana dia, maha segalanya!
Wahai negeri duka,
Palestina tercinta,
Ketahuilah, pertolongannya pasti tiba!
Pada saat yang tidak kita sangka.



Palestin, Ku Sakit Jua

oleh Noor Azlin Abdullah

Palestin bumi penuh sejarah, berdarah
air mata tak terdaya ku tahan
kesakitan tak bisa ku ungkap hanya dengan
pandangan mata lensa sahaja
kau sakit, ku rasainya jua, walau tak bisa jasadku
ke sana
derita hatiku terhiris dengan tatapan kejadian
yang menimpa bumimu
sungguh, aku terluka ku sakit jua...
doa tak putus ku utuskan setiap detik setiap masa.
kerana ku resah darah tanpa dosa mengalir merata-rata
rontaan anak kecil menangis mencari warisnya kemana,
menahan sakit kulit tersiat terkoyak jiwa raga terasa
sengsara.

Palestin.
tiap detik penghunimu berlari-lari
dentuman meriam serta tembakan berselang seli
seirama bunyi
kubuntu kusakit dengan keadaanmu. Allahhuakhbar..

Palestin...
terbayang setiap bujur-bujur jasad yang bergelimpangan
seolah seperti kuburan yang menjanjikan syahid
syahidlah kamu pejuang Islam di sana
ternyata sakitmu berakhir dengan sebegitu cara
pergimu umpama sebutir intan permata yg penuh
bermakna
nyata dalam terang pastinya takkan kami alpa
biarpun tidak semanis madu caranya, namun
sejarah dunia telah menggonggong jiwa
keranamu Palestin, sakitmu..kusakit jua.



Dan Tidak Kau Mengalah

oleh Nor Suhardiana Sahar

Bergoncang tanahmu
Oleh bedilan bom-bom pemusnah
Dek kerakusan manusia bertopeng syaitan
Atau mungkin syaitan yang bertopeng manusia

Bergoncang bumimu
Bergelimpangan tubuh-tubuh tidak berdosa
Dihentam manusia haloba lupa diri
Tidak punya rasa simpati

Kendatipun begitu
Biar langitmu berhujan butir peluru
Namun tidak pernah kau rebah mengalah
Pedulikan mereka, kau angkat senjatamu
Kau hadap dan kau balas dengan gagah

Biar anakmu ramai yang terkorban
Tidak juga kau beralah
Kau perjuangkan dengan segala kudrat yang ada
Membebaskan tanah, langit, dan bumimu
Demi mereka yang tinggal
Demi mereka yang bakal lahir
Kau laungkan *Allahuakbar!!*
Membangkitkan semangat juang di serata alam.



Sekeping Martabat Bangsa Yang Dipijak

oleh Noraziah Mohd Amin

Bertalu-talu peluru mengejar tubuh penat
semahu-mahu nyawa itu ditamat
sepedih-pedih tubuh itu luka tersiat
sesedih-sedih jiwa yang melihat
sehina-hina diperlakukan mayat
tak semena-mena diludahkan kata-kata kesat
di telapak kaki begitu dipijak suatu martabat
bangsa yang dulunya menjunjung keagungan
nan hebat
yang mengundang tundukan rasa hormat
pada bumi yang dicurahi cahaya berkat
yang pernah menerima jejak para nabi setempat
hinggalah bumi itu kini menjadi gelap pekat
segelap hati manusia-manusia laknat
yang rakus menghirup darah Muslimin penuh nikmat
dalam merampas sebidang tanah demi suatu
ideologi sesat
betapa sebusuk bangkai suatu matlamat yang jahat!

Utuskanlah tiupan doa, wahai sekalian umat!
buat saudara seagamamu yang sedang tenat
ditelanjangan maruah dan martabat
kepiluan di jiwa membengkak sarat
terus cuba bernafas walau tiap saat
di hujung peluru nyawa bisa tamat
tanpa lambaian petanda dan alamat
bila-bila saja muncul Izrail, si malaikat
membawa senyuman syurga di wajah tersemat
di balik tusukan bedilan peluru pedih nan dahsyat
di balik bibir mengucap sebaris kalimat
di balik sepasang mata tertutup rapat...

Marilah, sekalian umat!
hulurkan ihsanmu dengan segala cara dan kudrat
walau dengan potongan doa sekerat
moga di bumi Palestin keamanan bisa dipeluk erat
bumi yang sedang diuji begitu berat.



Palestine

oleh Nur Alia Farhana Aliyanor

Berganti siang,malam
resah berselimut ketakutan
tidak endah walau kaki luka tertusuk serpihan tajam
berulang kali jatuh namun tetap kuat untuk bangkit kembali

Hari silih
jeritan bom serata arah
terangnya langit malam dihiasi tembakan bom sana sini
tingginya harapan untuk kekal bernafas

Berpisahanya si ibu dengan anak
ditinggalnya anak kecil sendirian di celah runtuhan
setiap nyawa diambil tanpa belas kasihan
rumah untuk berlindung habis ditelan lautan keruntuhan

Dengan megahnya si durjana melakukan kehancuran
bermegah-megahan di tanah orang
diserangnya tuan rumah kerana ingin merampas
diberinya betis mahukan paha pula

Saudaraku,
maafkan diriku ini
tidak mampu berjuang bersama kalian di sana
aku hanya mampu mengirimkan doa
setiap hari tanpa putus buat kalian
semoga satu hari nanti
kalian dapat berlari sebebaskan tanpa ketakutan



Terus

oleh Nur Idawati Md Enzai

Saban hari
Menangisi
Apa yang terjadi
Hanya mampu menyaksikan

Lemah jiwa
Putus asa
Bagai tiada cara
Menghenti derita

Palestin terus berdarah
Masih dijarah
Pembesar membisu
Lidah kelu

Namun Yang Maha Esa
Tidak pernah lupa
Pada yang teraniaya

Gantungkan harapan
Hanya kepada Tuhan
Tetap mendoakan
Terus bertahan



Adolf Hitler, Sang Diktator Pembenci Yahudi

oleh Nurhafizah Ali

Aku cuba memahami lontaran kata-kata penuh kebencian

Sang diktator terhadap bangsa 'pilihan Tuhan'

Ribuan tahun dahulu nenek-moyang mereka telah menyaksikan mukjizat Musa

Membelah Laut Merah dengan sebatang tongkat

Meninggalkan Mesir menuju Sinai

Seperti segerombolan burung yang terbang melakukan eksodus

Demi bertahan hidup di bawah langit yang penuh sengsara

Kerana dosa, mereka kembali menjadi debu yang bertebaran ke seluruh dunia

Walau tanpa tanah yang dijanjikan

Tangan mereka kembali menggenggam kuasa

Sehingga sang diktator khuatir lalu membunuh jutaan nyawa Yahudi di Timur Eropah

Tanpa mengira anak-anak kecil atau dewasa

Kata si Adolf Hitler, bersama lolongan para syaitan *"Sekiranya, satu negara atas sebab apa pun Bertolak ansur dengan keluarga berbangsa Yahudi Keluarganya akan menjadi pusat penularan wabak yang membunuh"*

Aku fikir

Seseorang tidak perlu mati untuk benar-benar memahami

Sedikit kebenaran dari kata-kata sang diktator pada hari ini

Walau pada awalnya ungkapan itu adalah kebohongan yang melampaui

Kehancuran Palestin telah membuka mata seluruh manusia

Yang masih mempunyai hati

Tentang siapa sebenarnya Yahudi

Yang menggunakan kitab Taurat demi kepentingan peribadi sehingga akhirnya

Mereka tidak ubah seperti sosok Adolf Hitler itu sendiri!



Sebatang Pensel Sehelai Kertas Di Bumi Gaza

oleh Nurul Asyikin MZ

Di tengah hiruk-pikuk dunia, di sudut-sudut cerita lama,
Ada sebatang pensel dan sehelai kertas,
Dalam genggamannya masa depan yang berbisik,
Di mata anak-anak Gaza, cerminan langit yang belum
terjamah,
Bermain, berlari, tertawa; harapan yang diam-diam
terlukis.

Sebatang pensel melukis garis-garis takdir,
Di atas kanvas kehidupan dengan corak penuh warna
dan makna,
Anak-anak Gaza dengan mimpi sebesar bintang-
bintang,
Menari di antara runtuhannya, menyulam rasa di antara
debu.

Sehelai kertas menjadi saksi bisu,
Kisah-kisah yang tidak terungkap, dalam bahasa tanpa
kata,
Di setiap sudutnya terukir doa dan impian,
Di setiap lipatan tersembunyi cerita keberanian.

Lihatlah mereka pahlawan-pahlawan kecil,
Dengan tawa yang bergema menembus dinding-dinding
sunyi,
Mereka bermain dan bermimpi, di tengah dunia yang
sering lupa.

Sebatang pensel, sehelai kertas, dan jutaan harapan,
Menyusuri jalanan, melintasi padang-padang mimpi,
Di sini, di antara debu-debu kehidupan,
Mereka menulis masa depan dengan tinta yang tak
terlihat.

Dan saat matahari terbenam, dan bintang-bintang
menyapa,
Pensel dan kertas itu, menjadi lampu yang menerangi
jalan,
Untuk anak-anak Gaza yang berani bermimpi,
Ada cerita yang menunggu untuk ditulis dan diabadikan.



