

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.

Tragicomedy 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 steeds 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 tiles of our lonely house!
Take me to myself!
 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 Golgatesh
 who failed to find the reed of immortality,
 and from Athena thereafter?