

Basel Abbas & Ruanne Abou-
Rahme

*Prisoners of Love: Until the Sun of
Freedom*

Dyslexia Friendly version of the
text panels which form part of
the artworks in Gallery 3

Until we became fire.rtf

After they destroyed the village
they planted pine trees to cover
the remains

In the wake of the destruction
we looked out towards the hill
but could not find the path

Decades set in
pine needles covered the land
extinguishing breath of
pomegranate, fig, almond

And then one afternoon

a fire raged

encircling the hilltop

Burning

Burning

Burning

until all the pine trees

had been reduced to ash

And the terraces we had built

returned

Embracing the land

The fire raged

and raged

until we became
fire

and fire us

baba.rtf

March 2024

These are my baba's drawings.

He drew them in the 70's and
80's.

A few weeks ago while he was in
hospital we spoke about them.

Months before, before he was sick,
as the genocide was devouring us
I felt I was seeing Gaza now in
them.

When I started working with the
drawings I did not know what
would
happen with him.

My baba passed in the wake of
this genocide four days after his
birthday, February 11th

He told my mother
'Gaza broke my back'

'غزة كسرت ظهري'

He left us suddenly

And left us heartbroken.

He was born in 1948, in the wake

of the Nakba, my grandmother fled

with him and 5 other children to

Lebanon leaving my grandfather in

Shefamer.

A few months later she made the

decision to try and return, the

journey back was very dangerous.

Israeli soldiers were shooting
people who tried to return.

*Do you see the deadly repetitions
that make their home in us.*

Mariam my grandmother was a
force to be reckoned with, still
her milk
dried up from the fear and
exhaustion, my father was a baby
only a
few months old. Were it not for
the solidarity of other women
making

the journey who took turns
breastfeeding my father he would
not have
made it.

*These are the deadly repetitions that
make their home in us.*

Baba lived a life full of
resistance, in every stroke of his
drawings he
resisted, in his love for the land
he resisted, in his refusal he
resisted,

in his laughter and joy and
defiance he resisted. When he
restored
our three hundred year old home
in the Galilee, in our town
Shefamer,
he removed the concrete to
unearth powerful Palestinian stone.
In the
70's my grandmother had poured
cement over the stone, in an
effort to 'modernise', concrete being
a colonial material that somehow
for those under the thumb of

colonisation seemed to be a
symbol of
modernity. He worked ten years,
with little money and resources to
restore the house to what it was,
all the while gathering people
from the town to speak about a
forgotten time before colonisation.
People chipping away concrete,
chipping away in one small way
the violence of colonisation. Baba
restored the house, he resisted.
When he was done he put up a
plaque that told its story.

Baba resisted every day at the
core of his being, and taught us
the meaning of resistance to the
core of our being.

Tawfik Abou-Rahme

February 7th 1948– February 11th
2024

I say we and yet oceans divide
us.rtf

4 am

We are under siege

I say we and yet oceans divide us
if you don't leave

they will demolish the house on
top of your heads

We lose contact

I say we and mean so many *named*
and *unnamed*

that share in a wound

that is *theirs* and *not theirs*

Later after it is all rubble

I watch you

When I say watch I mean on a
screen thousands of kilometers away
trying to retrieve

forms of life from the debris

*what is undone can be done and what
is done can be undone*

You come out holding what
remains of a fridge

'This is all I was able to get
from under the rubble,
this is what remains, a fridge with
family memories on it'

We are trying to string words
together

But there is no language
only sounds
that tremble through us

being the negative.rtf

Being the negative is to be the
debt that is owed to us

Being the negative is *being with*
what we are indebted to, all those
that came

Before us and calls to us now
call to us from within their
graves;

"those who chant do not die"

the call echos, call us again and
again to where we must be

Being the negative is being what
seems buried, but continues to
sprout

Being the negative is to see the
breaks as openings,
to be *that break*

breathing and being, being and
breathing where you should *not* be

أن نكون الناقص يعني أن نكون الذين الذي هو حقنا
أن نكون الناقص هو أن نكون مع الذين ندين لهم، كل الذين سبقونا
وينادون الآن
ينادون إلينا من أعماق قبورهم
" اللي بيهتف ما بموت"
المناداة تدوي
تنادينا مرارا إلى مواقعنا
أن نكون الناقص هو أن نكون ما يبدو دفينا لكنه دوما ينبت
أن نكون الناقص هو رؤية الشق كانبثاق
أن نكون الشق ذاته
أن نتنفس ونكون، نكون ونتنفس حيث لا ينبغي أن نكون

hospitals.rtf

October, November, December,
January, February, March, April
2023-24

Gaza, again and again, the
genocide destroys every part of us.
Hospital after hospital, is bombed,
shelled, under siege. Fathers,
mothers, sisters, brothers,
daughters, sons, loved ones are
buried in the grounds of the

hospitals. The hospital becomes a burial site. The hospital is under siege, loved ones dying from lack of oxygen, lack of medicine, lack of food and water. Dina Abu Mehssen the only survivor from her family killed in the Nasser hospital, where she was being treated, when a bomb was dropped on the children's wing. The hospital is under fire from snipers, people who were sheltering in the hospital have to crawl out, one man crawls for a whole day, a

young boy witnesses his father and brother killed by snipers, manages to escape, leaving his heart with his brother and father martyred outside Al-Shifa hospital. The hospital becomes a prison. Patients too sick, disabled or old to leave are trapped inside, a few doctors who were not detained or killed remain with them. They have no water or food, the hospital is under siege, they are trapped in one room. The hospital is a scene of a massacre, hundreds of people

lay slain, maimed, crushed under
tanks. These words are a complete
failure, there are no words to
grasp this unbearable, unimaginable
horror.

All this only a fraction of
thousands of stories. Stories that
break you. Stories that should
break and unmake the world.

S on writing

S told us:

"...They confiscated pens and papers,
so that we don't produce, don't
write, and don't have any
production as a prisoner movement.
It was a failure. I promised myself
to go out and write, and to write
all these feelings and all these
thoughts that I had while in
prison. To this day, I am writing,
because what I discovered is that
prison is a journey, not just while
you are inside the cell. Your

journey with prison and your
relationship with prison begins
afterward. It begins with how you
produce after detention. And here I
am writing, and to this day I am
writing, and to this day there are
things I keep remembering."

stream.rtf

I was on a stream
That could have been a sea
In which I drowned
And everything in me

Was saying this is death

This is death

And I knew it was

Some form of dying

And then a voice called out

And I paused

'I want to tell you just a brief

couple

Of things about that bomb

That I think you need to

understand'*

And knowing what happens after a

bomb

goes off

I listened

And everything in me

Was saying

This voice is life

Some form of life persisting

'The bomb here created a

radioactive cloud

that ascended over 40,000 feet into

the stratosphere.

Actually it surpassed the

atmosphere.'*

These were the forces

That raged within us

And these are the forces

That raged against us

Within us and against us

Against us and within us *

'As the

Ash fell from the sky

We were absorbing the radiation

through

Our skin'*

How many times do I need to tell

you this story?

'We lost the court case. They
came and demolished our home.

My father had a heart attack
standing in the remains of the
house.'

القهر

*Tine Cordova speaking about the
fallout from Nuclear test site in
New Mexico

Basel Abbas & Ruanne Abou-Rahme Dyslexia Friendly Labels

*(after adrienne rich, with raged
instead of ranged)