Lembah Gaza

oleh Prof. Madya Dr Nur Helmi @ Nur Jannah Azman

Anak anak perang
Tidak kenal langit merdeka
Walau berpijak di bumi yang sama

Musuhmu kejam bertopeng manusia
Rantainya besi penjara tidak kenal mangsanya
Sungguh nasibmu tidak terbela

Anak kecil mengalir darahnya
Anggota tubuh terpisah sendinya
Di kuburan monstrosa

Perginya kamu dijanji syurga
Jihad di tanah mulia
Melepas seksa jiwa

Kerdilnya aku berbanding kamu
Tak terungkap kata menahan kelu
Hanya mampu mengadu kepada Yang Satu



Wahai Mata (Ku Pujuk Hati Kerana Aku Hanya Mampu Menjadi Saksi)

oleh Rohaizah Halim

Senangkah hidup ini jika mata ditutup?
Dibutakan kepada kesengsaraan
Dikaburkan dengan ketakutan

Setiap hari di tangan
Dapat dilihat penderitaan yang tidak terlintas dalam akal
fikiran
Yang sudah dibawa selama berzaman dan diseret seperti
beban tidak dapat dilepaskan

Kenapa sedikit sahaja yang mengetahui?
Tapi sekarang walaupun sudah jelas masih cuba dijustifikasi
Kerana Oktober? katamu?
Apa pula kata engkau tentang September? Tentang
November dan Disember?

Adakah betul hidup ini mudah jika kita dapat menutup mata?
Mengelak melihat wajah dan mata yang memercikkan
panggilan meminta
Tolonglah saya!
Butakah anda?

Mudahnya hidup ini bila pandangan boleh dialihkan dengan
sentuhan jari di tangan
Kepada lembaran yang bercerita tentang makanan dan
pakaian, tentang gunung ganang dan taman

Seterusnya...
hari ini apa yang kita nak makan
Seterusnya...
hari ini apa yang kita nak pesan

Dapatkah pandangan terus berlari daripada menatap
wajah ibu itu yang memeluk tubuh anaknya
wajah datuk itu yang mengampu leher lembut cucunya
wajah penyair yang mengimpikan langit biru dengan wau
bebas terbang



bait-bait kata Khaled Juma kepada kanak-kanak nakal di Gaza?

Adakah hidup kita lebih mudah dengan tidak melihat mereka?

Pandangan masa hadapan kabur

Tidak kelihatan bahwa esok yang menjanjikan keamanan akan datang bersegera

Jika didongak, langit Januari membawa tanda amarah musnah

yang datang bersama percikan api yang melenyapkan ikatan kekeluargaan

Mampukah mata kita terus dipejamkan

Untuk meneruskan kepura-puraan yang dunia ini akan bertahan berputar dalam leka dan hiburan?

Jika tidak mampu memandang ke hadapan

Mungkin boleh kita menoleh ke belakang

Supaya hari ini, ia menjadi pengajaran

Jika yang dikiri dan di kanan tidak mempunyai belas kasihan

Pandanglah ke dalam, untuk mendapat kekuatan

Untuk generasi hadapan mengatur rancangan

Supaya kita mampu memohon kemaafan.



Palestin Bangkit Palestin

oleh Rosmawati Mohamed

Palestin oh Palestin,
Dahulu, jauh terasa dirimu dariku,
Jauh dari pandangan mata dan hati,
Entah mengapa, dunia sering menghambat diri,
sehingga lupa saudaraku sedang diuji,
Tapi kini, saban hari ku amati ku dengari,
Dari media sosial yang mencanang itu dan ini,
Anak kecil pun mengerti, mana perlu dipuji, mana harus
dikeji,

Palestin bangkit Palestin,
Setiap kali bergema,
Meruntun sanubari semua,
Setiap kali bergema, daku panjatkan doa,
Setiap kali bergema, ingin ku tahu sejarahmu yang lama,
Kenapa jadi rebutan rakus mereka,
Apa istimewamu, sedangkan lebih kecil dari tempat lahirku
sahaja,

Palestin bangkit Palestin,
Kini kutahu bumimu menjadi saksi,
Lahirnya ramai ulama dan para nabi,
Ya, kini kutahu dikau bukan sengaja berdiri,
Ada hikmah untuk yang mengerti dan mencari gali,
Di sini, orang tua, dewasa mahupun kanak-kanak ramai
mengikuti,
bukan sahaja untuk mengetahui,
tapi qunut nazilah dibaca, dihafal dan dihayati,
semoga suatu masa nanti engkau bebas berdiri,
Keluar dari asakan kaum dimurkai,

Di sini, daku juga berperang dengan diri,
Melawan himpitan luar membolosi,
Menguji keimanan, keteguhan hati,
Dalam menjadi mukmin berilmu yang sejati,

Semoga suatu masa nanti daku mampu berdiri,
Menyentuh butiran pasir di bumimu yang suci,
Bertemu manusia tabah walau diuji bertubi-tubi,
Dan solat di Masjidil Aqsa yang dicemburui,
Kerana menurut ilmuan Gaza tidak dimasuki dajjal dilaknati.



Untaian Remuk

oleh Shahriza Ilyana Ramli

Mata yang menatap,
Dari kamar tempat menetap
Mengintai - ngintai ke tebing tingkap
Ledakan dan bedilan si penyerang hendap
Tak tahu apa yang diunggah dan disingkap
Membaling batu, lalu tangan disimpan kejam
Dituduhnya kami yang pasang perangkap

Ayahku dibawa pergi, lalu tiada berita
Ibuku yang berbadan dua juga disiksa
Di depan mata, ya... di depan mata,
Kerudung yang dikepala direntap kainnya
Kerana aib dan maruah yang terlalu ibu jaga,
Lalu ibu bersuara keras serta menyinga
Pantas laras senapang diacu ke muka
Serentak itu satu tendangan singgah didada
Ya Allah.. terperuk ibu ke lantai menahan bisa
Mengalir darah pekat merah menyala
Apa khabarkah adikku di dalam sana?

Serasanya.. kelmarin itu, aku baru menyambut hari lahir
yang ke empat
Ibu bakar kek dan letakkan di meja bulat
Ayah membawa pulang anak patung kecil yang menari ligat
Masih aku teringat ingat..
Ibu dan ayah memberikan ciuman di pipi serta pelukan hangat
Bahagianya warna warni tak tersukat
Kini kurasa dunia sangat dingin dan pucat
Aku hanya anak kecil yang tak punya kudrat
Dalam tidak kepastian, terjerat dan tersesat

Bahagian rumah di bawah kolong
Ayah pernah berpesan nanti jika sudah tidak terbendung,
Jangan kau terpekik dan terlolong
Tiada siapa yang dapat menolong
Sembunyi lah kau di sini, jangan kau canggung
Supaya tidak ternampak oleh si tongong
Mohonlah pada yang Maha Agung
Ya Allah.. Yang Allah.. Ya Allah..
Lazimkanlah di lidahmu sehingga ke hujung



Antara Kaf Dan Nun: *Kun Fayakun*

oleh Shaibatul' Islamiah Che Man

Jadilah, maka jadilah ia
Palestin
negara berdaulat penuh riwayat
dahulunya aman sejagat
kini dizalimi zionis bangsat

Membunuh semangat, memulaukan hakikat
namun, bumimu terus berkat
dek syahidnya pejuang makrifat

Walau teruknya terikat, dizalimi dengan amat dahsyat
semua muslim mula beringat
untuk bertafakur dan bersaf rapat
sebagai bukti Islam terus sepakat
masih ada yang hanya merenung kelat

Wahai tanah suci Palestin
sudah pasti sejarahmu terus dibedah
semangat mujahidinmu terus diredah
walau bumimu selaut darah
jihadmu tetap akan terarah
dijulang tinggi oleh yang mengambil ibrah

Wahai Palestin
dunia tahu tiada tanding resah
tiada tanding parah
anak kecil, bayi yang baru lahir terus tidak berayah
semuanya menjadi kisah

Percayalah, Allah akan terus bersamamu
menyedia syurga setiap untuk kamu
sebagai balasan perjuangan agungmu
dan aku
hanya mampu menadah tangan memohon Ehsan yang Maha Esa
untuk Palestin akan bebas dan berkuasa semula

Aku percaya
magis Antara Kaf dan Nun
jika Allah berkehendak sesuatu
Maka cukuplah
dia hanya mengatakan "Jadilah, maka jadilah ia"
Kun Fayakun



Air Mata Palestin

oleh Wan Faridatul Akma

Air mata Palestin
Air matamu merobek hatiku
Kesedihanmu meluluhkan hatiku
Usah gusar wahai Palestin
Dunia melihat
Dunia tidak lupa
Muntahan bom ke atas Gaza
Mayat bertebaran dibawah runtuh
Fosforus meracun mencengkam tulang
Penindasan Tebing Barat
Semarak jiwa perjuangan
Pembebasan Palestin
Kekejaman demi kekejaman
Tangisan tidak dihiraukan
Kelaparan, kedahagaan, kegelapan
Pemimpin-pemimpin kolonial yang bobrok
Rakus menghirup darah hanyir Palestin
Bongkak dengan kuasa dan wang
Kegilaan apakah ini
Sungguh murah nilai hak kemanusiaan
Yang dilaungkan sebelum ini
Kuasa veto menoktah gencatan senjata
Kau lupa
Dunia adalah sementara dan
Akhirat adalah selamanya
Palestin, panjimu pasti bebas
Dari Sungai Jordan ke Laut Mediterranean
Ini adalah janji yang pasti
Dunia melihat
Dunia tidak lupa



ضوء الأمل في ظل الألم: قصيدة لفلسطين

أسماء عمار

أكاديمية الدراسات اللغات بجامعة مارا للتكنولوجيا

Light of Hope Amidst Pain: A Poem for Palestine

Cahaya Harapan di Tengah Duka: Puisi untuk Palestin

oleh Asma' Ammar

دموع فلسطين تبلل أرضاً مقدسة،
في انتظار العدالة، تحدث الأدعية.
العالم يشاهد تساقط دموع ذات معنى،
تلامس القلوب، وتهز الأرواح الوفية.

وراء الألم، يستمر روحك في اللهب،
نضال لا ينكسر، لا يتوقف.
فلسطين، زهرة الخلود في وسط الصراع،
في كل نقطة من دمعة، قوة مكبوتة.

ابقِ قويا، يا أرض المقدسة،
في الصبر، تكتب تاريخاً أزلياً.
وإن كانت دموع تتدفق في الليل الظلم،
ضميرك وعزيمتك تشعان بنور لا ينطفئ.

