**What I Will**  
by Suheir Hammad

I will not  
dance to your war  
drum. I will  
not lend my soul nor  
my bones to your war  
drum. I will  
not dance to your  
beating. I know that beat.  
It is lifeless. I know  
intimately that skin  
you are hitting. It  
was alive once  
hunted stolen  
stretched. I will  
not dance to your drummed  
up war. I will not pop  
spin break for you. I  
will not hate for you or  
even hate you. I will  
not kill for you. Especially  
I will not die  
for you. I will not mourn  
the dead with murder nor  
suicide. I will not side  
with you nor dance to bombs  
because everyone else is  
dancing. Everyone can be  
wrong. Life is a right not  
collateral or casual. I  
will not forget where  
I come from. I  
will craft my own drum. Gather my beloved  
near and our chanting  
will be dancing. Our  
humming will be drumming. I  
will not be played. I  
will not lend my name  
nor my rhythm to your  
beat. I will dance  
and resist and dance and  
persist and dance. This heartbeat is louder than  
death. Your war drum ain’t  
louder than this breath.