



This zine was  
designed by Pleasure Pie  
in collaboration with  
Mo. Alkrunz

[pleasurepie.org](http://pleasurepie.org)

# A Gazan Young Man Dreams of a Peaceful Death

By Mo. Alkrunz  
December 20, 2023  
Gaza



Nowhere to flee? How do I ensure that my fingers do not get scattered in a garbage container? How can I ensure that my blood does not mix with sewage? How do I ensure that my body doesn't dissolve in one of the asphalt mixtures? How can I ensure that my head will be present when someone would close my eyes? And my side will be there when someone says: "Turn him on his right side before getting burial?"

I want my pieces... I want all my body parts, so I could have a peaceful death.

This death is no longer possible. Even burial ceremonies are no longer possible. It has become difficult for a person to find a bright white shroud, a wooden table for the final bath, bouts of screaming resulting from intense grief in the hearts of acquaintances and neighbors, and a group of clergy whose mission is limited to adding more prestige to the funeral home.

This death has become impossible, as the current situation means that being buried alone in a separate grave is not even possible, as there are necessarily other inmates. The situation requires that our share be an illogical death.

Is there a logical death? A gruesome death? Is there a beautiful death?

Yes, there is death without blood, without missing parts, and without a damaged body. There is a soul that flows on the sky without the head being separated from the body, and without the cleaners carrying the day after the day – “orange peel” and my insides.