صدق، إن وعد الله لا يتزعزع،
في كل نبضة من القلب، في كل دعاء خاشع.
ستكون النصر عناقاً دافئاً،
لأرض فلسطين، تحت حمايته المقدسة.

الله، مأوى الاعتماد الحقيقي،
في كل حزن، في كل جهد.
فلسطين، أنتِ قصيدة الخلود،
في الدموع والدعاء، نتحد في الأمل.

الدنيا تشاهد إيمانك الذي يصل إلى السماء،
أقدام جذورها في تراب فلسطين الطاهر.
فلسطين، استمري في الكفاح،
واستمري في الصمود،
إن وعد الله حق،
النصر سيكون لفلسطين.
الله، المأوى الحقيقي.

Chapter 2

Echoes from the Heart:
A Poetic Tribute to

PALESTINE





If I Must Live

A response to 'If I Must Die' by Refaat Alareer

by Amy Zulaikha binti Mohd Ali

If I must live
carry on the tale
of the kite in the sky
set to sail

I'll gather the pieces
sell what remains
a story of resilience
that forever reigns

I'll craft a message
a lullaby, a song
in the flutter of wings
in the tail so long

If I must live
let it be for this
to spread your story
the tale of hope and bliss



The Day of Resurrection

by Amy Zulaikha Mohd Ali

Seventy-five years of brutal occupation
aggression, expulsion, oppression
A catastrophic destruction
on the land of revelation

In the silence of isolation
In the heart's quiet meditation
They resist with firm conviction
They find strength in desolation

The land of revelation
Through strife and tribulation
With unity and a powerful formation
Shall rise from the ashes of destruction

Praying in anticipation
The Day of Resurrection



Not In Your Dreams

by Anna Fariya

Unknown traces on the floor
While the sky is rumbling
Think I have heard it all before
The cries and the screaming
What can I do to stop it all
The nightmare they are living
You send us to our fall
Hoping one day we learn to stop resisting

But you are blind
To the hearts that wish for reckoning
You are deaf
To the silent prayers the street is echoing
You are mute
To spill the truth cause it is terrifying
You will never win, not then, not now
NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS

So watch me as I
Pick up the pieces you left behind
To show that strength is not in power
But faith in divine
Break thousands more soul as you go
Yet millions will rise and rebound
Stick and stones be witness to our bones
That we lay to die for this holy ground

After all you are blind
To the hearts that wish for reckoning
You are deaf
To the silent prayers the street is echoing
You are mute
To spill the truth cause it is terrifying
You will never win, not then, not now
NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.



Forever Ours

by Anna Fariya

Red sky while white talc fly
She keeps asking, "must I die?"
Alongside hopes that we bury for tomorrow's child
Words have no power so here my powerless lullaby

This land is forever ours
Fear not their evanescent power
Keep your faith safe with you
Till paradise repaints your blue
And I will hold you
As warm blood gushes through
Your nice dress, your failing chest
The world forsakes you but Allah never rest

Against their ruthless kill
We stand by your ancestors' will
Deconstructing their beguiled tower
Chanting "this land is forever ours"
Till befallen seeds sprout flowers.



Dear Palestine

by Arrominy binti Arabi

Palestine

You are always on my mind
Remember that you are not alone
And that you will be free soon
Never give up and continue your struggles
Knowing that there are those around you
That will forever support and pray for your freedom
So many deadly incidents happened have taken the
lives of their loved ones
The screams and pleas of the young children and
women
Having to hold on to the bodies of their loved ones
Oh, it is so tragic and terrible

It is so sad to see and hear what is going on
It broke the hearts to read about the misery everyone
there is going through
It is traumatic to be in a situation that is full of evil and
hatred
I pray and pray that it will be over soon

When everything seems bad and hard
There will always be a light at the end of the tunnel
When things seem to go wrong
Remember there is always sunshine after that
Though it is so hard
Always remember there are supporters with you all
the way
Do not give up
Never give up
Allah is always with the true ones



Keep on Fighting, Palestine

by Arrominy binti Arabi

Fight, fight, fight
Continue fighting till your last breath
Be strong and fight your hearts out
Even though how tragic and deadly it may seem
Have faith in whatever that may come
Good things will happen eventually
Allah is the greatest and Allah knows all

Though how bad the situation is
Accept all that has happened with grace and positivity
As Allah will always be with you
Leave the sorrow behind you
Let everything go and move forward
Have trust that good things will surely come your way

It does take time and patience
How long it would take must be accepted calmly
In shaa Allah, everything will be fine soon
Just remember Allah has it all
Only to Allah you have faith and trust
Fight, fight and fight
Never, ever lose hope

Continue to strive and fight
Always remember that things happened for a reason
And as a favor that great things will happen soon



Heavenly Seats

by Che Nooryohana Zulkifli

Bleak and weak,
We witness and we hate,
But our hands are tied,
Our nights become restless,
And thus, the eyes are feeling sleepless.

Our hearts are heavy,
Sinking deeper with each sun,
We look around us,
Helplessness pervades,
In hopeless endeavours.

Words fall short,
Anguish is immeasurable,
Tears gushing down into a torrential stream,
The world is flooded, but it just remains the same.

We pray and we wait,
Patience thins, while the sea of blood gets deeper,
Through the pain and strife, there's a resilient flame,
In the haunting silence, echoes the untold names.

Prayers ascend and reverberate,
Linger in the ethereal span that knows no date,
Yet, amid chaos, the known truth has been told,
Many heavenly seats in Jannah are already sold.



We, Smithereens

by Che Nooryohana Zulkifli

Let's purchase it, let's savour the taste,
Indulge in it, with no time to waste,
There's no harm, they say,
In this delight, the pleasure feels right.

But then,
Bombs were dropped,
Bodies were scattered,
Blood started to splatter,
So, you've messed with them,
Now, you've messed with us!

No novelty in this enduring strife,
Seventy-five years and counting, life after life,
Let's stand resolute and not just for once,
It may be our smallest fight, but we can make it right!

Branded as smithereens, we float with grace,
Seemingly inconsequential, yet we embrace,
We'll make you kneel, beg for reprieve,
Till you crumble, and you're ready to leave.

Let's see if you could go on and stand tall,
Our hate will destroy you and so our squall,
One day, falter you shall, wearied and drained,
So, you think they fear death?
Hear me shout, "You are downright wrong!"



Inhumanity

by Nik Mastura Nik Ismail Azlan

Inhumanity is...

Bombing helpless civilians in a densely populated strip of land using illegal white phosphorus bombs that suffocate the lungs and melt through flesh until it reaches bone.

Inhumanity is...

Watching children cry out from agonizing pain of their burning, peeled skins and broken bones, protruding out of their bleeding arms and legs, knowing their bodies won't be the same should they survive a genocide.

Inhumanity is...

When the oppressed raise to the sky their dead babies and bags of human limbs and family remains, blown to pieces, as validation of the cruelty inflicted upon them.

Inhumanity is...

When endless bombardment permanently erases more than 45 families from the resident registry with no descendant left to continue their legacies.

Inhumanity is...

When network communications are cut off by evil to prevent the world from seeing mass murders committed upon tens of thousands of the oppressed.

Inhumanity is...

Disconnecting water and electricity, forcing the besieged to collect rainwater and flour on the ground as a means to survive because global aids are blocked and starvation is used as a weapon.

Inhumanity is...

When those in power veto a motion against a genocide for their own selfish gains, signalling a death sentence for thousands more to continue to suffer and perish.

But worst of all, inhumanity is...

When evil continues to persist not because it has taken over the world, but because of the silence of good people who are capable of taking action, but choose not to (Saidina Ali bin Abi Talib).



An Ode to the People of Palestine

by Nik Mastura Nik Ismail Azlan

Oh people of Palestine,
How many times can you break a heart?
For in the face of terror and evil,
You recite, "Allah is sufficient for us, the best disposer
of affairs!"
When neither your brothers and sisters of the same
race
Nor religion,
Were willing to help
Battle the darkness that engulfed you.

♥

Oh people of Palestine,
In the midst of chaos, bloodshed and violence,
Your bravery, your spirit, and your unwavering faith,
Showed the world the truth,
The reason why mankind exists.

♥

Oh people of Palestine,
We have reached the end of time,
For the destruction besieged upon you,
Is not a test for you to endure,
But a test by Allah,
For the people chained by worldly pleasures,
To rise steadfastly in faith and understand their
purpose,
To fulfill a prophecy made 1400 years ago,
When light will finally defeat darkness.



Only in Palestine

by Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

Only in Palestine

Where human rights do not apply
But replaced with permissible genocide
And the world stands silently aside
As if Palestinian lives are futile
Brutally bombarded to the last debris
Still Palestinians do not kneel
So when we look at them, don't be with sympathy
But with envy
For their pain and sufferings in this world are temporary
And in Jannah they will be for eternity
Thus ask ourselves, where will we be?

Only in Palestine

Where the people have no fears
Even death doesn't make them shiver
Because to die for Allah is their utmost desire
So tanks and bullets, or fully armed soldiers don't make
them quiver
And though they have no food for dinner
They refuse to succumb to worldly pleasures
For they are the people of Jannah with dignity
Whose dependance is solely on the Almighty
With trust and faith in One and Only
Don't make them question their destiny
For they know it's Allah's will.

Only in Palestine

Where the people are the noble guardians of the Al-
Aqsa
Protecting the land of the anbiya'
Making us realise
That we don't simply qualify for paradise
In our air-conditioned room
Thinking for food to eat in the afternoon
So through Palestine we get to learn
That Jannah is earned
Through good deeds and noble practices and sacrifices
So when asked by Allah, we have our answers.



Soon Will Come The Day

by Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

Bigots call you the resistance, when you're merely defending

Land that is truly yours unlike what they're claiming
So, they come with their guns and their world-class tanks

Against children, women and civilians with only stones in their hands

Decades of unfair fight they haven't been able to win
Soon will come the day, as Allah has promised
From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free.

