

Eternity

We travel
In the center of a wave
Shattered by beginnings
Hide what our beloved once
Have stolen from tears
Of people mourning their beloved ones
To shed them at the height
Of our madness
And when the waves
Scatter us on the rocks
Of our defeats.
He narrow zigzagging lanes
Have shared our steps:
Caves are engulfing us
With madness
Graves with skulls.
Don't we have to step back
For a final adieu
To Embalm the memories
Insult those lanes
Encompassing our dreams
With amulets
Pick up what our beloved ones
Have stolen of tears
And leave
In the middle of darkness

Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy

Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir

أزل

نساfer

في موجةٍ شردها البداياتُ
نخبئُ ما سرقتَه حبيبائنا من دموع
المآتم
لندرفها حين نبلغ أقصى الجنون
و حين يحطمنا الموجُ
فوق صخور الهزائم.
تقاسمتُ الطرقاتُ خطانا:
كهوفٌ تحاصرنا بالجنون
قبورٌ تحاصرنا بالجمام.
أليسَ لنا أن نعودَ قليلاً
لنلقي الوداع الأخير
نحنظُ ذاكرةَ الحب.. نشتمُ تلك
الدروبِ
نُحوطُ أحلامنا بالتمائم
و نحملُ
ما سرقتَه حبيبائنا
من دموع المآتم.

A woman's dream

I' am just unaware
From the cradle of myth
He came
From the darkness of suspicions
He came
A flood of rejections
He came
A typhoon of chaos
He came
And a history of lunacy
-History and geography books
Have demolished me-
And went to set my jungles ablaze
Devastating my veins
.Transforming my days
into exiles and detention camps.
What a sickening face
A cold metallic face
The has colonized my trace
Laid a blanket of insomnia
On my cities
And fixed a world of spying eyes
On my stolen beaches
What arid Bedouin face
That determined to settle
In my very desert
A pouring torrential rain
And cram an embryo
Into my womb

حلمُ امرأة
لستُ أدري
جاء من مهد الأساطير و من
ليل الظنون
جاء طوفاناً من الرفض
و إعصاراً من الفوضى
و تاريخ جنون
- "طردتني كتب التاريخ و
الجغرافيا"
... و مضى يُشعلُ غاباتي و
يجتاحُ دمي
و مضى يزرع أيامي منافي و
سجون.
أيُّ وجهٍ معدني سئمٍ
جاء و استعمرَ تاريخي
و غطى مُدني سُهداً و شطاني
عيون.
أيُّ وجهٍ بدوي قاحلٍ
جاء و استعمرَ صحرائيَّ
تهطالاً
و أحشائي جنين
لست أدري..
أنه لعنتي الأولى...

I am just unaware
He is my eternal curse
On his face
Is a book of prophecies
On his glances
Rests
A detained God
I am just unaware
He is the reverberation
Of eternal rapture
The dream spread
By remembrance
Concealed by passing years

Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy

Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir

على وجهه سِفْرُ نبوءاتٍ
و في أحداقِهِ رَبُّ سَجِينِ.
لست أدري،
هو رَجْعُ اللذة الأولى... هو
الحلم الذي
تنشرهُ الذكرى
و تطويه السنين.

A face

At the threshold of childhood
Threshold obliterated by passing years
In school books
And the wreckage of hymns
The fatigued teachers
Amid the dust of chalk
Covering the classroom seats
School books devastated by yearning
Hiding pupils' faces
In a room that drowned it's colors
In seas of ink
On streets not leading to my place
And between the holly verses that
Have failed to lit a prison
In whatever you can imagine
From whatever you can imagine
The face jumps
To steal my impotent steps
My childhood
Swingers and hearty laughs
Faces I used to embrace
And deliberately
Squeezes my soul
Into caves of solitude

Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy

Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir

Prayer

In the times of blind philosophy
Questions that are just empty
Times of dump prophecy
Ambiguous and altered hollow verses
I have lost the blood
In my veins
It has failed to locate
Your whereabouts
You, creator of
Spurious goddesses

Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy

Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir