

The background of the entire image is an abstract composition of horizontal stripes. The stripes vary in width and color, including shades of red, black, and grey. The stripes are arranged in a somewhat chaotic but rhythmic pattern, creating a textured, layered effect.

# WAR

N E W S

Beau Beausoleil

# WAR NEWS

*Beau Beausoleil*

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Cover art: Andrea Hassiba

War  
News

These days  
you wrap  
the shroud  
of living  
tight  
around  
your bones  
and try  
to breathe  
again  
above each  
lengthening  
grave

War  
News

There is  
nothing  
left in  
our poems  
but  
obliterated  
words

War  
News

Many  
believe  
that the  
sky above  
us  
is shared

While  
others  
claim  
ownership  
of every  
cloud that  
falls to  
earth  
covered  
in blood

War  
News

The volume  
of the  
killing  
is so high

so terrible  
in its  
working  
machinery  
that we  
can hear  
it in  
our sleep

We get up  
and roam  
the house  
looking for  
our own  
distressed  
body in the  
piercing  
fragments  
of news

And in  
the early  
morning  
we will  
begin to  
hold  
ourselves  
in the arms  
of our children

War  
News

Revenge  
reawakens  
every known  
atrocities  
and sends  
its lethal  
messengers  
from street  
to street

from door  
to door

relentlessly  
searching  
for the  
grief of  
others



War  
News

In the  
trench  
with  
Mahmoud  
Darwish  
and  
Siegfried  
Sassoon  
I ask  
for  
directions  
to Gaza

Follow  
the  
gunfire  
through  
your  
mother's  
heart  
they reply  
as one

Follow  
the blown  
apart  
paper  
future  
and the  
rotting  
corpses of  
mercy

And once there  
bury  
your writing  
below the  
bodies of  
children

But don't  
look for any  
beginning  
or end

Or consult  
any map  
of poetry  
to bring  
you home  
without  
tears

War  
News

In 24  
hours  
you  
must  
leave  
behind  
what is  
left of  
your life

And on  
every day  
in a future  
nightmare  
you will be  
allowed to  
return to it

War  
News

These days  
recalling a line  
from a poem  
that you love  
is like  
being granted  
temporary  
safe passage  
through the  
collective  
unconscious  
of violence

War  
News

Nothing  
will  
go back  
to the  
way  
it was

Nothing  
will look  
the same  
as it was

Only the  
deep  
emptiness  
of loss  
will be  
the same

Only the  
barriers  
to freedom  
will be  
recognizable

And made  
Stronger

War  
News

How can  
I help  
explain  
one day  
to our  
daughter's  
twin girls  
how it is  
that we  
take the  
lives  
of one  
another

And never  
give them  
back

War  
News

It's 5 a.m.  
here in  
California  
on October  
15th 2023  
and I can see  
Death pacing  
in our garden

His spirit  
outlined by  
the darkest of  
dead stars

He is  
looking east

waiting  
impatiently  
for the  
first screams  
to reach  
his purpose

He looks up  
at me standing  
at the kitchen  
window

I am still  
trying to see  
into his  
impenetrable  
rapacious desire

He is soon  
to leave and  
stay

Always clutching his  
blood-soaked list  
of the innocents

Always asking me  
to choose the first  
of many for him

By simply turning  
my back  
on what I can  
plainly see



War  
News  
(*October 16th*  
2023)

Is this  
enough  
death  
and  
misery

Will it  
be  
enough  
tomorrow

or the day  
after

Tell us what  
metrics are  
being used

Are they  
adding in  
pain and  
anguish

subtracting  
the last  
shreds of  
freedom

Or the  
number  
of people  
killed in  
a single  
family

Must the  
multiplier  
of revenge  
be added

into each  
answer

And  
who is  
searching  
the bodies  
of children  
for a pencil  
and a crumpled  
sheet or shroud  
of lined paper  
from school  
on which  
to add  
things up  
for another  
generation

War  
News

So much  
of what  
I write  
is from  
an almost  
lost moment  
just before  
forgetting

Except  
for the  
Palestinian  
voices  
that I hear  
and read  
that keep  
crying out  
that there  
is nowhere  
to go  
that is safe  
for them

Those  
pursuing  
desperate  
words  
reach me  
in an  
unending  
terrifying  
present  
tense of  
death that  
consumes  
my poems  
even as I  
write them

