

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-existence, I'll walk again  
 towards existence - 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