**Negev Varod/Seeing Pink**

**By Mickey L.D. Morgan**

You call it pink-washing,

like rose colored glasses

cast over the desert turning

the dust thrown into the

ether by stones flung from

small fists by Democratic™

bombs tossed from the

tippy-top of the Golan

heights into the depths of

the west bank, turning ash

to ash dust to dust

into cotton candy.

Pink like the apartheid

nation-state of Israel is the only place in the

blood-bathed middle-east

that won’t eat you,

bones and all,

just for lookin

twospiritlesbigaybitrans

genderqueeraceintersex-

or somethin.

This nation-state is the

only safe haven in this land

of nomad-savages, be

careful, keep mace in your

pocket, the IDF will take

care of any problems

white-functioning bodies may

have. But you should

probably live in Tel-Aviv

(north, not the ghetto),

just in case.

The haze that washes the

horizon over that city is

so thick, so bright, you

would be forgiven for

thinking it’s early morning

sun kissing the shamayim.

To the heavens, the

assimilated patriarchs

pray: Modeh ani lefanecha

thank God I’m not a Woman

or a Queer or Brown or

Crippled or all of the

above. Thank God (only the

masculine) for cis-gay

Ashkenazis who think

they’re white and that

charity under neoliberalism

isn’t just a fancy way of

saying vaccinated

against our kin.

But what of the bloodlines?

Of the strings between us

tied to the fringes by

we-don’t-remember-who?

Of the crimson mixed with the

toasted minerals of the

desert having flown like

rivers down the bodies of

children fighting their

great grandparents’ war as

family heirlooms? Of the

elders, curled into the

crevices of the west bank,

hands clutching a key? Of

Mizrachi and Palestinian

Trannies and Dykes marching

in the street Black Panthers

kin to the freedom fighters

here on Turtle Island

our many living ancestors

their eyes tasting

pennies dripping down

from a head-wound

worn as tefillin?

A perfect shade of RAGE

Can I finally find

pronouns that fit from

this ancient language of

resistance?

Is revolution a

color of mourning?