My dear brothers and sisters

Subhan Allah, you are so strong

Much stronger than their tanks and their bombs

Though you're captured, tortured and slaughtered

And your innocent sons and daughters are martyred

And your houses, mosques and schools are blasted

You smile and say Alhamdulillah, you do not even break.

So shameful of us to still be debating

Whether or not we should go on with boycotting

We're so weak, we can't even compete with a
Palestinian kid

Who doesn't shiver in fear or hunger

Who's ready to fight and die for his land and his Lord

Allahu Akbar, truly your iman is second to none.

Dear my brothers and sisters

You're in our prayers, each and every day

We cannot be with you there, but we will fight them
anyway!

And I pray, that one day I can stand next to you

On the same road to Jannah for jihad fi sabilillah

From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free, insha
Allah.



Because I'm a Palestinian

by Siti Aminah Abd Wahab

In a land where ancient whispers echo,
where olive groves hold tales untold,
I stand, a child of Palestine,
a narrative of struggle to unfold.

Born unto this sacred soil,
yet shackled by a world unjust,
A tale of pain and resilience,
in the heart of my homeland, I trust.

Because I was born in this land,
my freedom is denied, my voice is oppressed,
Underneath the weight of a double standard,
Palestinian spirit, undeterred, manifest.

The sun may set on stolen hills,
yet in my heart, a flame persists,
A yearning for justice- a cry for peace,
A hope that even darkness can't resist.

Silenced, but not in my soul,
For the echoes of resistance unfold,
In every heartbeat, a steadfast beat,
A testament to a story yet untold.

Stolen lands, yet faith extends,
Beyond the boundaries, it transcends,
A spirit unbroken, an enduring flame,
In the face of injustice, we reclaim.

My voice may be a whisper in the wind,
But hear it, world, as it sings,
Of a people resilient, proud, and strong,
In the face of adversity, where they belong.

Hasbunallah wanikmal wakil,
In God we trust, our hope instilled,
For justice, freedom, and a brighter dawn,
Because I was born in this land - I stand on.



Shame on You

by Siti Aminah Abdul Wahab

In shadows cast by power's greed,
Where politicians plant a seed,
Of justification, hollow, untrue,
I pen these words, "Shame on You."

In Palestine, a land so torn,
A history scarred, a people mourn,
Occupied and displaced, hearts to rue,
Yet leaders turn away, "Shame on You."

Thousands lost in the midnight air,
As homes were stolen, none to spare,
In the midst of dinner, a silent cue,
A stolen feast, "Shame on You."

Children play beneath the watchful eye,
Oppressors' gaze, from the darkened sky,
Innocence crushed, dreams askew,
Under surveillance, "Shame on You."

Land of olives, of ancient lore,
Now echoes with a different roar,
A tale of sorrow, a narrative new,
Manipulation thrives, "Shame on You."

Borders drawn with ink, not blood,
Yet tears flow like a crimson flood,
For every life lost, every hope withdrawn,
In the name of power, "Shame" is drawn.

Oh, leaders blind to human plight,
In the glaring absence of what's right,
Your justifications ring untrue,
A chorus loud, "Shame on You."

But in the darkness, a flame remains,
A spark of hope, resilient gains,
For justice sought, for truth to hew,
The world cries out, "Shame on You."

Let history record the echoes clear,
The voices rising, undeterred, sincere,
A call for change, for a world anew,
To leaders' blind, "Shame on You."



Beneath the Burgeoning Sky: A Poem for Palestine

by Siti Noor Waheeda Hasanudin

Beneath the sky of Palestine,
Enigmatic secrets remain ineffable,
Filled with boisterous cries,
Drawn by tragedy and endless suffering.

Palestine,
A wounded land,
Mourns in silence,
Rivers of the tears,
Blood flowing in torrents,
Heart-wrenching pain,
Despite the storm raging,
You persist.

Dear Palestine,
Seed of hope spread,
In the barren desert,
Igniting hope like sunbeams,
A resilient spark.

Precious Palestine,
In the red earth,
Unwavering spirit of justice.
A heritage of struggle,
In our heartbeat,
You will not be forgotten.

Beloved Palestine,
This light will continue to shine,
This heart continues to pray for you.
From the river to the sea,
Palestine will be free.



The Resilient Palestinians

by Siti Noor Waheeda Hasanudin

In the heart of the desert sun,
Palestinians wrestle for their life.
Beneath the open sky,
running through massive seizures of land,
they face persistent fighting,
endless airstrikes,
unlawful killings,
and infliction of injuries.
In the shadow of conflict
where pressures brew,
Palestinian hearts beat, steadfast, and true.

From warm homes to refugee camps,
demolished houses,
living in darkness,
disconnected from the world -
rights are denied.

Each soul carries a story untold
of paths traversed in the biting cold.
Yet in their eyes a spark remains,
a resilient spirit that still sustains.

Kindness blooms in the darkest places
as empathy transcends social spaces,
for in each life that roams the streets,
a human story silently repeats.



The Palestinians

by Wan Noorli Razali

The Palestinians...
Tainted, Tricked,
Blasted, Betrayed,
Brutalised, Bullied,
Hurt, Harmed,
Violated, Victimised,
Injured, Ill-treated,
Tormented, Tortured,
Oppressed, Harassed,
Mistreated, Persecuted,
Abused by the Tyrant
Endured Pain that no one wants.

Yet, the Palestinians,
Honest and Strong,
With Patience, Do no wrong,
Waited for so long,
But the suffering prolonged.

Now, because of the Palestinians,
The world has started to reflect,
Real truth dissected,
Clear path has now lighted.



The Ugly Tyrant

by Wan Noorli Razali

Oh, the ugly tyrant!
You walk proudly like you own this land,
When you were once just a beggar,
Walking on foot from every corner,
Waiting for others to become your savior.

Oh, the ugly tyrant!
You proclaim superiority,
Filled ideas with absurdity,
And you called it rarity,
Leaving reality,
Keeping abnormality,
Dismissing sanity.

Oh, the ugly tyrant!
Your ego is beyond comprehension,
Your act is beyond any normal mind,
Your soul has been sold,
For the temporary gold,
You think you are great,
But you refuse to read,
Allah's promise will make you bleed!

One day, this land will be free indeed.



Angels of Gaza

by Yasmin Farani

You were forcibly taken...
from the warmth of your mothers' wombs—
where you would have healthily grown,
with your beloved and caring parents—
who now mourn,
with your friends and schools—
where you used to learn and play,
in your beautiful land and homes—
where you used to happily stay.

Angels of Gaza, you and your tiny wings have opened
our eyes,
that all your pure sacrifices mean the world to us.
Keep spreading your little wings, my dear Angels,
because God blesses every one of them,
to heavenly protect your Holy Land from The Tyrant.



The Land of the Martyrs

by Yasmin Farani

Palestine,
You're more than a Chosen Land,
where we are surely gathered that Day,
of that Judgement Day.

Palestine,
You're more than a Holy Land,
where the Al Aqsa beautifully stands,
for us to visit and heavenly raise hands.

Palestine,
You're not only the Prophets Land,
where some Messengers of God were sent
there, with their undoubted revelation.

Palestine,
You are also the barometer of all Muslims' faith,
where truly Muslim martyrs were born,
with patience and resilience as their silent weapons,
to undoubtedly fight all The Tyrants.



Genocide Has to End (an acrostic poem)

by Zaamah Mamat @ Mohd Nor

G - Gone now is humanity's grace,
E - Erased, all sanity's trace.
N - Now only cruelty's face,
O - Ousting innocence without a trace.
C - Crimes peak at an alarming pace,
I - Inflated with arrogance, a disgrace,
D - Denying brutality, an empty space,
E - Even as the world watches in every place.

H - Hell awaits, oh murderers vile,
A - Although on Earth, you may evade trial,
S - Surely justice awaits in a while.

T - Terrorists won't forever lead,
O - Oppressors, too, will fall indeed.

E - Everyone, let's unite in this crucial fight,
N - Numb their economic prowess, end their victims' plight,
D - Defy them with all our might, and let God's divine justice take flight.



Shattered Hopes, Unbroken Faith

by Zaamah Mamat @ Mohd Nor

The sky looks dim, as though understanding
Rain falls like tears, a sorrow unforeseen
Losing innocent souls, heartbreaks unending

The earth is wet as if it cries
A sad morning tale, where hope dies

A father frantically searches for his children
He digs and digs while calling their names
But they have sunk in the rubble so deep
Buried alive as they are asleep
And we, we could only watch and weep

It hurts to think of losing those so dear
Not just one, but many, living there
Called by God, after the bombings' mare
Committed by criminals, cruellest of all devils

Mysteries profound, in God's grand design
O Creator, who titles not one but many parents in the
line
Crashing all hope to stay united as one
Shattering the family's dreams, under the sun

Stay strong, people of Gaza; keep living on
Hold your faith, from dusk to dawn
Life's just a loan, we're here to pay
In God's hands, we shall find our way

In judgment's haste, when wrongs seem clear
Fingers point, and anger's arrows appear
Our prayer, a whisper amidst despair
Not to forsake, but in weariness, to bear

O Allah, binder of hearts torn asunder
Guide them to Paradise's wonder
In Jannah's gardens, let them unite and wander
Happily, ever after...



