

Enkidu's Depression

*I sit at home now, today is the day of
Babylonian restoration, all are staying
home to restore their houses, and fill
them to the brim.*

*The tiles are high because of the heat
and uncovered walls; spiders are
spreading their shiny threads in their
dusty corners since time immemorial.
What can be done on this dusty day?
It makes you feel the weight and brunt
of being. The rotten city of Babylon lacks
symmetry and does not surprise me
these days ... Likewise, the days in the
heart of this city take one damp, rotten
form.*

*I let my memory wander around the city
and find joy in darkness.*

*The heavy fan is moving so slowly
and makes me sensible of the essence
of being and its irritation.*

Cover paint: Haider Fakher
Cover design: Hikmet Elhadj



The Cradle of Eternity

Poetry

Translated from the Arabic
Sadek R. Mohammed

Hussein Ali Yunis



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Hikmat Alhajj*

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to

Jean Damou

Even if happiness forgets you a little bit, never completely forget about it.

Jacques Prévert

*The earth is blue like an orange."
"All my life, my heart has yearned for a thing I
cannot name.*

Andre Breton

Miscalculation

In my youth,
I saw life beautiful
so I followed it.
And since that day
I kept running.

In Shanty Towns

The hardship of living,
that snores
in our beds
and staggers
from a pallid smile
in shanty
towns,
is soaring
like a kite.

Horseshoe

In the open air
I planted a horseshoe....
The horseshoe grew a horse
that saved my life.

Misfortune

Loneliness loitered
around the city streets
and did not find a place
to sleep in;
it so happened
that it found me
on its way
and left the streets
and resided in me.

Throb

On the banks of the Tigris
I drew a swarm of years.

Sunset

The midday dangles its
lamps in the sky, while
the sunset crawls,
spreading its thick hair on
the world.

Their Night

Their night is bloodletting
like still rivers.

Ghost

When one listens, one can
hear its footsteps.

The One Who Was Walking

Alone and Barehanded
At the door of a bar,
he echoed
his old songs.

All That Provokes Me

Learning a foreign language
and writing a lucid poem
about homeland.

My Life

My life
lets its keys
resonate
in the universe.

Drowning by Tears

Winter was still far
and didn't foretell of a great
tale of drowning,
but your tears suddenly
came down
and drowned us.

The City is Flooded

The city is flooded
when the building keeper
forgets
to lock the windows and
doors
of the tears factory.

The Slaves

False heroes supported
by gods: Hector...
Ulysses...
Gilgamesh... and
Beowulf...
are the emasculated men of
the gods and their slaves.

The Fragility of Imagination

Twenty complete years ago,
I was looking
at the end of the roof of the
house
and think of it as the end of
the world.

Today,
as baldness has reached the
fontanel
I can only relate the matter
to memory.

Poem I

Don't talk to me about pain!
For the memory, I put
my mysterious night
on the doorstep
and listen to my life.

Housewife

As she weighs
her memory
that has become flour,
she is overburdened by the
weight of hope.

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I sit at home now, today is
the day of
Babylonian restoration, all
are staying home to
restore their houses, and fill
them to the brim.

The tiles are high because of
the heat and uncovered
walls; spiders are spreading
their shiny threads in
their dusty corners since
time immemorial.

What can be done on this

dusty day?

It makes you feel the weight
and brunt of being. The
rotten city of Babylon lacks
symmetry and does not
surprise me these days ...

Likewise, the days in the
heart of this city take one
damp, rotten form.

I let my memory wander
around the city and find
joy in darkness.

The heavy fan is moving so
slowly
and makes me sensible of the
essence of being and its
irritation.

Poem II

With heavy violins and
without hope,
the tears of food stores...
make headway.

Assumptions

What do I want?

Imagine the steps we leave
on water.

I want them eternal like you.

The Horse Groomer

Let's talk about rivers
lest the sun arrives
and irritates the brute.

