

Where are we now?
 The Romans have to detect my essence in marble,
 Have to restore the world's center to Rome,
 Have to give birth to my forefather
 from the excellency of the sword.
 Still we have taken from Athena
 What makes the ancient sea our anthem
 Our anthem is a stone rubbing the sun in us,
 A stone that kindles our ambiguity,
 How to catch what is forgotten!
 Christ came back to the holy supper,
 as we wished.
 Mary, too, returned to him
 With her long braid to cover our Roman theater.
 Does the olive carry enough sense?
 To fill his palms with peace,
 his wounds with mint,
 To flood him with the light of our souls?
 ... You anthem! Take all the meanings
 Rise with us, wound by wound
 Bandage oblivion
 Rise as high as you can towards man
 Near his initial tents
 Brightening the cooper-covered dome of heaven
 To see
 What is not seen by his heart
 Rise with us, fall with us to the place
 You know the place better
 You know the time better.
 ... In the passages, they are ready for the siege,
 Their camels went dry of thirst
 They milked mirages...
 Milked mirages to drink the essence of prophesy
 from the image of the South
 In each exile, there is a citadel
 with broken doors
 To shut them in...
 Each door opens on a desert stretching
 along the long course of travel
 From wars to wars
 Each desert thorn has its Hajar
 who fled to the South
 They passed by their names
 engraved on metal and stone
 They were not able to recognize their names
 Victims never believe their guess...
 Names went unrecognized
 Erased by sand here,
 Covered by sunset plants there,
 Our history and theirs are one,
 Nations would unite their paths of thought
 But for different birds on banners!
 Our end is our beginning
 Beginning is end

And Land
 like language
 inheritable is...
 If the double-horned were single-horned,
 If the universe were bigger,
 Orientals with their stone tablets would go farther
 Occidentals much deeper
 If Caesar were a philosopher
 The small world would be his mansion
 Our history is our history...
 The palm tree of the bedouin can extend to the Atlantic
 On the way to the Atlantic to quench our fatal
 thirst for rain.
 Our history is their history
 Their history is ours
 But for the difference on the date of doom!
 Who could unite destinate land
 without the sword decorated by ardour?
 Nobody...
 Who has returned from a journey to flowering infancy?
 Nobody...
 Who has written his autobiography
 removed from its opposite and from heroism?
 Nobody...
 An exile with gems of memory...
 Reducing eternity into a time-embracing moment,
 Is a must
 ... Who knows?!
 Maybe they wrote their names on their names.
 In the silver of the olive
 Remember they did
 The first poet who tempered their sky.
 You, Aegean Sea, take us back!
 Family dogs have howled
 They want to take us along the wind...
 Victory is death,
 Death, victory in Hercules...
 Martyrs' steps are home.
 We are the ones who came to come and win...
 Soothsayers referred to the North...
 They asked not of our wives.
 The dead are dead,
 Who remembered his house
 killed further numbers of
 old women and girls
 Threw the infants of the city
 into the terrible abyss
 To come back in time
 from Satan's Troy.
 Did we betray our conscience?
 Why then did our wives betray us?
 Steady conscience was our crossing bridge,