

BEGGING IN GAZA

There once was a beggar on Gaza beach,
he found a remarkable hat
brought in with a wargust from Israel
and bombs all around where he sat.
His trophy was picked and protected
and God given thanks: *I'm alive?!*
He knew that a beggar with roomy hat
will always find ways to survive.

His trophy was brushed up and placed as such,
but friends turned away in disgust
and ran for their lives under bombs and fire
with no place to hide in the dust.
He closed down his eyes and his senses
and waited for peace in the sand,
then looked at the hat with this day's award,
some smallcoins ... in blood, and a hand.

Norsk: TIGGEREN I GAZA BY

Det var seg en tigger i Gaza by,
han fant en forunderlig hatt,
den kom dit med vinden fra Israel
en lunefull bomberegnsnatt.
Og hatten ble børstet og pusset,
han takket sin Gud for sitt hell,
for den som er tigger med romslig hatt
kan saktens forsørge seg selv.

Og hatten ble lagt i hans tiggerkrok,
men mange lot avskyen rå.
Så løp de i ly hver gang bomber falt,
selv så han ei steder å gå.
Han ventet i skyggen av solen
med drømmer i rikelig monn
og våknet ved hatten med dagens lønn,
en slant i en avrevet hånd.

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