

The Cypress Broke

The cypress broke like a minaret, and slept on
the road upon its chapped shadow, dark, green,
as it has always been. No one got hurt. The vehicles
sped over its branches. The dust blew
into the windshields . . . / The cypress broke, but
the pigeon in a neighboring house didn't change
its public nest. And two migrant birds hovered above
the hem of the place, and exchanged some symbols.
And a woman said to her neighbor: Say, did you see a storm?
She said: No, and no bulldozer either . . . / And the cypress
broke. And those passing by the wreckage said:
Maybe it got bored with being neglected, or it grew old
with the days, it is long like a giraffe, and little
in meaning like a dust broom, and couldn't shade two lovers.
And a boy said: I used to draw it perfectly,
its figure was easy to draw. And a girl said: The sky today
is incomplete because the cypress broke.
And a young man said: But the sky today is complete
because the cypress broke. And I said
to myself: Neither mystery nor clarity,
the cypress broke, and that is all
there is to it: the cypress broke!

As for Me, I Say to My Name

As for me, I say to my name: Let me be
and get away from me, I've been fed up since I spoke
and since your adjectives grew! Take your adjectives and test
another . . . I carried you when we were able to
cross the river united, "you me," although I didn't
choose you my saluki loyal shadow, the fathers
chose you as a good omen to search for meaning.
But they didn't question what might happen to the one named
when the name becomes cruel, or when it dictates to him
his speech and makes him its subject . . . so where am I?
And where are my little aches and my little tale?
A woman sits with my name without
listening to the fraternity between animal
and man in my body, and tells me
her love story, so I say: If you give me your small
hand I'll become like a garden. Then she says:
That's not what I mean, I wanted
a poetic advice. And the students stare
at my name, disinterested in me when I pass
as if I were the one prying. And a reader
looks into my name, then gives his opinion: I love
its barefooted Christ, but as for his personal poetry
of describing fog, I don't! . . . Then he asks me:
Why were you glancing at me in mockery? I say:
I was in dialogue with my name: whether I'm an adjective?
So he says: How is that my concern?

As for me, I say to my name: Give me
back what's been lost of my freedom!

