

Hager remained for the desert  
 Prophets wandered in all lands  
 Civilization itself migrated  
 Also palms did migrate  
 But all did come back in caravans,  
 or in dreams,  
 in thought  
 or in memory.

In the old images they saw  
 Both charms and ideals  
 Enough to describe doomsday.  
 Was desert enough for human loss?  
 Eyeing the apple, Adam set the first drop  
 of sweet honey in his wife's womb.  
 He resisted his death  
 Lived on to pray for his sublime God  
 Prayed on for his sublime God to live.  
 Did the first murderer, Abel, know  
 that his sleeping brother was dead?  
 Did he know that he knew not names yet?  
 Knew not the language?  
 Was the first fig leaf shrouding woman,  
 the first map?  
 No sun under the sun but the light of  
 this heart which breaks through all shades.

The question has ever remained with  
 no answer,  
 Any question is but an answer  
 with no question.  
 Those were questions raised by sand to sand  
 A forecast of what is both  
 visible and invisible,  
 Ignorance forecasting!  
 Sand remaining sand!  
 A sofist steals in to weave a woman's  
 darkness with his beard,  
 To rise in a crystal body.  
 Has the spirit any hips,  
 waist,  
 shadow?  
 In captivity there is room  
 For doubt  
 Since they got intoxicated.  
 Their liberties  
 Are what went on dropping from the  
 broken absolute around their tents:  
 Helmets, tins, blues, a water jug, arms  
 Traces of man, a crow, an hourglass,  
 Grass covering a slaughterhouse.

Translated by Fadel Jetker, with slight abbreviation.

Woodcut commemorating the September massacres against the Palestinians: «Massacres Can't Stop the Dawn of Independence.»

