**War Diary**

Beirut

Words on paper, tall green blades

swaying on a prairie, billowed by

a heartening wind; spilled language, a great lake

calming a thickset mind, quieting the eye

that looks upon it, steadier and steadier for it.

These are the images that gift me rest,

if not repose. We are resigned here

to face a faceless enemy, gripped and braced

by a faceless fear. But then,

they tell me that words

placed upon a paper might just solve the absurd

price that’s paid each day here, a little bit,

a little bit, anyway…

*Dear Diary,*

listen to the bleeding of the artless art,

log and gauge the terrors of our times,

be a refuge for the homeless.

Be a place made sure by shoring pillows,

because history is here, right here – *yes, no* –

the vicious *quid pro quos*.

By Omar Sabbagh, 27/09/2024