

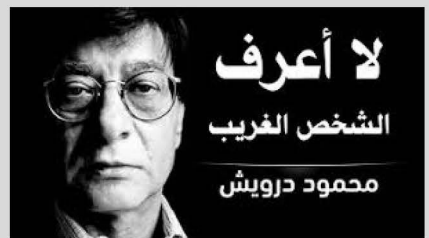
أُمسية مع شِعْر محمود درويش

An Evening with Mahmoud Darwish's Poetry

A reading of poems in Arabic and their English translations by Arabic students, followed by an open discussion

Thursday Nov. 10 @ 4:30-6:00pm
Axinn 109

Organized by the Department of Arabic.



البنث / الصرفة
على شاطئ البحر بنتٌ. وللبنث أهلٌ
وللأهل بيتٌ. ولليبت نافذتان وبابٌ...
وفي البحر بارجةٌ تتسلى
بصيد المشاة على شاطئ البحر:
أربعة، خمسة، سبعة
يسقطون على الرمل، والبنث تنجو قليلاً
لأن يداً من ضباب
يداً ما إلهية أسعفتها، فنادت: أبي
يا أبي! قم لزرع، فالبحر ليس لأمثالنا!



[go/Darwish/](#)

- Link to the .pdf file of the poems and their translations is here:

[go/Darwish/](#)

"وحدك"

"Alone"

Read by Cooper Mills and Olivia Kilborn

“Alone”

At a cafe, you sit with the newspaper

No, you are not alone. Half your glass is empty

And the sun fills the other half

From behind the glass you see the hurried passersby

And you are not seen, one of the traits of invisibility is that

You see but you are not seen

How free you are, the forgotten one in the cafe

For no one sees the butterfly effect on you

No one stares at your clothing or scrutinizes

Your fog when you look at a girl

And break down in front of her

“وَحَدَاكَ”

مَقْهَى، وَأَنْتَ مَعَ الْجَرِيدَةِ جَالِسٌ

لَا، لَسْتَ وَحَدَاكَ. نِصْفُ كَأْسِكَ فَارِغٌ

وَالشَّمْسُ تَمَلَأُ نِصْفَهَا الثَّانِي ..

وَمِنْ خَلْفِ الزُّجَاجِ تَرَى الْمُشَاةَ الْمُسْرِعِينَ

وَلَا تُرَى إِحْدَى صِفَاتِ الْغَيْبِ تِلْكَ

تَرَى وَلَكِنْ لَا تُرَى

كَمْ أَنْتَ حَرٌّ أَيُّهَا الْمَنْسِيُّ فِي الْمَقْهَى

فَلَا أَحَدٌ يَرَى أَثَرَ الْفَرَاشَةِ فِيكَ

لَا أَحَدٌ يُحْمَلِقُ فِي ثِيَابِكَ أَوْ يُدَقِّقُ

فِي ضَبَابِكَ إِنْ نَظَرْتَ إِلَى فَتَاةٍ

وَانكَسَرَتْ أَمَامَهَا

How free you are to go about your personal affairs

In this crowd without censorship from yourself

Nor a reader

So be as you wish

Remove your shirt or shoes if you want

For you are forgotten and free in your imagination

Neither your name nor your face are required here

Be as you are

Neither friend nor foe bears witness to your memories here

كَمْ أَنْتَ حُرٌّ فِي إِدَارَةِ شَأْنِكَ الشَّخْصِيِّ

فِي هَذَا الزَّحَامِ بِلا رَقِيبٍ مِنْكَ

أَوْ مِنْ قَارِئٍ

فَأَصْنَعُ بِنَفْسِكَ مَا تَشَاءُ

إِخْلَعُ قَمِيصَكَ أَوْ حِذَاءَكَ إِنْ أَرَدْتَ

فَأَنْتَ مَنْسِيٌّ وَحُرٌّ فِي خَيَالِكَ

لَيْسَ لِاسْمِكَ أَوْ لَوَجْهِكَ هَا هُنَا عَمَلٌ

ضَرُورِيٌّ

تَكُونُ كَمَا تَكُونُ

فَلَا صَدِيقَ وَلَا عَدُوَّ هُنَا يُرَاقِبُ

ذِكْرِيَاتِكَ

Forgive the one who left you in the cafe
Because you didn't notice her new haircut
And the butterflies that danced on her dimples

Forgive the one who sought your assassination
One day for nothing ... but because you did not
Die the day you crashed into a star...and wrote
The first songs with its ink

At a cafe, you sit with the newspaper
In the corner forgotten, so no one disrupts
Your pristine mood, and no one thinks of your
assassination
How you are forgotten and free in your
imagination