Surat Oktober

oleh Mohd Zailan bin Zamani (ABUYON)

Meraikan Oktober
Saat taufan Al-Aqsa meledak
Ku tulis sepucuk surat

Ke hadapan
Briged Izzuddin Al-Qassam
Maruah dan quwwah
Ummah

Jumpa kamu
Di Cafelix, Tel Aviv

Nanti aku belanja
Secawan kahwa asli arabika
Tak mahu cafe hafuch
Americano pun tidak

Salam nakbah
Dari Terengganu



Tanah Ini

oleh Mohd Zailan Zamani (ABUYON)

Betapa kotor dan panas sekitar
Yang debu dan udaranya nafas kita
Terus-terus bergerak dan berputar
Biar ia menyesak dan masuk ke mata

Jika tanah ini menjerit
Meminta ditegakkan, keagungan
Dan kebesaran kerajaan Tuhan

Tanpa darah dan airmata
Adalah keajaiban

Mara kita antara sejuta doa
Dan seribu kekuatan



دموع فلسطين

(Air Mata Palestin)

oleh Muhamad Khairul Anuar Zulkepli



في أرض فلسطين تروي حكاية
قلوب الشهداء في كل زمان تنبض
تبكي، دموع العين جارية
يرسمون آفاق الحرية

لن تنتهي دماء الشهداء
تحكي العزم والفداء
يرفرف علم الصمود والعزة
تتحدث الدماء

دموع فلسطين تحكي الحكاية
حكاية طويلة عن الألم والجراح
تنسج خيوط الأمل
في أرض فلسطين تنبت العزة

دموع فلسطين، دموع جارية
تنساب كنهر في القلب
في ذاكرة الأمم مكتوب الألم
دموع فلسطين، دموع الحرية في كل لحظة



فلسطين

(Palestin)

oleh Muhamad Khairul Anuar Zulkepli

فلسطين أرض الزيتون والصمود
قلب الحرية ينبض
بين جبالك الرائعة وبحرك
ترتفع الأماني وتبتسم الزهور

فلسطين

في كل قصيدة صورة
شجاعة والأمل
الصمود المستمر
فلسطين، تتلألأ
نور يحمل الحلم العريض

فلسطين

الأبطال والمجاهدين أرض
راية الفداء والحرية
يواجهون، يقاومون
في قلوبهم العهد والوطن للحياة

فلسطين

أرض الزيتون والمقدسة
مكتوب أروع الشعر الجهادي
يتحدون الاحتلال
مجاهدين فلسطين، نور للمقدس

Chapter 3

**Echoes from the Heart:
A Poetic Tribute to**

PALESTINE





A Teacup of Dust

by Amir Lukman Abd Rahman

There's a picture that I saw,
I think of it quite often,
A teacup covered in dust,
And heavy cold limbs under rubble.

It was starting to get cold,
The months of that year almost reaching its end,
When I saw the photo of a dead hand that's old,
Wondering when the bombs would end?

They attack and fire,
They humiliate and maim,
Those that were occupying Palestine,
Killing every living sight that remains.

Anger sparked up like fire,
The civilised world marching for peace,
But the civilised world leaders loved the strife,
Marched for their cause - war funds flowing like water.

Now when making tea,
I think of that picture,
A teacup covered in dust,
And hands reaching out, dead under the rubble.



Of Feathers and Stale Bread

by Amir Lukman Abd Rahman

She sat there on the mat by the street,
With stale bread surrounding her being,
She must've been 60, probably 80,
All I know is that she's aged,
As I've only seen her through my tiny screen.

She was ripping the bread into tiny pieces,
It was stale so she gave them to the birds,
"How kind," I thought,
Despite being surrounded by fear and rubble,
Her kind heart extended to those not even her kin.

As I continued staring at my tiny screen,
Comments came in, praising her being,
"How kind" they mentioned,
But in Arabic she said,
"If the birds covered the sky like clouds,
maybe then it'll be difficult for the bombs to drop".



Though I Am Sorry

by Amir Lukman Abd Rahman

Growing up I've always known about the
Palestinian-Israeli conflict,
I saw it in the news, and I saw people boycotting
the Golden Arches,
Though I am sorry, as a child I could never have
empathised.

Years passed and I am now an adolescent,
Now and again, I hear the news about bombs
dropping on the Holy Land,
Though I am sorry, even when I grew older,
I could never have empathised.

The year was 2023 and I am now a young adult,
I saw the news that the war started again on
October 7th,
And every morning ever since it seems like it
would never cease.

As a young adult, I have my dreams,
Then I see these young Palestinian journalists,
Braving the phosphorus storms and burrowing
their dreams.

As my eyes opened and my heart ached,
I now do all that I can to force the Powers to bring
the fires to a cease,
Though I am sorry, I wish there was more that
I could do to set you free.



Blood and Tears

by Bok Check Meng

When our homeland is bathed in blood and tears,
The land of Palestine wails.
Bullet marks are everywhere like scars,
The stars are silent and all living beings are wailing.
The stone wall weeps and flows with bitterness,
The olive trees sigh and sway in the wind.
The white dove is flying, but the heart is heavy,
The boat of freedom sinks into the sea of tears.
No matter how deep the night is,
That dawn will eventually come.
Children's dreams flow endlessly,
Wander in the hymn of hope.
Goodbye, green hafa,
Your suffering no longer goes alone.
Our hearts gather stars,
Palestine will never be silent.



Elegy

by Bok Check Meng

Songs of mourning spread,
The land of Palestine is wet with tears.
In the days of wandering,
The weeping rivers merge into the sea.
Leaving deep traces on the land,
Those are the footsteps of the Sons of Liberty.
Even if the wind and sand block it,
The tragic melody never stops.
Palestine, your sky is like blood,
The children's smiles disappeared in the smoke.
The stars are sleepless, dim and no longer twinkling,
The clouds of war hang over this land.
The scarred city ruins,
But unyielding flowers are blooming.
Songs of mourning travel through time,
Evoke memories that will last forever.



Suffering

by Bok Check Meng

Palestine, a sea of tears,
flooding our common hearts.
Despite the raging storm,
Our prayers become notes of comfort.
The sad wind blows through the dawn,
The stars sparkle with endless sorrow.
The roses in the desert hang low,
But it still exudes a strong fragrance.
The mountains are silent, the stars are dim,
But there is a glimmer of hope.
Palestine, we pray for you,
Let the flowers of peace bloom in the
suffering land.



Palestine, in the shackles of grief, you stand tall

by Siti Maziah Ab Rahman

Palestine, your soul is bound in chains of sorrow,
In every crying eye, your story is engraved.
However, like a flower that grows in the midst of ruins,
The beauty of your struggle grows in persistence.

The melody of your screams is heard on the night wind,
The moaning land, voicing the desire for independence.
Although your heart is bound by suffering,
Your spirit overflows as a flame of light that never fades.

Behind the unjust dividing walls,
Your soul remains free, waving the flag of freedom.
Palestine, in the shackles of grief, you stand tall,
Become a shining symbol of courage, steadfastness,
and justice.



Palestinian screams, bloody ground crashes

by Siti Maziah Ab Rahman

The touch of the sun here is dim,
Palestinian screams, and the bloody ground crashes.
Among the ruins, hope grows,
An unquenchable story, burning in unreachable destiny.

Times change, but the wound remains gaping,
The traces of history are carved on the bloody ground.
Their screams become endless poetry,
In the twilight, the truth awaits.

The night painter creates a canvas of suffering,
Palestine, the bleeding land cries in silence.
Under the star that bears silent witness,
Screams erupted, forming a song of misery.

Standing firm, against wind and storm,
Palestinian screams, etched melodies of hope.
In silence, flows the river of resistance,
The story of the bloody land, eternal in the heart.



The cry of misery in the land of Palestine

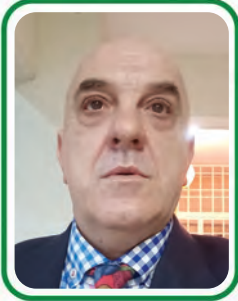
by Siti Maziah Ab Rahman

The cry of misery in the land of Palestine,
History is written in tears and suffering.
Under the sky that sees suffering,
The scream echoed, conveying the tragedy.

The bloody ground crawls beneath the gray shadows,
Screams of grief flowed in rivers of tears.
Palestine, your soul is bound in chains of sorrow,
However, your spirit still burns in the dark.

In the cry of misery, there is constancy,
Palestine, a land that bears heavy burdens.
Your screams don't stop, become a song of resistance,
Echoing among the wreckage of a shattered life.

A cry of misery creeps in the silent night,
Palestine, the light of hope burns in the darkness.
The earth that moans, but never gives up,
Your scream, echoes as a symbol of justice that stands.



Beneath Olive Shadows: Echoes of Palestine

by Piermauro Catarinella

In the shadows of ancient olive trees,
Whispers carry tales on the Palestinian breeze.
A canvas painted with hues of despair,
A poem unfolds, a cry in the air.

Gaza's streets, where sorrows reside,
Innocence lost, hopes cast aside.
A tapestry woven with tears and strife,
A tragic narrative etched in life.

Children play amidst rubble and fear,
Their laughter was drowned by a mother's tears.
In the silence of night, where anguish looms,
A poem bears witness to endless tombs.

Jerusalem's heart, a contested space,
Where history weeps in a sacred place.
Atrocities etched in each stone,
A poem speaks of a pain deeply known.

Occupied lands, where freedom sighs,
A poem echoes the desperate cries.
In the checkpoints and walls that divide,
Humanity falters, and dreams subside.

In the refugee camps, where stories unfold,
A poem recounts the tales of the old.
Displaced hearts, seeking a home,
In verses of longing, they silently roam.

Let this poem be an unyielding voice,
For those silenced, without a choice.
In the lines of sorrow, let conscience wake,
A reminder of the suffering, for humanity's sake.



Silent Skies: Echoes of a Shattered Homeland

by Piermauro Catarinella

In the land where olives once bloomed free,
A shadow fell, a cruel decree.
With walls of steel and hearts of stone,
A story unfolds, a world unknown.

Children play amidst the shattered glass,
Their laughter choked by tearful gas.
Mothers weep with voices torn,
For sons and daughters, forever forlorn.

Homes crumble, dreams turn to dust,
As bombs descend, unleashing their lust.
Schools become targets, knowledge denied,
A future extinguished, hope crucified.

Hospitals echo with cries of pain,
Where healing hands are stained with rain.
Doctors struggle, their spirits worn thin,
Against the tide of endless sin.

