

Palestinian artist Mohammed Harb just sent me these words from Gaza about famine as a stage of the ongoing genocide:

"We've already surpassed starvation — that pathetic, primitive phase of genocide. Now, we're in an advanced death laboratory where no bullets or bombs are necessary — just time. Time for our bodies to collapse with the refined grace of slow death. We are no longer just hungry — we are rotting from within, watching our own cells resign in quiet rebellion. Our organs gnaw at each other like abandoned furniture left to decay under a brutal sun.

The immune system? Extinct. It auctions off its final breaths on the black market of diseases. Even a mosquito bite is a battle we're doomed to lose. Hunger has evolved into a chronic condition we call "active dying." In Gaza, collapsing in the streets is now a collective ritual, and dizziness is a luxury only the lucky can still afford.

And the children — those fragile creatures who gnaw at our hearts with their weakness — have become mere statistics in the race to the bottom. They drop, one by one, like brittle leaves from a lifeless tree in the season of airstrikes. No medicine, no food, no salvation. Just wait. Just watch. This is the new manual for genocide: make them melt slowly before their own eyes... then sneer and ask, "Did you feel that?"