War  
News

Those who  
are doing  
the killing  
always want  
to kill  
a few more

Those living  
at the edge  
of the abyss  
still have to be  
forced to jump

War  
News  
(*October 20th*  
2023)

We passed  
a playground  
full of children  
at play

their voices rising  
and falling  
like small  
quick seasons

We  
could not  
make out  
a single  
word as  
children  
ran and  
climbed  
laughed  
and whispered  
together

But hearing  
their  
rambunctious  
voices was a  
nurturing  
gift in itself

And today  
reading  
the ongoing  
news  
of this war  
I think about  
the violently  
silenced lives  
of so many  
children

and the joyous voices  
that will never be  
heard again

War  
News

I press down  
on the words  
in my small  
poems  
forcing them  
to be still  
to listen  
to the  
sound  
of a  
heart  
weeping

so close  
so very far  
away

War  
News

In the  
midst of  
all the  
killing  
God has  
become  
the first  
stranger  
that we  
encounter  
in the  
morning  
and the  
last  
survivor  
that we  
bid  
farewell  
to each  
night



War  
News

I read  
this war  
like a  
a novel  
of tragedy

and try  
to live  
in the  
last page  
first

wanting  
to know  
how things  
turn out  
on paper

well before  
anyone else  
is written  
into death

War  
News  
(*October 18th*  
2023)

On this  
present  
leaden  
day  
there are  
so many  
destroyed  
bodies  
that there  
is little  
room for  
words

One can  
only  
privately  
very  
softly  
sing  
a dirge  
in the  
street

or fill an  
entire sky  
with our  
collective  
lament

A child's  
shrouded  
name as  
a lyric

repeated  
thousands  
upon  
thousands  
of times

War  
News

I thought  
I could  
contain  
the war  
in a jar  
of words  
and keep it  
in our pantry  
in the quiet  
darkness  
next to the  
sour cherry  
preserves that  
I love so  
much

I thought  
to keep  
the war's  
painful  
knowledge  
sealed in  
that jar  
away from  
my family

But each  
morning  
as I cut  
a slice of  
rye bread  
and reach  
for the  
preserves  
I notice  
that the  
jar has  
filled with  
blood again  
and that  
the letters

pressed  
against the  
weeping  
glass  
continue  
to spell  
my name

War  
News

Once more I awake  
In the frenzied silence  
of the early morning

In my kitchen  
I listen to the  
radio accounts  
of those who were  
alive yesterday  
at this very  
same hour

And outside my front door  
along the length of my street

I hear the soft steady  
hooves of the dark horses  
of death  
carrying the souls  
of sleeping children  
away from their graves

War  
News

These days I have no  
direct contact with myself  
and use my poems as an  
intermediary

I know that the heavy  
sorrow in this war  
is weighing down my  
poems

And that soon my body  
will refuse to carry any  
of my words and offer  
only to bring me the  
worn cloth of a prayer  
that is used to  
wash the dead with

War  
News

She brought news  
written on  
her wings  
of distant  
wars  
in Heaven  
and asked us  
how to weep  
and how she  
might pray  
herself  
to sleep

War  
News  
*(for Marwan  
Makhoul)*

I wanted  
to fashion  
amulets  
of  
protection  
made  
from my  
poems  
and send  
them  
to you  
and your  
family in  
the song  
of a house  
sparrow

But  
there  
was  
no  
house  
left  
standing  
on your  
street

only  
rubble  
and  
bodies  
wrapped  
in their  
shrouds  
of memory



And the  
sparrow  
was  
killed  
as it  
began  
to sing

War  
News

Who will  
identify  
the living  
after the  
dead  
give up  
on us  
in disgust

Who will  
arrange  
the family  
members  
for the  
photograph  
when there  
are no  
family  
members  
left

And for  
how long  
can anyone  
live within  
the violence  
of today

as it consumes  
tomorrow

War  
News

Let  
us  
wear  
the  
shoes  
of  
the  
innocent  
dead  
and  
walk  
into  
their  
names  
and  
violently  
ended  
lives

Let us  
walk  
under  
their  
breathless  
sky and  
demand  
once again  
that they  
forgive us

