

The Coming Day

by Tawfiq Zayyad

That day is coming
It is coming soon
I will carry my flute and sing
On roads
In my towns and villages full of blessings
In the high mountains and forests
I will sing
To the man liberated from all oppressors
From all invaders and occupiers
To the people liberated from the fear of
The past and the future
From the worries of earth and the day
After I will sing
From place to every place...
In the Arab Jerusalem
In Gaza and Golan

“My homeland was once occupied
my homeland became free
the illegal occupation existed
and today became a memory”

That day is coming
It is coming soon
I will pick my pen
Dipped in my heart,
On the flowers’ leaves, I will write
On the bird’s wings, I will write
On the steadfast tree branches
In confrontation with the wind
I will write
On the doors of our factories, schools, farms,
On the walls of workers’ palaces
On the palms of children’s hands
On the heroic martyrs’ statues
On the shoulders of our bold pilots,
I will write... write... write
On everyplace, everywhere
In the Arab Jerusalem
In Gaza and Golan

“My homeland was once occupied
my homeland became free
the illegal occupation existed once
and today became a memory.”