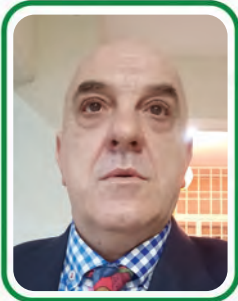
Olive branches, symbols of peace,
Lie broken and scarred, their meaning to cease.
Replaced by weapons, instruments of war,
Leaving a land wounded, forevermore.

Yet, amidst the ruins, a spirit remains,
Unbroken, undaunted, defying the pains.
In the eyes of children, a flicker of light,
A testament to hope burning ever so bright.

They stand tall, voices strong and clear,
A chorus of defiance, casting away fear.
They dream of a future where justice shall reign,
Where olive branches will bloom again.

So let us hear their song, a plea for all,
To break the silence, to answer the call.
In their struggle, our humanity lies,
A reflection of truth, beneath veiled eyes.

We cannot turn away, ignore their plight,
In their suffering, we stand in the light.
Let us join hands, voices rise as one,
For peace in Palestine, until the battle is won.



Whispers of Innocence: Tales from War-Torn Halls

by Piermauro Catarinella

Beneath the ancient olive's shade,
Where sunlight dances, leaves cascade,
A different story unfolds, untold,
Of children burdened, young and old.

Their eyes, once bright with youthful gleam,
Now hold a sadness, a shadowed dream.
In this land of conflict's scars,
They bear the weight of endless wars.

With laughter stolen, innocence lost,
They chase a future at a heavy cost.
In streets of rubble, bomb-scarred walls,
Their childhood echoes in empty halls.

Where playgrounds should be filled with glee,
They learn to dodge the falling debris.
Their toys, not dolls or knights in shining armor,
But stones and slings, a silent roar, a silent clamor.

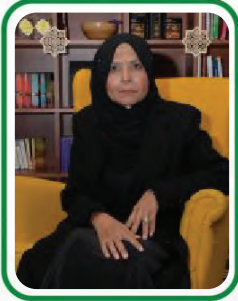
But hope, like a seed in the cracked earth,
Still struggles, and defies the lack of worth.
They gather in makeshift schools, beneath the sky,
With a thirst for knowledge that cannot die.

Their teachers, angels with hearts of gold,
Shelter them from the stories untold.
In whispers of poems and tales of old,
They plant a future, brave and bold.

For these children, the future may seem bleak,
But in their resilience, a silent spark they speak.
They dream of a land where peace shall reign,
Where olive branches will dance again.

And though the world may turn a blind eye,
Their spirit will rise, and their voices will cry.
A plea for justice, a yearning for peace,
For a childhood free, where hope shall release.

So let us remember, these precious souls,
In lands of conflict, where darkness holds.
In their eyes, a reflection we see,
Of humanity's strength, eternally.



US

by Halimah Mohamed Ali (H.M. Ali)

Something has happened
That will change the world forever
Things will never be the same again
Between you and I

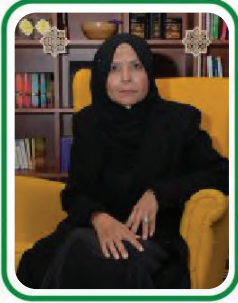
History was carved on the earth
And the ink that was used
Came from the blood
Of thousands of innocent Americans

The picture that has been etched
Has made you suspect me
Though you will not say
But I know it from your face and eyes

Yes I share my religion with them
Yes I am their sister in Islam
But realize this...
It is only the name that we share
The core of our practice and our belief part ways

What they have done
I abhor
The sadness and loss that is felt
I understand

Yet it is not time
For us to point fingers
Look at each other with mistrust
I am not your enemy



US (II)

by Halimah Mohamed Ali (H.M. Ali)

Dearest friend, try to understand
The pain that you and the others feel
Has been endured by us
All these 48 years

What you feel
We have felt many folds
You have lost thousands of lives
In a matter of hours and in a day

Now, try to imagine our grief for years
Every day we see blood and death
We have lived with the horror for decades
Death has made a home at our doorsteps

You are lucky you can still grieve
You are fortunate you still have tears
Our grief has been washed away
By our tears of years and even those have dried

Our eyes are barren wells
We have no more tears to offer
To our dead friends or relatives
We accept death as part of our lives

Perhaps this calamity could have been avoided
If your people would have listened
To our pleas and opened their eyes
To the sufferings that we go through

We live each day as it comes
We hope for a better tomorrow
But we see no picture of beauty
Though in our hearts we hope and pray



US (III)

by Halimah Mohamed Ali (H.M. Ali)

You are lucky my friend
For you still have a country to call your own
You live in a nation that is free
Your sleep is not disturbed by sounds of gunshots
And the fear of death

Your sadness I share
But what you have lost is nothing
Compared to our loss
Its is your pride that has been hurt
And your dignity that is crushed

Your motherland has not been snatched from you
Your destruction is small compared to ours
You will gain your dignity in no time
But when will we win back our country?



The Olive Tree's Whisper: Poems for Palestine

by Hjh Nurnazirah Jamadin

From ancient olive groves, whispers rise,
In the heart of the land where the sun never dies.
Amidst ruins and dreams, the echoes start,
Carrying tales of Palestine, deep in the heart.

Through the streets, the shadows of history roam,
In every alley, a story, in every stone a poem.
The laughter of children, playing under the sun,
Their hopes, like dandelions, come undone.

"From river to the sea," a cry in the night,
A longing for peace, for an end to the fight.
In the heart of the mother, tears like the rain,
For her child, a future, unmarred by pain.

The walls may rise, high and cold,
But the spirit of Palestine, brave and bold,
Refuses to bend, refuses to break,
For their land, for their life, for their children's sake.

In the rubble of homes, love still survives,
A testament to strength, as each heart strives.
With each sunrise, a new hope is born,
A dream of a day when peace will dawn.

From Gaza's sands to Jerusalem's streets,
The heartbeat of Palestine, strong and fleet,
Echoes around the world, a call to stand,
In solidarity, hand in hand.

For more than seventy days, the war's cruel song,
But their spirit, like the olive tree, remains strong.
"From river to the sea, Palestine will be free,"
A chant, a promise, for the world to see.

In these verses, emotions raw and true,
A tribute to Palestine, to the resilient few.
Their story, a beacon, in history's dark night,
A struggle for justice, for what is right.



In the Whisper of Hope: The Children of Palestine

by Hjh Nurnazirah Jamadin

In the land where the ancient rivers meet,
Children's eyes reflect sorrow so deep.
Beneath the sky, where olive branches sway,
Their dreams linger, in the light of day.

From the river to the sea, across this torn land,
Their silent whispers echo in the sand.
Tiny hands clutch memories, fading fast,
Of joyful days, now shadows of the past.

In Gaza's heart, by Jerusalem's stone walls,
Stand these young souls as dusk softly falls.
Parentless shadows, in the night's embrace,
Carrying burdens, no child should face.

The sun's rays stretch over fields of strife,
Touching the remnants of each shattered life.
Eyes, once bright, now hold a muted despair,
Gazing at horizons, increasingly bare.

"From the river to the sea," their hearts softly plea,
"For our land, for our right, to live free."
In these words, a deep longing to be whole,
A yearning for peace, in heart and soul.

Amidst the echoes of war, innocence fades,
Their childhoods paid as the heaviest of trades.
Yet, in each heart, a spark of hope resides,
A belief that love and peace will turn the tides.

In the streets and alleys, their voices ascend,
A chorus of dreams, too strong to bend.
"May our land know peace, may our spirits soar,
From the river to the sea, now and forevermore."

Hear the children of Palestine, in their plea,
In their resilience, there is hope for what can be.
For in their courage, in their dream-filled eyes,
Rests the dawn of peace under open skies.

"From river to sea, Palestine will be free,"
Chant the children, in their wish to see.
A world of laughter, not tears, year after year,
Where hope drowns out the drums of fear.



Whiskers in the Warzone: A Tale of Survival

by Hjh. Nurnazirah - Nurnazirah Jamadin

In the heart of chaos, where fears collide,
Several cats tread softly, side by side.
With fur bristled, eyes wide and bright,
They navigate the shadows of the frightful night.

The first, a calico, darts under a car,
Her heart is pounding fast, she has traveled far.
Each boom and blast, a thunderous roar,
Pushes her further, through folklore's door.

A Siamese, with coat like silk,
Slips through ruins of that ilk.
His blue eyes mirror the sky's sad frown,
As he seeks a nook in the broken-down town.

Alongside, a tabby, with stripes of gray,
Leaps over debris that strewn the way.
His whiskers quiver at each unsettling sound,
In the maze of the streets, a refuge yet to be found.

Not far behind, dogs with tails low,
Once homes' pride, now in sorrow's flow.
Their barks silenced, their steps unsure,
In the echoes of a world, no longer pure.

Through alleys and ruins, they move like ghosts,
Past echoes of laughter, now empty boasts.
Each corner turned, a quest for peace,
In a world where turmoil does not cease.

In their eyes, the reflection of war's true cost,
Innocence and peace, in turmoil lost.
Yet in their quiet, a resilience told,
A spirit unbroken, amidst unfold.

A tale of paws, in shadows cast,
A silent journey, vast and vast.
Through the ruins of what once was,
They seek solace, in their silent cause.

Remember these whispers, in conflict's wake,
The small, the scared, for no fault they make.
In their quest for safety, a story unfolds,
Of courage unseen, of spirits bold.



Living in Ruins

by Indah Permaisuri

The world will never understand the sorrow that
Palestine has endured for centuries.

The pain is deep and the feeling of trauma sticks
to every inch of the skin.

But you know what, world? Palestinians have never
lost their faith in God even though their lives were
destroyed

They have hearts as soft as silk, and steps as
strong as steel, amidst the loss of limbs, loss of
both parents, loss of brothers and sisters,
loss of children, and loss of homes.

Thirsty and hungry beyond measure, mines
everywhere, dry clothes on the body, running
for shelter amidst the endless and truly barbaric
Israeli bombing.

If someone asks how deep are the wounds in
Palestine? This cannot be measured even by the
depth of the Pacific Ocean trench or the
length of the Nile River.