War  
News

The sun  
has  
ripped  
up its  
own  
light  
over  
Gaza

Only  
the  
scarred  
moon

which has  
always  
refused  
to hide  
its wounds

watches

War  
News

1.  
Bring me  
some  
words  
to bury  
in our  
garden

Bring me  
a bone  
whistle  
to play  
in our  
hallway

2.  
When death  
releases a child  
from under  
the rubble  
of a home

And allows her  
to be pulled  
back into life

I am stunned  
with the  
terror of hope

War  
News  
(*for f.r.*)

I look for  
the smallest  
most determined  
fish  
that swim from  
our shore  
and wonder  
what messages  
of peace  
they might  
carry for you

Unless they  
are caught  
with so  
many others  
in another  
tangled net  
of empty  
words

and die  
gasping  
for truth

War  
News

I am  
fastened  
to the  
muteness  
of writing  
poems  
in an  
expanding  
darkness  
that holds  
the  
accumulation  
of all  
murdered  
light

And  
at the  
bottom  
of this  
infinite  
grave of  
witness

I place  
my name  
and weep

War  
News

I can only save  
a quarter of the  
clouded  
moon's light  
in this poem

But it will  
be safe  
with me

Until you  
need it  
in one  
of your  
own poems

that they  
have stolen  
the very same  
light from



War  
News

Every word in this poem  
wants to leave this  
poem

Every word belongs  
to someone else  
far away in pain

But the word for grief  
stays here alone  
and then leaves  
only to come back again

Because  
it knows me and  
surely you as well

War  
News

I stare  
harder  
each night  
at the  
stars  
we share

looking for

the few  
that might  
still be  
unbloodied  
in your sky

War  
News

What we  
try to  
say we  
hear our  
friend  
say  
in the  
street

She says

I will  
not  
surrender  
the love  
I carry  
to anyone's  
violence

War  
News

I use one thought  
to describe another  
and consider that the  
door to this room  
could be unhinged  
to carry my body

Along with  
the body of  
the one that  
in the end  
I could not  
protect

War  
News

There are  
roads  
that will  
bring  
you from  
one area  
of death  
to another  
unspecified  
area of death

There are streets  
that no longer exist  
that will guide you

Here is the  
bombed  
collapsed  
house  
where your  
mother  
was killed

This is where  
your Homeland  
is denied its  
existence  
every day

This is where  
the body  
of your child  
is still buried  
under the  
rubble

You know  
these ghost  
streets and  
their dreams  
by heart

And even in this raw  
moment of  
collective grief

You try to move  
Heaven itself  
to one side  
to find the  
body of your  
child

War  
News

You  
turn  
left  
instead  
of right

You walk  
to the  
window  
instead  
of the  
door

You  
read  
a poem  
instead  
of crying

And death  
is confused  
by your  
choices  
and luck

and allows  
you a  
moment  
to recall  
her  
favorite  
song  
of lost  
love

which  
ends  
up as  
a prayer  
that you  
sing

over her  
body



War  
News

Is it better to be  
killed in  
warm weather  
or cold

Is it better to die  
sitting or standing

Is it better  
to die alone  
or with your  
loved ones

Does it remain  
troublingly  
easier to read  
the murderous  
news  
than to live in it

War  
News

What  
ruined  
body  
can you  
identify  
as they  
are pulled  
out from  
under the  
killing

What can  
you make  
sense of  
when you  
can't see  
her shy  
smile

War  
News

Watching  
the wind  
in the trees

I recall  
the BBC  
video  
report  
from  
Gaza  
that  
showed  
assessments  
being made  
on the  
hospital  
hallway  
floor

these were  
wounded  
people  
who had  
just been  
brought  
in

Which ones  
were beyond  
saving and  
which still  
had a chance  
at life beyond  
this  
murdered  
day

One woman  
knelt next  
to a woman  
that the

doctor was  
leaning over

He seemed  
to be  
searching  
the stillness  
of the  
wounded  
woman's  
face  
but then  
he turned  
away to  
study the  
face of  
the next  
person

Who was  
that kneeling  
woman who  
watched  
silent as  
a stone

I could not  
bear her  
approaching  
grief

Is everyone  
dying again  
under a sky  
that has been  
repeatedly  
torn apart

Here in  
California  
I watched  
the wind  
as  
it struggled  
with the  
trees

I could  
not move  
my body  
in any  
direction

There is  
no balance  
between  
life and  
death

The camera  
turned away  
but I  
wanted her  
to open  
her eyes  
and share  
a breath  
with the  
woman  
who will  
not leave  
her side

