Ballistics

To Muhammad a-Dura

It’s nothing but a camera trick. Your death, maybe your life, as well, an editorial sleight of hand. You’re cut here and here, and pasted there. If you weren’t dead, you’d also be taken in. Because it’s easy to draw the line of the bullet, calculate the impact, measure the distance between your father and your dead body. You need to understand—it’s not whether the child is dead or alive, we just want to know who did it.

Translated from the Hebrew by Marcela Sulak
I came into the world in the first person singular. I didn’t yet have a god. I didn’t yet know that from dust I came. Above my head trees kept on branching and stars were being shuffled like a deck of cards. Everything was still within my grasp, all of life like a fat drop at the edge of a leaf.

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David Mondedeu, photogravure