

# *edito*

Usually, this editorial space is ours. Today, we give it away — to a voice from the West Bank in the Occupied Palestinian Territories. Not because we have nothing left to say, but because these words speak for themselves. Amid violence and loss, they remind us that humanity must not be muted. The following poem reached us from the Palestinian Farmers' Union on June 17th, 2025. Its words still ring true, across time and place, because they call on the human in each of us.

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As we write these lines, the death toll in Gaza is estimated at 62,895. On August 22nd, a UN-backed authority officially confirmed that famine is taking place in Gaza and may expand to other regions if urgent action is not taken. On September 1st, the International Association of Genocide Scholars concluded in a formal resolution that Israel's actions in Gaza meet the legal definition of genocide.

September 10th, 2025

- Brennpunkt Editorial Committee

## **What Kind of People Are They??**

### **Gaza, the West Bank, and a World That Stopped Feeling**

*Sometimes I wonder—what kind of world are we living in?*

*How can so many people watch what's happening in Palestine and just... carry on?*

*Day after day, children are pulled from under the rubble. Women are buried alive in their homes.*

*Families are wiped out in seconds.*

*And the world says nothing.*

*In Gaza, entire neighborhoods like Rafah and Khan Younis have been emptied.*

*Over 1.5 million people are now crammed into a tiny coastal strip, just one kilometer wide.*

*It's hard to even call it "living." There's no food, no water, no shelter—just survival.*

*Yesterday, four members of the A Palestinian Farmers Union family in Deir al-Balah were killed.*

*Four people from the same family. Ten more were injured.*

*And in Rafah, the homes of our PFU Deputy Chairman and other members were destroyed.*

*They're now living in tents in the sand, with nothing.*

*And still, the world is silent.*

*How can people see a child going days without food, sleeping in the open, and not feel anything?*

*How can a father look into his child's eyes, begging for bread, and have nothing to offer—except pain?*

*In the West Bank, it's not any better.*

*Life is completely paralyzed. The Israeli army has imposed full closures everywhere.*

*People can't move, can't work, can't even reach each other. On top of that, there's growing fear of a wider war in the region, especially after Israel's attacks on Iran. It's like the entire land is suffocating.*

*But in the middle of all this... there's something extraordinary.*

*Every morning I check on my friends in Gaza.*

*And do you know the first thing they say?*

*"How are you? Are you okay?"*

*Imagine that.*

*They're under attack, living through hell—and they ask about us.*

*It's like they've created a new kind of humanity, one the world doesn't understand.*

*Yesterday, a friend told me about his "plan" to make a cup of coffee.*

*He explained it like he was managing a big project.*

*"Coffee now can cost me more than \$7," he said. "So making it needs a whole strategy.*

*It could take me a week."*

*He laughed a little. I didn't know what to say.*

*If it takes that much effort to make coffee,*

*just imagine what it's like for a child asking for a piece of bread... and not getting it.*

*Imagine what that does to a parent's heart.*

*This is not just a war. It's a test of our humanity.*

*And so far, the world is failing that test.*

*Palestine keeps asking, over and over:*

***Where is your humanity?***

- Abbas Milhem, PFU's Executive Director