I will hear  
the wind  
and see  
the two  
of them  
as one  
with the  
standing  
trees  
forever

War  
News

These dead  
don't want  
their bodies  
written upon  
by politicians

or sewn into  
flags of war  
that fly over  
endless  
cemeteries

Their names are  
martyrs in any  
prayer in  
any language

These dead  
don't want  
our memory  
of them  
loaded  
into more  
violence  
to kill yet  
another child  
whose life defines  
someone's joy

War  
News

I think myself  
awake each morning  
but the soft light  
that settles on me  
is filled with the  
chaos of what is  
killing you

War  
News

I am not you  
but am instead  
the printed  
memory of  
myself thinking  
of you

I wish  
these terrible days  
would only reside  
in a poem  
that one might  
read or even destroy  
before it is written  
in this  
adjacent darkness



War  
News

1.  
What dream of being in  
your kitchen  
with the kettle whistling  
were you awakened from  
to be in this open nightmare

2.  
In my own awakened dream  
I am not surprised to see  
that blood has appeared  
in the soil of our garden

War  
News

I ask God to grant mercy  
to the Angels who must  
witness  
all of this killing

Mercy  
without words  
for those  
who still yearn  
to praise  
Heaven  
while enfolding

in their white  
but bloodied wings

those children who  
have suffered so much

War  
News

I don't want to be alone  
in this poem  
I want you next to me  
even after the words  
end

We all have a  
poem  
written under our  
wings

I know you want  
to fly above  
the crushing  
noise of killing  
and carry  
your loved ones  
with you

I will wait here  
beside your  
shadow  
my poet friend  
until death finally  
lowers its voice  
and goes away

War  
News

I struggle each day  
with the Angel of  
Silence  
who wants to cover  
my body  
like steadily falling  
snow

But  
I do not want  
that soft blanket  
of childlike sleeping  
in the morning quiet

while you have none  
for yourself  
without first dying

War  
News

We slow the hours  
in our poems

we imagine  
the killing ending

As  
best  
we  
can  
with  
words

But even so  
on some  
of the cruelest days  
we feel like foolish liars

who are unable to see  
our own lives  
between the pages

War  
News

I want to climb  
the ridge line  
here in my  
California  
with you

and call along  
the rutted road  
of war  
for the dogs  
of peace to  
come to our  
side

I want to walk  
with you and  
these quiet  
wisdom dogs  
to where  
we might still hear  
children at play  
below the  
lifting limbs  
of these  
fire scarred  
memories of  
sheltering trees

War  
News

1.  
The hospital corridors  
are filled with those  
who need to know  
if they are dead

2.  
The bitter kiss  
finds your lips  
as you leave  
the photograph  
of your father's  
father

3.  
No one here  
is allowed  
to remember  
anymore

War  
News

Death above  
you

Death in  
front of you

Death behind  
you

Death to the  
east of you

Death to the  
north of you

Death to the  
south of you

And  
to the west  
beyond  
your shore  
is the  
body politic  
of my country

floating  
face down

waiting  
waiting

on every  
drowning  
abandoned  
road to peace



War  
News

What can the wind see  
when it climbs to the  
tops of the trees

Maybe the body  
of a child held  
aloft by her father

Maybe killing  
next to killing

Maybe the  
startling  
sweet call  
of a living  
sparrow

War  
News

I try to extend the familiar  
by writing of an apple  
which could be on our  
kitchen counter or on  
a kitchen counter in  
Gaza

If there still is a kitchen  
not yet destroyed  
along with the woman  
who would have cut  
the apple into slices  
and made tea  
out of kindness to  
my age and a certain  
poem that she read  
about apples  
so very long ago  
before the war

War  
News

I searched  
for something  
in our home  
that could  
hold a  
small part  
of our sorrow  
in these days  
that curse  
the outcome  
of my poems

I found only  
a twisted piece  
of volcanic fired  
deep brown granite  
with white striations  
from the shore of  
Tomales Bay  
here in  
California

Formed how  
many millions  
of lifetimes  
ago  
it fit into  
my loose grasp  
so easily as  
memory

But then I noticed  
that if it was held tighter  
and its edges angled  
toward harm  
it became a weapon  
that sought  
anyone's desire

