

Children of Gaza

by [Gary Percesepe](#) in the [March 2026](#) issue
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Like lost children we live our unfinished adventures. —Guy Debord

A child plots her life till the end
then spends the rest of her days
trying to remember it

Cities like rooms in abandoned
buildings, addresses carved in
notebooks lost on bombed staircases

A child fears he will be sucked
into the drain of a swimming pool or
dissolve in a bathtub like a cake of soap

A child is killed by one cold glance
No child waits for an explosion of larks
Children exist in the wrong hours of dawn

Childhood is an island with
nothing to do but extinguish
the brightness of the stars

Somewhere I read we
shuttle back & forth like the
ferryman's children

across four states of
nonbeing, across a
river of trauma stitching

shadow stories like
Wendy entertaining the
lost children of Neverland