

ACT NOW, ENOUGH OF SILENCE

MAHFUZ ANAM

The world has been pushed to its breaking point and can no longer tolerate this barbarity. It's the duty of every government, the United Nations, and all international and national civic, non-governmental, and rights organisations to take a firm stand now. Every person of conscience—including writers, thinkers, poets, artists, editors, and journalists—must come together to work toward an immediate end to this GENOCIDE. It is a moral imperative that all of humanity rise up and act now.

Netanyahu's followers in Israel and around the world, especially in the US, have convinced themselves that Palestinians are not human beings and can be killed at will. By their continuous bombing of Gaza for two years, and systemic deprivation of food, medicine and water, they are convincing the world more and more that the very opposite is true – it is they who are not human. The Israeli leadership has degraded themselves to being the most brutal of all species. Using Hamas's attack on Israel to justify this GENOCIDE is a sham and the world rejects it. The continuation of this brutality for two years after the event clearly shows that Israel's purpose is far from defending itself but to kill all Palestinians and occupy all their land.

Every day people are being killed in shocking numbers—dozens, sometimes hundreds—including children who have done nothing to provoke this violence. The city is under a relentless assault: drones, bombs, and remote-controlled machines strike homes and streets indiscriminately. Robot bulldozers destroy around 300 houses daily, leaving no structure standing and entire neighbourhoods are being erased. Israel has further expanded their killing spree, destroying Palestinian homes and killing Palestinians in the West

Bank. Even more chilling is the rhetoric emerging from some Israeli civilians online, with calls to “kill their children”, justifying themselves by saying they “will grow up to be terrorists.” Gaza's hospitals are overwhelmed, schools lie in ruins, and millions of

world is witnessing a humanitarian catastrophe of unimaginable proportions, and yet the attacks continue.

They have bombed Qatar and later Yemen. Earlier they attacked Lebanon, Iran and Syria.

Israel is today no more a threat

and every norm of tolerance, and respect for others which lies at the root of our civilisation.

The irony of it all is that Israel is doing to the Palestinians what the Nazis did to the Jews during the Second World War. We are watching a “holocaust” being

In the post industrial world it was the West that claimed to represent all the higher values of humanity. Now everything we hold sacred is being thrashed by one of them. If the rest of the West do not act immediately to stop this GENOCIDE then it will lose all its

in your lap? As your child begs for a morsel of food, a piece of bread, a sip of water – anything to relieve them of the agony of hunger – you stand helpless in remorse and guilt and in anger as you cannot fulfil your most basic instinct that nature has given you – the ability to save your offspring. The agony does not end in a day or a week or even in months. You watch your beloved child lose weight, lose senses, become emaciated, their rib cage showing through their skin, the eyes hollowed, your child losing the energy to smile, talk, cry, to move their limbs, to breathe.

And all this while your child is in your arms.

Parents of the world, how long can we look the other way and allow this to happen? Every day Israel decides to kill more and more Palestinians. So we urge all Parents – men and women to rise up against this GENOCIDE.

The people of Bangladesh have already shown their support. The Daily Star, as a newspaper, declares once again its complete solidarity to the cause of stopping the GENOCIDE immediately and freeing the people of Palestine. The coming General Assembly of the United Nations will discuss this issue again. We urge all UN members to take urgent action and Stop the GENOCIDE immediately and recognise the State of Palestine. All NGOs and UN agencies should also unite in protest. We urge the United States without whose support Netanyahu cannot continue this cruelty, and we urge President Trump personally, who wants to be remembered as a peacemaker, to stop Israel from continuing with the GENOCIDE, something that will truly earn him global goodwill and perhaps even that title.

We call on the whole world to act immediately.



A mother bids farewell to her child, killed in an overnight Israeli strike in al-Maghazi in the central Gaza Strip, at the morgue of the Aqsa Martyrs hospital in Deir el-Balah on June 25, 2024.

PHOTO: AFP

children face hunger, disease, and trauma. The scale of destruction and the targeting of civilians suggest a campaign that threatens not just lives but the very existence of Palestinian communities. The

only to the Palestinians but to all the neighbouring countries. It is a threat to the civilised world as it breaks every international law, every human value, all gains of our civilisation, all sense of decency

repeated on the Palestinians with the present perpetrators being the earlier victims. Just as the world in unison destroyed the Nazis it must today stop the GENOCIDE and demolish the regime that is doing it.

standing in rest of the world.

The cruelty of what is happening can be fully gauged by asking one simple question to all parents of the world: how would you feel to watch your child die of starvation

THE SKY BEARS WITNESS

September in Gaza talks into someone's ears

BY MOHAMMED MOUSSA

September in Gaza carries the scent of newly-harvested absence, caught between the gossips of a newborn breeze, gently tracing the face of a mother readying her voice to rise again. Her words endure, etched in the features of her son, who bears her likeness on his first day in a school housed within a tent. It tastes of a parched farewell, sipping its first drop after hours of waiting alone in a queue. It speaks like a bloodied dawn, stripped of words to bridge the silence between life and death. It looks like fatherhood peeled bare, with no life left to give.

No one will ever weep over you my friend

BY MOHAMMED MOUSA

No one will ever weep over you, my friend. I'm here, I can tell you. Not even the sound of gunfire, the stranger who was once your good friend. Everyone is caught up in their own lives, their evening habits, buying flowers for their partners. The Arabian Sea, the return key, even the palm tree your hands planted in the garden of melancholy didn't shed a tear, as if you weren't a peer. No one cried over you, my friend, not even this returnee who knows your name and your favourite black tea.

The night refused to fade

BY RUBA KHALID

2:40 a.m.
The world was asleep.
So was I—
until something inside me whispered:
Run.
But I didn't.
I froze.
And then—
the bomb fell.
Not a sound,
but a force
that punched the air from my lungs,
threw me backward,
into the closet,
into a space barely big enough
for the shaking heart I carried.
I curled up,
pressed a pillow to my face
as the windows exploded—
glass spinning like a swarm of knives.
Some found my feet.
Pain bloomed sharp and wet.
But I stayed silent.

POEMS FROM GAZA

If I must die

BY REFAAT ALAREER

If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth
and some strings,
(make it white with a long tail)
so that a child, somewhere in Gaza
while looking heaven in the eye
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze—
and bid no one farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself—
sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up
above
and thinks for a moment an angel is there
bringing back love
If I must die
let it bring hope
let it be a tale.

(Refaat Alareer, who wrote this poem shortly before his death, was killed in an Israeli airstrike on December 6, 2024 along with his brother, his brother's son, his sister, and her three children.)



Even my breath hid from the world. I didn't know if I was waiting to live or waiting to die. And when it passed—when the screaming dust began to settle—I was still there, half-buried in fear, wondering why I was spared. The night didn't end. It stayed with me. Inside me. Louder than the blast.

