

A White Stain in Endless Dark

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'A White Stain in Endless Dark' is a poem written from within the reality of war. It follows an alphabet-based structure, beginning with W for wounds, warnings, and weariness – symbolising the pain of displacement and destruction. It then moves to A, highlighting agony, abandoned places, and anxious hearts through emotional, thought-provoking questions. The poem concludes with R, representing relief, redemption, and renewal, expressing a deep longing for peace and healing.

With vivid imagery and heartfelt language, this poem is both a cry for justice and a message of resilience. It's the voice of a girl who, despite everything, still believes in the power of words and refuses to be silenced.

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## A White Stain in Endless Dark

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Maha Muhammad Al-Farra

In the second year of war –  
W is for wounds,  
for whispers of warning in every corner,  
for weary feet walking through ruins,  
escaping death, heading toward the void.

We wonder,  
Will peace ever return?  
Will we ever exhale without fear?  
What a cruel time we live in.  
What a blind world watches on.  
What kind of people are you?  
Where is your humanity?  
Let the children be happy.

Is this what you call justice?

We stand on the edge –  
not of hope, but of collapse.  
Perhaps, in another life,  
there is a place untouched by fire,  
where peace breathes freely.

But time has turned against us.  
Wretchedness has been written into the lines of our lives,  
like ink that cannot be erased.

A –  
Ah,  
Agony after agony,  
Abandoned alleys,  
Ashes across ancient avenues.

Anguished arms,  
Aching, afraid,  
Awaiting another airstrike,  
Another alarm.

Angels absent,  
Anger all around,  
Answers always avoided.

Aren't all alive  
Allowed a chance?  
Aren't adolescents  
Allowed amusement,  
Aspirations,  
A simple afternoon  
Away from annihilation?

Amid all assaults,  
Ablaze and alone,  
A call arises –  
"A ceasefire! A chance! Anew!"

R – the final letter of "war,"  
may it mark the end of flames,  
of death,  
of shattered dreams and silenced children.

Runs into the unknown,  
where the sky bleeds red,  
and the land remembers.  
We remember –  
every soft moment once taken for granted:  
the gentle morning light,  
the sound of laughter at dusk.

We wish for just two minutes –  
two minutes of life  
without fear,  
without war,  
without the weight of a future that may never come.

Now,  
the sun rises over a world drowning in sorrow,  
its light touching nothing but tragedy.

Let this life be renewed –  
not for power,  
not for pride –  
but for the children,  
the elders,  
and all who ask only for a quiet, simple joy.

This was written from a wound –  
deep and raw –  
by a displaced girl living in terror,  
but still holding on to hope.  
She searches,  
she endures,  
she prays and perseveres –  
for Allah,  
and for her beloved homeland.

## Biography

**Maha Muhammad Al-Farra** is a 22-year-old student from Gaza City, currently in her fourth year of studying English Language and Literature at Al-Aqsa University. Poetry is her greatest passion. Maha writes in both Arabic and English and finds strength and healing through creative expression. The war has stolen many of her hobbies and dreams, but it has never taken away her will to continue or her belief in the power of words. Throughout Maha's journey, she has faced moments of fear, loss, and deep exhaustion – both emotionally and academically. Still, she persists, always trying to rise stronger. Maha writes poems, essays, and short stories. She also loves photography and enjoys editing and designing visual content – whether images or videos. Taking part in the journal means a lot to her. Maha hopes to share her voice, her experience, and her creativity with a wider audience. She believes that art and literature can carry the truth in ways nothing else can.