

## DOES HE THINK I'M A PLAYTHING?

Nizar Qabbani

Does he think I'm a plaything in his hands?

I won't even think of returning to him!

Today he came back as if nothing happened

a child's innocence in his eyes

to tell me that I was his life's companion

and that I was his only love

He brought flowers to me--how can I refuse him,

when my longing is drawn upon his lips?

I no longer remember with fires burning in my blood.

How I took refuge in his embrace

I hid my head in it as if I was

a child returned to his parents

Even my dress which I had ignored

became happy and danced on his feet

I forgave him and asked him how he was

And I cried for hours on his shoulder

Without knowing I let my hand

rest like a sparrow in his hands

and I forgot my all my hatred in a moment

Whoever said that I hated him?

How often I've said that I am not going back to him,

and yet I've returned--how sweet is that return