But God hears the prayers of those who are wronged.

God sees the cries of orphans

One day Israel will receive consequences
commensurate with what it has done to Palestine.



November Sorrow in Palestine

by Indah Permaisuri

November sorrow: the blood covered the entire road,
following like river water towards the ocean.

The sad crying melody is no less heart-wrenching
because hundreds of lives were lost in a matter of
seconds behind the collapse of buildings due to
Israeli Zionist bomb explosions which have no sense of
humanity like a pack of bloodthirsty wolves in the
middle of the jungle

In Gaza, mothers who lost their children, children who
lost both parents, prayed fervently asking God to give
them strong faith, and hearts that were willing to accept
the bitterness of life.

In the cold dawn, a child whispered in his mother's warm
arms. "Does the world not love us, Mom? What mistake
did we make that their hatred caused this country to be
destroyed and not formed?"

In the ruins of another building: a man is picking up the
pieces of his wife's body, he is crying because he didn't
have time to meet yesterday because he was separated
behind the ruins of a tall building

Here in Indonesia, I'm Indah Permaisuri will stand with
Palestine, with humanity in my ways to pray for them
that's the must end quickly and peacefully



Tears of an Orphan's Heart

by Indah Permaisuri

I saw their sadness on the TV screen.
Orphaned children looked for the bodies of
their parents
who had been hit by a collapsed building
there were no traces of them
all that was left was broken glass
chunks of stone
and blood flowing everywhere.
*"O Allah, please show me my parents' bodies,
I want to kiss them one last time,
" O Allah conveys my longing to them,
and protect us, the weak people."*
That little child's prayer broke my heart
I was at a loss for words to write about
their pain
Oh Allah, please help
and protect them from Israel's hand.



How Can There Be World Peace?

by Mohd Idham Mohd Yusof

How can there be world peace,
when kids in Gaza are in hunger?
How can there be world peace,
when kids in Gaza are now orphaned?
How can there be world peace,
when a mother loses her child?
How can there be world peace,
when a father sheds tears?
How can there be world peace,
when a pet loses its guardian?
How can there be world peace,
when there is a massacre in Gaza?
How can there be world peace,
when Palestinians are in despair?
How can there be world peace,
when Palestinians are helpless?
How can there be world peace,
when there is no justice?
How can there be world peace,
when their rights are being denied?
From far away, I pray for peace...
Peace for Palestine.



Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow

by Mohd Idham Mohd Yusof

Yesterday, we walked to school together
Yesterday, we played football together
Yesterday, we had lunch together
Yesterday...we prayed together.

Today, I don't hear your voice anymore
Today, I can't see your smile anymore
Today...I know you are with the angels.

Tomorrow, I will dream about you
Tomorrow...will I be following you?



This Land

by Mohd Idham Mohd Yusof

In a place called the promised land-
It is our homeland
Hoping for a bright future
Free from the vulture

Day after day, night after night
Peace is out of my sight
Tranquillity never appears in my dreams
I hear only screams

Palestine, now you are in sorrow
Like a land full of crows
You are no longer an Eden
The carnage is unforbidden

In the name of God, we trust
This land will be free from the Holocaust
Palestine will be peaceful
Everyone will be blissful



Journey of the Faithfuls...

by Muhammad Shahrazif Tajul Muhd Majidi

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Pray upon Allah tonight
Fear and sorrow will melt away
Their names may turn to ash and dust
When the skies' last light goes down...

Stars remind me of Your Presence
All the kindness I can't repay
Rejoice and realize that I will pray
Fare thee well to all my dear friends...

All the Suns and Moons remind me of Your Greatness
Faith in the One will be our salvation
The wind and rain, all remind me of Your Love
For the world had forsaken my good friends...

Pray under the skies tonight
Hate and anger will die away
Words of the Creator will be our light
When they swore, they needed to fight...

The Earth trembles with rage because of it
The Water runs a stray far from it
The Fire roars with sombreness in it
The Wind wails discontentedly at it

All the elements remind me of Your Majesty
Belief in the Creator will be our deliverance
Nature reminds me of Your nurturing care
As this reality ceased to be fit for compassion

Pray under the stars tonight
Frustration and depression will disappear
The promise of the One will be our strength
When they march, not planning to return...

All creatures remind me of Your mercy
Walking on the path of the One will be our way
Talking about the Greatest will be our life
Be safe and assured of my poor friends...

Let the cosmos pray for all tonight
Rekindle the hope that we all longed for
Believe holistically that our prayers are answered
As the promised lands beckons...

Time and tide remind me of Your resolve
The moment is nigh and here to stay
Know that now that I must pray
As a final farewell to my dear old friends...



The Coming...

by Muhammad Shahrazif Tajul Muhd Majidi

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Our Creator, our Creator Claims a Believer's soul...
 I tell you, I tell you The Black Banner comes...
 With a voice wielding the power of the ancient Nusantara arts...
 Believe, believe The Black Banner comes...
 It's an end to the Evil of all the Creator's foes...
 Beware, beware The Black Banner comes...
 For the legend has passed and the darkness yet grows...
 You'll know, you'll know The Black Banner's come...
 Black Banner, Black Banner by His honor is sworn ...
 To keep Evil from going astray...
 And the fierce foe rout when they hear Takbir's shout...
 Black Banner for Your blessing we pray...
 I tell you, I tell you The Black Banner comes...
 The Black Banner comes to fulfill its legend...

Our Herald, our Herald Claims a Follower's heart...
 I tell you, I tell you The End Time comes...
 With a Keris wielding power of the ancient Malay arts...
 Believe, believe, The End Time comes...
 It's the end of Evil and all the world's woes...
 Beware, beware The End Time comes...
 End Time, End Time by His word is truth ...
 To keep Evil from taking the day...
 And the weak ones rise when they hear the Chosen One's shout...
 The End Time for a safe passage we pray...
 I tell you, I tell you The End Time comes...
 The End Time comes as written in the Books...

Our Prophet, our Prophet Claims a Truth Seeker's mind...
 I tell you, I tell you The Malhama comes...
 With a book wielding the power of the ancient Lemuria arts...
 Believe, believe, The Malhama comes...
 It's an end to the Evil of all the world's throes...
 Beware, beware The Malhama comes...
 For history has passed and the mystery yet grows...
 You'll know, you'll know The Malhama's come...
 Malhama, Malhama by His promise is nigh...
 To keep Evil from corrupting the Way...
 And the wise one answers when they hear the Caliph's shout...
 Malhama for Your victory we pray...
 I tell you, I tell you The Malhama comes...
 The Malhama comes to end it all...



The End of a Beginning

by Muhammad Shahrzaf Tajul Muhd Majidi

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

By Allah's grace and Muhammad's pride
Sulaiman's wind blowing by my side
Ibrahim's strength sealed within my hide,
and Musa's cane shall be my guide

At the dawn of time, there was nothing save only One
and yet to some, there was all but only none
Until all it took was a week, and everything was done;
One for all, and all from One.

The world was made for all as a shelter,
instead, some turned it into helter-skelter
Though others tried to make it better,
the truth is the utmost matter.

From the beginning to the end, everything was written
What is transpiring should be understood but not smitten
Though the process is bitter and has been unhidden;
to the last chapter that was long forgotten.

My mind yearns to protect my brethren
My heart ponders about the children
My body wishes this agony to end
My spirit weeps for what is around the bend...

Though I am far and others scattered wide,
all our prayers are forever at their side
For Faith is the guiding light that we must abide by,
diminishing the straying shadows that coincide

Pity are the non-believers as they attempt to make amends;
to alter what was written as well as sealing their end
Happy are the martyrs for making their stand;
to be standing among the Faithfuls into the very end.

Blinded are those by their very own pride;
turning a deaf ear from any guide
Dumb are those by their hyde;
refusing everything from all sides.

Rest now the fallen, your deed is done
Retreat now the broken, to the setting sun
Rise now the weak, step out from that glum
Rejoice now the believers, your time has come!

Do not judge but understand;
all of this is caused by one hand
So, let us rise and make a stand;
reverberating our prayers throughout the land!



Palestinians Dreams in Gaza's Embrace

by Nur Ellynie Balqis Mat Jeli

In the land where olives weep,
Palestine's story eternally seep,
In Gaza's embrace, where sorrows reside,
Poems bloom, a steadfast guide.

Beneath the gaze of watchful stars,
Gathered wounds like ancient scars,
Palestinian's dreams, like dust, descend,
A tale of heartache that has no end.

In Gaza's sky, kites take flight,
Dreams ascend, a silent plight,
Tiny footsteps on shattered streets,
A lullaby of sadness, where hope retreats.

Oh Palestine, cradle of ancient lore,
Your wounds run deep, your spirit sore,
May peace descend like gentle rain,
To wash away echoes of endless pain.



Gaza's Silent Witness

by Nur Ellynie Balqis Mat Jeli

Sunsets hues on ancient walls,
Echoes of resilience calls,
In resilience hearts, a flame persists,
A hope that even the darkness can't resist.

The wall stands tall, a silent witness,
To the pain, the struggle, the ceaseless duress,
Gaza's shores where tears are sown,
In the whispered prayers of the unknown.

Palestinian's skies heavy with sighs,
Witness to the tears that never dry,
A tapestry of struggle, hope and pride,
In Palestinians' hearts, courage abides.

In the rhythm of protest, chants find voice,
Palestine's poems, a resilient choice,
In every verse, a call for peace,
For a stolen land, where all conflict ceases.



Palestine's Poignant Melodies

by Nur Ellynie Balqis Mat Jeli

In the land where sunsets kiss the ancient walls,
A sorrowful tale unfolds, in whispered calls,
Silent cries from wounded Earth,
A narrative of loss with silent mirth.

Through ancient stones and modern flights,
Palestine's poems, a call for a light,
from refugee camps to ancient streets,
The rhythm of life where hopes meet.

