Smoke, I get up,

and I say to myself, oh God, we got hit.

I start hearing people shouting.

I look around and I understand that I’m in hell.

I remember saying, “OK, Gilad”, and it was quiet.

"Do you have a brother named David?"

I remember, most intensely, the smell.

A real smell of death.

I remember how I went into Katya’s room

and I told her, “Get up, they killed Phillip”.

Absolutely nothing was left.

The fire consumed them.

I understand, and don’t want to understand,

I don’t want to believe.

I am waiting for you,

waiting to dance with you at our wedding, soon.

Everywhere we went, people gave us strength.

Only in Israel you can feel such things.

I remember only one thing from this funeral,

me looking up, seeing a woman I’ve never seen before,

and she’s telling me, “He is not just your son,

he is the son of us all”.