فَالْتَمِسْ عُذْرًا لِمَنْ تَرَكْتِكَ فِي الْمَقْهَى
لِأَنَّكَ لَمْ تُلَاحِظْ قِصَّةَ الشَّعْرِ الْجَدِيدَةِ
وَالْفَرَاشَاتِ الَّتِي رَقَصَتْ عَلَى غَمَازَتَيْهَا
وَالْتَمِسْ عُذْرًا لِمَنْ طَلَبَ اغْتِيَالِكَ
ذَاتَ يَوْمٍ، لَا لِشَيْءٍ... بَلْ لِأَنَّكَ لَمْ
تَمُتْ يَوْمَ ارْتَطَمْتَ بِنَجْمَةٍ .. وَكَتَبْتَ
أُولَى الْأَغْنِيَاتِ بِحَبْرِهَا
مَقْهَى، وَأَنْتَ مَعَ الْجَرِيدَةِ جَالِسٌ
فِي الرِّكْنِ مَنْسِيًّا، فَلَا أَحَدٌ يُهِينُ
مِزَاجَكَ الصَّافِي، وَلَا أَحَدٌ يُفَكِّرُ فِي اغْتِيَالِكَ
كَمْ أَنْتَ مَنْسِيٌّ وَحُرٌّ فِي خَيَالِكَ

"عن إنسان"

"About a man"

Read by Hodo Abubakar

“About a man”

They put chains on his mouth
They bound his hands to the rock of
the dead
And they said: You are a murderer!

They took his food, his clothes, and his
banners
They threw him in the prison of the
dead
And they said: You are a thief!

They turned him away from every
harbor
They took away his little girl
Then they said: You are a refugee!

عن إنسان

وَضَعُوا عَلَىٰ فَمِهِ السَّلَاسِلَ
رَبَطُوا يَدَيْهِ بِصَخْرَةِ الْمَوْتَىٰ،
وَقَالُوا: أَنْتَ قَاتِلٌ!

أَخَذُوا طَعَامَهُ وَالْمَلَابِسَ وَالْبَيَارِقَ
وَرَمَوْهُ فِي زُنْزَانَةِ الْمَوْتَىٰ،
وَقَالُوا: أَنْتَ سَارِقٌ!

طَرَدُوهُ مِنْ كُلِّ الْمَرَاغِي
أَخَذُوا حَبِيبَتَهُ الصَّغِيرَةَ،
ثُمَّ قَالُوا: أَنْتَ لَاجِئٌ!

O bleeding eyes and palms!
Know the nighttime is fleeting
No prison cell lasts forever
Nor the choke of chains
Nero died, yet Rome did not
With her eyes she still fights
And the dying seeds
Will fill the valley with grain

يا دامي العَيْنينِ والكَفَّينِ!
إنَّ اللَّيْلَ زَائِلٌ
لا عُرْفَةَ التَّوْقِيفِ بَاقِيَةٌ
ولا زَرْدُ السَّلَاسِلِ!
نِירוُنُ ماتَ، ولم تَمُتْ رِوما ...
بِعَيْنِهَا تُقَاتِلُ!
وَحُبُوبٌ سُنْبُلَةٌ تَمُوتُ
سَتَمَلَأُ الوادي سَنَابِلٌ!..

"البنيت/الصرخة"

"The Girl/The Scream"

Read by Tara Masri and Makenna Janes

"البنت/الصرخة"

على شاطئِ البَحْرِ بِنْتٌ. وللبنتِ أَهْلٌ

ولِلأهلِ بَيْتٌ. وللبيتِ نافِذتانِ وبابٌ...

وفي البَحْرِ بارِجةٌ تَتَسَلَّى

بِصَيْدِ المُشاةِ على شاطئِ البَحْرِ:

أربعةٌ، خمسةٌ، سبعةٌ

يَسْقُطُونَ على الرَمْلِ، والبنتُ تَنجو قَلِيلاً

لِأَنَّ يَدًا مَن ضَبَابٌ

يَدًا ما إِلَهِيَّةٌ أَسَعَفَتَهَا، فَنَادَتْ: أَبِي

يا أَبِي! فَم لِنَرِجِعْ، فَالْبَحْرُ لَيْسَ لِأَمْثالِنَا!

"The Girl/The Scream"

On the seashore is a girl. The girl has a family,

And the family has a house. The house has two windows and a door...

And in the sea, a battleship taking pleasure

In hunting the passersby on the seashore

Four, five, seven,

They fall on the sand, and the girl survives for a moment

Because a hand of haze,

Some divine hand, saved her, so she called:

Father! Father! Get up so we can go back,

for the sea is not for people like us!

Her father does not answer, lying on his
shadow

In the wind of absence

Blood in the palm trees, blood in the clouds

The voice flies her higher and farther from

The seaside. She cries out in the wilderness
of night,

No echo to the echo.

