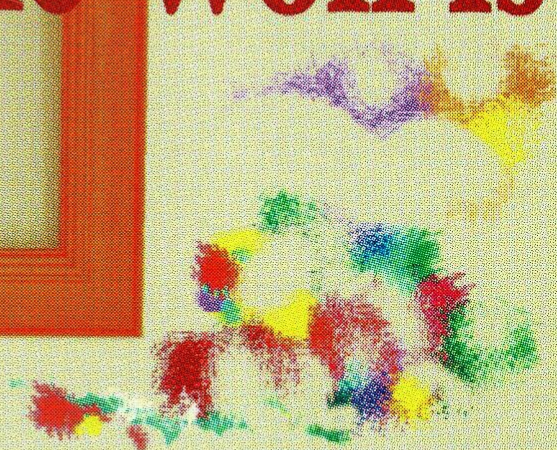
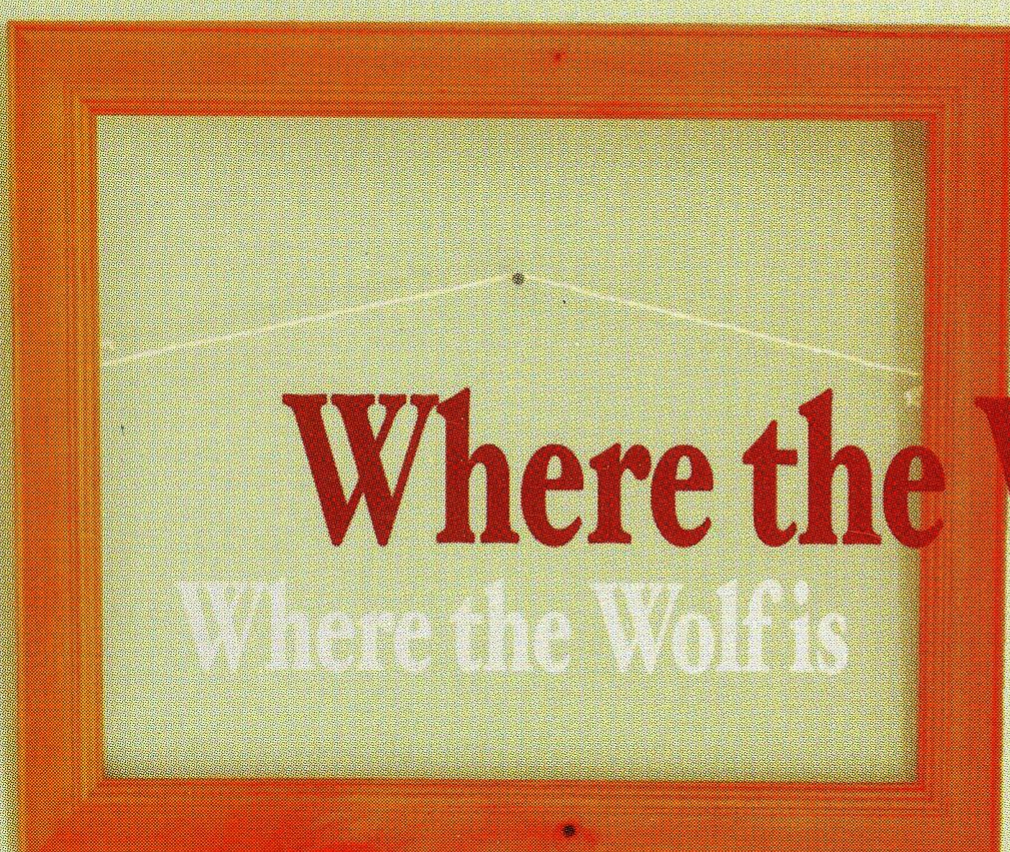


**Shawki Moslemani**



Translated by Noel Abdulahad & Raghid Nahhas

# Where the Wolf is

*by*

**Shawki Moslemani**

*Translated by*

**Noel Abdulahad**  
&  
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**Kalimat 2004**

كَلِمَات

## **Kalimat**

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*Noel Abdulahad & Raghid Nahhas*



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*And now  
he draws a frame  
for his absence*





# Swiftly

Iron and debris  
rain on metal sheets,  
a dead cat  
and a bird traversing swiftly.

# A Meal

Are they birds of prey  
or birds of slumber  
pecking my head –

patiently  
and thoroughly?

