

« Birds die in Galilee » by Mahmoud Darwish

--We shall meet awhile
After a year
After two years
And generation...
And she threw into the camera
Twenty gardens
And the birds of Galilee
And continued searching beyond the sea
For a new meaning to truth.
--My homeland is clothes-lines
For the handkerchiefs of blood
Shed every minute.
And I stretched out on the shore
As sands and palm trees.

She does not know...
O Rita! Death and I granted you
The secret of joy wilting at the customs gate
And we were rejuvenated, Death and I,
In your first front
And in window of your house.
Death and I are two faces--
Why now do you flee from my face,
Why now do you flee?
Why now do you flee from
What makes wheat the earth's eyelashes, from
What makes the volcano another face to jasmine?
Why now do you flee?
Nothing used to tire me at night but her silence
When it was stretching out before the door
Like the street, like the old quarter.
Let it be what you want, Rita:
The silence an axe
Or frame for stars
Or a climate for the tree's labour pains.
I sip kisses
From the blade of knives.
Come, let's join the massacre!

Like unwanted leaves
The flocks of birds fell
Into the wells of time.
And I pick up the blue wings.
Rita,
I am he in whose skin
The shackles etch
A likeness of the homeland

Source

<https://www.facebook.com/Songs.and.Pictures.from.palestine/posts/150945005058666>