

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.»