# Deficiency

It is the weather...  
walking on two crutches  
breathing oxygen  
and carbon dioxide  
through two nostrils.

# Twins

The night and the day  
under one roof  
sometimes they play  
sometimes they run  
or hide and rave:  
a stone  
a flower  
  
a moon  
a snake.

# A Hole

Still he lies down  
the walls are bending  
the temples blacking out

the countries are far away  
the mountains search for a foothold

mice and angels...  
trembling, on the sand

what would he do  
to amuse himself  
if not drilling his heart.

# Ashes

Sitting on wonderment  
he collapses

Coiled on yellow  
on a rock  
on dryness

Ashes.

# Hope

He sleeps hoping  
the wounded around him  
calm down,  
the wind eases  
the dead depart

For so long  
ships sailed  
in his head  
and now  
he wants to rest.



# A Dance

A painting  
drips tears and swords

A witch  
inserts the lust of life into a doll

A statue  
strikes the air  
with a pickaxe

And this damsel  
sketches her face a smile  
and dances with the idol.

# Void

An echo  
    inherits the scream  
A void  
    inherits the wind

The wind  
    erases the footprints  
and leaves no path.

# On the Edge

From my fleeting glance  
a crow flies away

I go on chopping wood.

# In Your Midst

A blacksmith  
    hammers in my head  
A painter  
    colours below my eyes  
A madman  
    exits from me  
and another knocks  
    to enter

So, I ask you O judges:  
    do not call me 'you...'  
I am a multi-man  
and do not know all my clan  
including the criminal

But once you sentence me  
the culprit would be  
    in your midst.

# Where the Wolf is

My bird too has not returned  
from its journey

Silently I search for a star that  
once beamed, and vanished

I witnessed  
the slaughtering of the butterflies,  
quivering muddy dreams  
in strange lanes,  
ants pushing carriages and  
the night watchmen running away  
with the cargo.

Recklessly I mend the holes

The one obsessed by  
the passion of the sun  
is my comrade  
The limb-crippled hungry tiger

is my comrade  
Those injected with forgetfulness  
are my comrades

And the desert is mine

The green rain is pouring  
over the slopes where  
the wolf awaits  
a bird that has not returned  
I come out of the dust  
and pull along my blind men.

# The Passer-by

A wavering line between two points  
where the passer-by grows old  
and his hair turns grey

in the mid of the road,  
light and darkness

when his footstep becomes dark,  
his veins are injected with dryness.

# Pain

Would the moon climb not the night  
and the wind forsake its singing!

Would the branches wave not  
to the horizon  
and the eye no longer colour  
your bearings!



# The Night

Rising up,  
he glanced at the dreariness  
dangling from his eyes  
He realised it was  
the night...

# Tenderness

He bends tenderly  
over a piece of paper,  
and babbles rivulets.

# Sand

Nothing under these sands

the wreck!

The ship of the soul

A familiar smell  
comes out from a stranger

There is a cloud in the sky,  
yet the painting does not pour its rain

A bird perches on a tree,  
yet cannot be seen by a blind eye

I close my eyes –  
I know

A donkey conspires with a mare  
to produce a mule

The cockroach  
wheezes in summer's ear  
to part

The shark is in the city  
as in the sea  
what are you looking for?

The words? –  
I am the void

He has two eyes,  
but the others are  
the ones who see

I search for something  
thinking that  
it stands before me  
it has never stood before me.

# Let in an Arrow

Be patient till the sun sets...  
the water... the water...

The sun sets  
and only little dreams rise...  
drive them to the sea

Give all your love  
let an arrow sink in your heart.

# Where to?

Is it fair that a garden disappears?  
Is seeing God forbidden?  
It is possible for a hen to disappear  
a camel  
a bank...  
but a garden?

Is it fair that I depart  
and the footpath disappears?

Where is the footpath?

# Novelty

The novelty is  
a paper  
that falls.

# Vision

I smash the mirror  
to see you.



# A Myth

Oh how desirable his face  
makes the face of a deer  
Oh how slim his eyes  
make a stranger look

It is but a myth  
all that is built on sand.

# Coal

Because he is short on bread  
they burdened his face  
with weariness  
and because he  
loves the sun and  
the trees  
he was hung  
by his legs

# The Reason Why

He speaks of loveliness to them  
no one listens to him

Only then  
he dies out.

# A Return

Say: Ah...

Ah!

Lie down...

He lies down!

