

SEIF ELDEINE

# No One and Syria's Struggle to Sleep

No one washes his hands and face three times in preparation for his prayers.  
No one thinks this is enough to get the blood out.

No one sleeps to the sounds of bombs. No one loves this lullaby that has  
become his music since the electricity shut off.

No one shares the bed with his sisters and brothers. No one pretends to  
dislike it. It is how no one keeps warm at night.

No one knows where his friends are. No one knows who his friends are.  
No one suspects if he wants to live, he should have no friends.

No one is busy stealing petrol from his neighbor. When no one's neighbor  
catches him, his neighbor does not recognize him from his facelessness.

No one blames the government. No one will never give up his hate.

No one blames the terrorists. No one will never give up his hate.

No one blames the protestors. No one will never give up his hate.

No one blames the youth. No one wishes the youth would have waited  
until his death to fight.

No one blames the parents. No one wishes the parents fought earlier.

No one expects to sleep. No one expects to eat. No one expects to live.  
No one thinks death would be easier.