



THE CRUELTY OF WAR

There is nothing called a beautiful war. That is the pitiless lesson which comes out of Gaza, where a helpless population has been pounded week after week by an Israeli war machine unrelenting in its use of might. Lives have been lost and maimed. Homes and other structures have been destroyed, giving one an eerie idea of what the world could be like when everything comes crashing down. But every war is the end of a world. Innocence is lost. Idealism is gone. And poetry turns into a bitter amalgam of man's sinister sentiments. The rubble that was once an entire range of buildings in Gaza takes one back to the Second World War, when cities like Dresden and Munich and Berlin were but a sorry symbol of destruction brought on by a war no one wanted and everyone was changed by. The language of human conflict has never changed. Its images are inseparable, one from the other --- the body of a child in death's contortion; the pieces of a structure once a happy home; the dried patches that were once throbbing human blood.

That is war, now and at every previous point in history. War is the apocalypse.

ISRAELI ASSAULT 2014



WORLD WAR II



GAZA CRISIS IN NUMBERS

Deaths 1,962
(80 percent of them civilians)
Children, women 705
Injured 9,986
Houses destroyed or damaged 16700

