

Wed, 7 Jan 2009

1:12 PM

### Hamoudi's Death...he was only 18

<p>my friend Hamoudi cetin, it was like two weeks ago we were talking about visiting our homeland palestine but then we heard about the isreali attack on gaza and were having second thoughts. But then we decided nothing bad could possibly happen, so we bought two tickets to palestine, unexpectedly i got a call from his older brother Ali who said that he got into an accident...not describing what kind of accident! so i got to the hospital as fast as i could and to my horror when i got there he was already in the i.c.u and all i could do was wait those grueling 5 hours. I found out it was a case of poisoning...intentionally! but to who do it we have no idea. when he got better overtime he said he knew who did it but wasnot going to blame that person, making it a suicide case.....now theres all kinds of problems people hating him and such. I told him he should go away for a while but theres something he wasnt telling me, jan 1 we had an awesome new years and celebrated grandly.</p>

<p>the date jan 3, will haunt me for the rest of my life...this is the day i got another call this time from a close friend telling me that &quot;Hamoudi passed away 6 in the morning&quot;, i was speechless and thought of all the times we had so much fun...it came crashing down like lightning on my heart...i thought to myself i loved this guy and i never told him...even now i feel like i could have done something maby i wasnt a good friend, maby i could have prevented this. I thought dying in palestine was a possibility but this....</p>

Security: Public

Location: Not Specified

Mood: Sad

Music:

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### GAZA...PALESTINE

Look into my eyes

And tell me what you see.

You don't see a damn thing,

'cause you can't possibly relate to me.

You're blinded by our differences.

My life makes no sense to you.

I'm the persecuted Palestinian.

You're the American red, white and blue.

Each day you wake in tranquility,

No fears to cross your eyes.

Each day I wake in gratitude,

Thanking God He let me rise.

You worry about your education

And the bills you have to pay.

I worry about my vulnerable life

And if I'll survive another day.

Your biggest fear is getting ticketed  
As you cruise your Cadillac.  
My fear is that the tank that just left  
Will turn around and come back.

American, do you realize,  
That the taxes that you pay  
Feed the forces that traumatize  
My every living day?

The bulldozers and the tanks,  
The gases and the guns,  
The bombs that fall outside my door,  
All due to American funds.

Yet do you know the truth  
Of where your money goes?  
Do you let your media deceive your mind?  
Is this a truth that no one knows?

You blame me for defending myself  
Against the ways of Zionists.  
I'm terrorized in my own land  
And I'm the terrorist?

You think you know all about terrorism  
But you don't know it the way I do,  
So let me define the term for you,  
And teach you what you thought you knew.

I've known terrorism for quite some time,  
1000 years and more.  
It's the fruitless garden uprooted in my yard.  
It's the bulldozer in front of my door.

Terrorism breathes the air I breathe.  
It's the checkpoint on my way to school.  
It's the curfew that jails me in my own home,  
And the penalties of breaking that curfew rule.

Terrorism is the robbery of my land,  
And the torture of my mother,  
The imprisonment of my innocent father,  
The bullet in my baby brother.

So American, don't tell me you know about  
The things I feel and see.  
I'm terrorized in my own land  
And the blame is put on me.

But I will not rest, I shall never settle  
For the injustice my people endure.  
Palestine is our land and there we'll remain  
Until the day our homeland is secure.

And if that time shall never come,  
Then we will never see a day of peace.  
I will not be thrown from my own home,  
Nor will my fight for justice cease.

And if I am killed, it will be in Falasteen.  
It's written on my every breath.  
So in your own patriotic words,  
Give me liberty or give me death.

Security: Public  
Location: Not Specified  
Mood: Mad  
Music: