

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 unsoiled... 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 Jetker.

