

With a merrily departing stone
Barriers collapse
With a single stone removed
Towers of the most presumptuous castles fall
Tombstones descend from the graves
And ancestors revive.

A boy saw the victim's face through the jury
Saw daggers hiding
Under the coats and subtle smiles of witnesses.

A stone
Glass of hothouses broken
To hatch eggs they were
Giving in times of defeat
Spineless chieftains.

A boy sees how naked kings are
At once denounces all disguised shame
Long-hidden by peacock feathers.
He records the nakedness they fear
Engraved in stone.

A boy sends down roots in the ancient lanes
With all stubbornness
Inoculated forever
against the disease of migration
and the mishaps of journeys.

A stone he throws
Howling bullets reach him
He becomes a moon
Coming back with torrents of stone
Taught by the valiant birds of legend
How to throw stones
through noises terrible.
Alone he is angered
Alone he is playing
No care he gives to discouraging melodies
Nor to wails of warning approaching
All the time untiring.

He alone is the planet
Alone he is, the rest are enemies
Sticking to his stone he stands
The philosopher's stone which
will turn the torpid darkness in our joints
into light
Unveiling what filth has hidden.

The long hoped-for homeland is but a cavern
Countries converted to markets of human sale
Conquerors prosper
Giving their weapons a rest
Partners in the market they are already
- «they were always right».

Dignitaries' conferences are struck by light
Showing all the «exchange» offices clearly
where arms bought with bread
are turned against those who were starved to buy them
Hiding the true account of our life's defeat
Covering vision with blindness
Turning our living into a hell
Overflowing to hell!

Would you ever know what hell is
but thanks to a stone-throwing boy?

An age of stone it is
Stick to the lesson of the boy of Palestine
in the age of stone:
Hearts dry up... they are stone
Nothing to lose... then be a stone
No face unsoled... then be a stone
Nothing to fear...
Then be in nakedness clearer than stone
Nothing but sold... then take a stone.
This base one stole our bread... then throw a stone
This in an enemy from abroad... then throw a stone
And this a ruling enemy is... then throw a stone
Useful arms with you no more... then throw a stone
Shout aloud
Sound may a stone become
No more tears to give relief
What if that weeping boy
A stone becomes!

1 cry to spur on the dancing.

2 reward given to an excellent dancer.

translated by Fadel Jetke.

