



The Gospel of Stone

by
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An age of stone it is
Midsummer's shade of impatience has perished
The sword of impatience too died in mid-battle
River waters have turned to stone
An age of stone it is.

If life with honor is wanted
Then be a stone
Pick up a stone
Hit with a stone.

Rain has dried in arid winter
Clouds prick needle-like
Winds too shy to come with no rain
Forgetting all rain, though clouds are there
With edges keen the trees they kiss
and denude them.

Torrents of stone rain down on heads
Stone resounds the echo of stone
Stone...and then a spark
In such chaff
Proud in dung
Dried up with cold
Disgraced by flames will be.

A fire stone flint
its secret gives to the arms of a lad
saturated with bitterness
To a boy fully free from all care
For benefit or loss.

Was he playing when he threw his stones?
Or else his motto is:

If there is an enemy

There should be a stone too
Between game and disdainful riot
Rivers of stone do pass
Rains of stone approach.

How could he know?

He was but a fish in a leaky sea
All the waters stolen in darkness
Slaughtered, he wavered in dance
Receiving an *aula*¹ in the ring of dance
Giving a *Shanbash*²
He threw a stone.

Dance he did... death his game
As if the motherland gave birth to him alone
As if she called none but him
Rise he did, holding her cord
The taste of milk still on his lips
For her eyes, then
He'll stoop in dance, free from disgrace
to touch her knee.
In pride does she lift his brow
Then and there he is a cord of fire
exultant he bows to take a stone
A dance timed to the beat of death
A departing swan song
A kerchief of arrogance wet with tears
Witnessing an age dragged towards bloodbaths

A boy refused to wait

His hand stretched towards the serpents' den
With no trace of fear
With a fighting hand a stone he picks
A stone that has no meaning or color
Flying towards the invaders,
it becomes black
The homeland is Mecca then.

From stone to stone
The motherland lies embracing her chaste soil
Early came the pains of labor
Beneath the olives of Al Khalil
The miracle of combat then ushers in
The forgotten babe in the stone cradle of Galilee
doth speak.

The kings' caravan is at a loss
A stone guides them to the beautiful child
Stones they cooked for him
To make him forget his humiliation
Yet he taught them:

Stones of the deluge do help
In countering despots
In times so mean.