The Devil

Undoubtedly,
someone must have dropped
the anchor,
but I shall
remove it.

The Dead

Old stuff
clamp down on them again.
Adhering to simple things,
they are unique
and they radiate like gold.

Prévert

Even though I do not smoke
and have not tried
to walk like him
in the streets of France
always lacking in ugliness ...
Prévert, who I loved always,
looked like me always
when he remembers Barbara.

The Shadow

Slowly, it moves off the tree,
letting the radiant rays of its
body seep through,
and takes off its cloak like
the bark of a heavy tree.
For some reason, I watch it
through the window
and follow it
as it overflows.

The Dead

I see their memory
as it has gotten rotten.
I waited so long
for water
to wipe off their footsteps.

Poem III

The child of your laugh hides
behind the ferocity of the
day.

Poem IV

Within your name there is
sorrow
crouching on the blood of
your days
which descend like a herd of
goats.

Poem V

Time and again
things
recur
and what happened to me
will happen to someone else.

Poem VI

Life and death
create a sun
of paper.

Poem VII

In the fractured wave
the day ends
and the cups that overflowed
from my hand
are about to sleep
with empty heads.

Poem VIII

Nothing is important
only as much as we think
it is.

Poem IX

I searched so long for your
eyes
and my sadness has leaked
and trickled on the fingers of
dawn.

Poem X

Because I stand on this
ground
and because I'll sing to you
too,
the day stumbles upon the
flower of your mouth
and the blackbirds
that touched your heart
which was carried by the
storm.

Poem XI

In the overflowing pain, I
ignite
a lantern
in my sadness
and in the crack of my
sadness.

Poem XII

Between old feelings
and new feelings
there will be gold
and night.

Poem XIII

The heart that I whipped
gathers the silt of its days.

Poem XIV

You were the companion of
farewell
and like a brilliant idea
you landed in the world
you roamed
like bitterness and like
despair
that's why I love you
and that's why my sound is
like a whoop
and like a gleam.

Poem XV

My life
is as brittle as the follower of
tears
and it flows
between the creek
and the day that cracks but
never ends.

Poem XVI

In late September,
yellow leaves bow to you, and
as the shy fern leaves
bend,
I bowed to you too.

Poem XVII

Every day that comes
turns its back again
but the day of your nudity
alone
remains immortal.

Poem XVIII

When I loved you and when
you loved me
the broad night
broke out from dusk
and water crept upon us
from rainspouts.

Poem XIX

Because his cry is the fiercest
among cries
the one, whose existence is
only a memory
when its pillars have been
crushed,
will go deep towards his
brightest spaces.

Poem XX

From the cup
touching the radiance of
dawn,
villages rise from nights,
wakefulness diffuses our
night
or tears of remembrance
on the bank of the wound

Poem XXI

Forlorn, I stand beside my
despair
and my hands greet
memories.

Poem XXII

The years that ate you ...
spread you out
like a shabby sail
across the immortal darkness
of the night
the flame of your torch
went out.
All right...
you were a river...
insomnia garlanding its head.

Poem XXIII

When the yellow noon sword
breaks
and under the tongue of a
song dries up the sad hymn
trailing behind itself
the fish of time
from the cracks of grace
to the grace of cracks,
I add up what went on
with our old machines.

Poem XXIV

In the darkness,
I let my hand warmth
lit the lamps
that has run out of oil.

Poem XXV

Time elapsed,
my life rolled over
and the winters of your
traveler's face
covered the secrets of silence
for a long time
I stared at you
I didn't know you
nor did you know me.

Poem XXVI

In the past,
there was one Don Quixote
only...
one Don Quixote
tormented by phantoms.
But now we are all Don
Quixote.
We have been possessed by
Don Quixote, and we no
longer distinguish whether
we are Don Quixote
or we are an infinite number
of Don Quixotes.

Poem XXVII

Time overflows
like a fish
through a waterfall.

The Contributors

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His works have been translated into German, French, Spanish, and Hebrew.

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