Cross your arms...

He crosses his arms!

Curl...

He curls!

Close your eyes – sleep...

He sleeps.

# A City

1

A bird drags its blood thread along,  
winter veils are there alone  
and passers-by  
would not even look.

2

Winter raps the windows  
with kindness and dreariness.  
Birds shrivel beneath the trees,  
hearkening to distant voices.

They came down to the city  
from faraway mountains  
they became its dry grass,  
its lanes and its torn pictures  
on the walls  
Deep in their hearts  
they heard the stones of the houses  
roll down from the mountains.

# **Stones of Torn Souls**

A cry goes astray into  
the explosion  
deep down tumble the dead

blood between two worlds, a thread  
between two wounds  
a last tune  
a last glance

the wreck...  
is the stones of torn souls.

# The Colour of the Glass

The streets bite my feet  
On a bench in the storm,  
the sea lies alone.

the souls emerge  
with severed limbs  
moaning  
laughing

the glass colours my blood  
as the wolf devours me.



# A Tree

Stark naked  
save from a sparrow hawk  
perched on the tip of  
this dreary scene.

# An Eye in Disguise

Thirst sleeps in the desert  
heads stoop to the sand  
venom  
and a fang behind the track

Hold on to the tree.  
Watch!

The spears... the spears...  
The claws... the claws...

A thread of blood  
and an eye in disguise.

# Again

The frost breaks down  
the sea...  
again,  
no rain tonight.

# **Blood**

A creeping is  
stealthily listening  
to creeping.

# Smoke

Is it the horizon or I  
who is afar?

This evening...  
a thief under my window sleeps

This night  
is asleep

This crow flies away  
from someone's head  
smoke is on  
the island

Locust...  
in this sky

Every night...  
an invitation to a last supper.

# **A Bird in Town**

There is a bird from the East  
in town —  
alive, because it is singing.

# The Eternal Egg

Poison suckles poison  
a rock feeds a rock

feel the pulse  
tenderly  
and  
carefully  
pierce  
the earth's crust

the whiteness... the whiteness...

rise up to the vibrations,  
rise up to the eternal egg.

# The Dawn

A battle with  
the male of life.



# A Glance

Even in the deepest depths  
where darkness is gloomy  
life nestles the young  
tinges their fingers  
and when they sleep  
it covers them  
with a glance.

# The Race

Sing -  
I give you the horse.

# An Idea

Skylarks fly  
towards his bliss  
rocks tremble...  
as if the stranger  
bears for the first time  
an idea flickering  
in his head  
and a chisel.

# A Garden

The wind  
touches many faces  
where the air  
colours the trees and  
cleanses the rain  
Liberty blossoms  
and children frolic  
with spirits that  
strayed away.

# The Absentee

He uplifts the water of the dawn  
plants the spirit of friendliness  
beckons to the islands -  
they respond

He says:

O sun, I am your flesh  
O sky, I am your Eve  
O river, I am your long history

I am the fruit of the earth  
and the earth is my fruit

He begins his song with  
a splendidous day.

# Another Bird

Its heart sees you  
its waves reach your lakes

It says:  
let your waters flow down  
irrigate your stars  
nurse your ewes  
that are close to  
the cradle.

# Phantoms

Their life-span is vertical

they make a horizon  
for their eyelashes  
and glide into  
their phantoms.

# Other Skies

It is chilling outside  
birds paint words inside  
and above us,  
other skies.



# We Almost

A hand stretches...  
an enchanted voice  
A dance by a river

a flock of doves  
soars high

We almost draw faces and  
disclose names  
We almost rub our voices –  
echo upon echo.

# A Legal Opinion

Surely...  
the first glance is not a sin  
but if God shines in my heart  
and in my millionth glance  
how would you then judge me?

# Emptiness of the Cage

She left,  
injected her veins with absence  
sparrows chirped inside her head  
and she surrendered to slumber

Dina...  
you are the song  
the sheep seek your slopes

the flower pots on your window sill  
are verdant fields  
and shades dancing for the one  
returning from his wandering.

# Immanence

They will not be ahead of you —  
your footstep is windborne  
filling the Universe.

# Eternity

Ashes...  
yet you rise  
like the phoenix  
from the ashes.

# The Response of Light

I ask the dawn  
to wake you not  
and to climb the ladder  
as would the rose breathe.

*...and the story-teller  
does not know when  
he himself becomes the  
story, and how!*