

Fatena ALGHORRA

Poems

A Marble Face . . . a Tired God

Like a little god for whom the universe is too small
 He comes out from the bones of the tale and cries
 His face washed by the nectar of those fearful of the path and the severity of the scene
 He stands at the balcony of visions to cry
 A little god cries
 He covers his many sins wherever he goes with the shake in his lower lip
 And cries
 A little god emerging from the darkness of nostalgia
 He hears a language sung by those crossing the path of salvation
 A song of solace
 . . .
 where did you come from O strange god- crying god- sad and tired god
 your marble face bit by experiences
 you are afraid of your own fear
 afraid in your pit thrown out of your heavens
 you stumble upon curses and the pouring of love on the lips of petitioners
 I believe that you are the giver of virgin life and you torch the first desire
 You call forth the rain from the begging eyes of beautiful young ones
 The fortune tellers' prophecies are true that an arm you extend will burn the clouds
 A tear you pour will make the earth bloom
 And an eyelash you paint with kohl will illuminate the nights of the seven earths and heavens
 You are surprised by those sneaking in the glow of your light
 Hiding behind your heel
 Those who devour the leg's bone
 YOU listen to the mermaids as they whisper roses and you are deaf to the flames roaring to your forehead
 Whenever it nears, roses bloom and mermaids show their wavy hair like threads with endless colours
 And their breasts which steal your virginity
 The flames roar in your green heart and the deafness is louder
 You were taken by your mouths as they poured milk and honey
 And your fingers baptizing those departing to your light from the darkness of their first injustice
 Leaving the sea full of sails
 Distracted from them by your selfhood
 Confident of your followers, the carriers of your throne, singing your praises a sun and a moon
 Spreading the paths with pebbles and nails
 Those who prepared the stick of injustice for you
 You love with it and are distracted from your worshippers revealing in your space more and more
 The throne was broken
 A little god chastising himself
 His pulse
 The shiver of his heart
 The shaking of his eyelash
 The youthfulness of his day
 His impulsiveness

The innocence of his time
 The youth of his skin
 He chastises his lust
 A little god who secluded himself in an eastern corner and was counting sins and forgiving the
 creation his own immaturity
 Thus sang the herdsmen to you
 Only they knew you and believed you
 Only they brought you a grail
 A memory
 A temple
 A prayer
 Only they loved you
 Gave you the right to sin
 And the innocence of forgiveness
 Only they finished the path towards you with their own singing
 A tired little god
 A strange little god
 A little god
 Little

I AM PREGNANT WITH MYSELF

I am pregnant with myself
 Pregnant with my master who lies sweating in my cocoon
 The details of rain when it wails on tired faces take me
 To him. . . the distant one who is united with me
 Broken as I am. . . Tired as I am. . . Lonely as I am
 He chews on his silence with the lust of manifestation
 The defeats of lovers at the crossroads of ecstasy scare him
 He lives in me "come to me"
 his call manifests itself and I am manifested in the raining ascent
 I am full of his nearness
 He takes me gracefully
 I return from him a butterfly perched on an old cave
 It weaved inscriptions and went to its last date
 His scent inhabits my pores
 It bites my passion with his sweetness
 He leaves me unstrung at the first gate and keeps gazing at my virgin surprise
 He who is made of pain and fire
 He debunks my details according to his universal calculations
 He plays a symphony to which I dance and revel
 He revels too
 He goes from me and enters deeper
 Once
 Again
 A fifth time
 There is still much time for him to arrive
 The soul gathers its fragments and shakes itself off in his hands
 Again

A fifth time

The books of genesis which extend to the first sin manifest themselves before me

I am pregnant with myself

I am pregnant with him

With the virgin ecstasy of his ever new presence

The newness of ecstasy takes over

When his power manifests itself

He who is bitter and sweet

I AM MANIFESTED

I am the descendant of seamen who rebel against shores

The daughter of waves and memory

The last of those to whom Samson gave up his hair and became a virgin

I am the last of the fresh and vintage lineage of femininity

I open my arms and the universe starts its one-way journey

I smile and honey drips from my virgin and playful lips

I take a step and the earth loses its balance

When my laughter resounds the bells of earthquakes are heard

And volcanoes shake the seven layers

I am the daughter of playfulness and chastity

Of debauchery and purity

Blackness and whiteness

Stars differ as to their original location at the tip of my fingers

If I close my eyes

The earth is eclipsed until my eyes are open and it is drowned in colorful rays

When I throw my hair back

The universe shakes in fear and awe

I am today and tomorrow

Her majesty who is crowned over space

I point with my gaze and the fields become wheat and green suns

I am the wheat and green suns

I am the first harvest

I am the last harvest

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