



I had a Dream!

Three weeks ago, I had a dream. In the dream, I gave birth to a bunch of baby girls...I am not pregnant. I am not even married...the dream baffles me.

I try to describe the dream to my mom. She does not want to hear it...my dreams give her the creeps. They always come true. I call my aunt and tell her about my dream...I am obsessed with interpreting this dream. My aunt says baby girls in dreams are a good omen. I wonder what good omens are in the horizon. I do not wonder for long...When you live with the fear of war, you stop wondering about good omens.

Three weeks ago, I had a dream. In the dream, I heard Oum Ahmad, our janitor, singing... Oum Ahmad never sings... She says she lost the music when they took her house. She says she forgot the tunes when they kicked her out of her home. I ask Oum Ahmad why she's singing. She does not answer. She continues to sing. The old woman sings of a people who dreamt of going home...of men who gave them back their home...of children who grew up away from home. Oum Ahmad sings beautifully. I wish I could sing the way she does...I sing with her.

Three weeks ago, I had a dream. In the dream, I saw Abu-Khalil, our neighbor, dancing...Abu Khalil never dances...He says when you have rheumatism and your knees buckle every time you stand up, you cannot dance. I ask Abu-Khalil why he's dancing. He does not answer. He continues to dance. The old man dances for the years he spent without dancing...for the days he wished he could dance...for the boys who couldn't learn how to dance. Abu-Khalil dances beautifully. I wish I could dance the way he does...I dance with him.

Three weeks ago, I had a dream. In the dream, they told me the villages of the south have been liberated...the villages are occupied by the Israelis...They have been occupied since the day I was born. I ask them how they liberated the villages of the south...they do not answer. They tell me of landscapes I have never seen...of places I could never visit...of names I have almost forgotten how to pronounce. Everyone goes to the south. I wish I could go with them...I go to the south.

Three weeks ago, I had a dream. In the dream, I saw my baby girls growing...I hold them close. I feed them... My babies are very beautiful. They melt my heart. I try to name my baby girls...they say each child has a name written in heaven. I search in books, magazines, encyclopedias. I search among the names of queens, princesses, fairies, heroines...I search for names to fit my baby girls. I finally find the names. I find Bint Jbeil, Marjayoun, Shamaa, Inata...I find the names written in heaven.

Three weeks ago, I got rid of the fear of war and felt the relief of not witnessing war ... my dreams have become a reality!

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