So she becomes the eternal scream in the
breaking news,

That is no longer breaking news

When

The planes returned to bomb a house with
two windows and a door!

لم يُجِبْهَا أَبُوهَا الْمُسْجَى عَلَى ظِلِّهِ
فِي مَهَبِّ الْغِيَابِ

دَمٌّ فِي النَّخِيلِ، دَمٌّ فِي السَّحَابِ

يَطِيرُ بِهَا الصَّوْتُ أَعْلَى وَأَبْعَدَ مِنْ

شَاطِئِ الْبَحْرِ. تَصْرُخُ فِي لَيْلِ بَرِّيَّةٍ،

لَا صَدَىٍّ لِلصَّدى.

فَتَصِيرُ هِيَ الصَّرْخَةُ الْأَبَدِيَّةُ فِي خَبْرِ

عَاجِلٍ، لَمْ يَعْذُ خَبْرًا عَاجِلًا

عِنْدَمَا

عَادَتْ الطَّائِرَاتُ لِتَقْصِفَ بَيْتًا بِنَافِذَتَيْنِ

وَبَابٍ!

أثر الفراشة

“The Butterfly Effect”

Read by Kelly Campa

“The Butterfly Effect”

The butterfly effect cannot be seen

The butterfly effect cannot vanish

It's the allure of the mysterious

That entices the meaning, and leaves

When the path is clear

It is the lightness of the eternal in the daily

Longing for the sublime

And beautiful illumination

“أثر الفراشة”

أَثْرُ الْفَرَّاشَةِ لَا يُرَى

أَثْرُ الْفَرَّاشَةِ لَا يَزُولُ

هُوَ جَاذِبِيَّةٌ غَامِضٍ

يَسْتَدْرِجُ الْمَعْنَى، وَيَرْحَلُ

حِينَ يَتَّضِحُ السَّبِيلُ

هُوَ خِفَّةُ الْأَبَدِيِّ فِي الْيَوْمِيِّ

أَشْوَاقٌ إِلَى أَعْلَى

وَإِشْرَاقٌ جَمِيلٌ

It is a mole in the light, beckoning

هُوَ شَامَةٌ فِي الضَّوِّءِ تَوْمِيٌّ

When we are led towards the words

حِينَ يُرْشِدُنَا إِلَى الْكَلِمَاتِ

By our inner guide

بِاطْنِ الدَّلِيلِ

It is like a song, trying

هُوَ مِثْلُ أُغْنِيَةٍ تُحَاوِلُ

To say something, but settling

أَنْ تَقُولَ، وَتَكْتَفِي

To quote from the shadows

بِالْاِقْتِبَاسِ مِنَ الظُّلَالِ

And doesn't say anything...

وَلَا تَقُولُ...

The butterfly effect cannot be seen

أَثَرُ الْفَرَّاشَةِ لَا يُرَى

The butterfly effect cannot vanish

أَثَرُ الْفَرَّاشَةِ لَا يَزُولُ

"لا أعرف الشخص الغريب"

"I do not know the stranger"

Read by Rain Ji and Willie Thacker

"I do not know the stranger"

I do not know the stranger or his achievements

I saw a funeral, so I walked behind the coffin,

Like the others, bowing my head respectfully. I did not

Find a reason to ask: Who is the stranger?

And where did he live, and how did he die? As the reasons

Of death are many and one of them is the anguish of life

I asked myself: Does he see us or does he see

Nothingness and regret the end? I knew that he

Would not open the violet-covered coffin to

Bid us farewell, thank us, and whisper the truth

(What is the truth?)

"لا أعرف الشخص الغريب"

لا أعرف الشَّخْصَ الغَرِيبَ ولا مآثره

رَأَيْتُ جِنَازَةً فَمَشَيْتُ خَلْفَ النَّعْشِ،

مِثْلَ الآخَرِينَ مُطَاطِئُ الرِّاسِ إِحْتِرَاماً. لم

أَجِدُ سَبَباً لِأَسْأَلَ: مَنْ هُوَ الشَّخْصُ الغَرِيبُ؟

وَأَيْنَ عَاشَ، وَكَيْفَ مَاتَ فَإِنَّ أَسْبَابَ

الوفاة كَثِيرَةٌ مِنْ بَيْنِهَا وَجَعُ الحَيَاةِ

سَأَلْتُ نَفْسِي: هَلْ يَرَانَا أَمْ يَرِي

عَدَمًا وَيَأْسَفُ لِلنَّهَايَةِ؟ كُنْتُ أَعْلَمُ أَنَّهُ

لَنْ يَفْتَحَ النَّعْشَ المُغَطَّى بِالبِنْفَسَجِ كَي

يُودِّعَنَا وَيَشْكُرْنَا وَيَهْمِسَ بِالحَقِيقَةِ

(ما الحَقِيقَةُ؟)