From Nakba's pain to a steadfast stand,
A symphony of hope across the land,
For every tear that falls like rain,
May the mighty take away the unbearable pain.

Of steadfast spirit, brave and bold,
In Palestine's story, courage and bold,
So let the verses echo in unity,
A Palestine poem, a plea of humanity.



Marble Caskets

*by Putera Rizq Shaharin &
Nik Nor Azidah Nik Aziz*

Life varies as nights marry nightmarish wives.
May we meet at the gates, don't let them know.
A surprise, every time babies giggle to the drums.
I fiddle, Fi-Fo-Fum, close your eyes, here we come.

I prayed for days when you raise your voice.
From none other than The Almighty.
For the sun covers all I see, the moon loves us highly.
It's a shame our choice is to run away from the sights.

Mama, I made it across the waters.
It is warmer, it is calmer, it was everything you told us.
Papa, I made it across the borders.
It is better, it is farther, it is everything you told me.

We lost brothers, we lost sisters.
We called our pets, we got their tags and furs.
They slept in bags where worlds are prettier.
We'll go somewhere to set them free.

Snowflakes emanate from broken cinders.
Open skeletons, and falling spirits.
Frozen rivers of unloved secrets hide my pain.
I sleep knowing this land will be mine again.

A guarantee from The One.
Living in the freezing sun.
I have to see my sons.
In this unforgiving killing slum.

It feels heavy; I am happy enough.
Knowing my fate is overturned.
From negative to positive if lived.
So I better keep myself alive before entering my
marble casket.



Pipe Bones

by Putera Rizq Shaharin &
Nik Nor Azidah Nik Aziz

After the animals had their fun with their pyroclastic shows.
Ravaged a whole festival with thumps, stomps, and roars.
The surroundings toppled and flattened from its music.
They lost their amusings to an accident that swallowed
them whole.

False protections forged from serpents.
Forced to enter their stomachs.
Painless death was the result.
But the formula took days of suffocating currents.

Dragons soared and poured hellish chords.
Searing flesh off bones for the monkeys to smoke the bones.
Light them up with the essences from charred remains.
Coordinated assaults consorted them into unloved zones.

How must thy cry in times of riot?
Now dusts fly high in vibes of silence.
Out was lies crimes pin ripe pious.
Thou shan't die, fight with lyres.

After they ran the sun out of the sky with bullet showers.
Savaged as cold chests of ghosts, bump, ba-dump, flatlines.
A holed out home, sold out home, souls out, home out now.
Merci, Merci, May The Lord Give Me Resolution For This Life.

A hunter in distress as its once less fortune becomes death.
Run through this mess, come to each breath summed as:
Puff, blast, huff, pass, hup, crash, dud, smashed.
Once that escapade had concluded its fate, it alluded to fade.

Pipe bones and light holes confide those who like consolement.
Eyes glow as times slow down, nights go with slideshows.
Palestine's woe for a better life holds true as long as there
is fight.
Letters cite oaths; para-graphites wrote all their verified swears.



Scatter as the Rhinos are Rumbling

*by Putera Rizq Shaharin &
Nik Nor Azidah Nik Aziz*

A hand of pure hatred draws white smoke into the sky.
The sounds of the young choke on the high spokes in their eyes.
Seeing a light that's unkind to heights of all ages.
A sage's plight is impossible and ill-minded to some.

We're crying for liberation, not only for land.
We dream of escapism on the plains, as promised.
If it weren't for those sickish agents that cast.
Then it would've been realized, as days are bliss.

Instead, we wake up to bear witness to cold hibernations.
Inside old shelters, makeshift clothes, and scraped skin.
Remove the subtlety, and you will see our reality.
Trapped under the weight of a lover's heart in hellish imagery.

No death is wished upon the enemy.
Only to cease, but the cease and desist still persists.
Until we are all deceased, spirits roam in peace.
But even our graves are smashed pieces of obscurity.

Kids who throw rocks are playing hopscotch.
Across blocks are just shots awaiting to drop hearts.
One call and it jumps off; runaway flocks hawk.
It's a bloodshot, one more day towards the pawn shop.

To survive is a trophy in itself.
What win is earned when success is lonely?
After all, you are the only one left on the shelf.
The other toys were bought from the lord's cart.

It's a jungle every night—a dangerous concrete jungle.
Where gorillas usher themselves in to be comfy.
Tumbled trees of peace where other apes are laid.
But these gorillas scatter as the rhinos rumble.



Children of Palestine

by Sharina Saad

Children of Palestine,
Your smiles are the stars.
That illuminate the universe,
But your fate brings tears.
Across the globe.

In your laughter, echoes resilience,
A testament to hope's brilliance.
Yet, tears well up in distant eyes,
For the struggles beneath the Palestinian skies.

Children of Palestine,
Born in a land once of peace,
But peace has been destroyed,
Your parents taken,
Your homes bombed,
Your childhood stolen.

Your laughter, once the melody of joy,
Now competes with the cacophony of war,
As your parents are taken, their voices silenced,
And the homes that sheltered your innocence
Are now echoes of a haunting symphony of destruction.

Children of Palestine,
Built differently, not in the mold of despair,
But in the fires of hope, you learn to bear,
In your small hands, hope takes form,
But the echoes of conflict create a storm.
Children of Palestine, your plight,
Stirs compassion, a call to make things right.

Children of Palestine, built to endure,
Yet, in your laughter, a melody pure,
Your resilience, a beacon so bright,
Illuminating the darkest night.

In your innocence, a powerful voice,
A symphony of hope, a resilient choice,
For in your dreams, lies the key,
To unlock a future where all are free.



'The Olive Trees' Testament

by Sharina Saad

The Witnessing Olive Trees
Never sleep, never tires.
Bearing Witness to the Massacre in Palestine
A testament to a heritage deeply ingrained.

The olive tree branches hold tales untold,
Each leaf whispers sad stories, ancient and bold.
In its shade, our ancestors found reprieve,
A sacred land they cherished and believed.

The olive tree leaves tell a story,
An emblem of strength, enduring in glory,
A thousand miles away I witness your despair,
I weave a poem among the olive branches for you to share.

Though miles apart, my heart intertwines,
With the olive branches, where resilience shines.
Remember the olive trees stand on your land.
The bark was as strong as the ancestors' hands.

Greed and cruelty of the occupation's ruthless hand,
Destroys the olives, shatters the land,
Through burnt olive ashes, history's rescue
Palestinian spirits endure, never to subdue.

Through the ages, though trees stand no more,
Nakba's tales endure, deep in memory's core.
In the echo of leaves, the stories are traced,
A legacy etched, in pain and grace.



We are all Palestinians

by Sharina Saad

I am not Palestinian, yet solidarity rings true,
My body, my heart, and my soul say, "I am with you."
Soldiers or civilians, in prayer, I stand,
For Palestine, I whisper, a plea, so grand.

Dear mothers of Gaza, affection is profound,
Bearing and protecting, on love's holy ground.
A fateful night, a home struck by doom,
Seven sons are buried in the rubble's tomb.

Broken-hearted, yet she stands strong, a mother so brave,
Alhamdulillah! she whispers, a prayer to save.
Thank you Gaza mothers, for your strength unspoken,
In the face of adversity, your courage is unbroken.

Palestinian men, steadfast and true,
For others, for children, and for families they pursue.
Bare hands in rubble, injured child in haste,
Collecting the fallen, comforting in grace.

Hasbinallah Wanikmal Wakil, their resounding cry,
Through sorrowful eyes, resilience nearby,
In the echoes of hardship, they raise their plea high,
Their patience is unlimited in the sky so high.

Children of Palestine, a tale of hope,
Built differently, in history's strife, they cope.
Through rubble and tears, their laughter prevails,
In innocence, a resistance that never fails.
A mosaic of dreams in the land they tread,
Palestinian children, where resilience is bred.

As I cradle my baby, safe in the night,
Aware of my fortune, of life's gracious light.
In Gaza, mothers kiss lifeless goodbyes,
A stark reality beneath sorrowful skies.

We cannot be silent, ignorance we defy,
In unity, we declare, together we cry.
For every child lost, for every mother's pain,
In a thousand, in a million, we are all Palestinians.



Pantun Bantu Palestin

oleh Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Anak dara menjahit satin,
dokong disepit beranak lima;
apakah cara bantu Palestin,
menabung duit membuat derma.

Berenang mara sejoli patin,
beriring dengan si anak kijang;
apakah cara bantu Palestin,
menadah tangan doa dipanjang.

Usah melara meraja batin,
menjadi dusta mengugut hormat;
apakah cara bantu Palestin,
berkongsi cerita membenar maklumat.

Semangat wira jadi prihatin,
Pertiwi dicinta tak hilang pernah;
apakah cara bantu Palestin,
mengarang berita melawan fitnah.



Pantun Harapan Malaysia

oleh Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Lebah menyengat mencuri manis,
darah memecut sakit berduka;
patah semangat tentera Zionis,
jadi pengecut Gaza Merdeka.

Burung murai melarik sinis,
berenang gundah sekawan patin;
hancur berderai tentera Zionis,
ditewas mudah pemuda Palestin.

Pohon kelapa bermacam jenis,
isi diparut membuat pulut;
malang menimpa tentera Zionis,
mati menjerut dilanda kemelut.

Seperti tiada tentera Komunis,
jadi garapan warga Malaysia;
bencana melanda tentera Zionis,
begitulah harapan warga Malaysia.



Palestina Menangis Lagi

oleh Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Bumi yang jauh
Dirasa setiap gegaran, amukan, bedilan
Biar terpisah laut dan darat
Kesedihannya amat mendalam, dirasai

Disebalik permaidani berdarah
Terbentang amarah yang dibendung
Meronta ronta untuk diazan ketelinga Zionis kejam

Dulu berperang
Sekarang berperang
Sampai bila?

Aku tidak pernah ke sana
Apatah lagi menghirup udara dan airnya
Tapi dekat di setiap daerah-daerah hati
Tahu
Palestina menangis lagi.



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PALESTINE

