

BODY AND SOUL

April 7, 2013 153 notes reblog

ABOUT

I'm Mohammad. I'm Palestinian. I Love sleep, purple, and talking to inanimate objects. [Questions?](#)

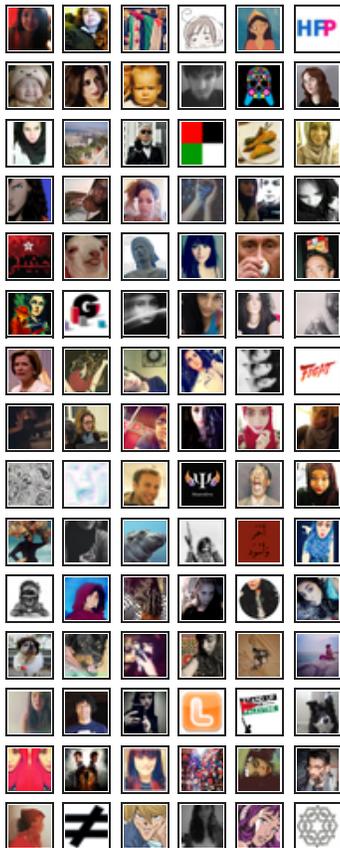
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Why I am no longer, in any sense of the phrase, for the two-state solution

Time and time again, I'm asked "One-state or two?", and my answer has always been the same. In my heart, I'm for the one-state solution, but looking at the state of things, I would support a two-state solution.

I've provided arguments for both "solutions", as well as my "utopian one-state" solution in which both people live peacefully in a single state, ruled by a tribunal to represent the three major religious groups [although the state itself would be secular and open to all].

Lately, however, the more and more I hear/read/see about Israel, the less and less I could stomach the idea of ever living side by side with it as a state. As odd as it may sound, I often find myself walking the streets of my city on the weekends, doing what any other American does when they're out of school for the day - blow all my money on food and sweets. Maybe I'll catch a movie, maybe I'll decide to go see a concert, maybe I'll walk the miles of stores lined up in downtown San Francisco just killing time, or maybe I'll just stay at home and read.

There hasn't been a single day like that, however, where I don't think back to Palestine and other Palestinians, both in the diaspora and within the West Bank and Gaza Strip itself.

I am incredibly privileged in the way my life has turned out, and I completely recognize that. That's not to say it hasn't been without its hardships, but in the end, I have been able to enjoy so much that has been denied to my fellow Palestinian brothers and sisters, and that simply pisses me off.

I think back to what I've read about life in Palestine before the British Mandate, and to a lesser extend, during it. It was a time when people were allowed to *live*. People were allowed to grow old in relative peace, to plant their crops, to enjoy days on the beach with loved ones, to ride the train and trek across the beautiful land that is Palestine. One day, they might've decided to trek through the luscious orchards of Jaffa, and the next, spend a day at the Dead Sea in Jericho, and then maybe take the train into Jerusalem to walk the Old City.

Kids were allowed to be kids, get into stupid trouble, make friends from all different walks of life, attend school and pursue an education, and simply live lives without experiencing horror and bloodshed at every turn. They weren't forced to abandon their childhoods in order to face a brutal and depressing reality.

Now, everything has been stolen from us. There is no childhood left to enjoy. There is no freedom to walk the lands that truly belong to us. There is no chance for us to enjoy even a single day on the beach, walk the historical shores of Jaffa or enjoy the freedom of trekking through the old city of Jerusalem. There are no more trains to ride, as even those have been taken from us and destroyed. There is no driving between cities, as we are restricted from even visiting neighboring relatives now, with us having to be mindful not to venture onto the wrong roads for fear of being used as target practice by the disgusting Israeli settlers.

Our very *existence itself* is denied to us. Those of us who sought refuge in the West now have to struggle tooth and nail simply to prove that we even exist. Day and day again, we face seemingly insurmountable opposition by those who couldn't even find Palestine or Israel on a map, questioning our very identity, TELLING us who we are and who we aren't, where we belong and where we don't, as if we are unaware of our own origins and it is only through our white saviors and their Biblical prophecies that we can ever truly "find" ourselves.



"You are not Palestinian, you are Jordanian!" They'll tell us, tell me, despite being able to trace my family back to their days as farmers before the World went to war with itself, and even further back still with a family tree handed down generation by generation, dating back before the founding of the US, who would later go on to deny our existence as well.

Not a day goes by, whether I'm at university, at a mall, or at a restaurant, where I don't think to myself how my fellow Palestinians stuck in the squalor of refugee camps, stuck in the open air prison that is the West Bank or Gaza Strip, won't get to experience the simple luxury that is *life free of conflict*, with the freedom to go and do as you please, whenever you please. All too often am I riddled with guilt at the fact that I can simply get up and choose to venture to another city on a whim, knowing that there are days when we can't even leave our house in Palestine, in order to comply with Israel's "Security needs", and this guilt quickly turns to a poisonous anger as it dawns on me just how many lives have been stolen and destroyed by Israel and the fanatical ideology that is Zionism.

I want for Palestinians to be free to live their lives knowing what safety and security is, to live their lives being seen as people, as opposed to "barricades", to be free to actually see their own country, to have a voice in the world once more, to children to grow up as children, without knowing the stench of gunpowder from birth, the sound of tanks or Humvees patrolling the streets, without being exposed to bloody, lifeless bodies or lethal school raids at such young ages, when other children are more concerned about what will happen on the next episode of Adventure Time. To be more concerned with whether or not the boy or girl sitting across the aisle will ever notice them, instead of worrying about whether or not their house will still be there after school.

These things have been on my mind more and more lately, and it has finally occurred to me that there can be no peace with two states. There can be no liberation with two states. There can be no real Palestine, with two states.

While monsters like Netanyahu, Leiberman, and Feilgin live, there will be no peace in Palestine. While the settlements still stand, infested with the Settler parasites, there will be no peace. While Zionism is at the forefront of most Israeli mind's, there will be no peace. There may have been hope for two-states years and years ago, but Israel has done literally everything in its power to completely destroy all hope.

And at this point, it's not peace that I'm concerned with, but rather liberation, reclamation, and return.

Why should we acquiescence to the fact that Israel was founded through the utter destruction of Palestine as some "cold, irreversible reality"? Why is it seen as "okay" that, yes, Israel "has committed wrongs and was brutal in its founding" and chalk it up to "they had to be!"? Should not the Palestinians, 12 million in the world still without a proper home, be granted this same "necessity"?

When you subject an entire population to living 64 years in pools of their own blood with no hopes of a better future, they begin to get restless.

It is because of this, that I will no longer support the two-state solution, and will vie for the liberation of Palestine through the reclamation of the lands that are rightfully ours through any means necessary. If the Israelis want to live in peace with us, so be it, but this peace will NOT be on their terms. It may be Palestinian freedom fighters who pull the triggers, but whatever lives are lost in the battle for liberation rest squarely on the shoulders of Israel.

Until return, and until liberation, one-state for Palestinians through any means necessary.

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