ن

وبرغم جميع حرائقه وبرغم جميع سوابقه وبرغم الحزن الساكن فينا ليل نهار وبرغم الريح وبرغم الجو الماطر والأعصار فالحب سيبقى يا ولدي أحلى الأقدار يا ولدي

مسجونا بين الماء وبين النار

بحياتك ، يا ولدي ، امرأة عيناها . . سبحان المعبود فمها . . مرسوم كالعنقودْ

The Cup Reader

from a poem by
Nizaar Qabbaani

She sat... with fear in her eyes contemplating my overturned cup She said: My son, do not be sad for love is fated to you, my son. He dies a martyr who dies for the debt of the beloved.

I have read... and told many a fortune but... I have never read ... a cup like your cup. I have never known ... my son, sorrows... like your sorrows.

Your fate is to pass forever through the sea of love without sails, and for ytour life to be a book of tears Your fate is to be forever imprisoned between water and fire

Despite all of its fires and despite all of its "priors"(loves) and despite the sadness which resides in us night and day despite the rainy weather & storms, Love remains, my son the sweetest of fates, O my son

In your life, my son, is a woman whose eyes are... may God be praised! and whose mouth . . is drawn like a cluster of grapes,

٣

ضحکتها . . موسیقی ووروڈ والشعر الغجرى المجنون يسافر في كل الدنيا لكنَّ سماءك ممطرةً وطريقك . . مسدودٌ . . مسدودٌ فحبيبة قلبك . . يا ولدى نائمة . . في قصر مرصود من يدخل حجرتها . . . مَنْ يطلبُ يد َها . . . مَنْ يَد ْنُو مِنْ سور حديقتها مفقودْ مَنْ حاولَ فكَّ ضفائرها يا ولدي . . مفقودٌ . . مفقودْ . . ستفتش عنها يا ولدى فى كل مكان وستسأل غنها موج البحر وتسأل فيروز الشطّآن وتجوب بحاراً وبحاراً وتفيض دموعك أنهاراً وسيكبر حزنك حتى يصبح أشجاراً وسترجع يوماً ياولدي مهزوما مكسور الوجدان وستعرف بعد رحيل العمر بأنك كنت تطارد خيط دخان فحبيبة قلبك ليس لها أرض أو وطن أو عنوان ما أصعب أن يهوى امرأة ياولدي ليس لها عنوان

and whose laugh... is music and flowers and the mad gypsy hair travels throughout the whole world but your sky is stormy, and your path... is blocked.

For the love of your heart, my son is asleep ... in a guarded fortress He who enters her room is lost He who asks for her hand... he who draws close to the wall of her garden, is lost. He who tries to undo her braids, my son, is lost... lost.

You will look for her, O my son, in every place You will ask the waves of the sea about her You will ask the turquoise of the beaches and you will wander through many a sea and your tears will pour forth like rivers and your sadness will grow until it becomes trees

You will return one day, O my son defeated, broken emotionally, You will know after the travel of a lifetime that you chased a thread of smoke for the love of your heart does not have a land or a country, or an address How hard to love a woman, O my son, without an address