Maybe he is like us in these

Hours, folding his shadow. But he is the only

Person who did not cry this morning

And did not see death soaring over us like a
hawk

The living are the cousins of death, and the dead

Sleep quietly and quietly and I did not

Find a reason to ask: Who is the

Stranger and what is his name? No lightning

Shines in his name and the procession

behind him

Is twenty people except for me

رُبَّمَا هُوَ مِثْلُنَا فِي هَذِهِ

السَّاعَاتِ يَطْوِي ظِلَّهُ. لَكِنَّهُ هُوَ وَحْدَهُ

الشَّخْصُ الَّذِي لَمْ يَبْكِ فِي هَذَا الصَّبَاحِ،

وَلَمْ يَرَ الْمَوْتَ الْمُحَلِّقَ فَوْقَنَا كَالصَّقْرِ

فَالْأَحْيَاءُ هُمْ أَبْنَاءُ عَمِّ الْمَوْتِ، وَالْمَوْتَى

نِيَامٌ هَادِئُونَ وَهَادِئُونَ وَلَمْ

أَجِدُ سَبَباً لِأَسْأَلَ: مَنْ هُوَ الشَّخْصُ

الْغَرِيبُ وَمَا اسْمُهُ؟ لَا بَرْقَ

يَلْمَعُ فِي اسْمِهِ وَالسَّائِرُونَ وَرَاءَهُ

عِشْرُونَ شَخْصاً مَا عَدَايَ

And I got lost in my heart at the church door:

Maybe he is a writer, a worker, a refugee,

A thief, or a murderer... it makes no
difference

As the dead are equal before death...

they do not speak

And perhaps they do not dream...

And the stranger's funeral could be mine

But something divine prevents it

For many reasons

Among them: a big mistake in the poem!

وَتُهُتُّ فِي قَلْبِي عَلَى بَابِ الْكَنِيسَةِ:

رُبَّمَا هُوَ كَاتِبٌ أَوْ عَامِلٌ أَوْ لَاجِئٌ

أَوْ سَارِقٌ، أَوْ قَاتِلٌ ... لَا فَرْقَ،

فَالْمَوْتَى سَوَاسِيَةٌ أَمَامَ الْمَوْتِ ..

لَا يَتَكَلَّمُونَ

وَرُبَّمَا لَا يَحْلُمُونَ.

وَقَدْ تَكُونُ جِنَازَةُ الشَّخْصِ الْغَرِيبِ جِنَازَتِي

لَكِنَّ أَمْرًا مَا إِلَهِيًّا يُوجِّئُهَا

لِأَسْبَابٍ عَدِيدَةٍ

مِنْ بَيْنِهَا: خَطَأٌ كَبِيرٌ فِي الْقَصِيدَةِ!

فِكْرٍ بغيرِكِ

“Think of Others”

Read by Cleo Baldoumas

“Think of others”

As you prepare your breakfast, think of others

Do not forget the pigeons' food

As you fight your wars, think of others

Do not forget those seeking peace

As you pay the water bill, think of others

Those who are nurtured by the clouds

When you return home, to your home,
think of others

Do not forget those living in tents

فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ

وَأَنْتَ تُعِدُّ فُطُورَكَ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ

لَا تَنْسَ قُوتَ الْحَمَامِ

وَأَنْتَ تَخُوضُ حُرُوبَكَ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ

لَا تَنْسَ مَنْ يَطْلُبُونَ السَّلَامَ

وَأَنْتَ تُسَدِّدُ فَاتُورَةَ الْمَاءِ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ

مَنْ يَرْضَعُونَ الْغَمَامَ

وَأَنْتَ تَعُودُ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ، بَيْتِكَ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ

لَا تَنْسَ شَعْبَ الْخِيَامِ

As you sleep and count the stars,
think of others
There are those without a place to sleep

وَأَنْتَ تَنَامُ وَتُحْصِي الْكَوَاكِبَ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ
ثُمَّ مَنْ لَمْ يَجِدْ حَيِّزًا لِلْمَنَامِ

As you free yourself with metaphors,
think of others
Those who lost their right to speak

وَأَنْتَ تَحْرِرُ نَفْسَكَ بِالِاسْتِعَارَاتِ، فَكِّرْ بِغَيْرِكَ
مَنْ فَقَدُوا حَقَّهُمْ فِي الْكَلَامِ

And when you think of those far off,
think of yourself
Say: I wish I was a candle in the dark

وَأَنْتَ تُفَكِّرُ بِالْآخِرِينَ الْبَعِيدِينَ، فَكِّرْ بِنَفْسِكَ
قُلْ: لَيْتَنِي شَمْعَةٌ فِي الظَّلَامِ