



Tragicomedy of Daffodils and Silver

by Mahmoud Darwish



Come back they did
From the end of a long, long tunnel
to their own mirrors...
Come back they did
When restore they did
the salt of brethren
singly and in groups
Come back they did
From myths of defending citadels
to simple ordinary talks
No longer will they
Be raising hands and banners
for miracles
Come back they did
To remain honest
To arrange the winds
To marry sons and daughters
To revive the marble for dancing
To hang onions, beans, garlic
under the ceiling for winter
Come back they did
To milk their goats...
Clouds of pigeon feathers
Come back they did
On tips of vanity
To realms of divine charm
To banana groves
In ancient mountainous lands
To a mountain by the sea
To two lakes beyond memory
To a prophet's beach
To a lane full of lemon scent
The country is safe.
Storms of horses, Hexus warriors,
Tatar cavalries, masked and
unmasked, broke.

With lances and mangonels
Their names they immortalized...
and then they passed.
April remained as ever
Rocks shining with bloom
Lemon blossoms do really chime.
The soil remained safe,
completely safe
and virgin after them.
Land, like language, inherited is.
Storms of horses broke out
Then subsided,
then collapsed,
Grain out of grain tossed.
Being intent
Come back they did,
Their flutes restoring fire,
The remotest coming close,
Covered with volatile clothes,
fragile like glass,
Floods of anthems raged
Covering distance and exile.
What force can flying souls chain?
Every exile place became home intact...
Their myth they built the way they liked,
Pebbles were colorful birds,
Rivers were torn and burnt with love
Whenever by a daisy they happened to pass
They wept and wondered:
Are we a people
Or else wine for ever new offering?

You anthem! Take with you all the elements
Take us up
Step by step
Then to the vales descend...

