Rita and the Rifle

Poem: Mahmoud Darwish
Music/Song: Marcel Khalife

Between Rita and my eyes ... is a rifle
Whoever knows Rita, becomes devoted
and prays
to a god in those honey-colored eyes
. . . I kissed Rita
when she was young
and I remember how she held me tight
and the sweetest of tresses covered my arm
And I remember Rita
like a sparrow remembers a tree-filled land
Ah, Rita
between us are a million sparrows and a picture
and many appointments...
A gun fired at her
Rita's name was a feast in my mouth
Rita's body was a wedding in my blood
I lost two years with Rita
and she slept above my arms for two years
we promised on the most beautiful cup & we burned
in the wine of two-lips
and we were born twice
Ah, Rita
Did anything avert my eyes from your eyes?
except for two short naps
and honey-colored mists
Before this rifle
"it was, it was not"
O quiet of the evening
my moon has emigrated far in the morning
to the honey-colored eyes
The city
has swept away all of the singers, and Rita
between Rita and my eyes . .  is a rifle