

« 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>