War  
News

The light arrives  
on the page of  
this poem  
and I  
read the words  
aloud to you  
but not in their  
written order

I want to change  
the intention of killing

I want some way to  
bring the random  
text of days  
back to before  
it started  
to hurt  
so much

and keep  
it there

I want the word  
ceasefire  
to see why we write it

Tonight  
we will set  
the garden on fire  
trying to distract  
ourselves again

War  
News

This  
morning  
my words  
look like  
small knots  
of children  
on some  
playground  
waiting  
to go  
back  
into a  
classroom  
that no  
longer  
exists

In a life  
that no  
longer  
exists

War  
News

We  
are  
the  
thief  
of our  
own  
chaos  
and  
trade  
each  
morning  
with the  
nearest  
war  
for  
another  
memory

War  
News

Why would anyone  
be in a hospital or  
find shelter there

unless they were  
a terrorist

Why would anyone  
dig through  
the rubble of  
their home

unless they were  
a terrorist

Why would anyone  
be directionless on  
a one way road

unless they were  
a terrorist

Why would anyone  
want to identify  
the bodies of  
their small children

unless they were  
terrorists

War  
News

There is  
no distance  
that does  
not hold  
a body  
of witness



War  
News

I write  
of the  
weight  
of grief  
that holds  
one down  
for the  
length  
of each  
breath

War  
News

it is winter  
in my words  
and I pull  
them up  
like a collar  
and try to  
make my  
way home  
past your  
sorrow

I look for  
the soft  
hills that  
pull my  
dreaming  
closer

But all I see  
are the barren  
winter orchards  
that stretch into  
the days ahead

War  
News

We have had our  
first winter rain  
and when  
I turned on the  
BBC news  
I saw that it  
was raining  
in Gaza

I felt even more  
helpless  
in this small  
detail of  
commonality

I stood on the  
sidewalk  
near our front door  
letting the rain  
pummel my body

and later searched  
in my words  
for the faintest echo  
of your falling sky

War  
News

Who deserves  
to be lied to first

Is it the living  
or always the dead

War  
News

Death comes back  
each night  
to offer safe passage  
out of this madness  
but in the end  
takes only those  
who don't want to leave

War  
News

The sounds  
of waking

The sound  
of water  
boiling for  
tea

The sounds  
of speech  
across the  
table

The sound  
of a page  
being turned

The sound  
of dishes  
being washed

The sounds  
of words  
rushing to  
a child's  
tongue

Now lost  
without  
memory

Now only  
a document  
of violence

War  
News

To live  
with  
one  
foot  
in  
the  
grave  
is  
not  
living  
it is  
waiting

War  
News

Over  
and  
over  
I watch  
a sparrow  
fall up  
into the  
sky



War  
News

The Museum  
of Collective Punishment  
has installed on its walls  
a permanent exhibit of  
the names and handprints  
of more than 4,000 children  
using common red chalk  
found in any bombed-out  
elementary school

War  
News

Death will not accept our  
poems as barter  
on your behalf  
So we are left trying to  
write of beauty in a way  
that will not offend you

War  
News

The body  
of a forest  
is cut down  
and  
fashioned  
into products  
to be sold  
to us

During a  
temporary  
pause  
in the  
killing  
new trees  
will be  
planted  
again  
by the  
surviving  
children

War  
News

I can only  
conclude  
that God  
is afraid  
of falling  
into a  
mass  
grave  
without  
our  
keening  
prayers  
and so  
stays  
away  
from  
these  
killing  
fields  
until  
there is a  
sufficient  
amount of  
adoration

War  
News

We have no authority over the moon  
except in our poems  
but we know that its surface  
reflects our violent misery

Which is why I refuse  
to slow my words  
or cover my eyes  
under this blood-filled  
harvesting moon

War  
News  
(for *Heba*  
*Abu Nada*)

I keep reading  
your beautiful poems  
each night  
in part because  
in them  
you are still alive  
on each closing page

War  
News

You hold this  
momentary ceasefire  
as close as any  
still breathing child  
pulled from the rubble  
of this war

War  
News

There are no days  
left to count  
without loss  
There are  
only hours  
of despair  
that remain  
in each minute  
of the next  
absent future



War  
News

The clouds  
are misshapen  
with our sorrows  
and darken  
as if holding rain  
instead of our tears

