**Israel and Palestine War in Gaza**

John Chinaka Onyeche

My grandmother's tale, a whispered terror

As she recalls that first fateful night

When bed became a prison, love undone

Her dreams fell like unwatered flowers

My mother's words, a different anguish

The gods themselves tearing down divine gardens

Silenced her voice, bound her hands

And in their place, fear took root

I, too, became acquainted with Terror's touch

On the seventh of October, a date etched in pain

A twisted sermon, Allah's name on their lips

Gunfire and grenades, puncturing innocent lives

From west to north, our city weeps

In the language of those who claim divine right

They sow destruction, a harvest of despair

Leaving scars that speak, "Here stands their god"