

Poem by: Yehuda Amichai

Translation by: Stephen Mitchell

On a roof in the Old City
laundry hanging in the late afternoon sunlight
the white sheet of a woman who is my enemy,
the towel of a man who is my enemy,
to wipe off the sweat of his brow.

In the sky of the Old City
a kite
At the other end of the string,
a child
I can't see
because of the wall.

We have put up many flags,
they have put up many flags.
To make us think that they're happy
To make them think that we're happy.

על גג בעיר העתיקה,
כביסה מוארת באור אחרון של יום:
סדין לבן של איבת,
מגבת של איב
לנגב בה את זעת אפו.

ובשמי העיר העתיקה
עפיפון.
ובקצה החוט-
ילד,
שלא ראיתי אותו,
בגלל החומה.

העלינו הרבה דגלים,
העלו הרבה דגלים.
כדי שנחשב שהם שמחים
כדי שיחשבו שאנחנו שמחים.

Poem by: Mahmoud Darwish

Translation by: Munir Akash and Carolyn Forché

I belong there. I have many memories. I was born as everyone is born.

I have a mother, a house with many windows, brothers, friends, and a prison cell

with a chilly window! I have a wave snatched by seagulls, a panorama of my own.

I have a saturated meadow. In the deep horizon of my word, I have a moon,

a bird's sustenance, and an immortal olive tree.

I have lived on the land long before swords turned man into prey.

I belong there. When heaven mourns for her mother, I return heaven to her mother.

And I cry so that a returning cloud might carry my tears.

To break the rules, I have learned all the words needed for a trial by blood.

I have learned and dismantled all the words in order to draw from them a

single word: Home.

أَنَا مِنْ هُنَاكَ. وَلي ذِكْرِيَات. وَوُلِدْتُ كَمَا تُوَلِّدُ النَّاسُ. لي وَوَالِدَهُ

وَبَيْتٌ كَثِيرُ النُّوَافِذِ. لي إِخْوَةٌ. أَصْدِقَاءُ. وَسَجُنٌ.
بِنَافِذَةٍ بَارِدَةٍ

وَلي مَوْجَةٌ خَطَفَتْهَا النُّوَارِسُ. لي مَشْهَدِي الخَاصُّ. لي عُشْبَةٌ رَائِدَةٌ

وَلي قَمَرٌ فِي أَقْصَى الكَلَامِ، وَرِزْقُ الطُّيُورِ، وَرَيْثُونَةٌ خَالِدَةٌ

.مَرَزَتْ عَلَى الأَرْضِ قَبْلَ مُرُورِ السُّيُوفِ عَلَى جَسَدِ حَوْلُوهِ إِلَى مَائِدَتِهِ

أَنَا مِنْ هُنَاكَ. أُعِيدُ السَّمَاءَ إِلَى أُمِّهَا حِينَ تَبْكِي السَّمَاءَ عَلَى أُمَّهَا،

وَأَبْكِي لِتَعْرِفَنِي غَيْمَةً عَائِدَةً.

تَعَلَّمْتُ كُلَّ كَلَامٍ يَلِيقُ بِمَحْكَمَةِ الدَّمِ فِي أَكْسَرِ القَاعِيدَةِ.

تَعَلَّمْتُ كُلَّ الكَلَامِ ، وَفَكَكْتُهُ فِي أَرْكَبِ مُفْرَدَةٍ وَاحِدَةٍ

هِيَ: الوَطَنُ...