War  
News

We search our nightmares  
for signs of life  
among those who are forced  
to carry their own graves  
from place to place

War  
News

Now we only see our dreams clearly  
because once awake  
our lines of sight are blocked  
by even more bodies

War  
News

Sometimes I am able  
to leave the words  
that hold me to the page

And then I feel truly free

But now in this time of killing  
I want to stay with my words  
and offer them to you  
as some kind of rough shelter  
over the last of your dreams

War  
News

I am in my funeral suit  
and walk the farthest road  
singing a dirge for fallen sparrows  
that line the path  
along the lifting unbalanced sea

I look for you each day  
and sometimes find you  
on this page waiting for me  
in the last breath of your  
childhood

I will save the measure of light  
that I find in all your poems  
because one day  
you will need to have all of it back

War  
News

I cannot stand  
the profound  
sadness of these  
trees  
that are  
weighted  
down  
with painful  
leaves and  
branches

In Gaza  
the sidewalk  
falls down  
behind you

In Gaza  
sadness  
has replaced  
breathing

I turn  
the corner  
on my street  
and glimpse  
the confusion  
of cars

my country  
is filled with  
the wreckage  
of our lives

And year by year  
our sadness  
grows heavier  
as we near home

War  
News

The last breath  
of a child  
can silence  
everything  
except for the  
terrible sounds  
of more killing

War  
News

I stand  
in our  
garden  
waiting  
for the  
small  
birds  
that  
have  
always  
carried  
my  
sorrow  
away

But they  
are now  
absent  
in their  
own sorrow  
for these  
same days  
that will not  
leave us



War  
News

The child  
lay in  
her bed  
which  
was  
not  
there  
any  
longer  
and  
listened  
to her  
mother  
who  
was not  
there  
any  
longer

sing a  
lullaby

War  
News

These violent days  
do not come alone  
with their killing and  
bloody mayhem

they come instead  
in the company  
of other almost  
forgotten days

maybe a  
birthday party  
with so much  
laughter

that  
someone  
fell out  
of their  
chair

and hurt  
themselves  
but kept  
on laughing

War  
News

Now  
all the  
compass  
points  
in Gaza  
have  
blood  
on  
them

War  
News

There must be a way  
to sleep and not  
rise up to a new grief

There must be a way  
of hearing the songs  
in our ancient bones  
without despair  
emptying our hands

There must be a way  
to live our lives in freedom  
that does not require  
the death of anyone's child

War  
News

I wish that one day  
you and your family  
could live in a map  
of cities that are  
still standing

But on this day  
I wish that you  
and your family  
could be lucky

and find  
enough food  
and water

and sleep  
somewhere  
that does not  
call attention  
to your breathing

War  
News  
*(for Rifaat  
al-Areer)*

I cannot  
translate  
your dying  
into any  
minute  
within  
which  
you are  
still alive  
in Gaza

All  
I can  
do  
is  
write  
this  
narrow  
poem  
and  
use  
it as  
a kite's  
tail  
to steady  
your  
journey  
towards  
another  
page  
filled  
with  
beautiful  
cloth  
squares  
of sky

War  
News

There are still  
patches of ground  
where no one has  
been killed

live there until you  
are told to move

There are still  
patches of ground  
where no one has  
been buried

dig a grave there  
and climb into it

# Poet's Note

Writing poetry is the means by which I think through both personal and global events. I began writing these poems on October 8, 2023 with the onset of the violence in Gaza and I have written one, sometimes two, each day of this ongoing war. They are, to me, markers of witness, and each one holds my thinking and somatic reaction to this monstrously evil war.

It is also my wish to jolt readers with these poems, to remind them, as well as myself, that we cannot turn away. That our humanity, our collective morality, requires that we bear witness and then take some kind of action. Each morning, when I have no words left to address what is going on, I begin to write. In the end, these poems may be both useless and necessary.



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**Beau Beausoleil** is a poet and activist based in San Francisco, California. His two most recent chapbooks are: *The Killing of George Floyd* (Intermittent Press, 2023) and *Poems for Ukraine* (Barley Books, UK, 2023). He is the founder of *Al-Mutanabbi Street Starts Here*, a global arts response to the car-bombing of Al-Mutanabbi Street (the street of the booksellers) in Baghdad, Iraq in 2007. It is a project of witness, memory and solidarity with the Iraqi people by poets, artists, and writers.

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