

A vessel full of incense and perfumes  
of the charming Helen for the wives.  
Victory, like defeat, means death;  
Crime may lead to virtue  
You sea, hark!  
You decorate the victims with their murderer,  
You old sea!  
Take us back to the dogs barking in our first land.  
you old sea, continue adventures looking  
for what's lost of our fleet,  
for the old fishing boats,  
for the men who have become  
coral reefs on the bed.

And we?!  
Take us back from wars of defending royal thrones  
To the beds of our women,  
To the green poplar tissue in ash  
or in the visions of our poets.

We need a beach to land by the hazel tree at home,

Light - such light is not enough  
to pick mulberries.  
...Over there they were  
In dialogue with the waves  
They wanted to look like victors  
coming back from battles  
under the Arch du Triumph.  
Exiles were never in vain  
Ours, too, was not in vain.  
The dead have died with no regret.  
Entitled are the living to inherit  
all peaceful winds.  
To learn opening windows,  
To see what the past has done to their present,  
To weep in quiet lest enemies  
hear their breaking chinaware.

You martyrs were right:  
Home is more beautiful than the way to it,  
In spite of the flowers' treason.  
Yet windows never open the heart's heaven...  
Here and there, exile remains exile.  
Never in vain were we exiled  
Our exiles never went in vain  
Land  
Like language  
Inheritable is!

...They were not like captives,  
They didn't pretend to own the martyrs' freedom  
They didn't get rid of their summer solitude.  
Why then did they set the fire of their solitude  
to the far-off mountain?  
Why then did they disappear when there were no  
paths running down to the vales?

The echo may attract the initial shepherd;  
These may find the traces of their voices,  
of their clothes,  
of the age of their arms,  
of the tunes of their flute.  
On every nation they built an epic  
to look like the heroes;  
In every battle one of their heroes fell;  
Yet rivers have their ways.  
The past is no longer the same  
To inherit a little up...

.....  
...Upon high waves, the waves of seas  
and deserts,  
They used to raise islands for living.  
Having defended my fatal journey,  
I defend my anthem is the shattered shade  
of palms,  
Out of my non-existance, I'll walk again  
towards existance - their poet says.

Come back they did.  
I'll leave to the far off,  
to the lemon blossom,  
the rain-broken bridges over Azraq.  
Hurry up! Cross, you anthem reciters!  
If you can restore the horses' neighs.  
Cross, then, singers!  
Breathless horses chase my heart  
which is jumping out of hand over dams.  
Behold! We are ourselves!

Who can alter us?  
Come back or not  
We remain within...  
A single day with no death  
A single night with no dream,  
Enough to make us reach the port  
burning with the last rose  
As if come back,  
The sea lies near their finger tips,  
by the bed

They saw their houses beyond the clouds,  
They heard their bleating goats,  
They felt the horns of fairy deer...  
They made a fire on the hill  
They exchanged cardamon seeds  
They made cookies for the holiday.  
Remember? Don't you?

These days of exile there?  
They danced beating the bags  
Ridiculing the story of the far-off exile  
and a country to be deserted by love.

Do you remember the siege of Carthage?  
The Fall of Tyre,  
of the western kingdoms on the