



This is the continuation and conclusion of the Mahmoud Darwish poem which we began printing in our last issue. It was written in March 1989 and published in Arabic in *Al Karmel* no. 32.

# Tragicovery of Daffodils and Silver



Can we build our temple on one meter of the world?  
Can we pray for the creator of  
All names, enemies and the hidden secret in a fly?  
Can we bring back the past  
    To the margins of our present,  
    To kneel in worship on our rock  
    For the one who recorded time  
        in the gospel without writing?  
Can we sing a song on a heavenly rock  
    To remain firm with the myths  
        which we couldn't change but by altering the clouds?  
Can our watery mail come on the beak of a hoopoe?  
Can it bring back our message from Sabaa,  
    To make us believe in fables and mysteries?  
...In exile, there is no room for steads souring up  
    To peaks, falling down to the abyss  
There is room for horsemen urging nights  
All nights are dark  
Death is murder by night.  
...You anthem! Take all the elements!  
Raise us epoch after epoch  
Let's capture from man's history  
What may bring us back  
From this long, illogical journey  
    To the place - our place.  
Raise us on saber tips to look at the city,

You know the place better,  
    You know the strength of the elements in us,  
        You know the times better...

Lead me to a rock!  
    I want to sit near the distant guitar!  
Take me to a moon!  
I want to know how much remains of my exile!  
Take me to a chord  
    Pulling the sea to the wandering land!  
Take me on a trip  
    Not full of death!  
Take me to a rain  
    Falling on the titles of our lonely house!  
Take me to my self!  
    I want to attend my funeral on my birthday  
Take me to my duty as a martyr  
    Shrouded in the violet of martyrdom!

Come back they did  
    But without me...  
Take me there, there, far, far away!  
...Come back they did  
    To the houses of their images.  
Restore they did  
    silky steps over bright lakes  
Restore they did  
    What dropped from the lexicon;  
Rome olives in soldiers' dreams;  
The Torah of Canaan buried under  
    the temple ruins between Tyre and Jerusalem;  
The path of incense to Qureish  
    coming from Sham of the flowers;  
The eternal deer married to the northern rising Nile,  
    To the savagely virile Dijle  
        While rendering Sumaria immortal.  
They were together  
They were together: fighting, defeating, being defeated.  
They were together: marrying each other,  
    giving birth to opposites, to the insane tribe.  
They were together: Allied against the North;  
    Raising a bridge over hell  
        For the transcendence of the spirit in all of them.  
Return they did to war over reason.  
Whose faith has no logic, no spirit...  
Can we inherit creativity from Golgemesh  
    who failed to find the reed of immortality,  
        and from Athena thereafter?