



أمسية مع الشعر العربي

An Evening with Arabic Poetry

Readings of Arabic verses and their translations by Arabic students, followed by an open discussion

Thursday, Nov. 21 @ 7:00-8:30pm
Robert A. Jones Conference Room

Organized by the Department of Arabic in the Division of Languages, Cultures, and Literatures, and supported by the Program in Comparative Literature, the Program in Linguistics, and the Program in Middle East Studies.

امرو القيس في وصف اللّيل

Verses by Imri'u l-Qays (6th century)
on Nighttime

Read by Shams Mohajerani

وَلَيْلٍ كَمَوْجِ الْبَحْرِ أَرْخَى سُدُولَهُ عَلَيَّ بِأَنْوَاعِ الْهُمُومِ لِيَبْتَلِي
 Nighttime, like the waves of the sea, wraps me in its curtain
 With all kinds of sorrow to test my resolve.

فَقُلْتُ لَهُ لَمَّا تَمَطَّى بِصُلْبِهِ وَأَزْدَفَ أَعْجَازاً وَنَاءً بِكَائِلٍ
 While it passes over me, stretching out from head to tail,

أَلَا أَيُّهَا اللَّيْلُ الطَّوِيلُ أَلَا أَنْجَلِي بِصُبْحٍ وَمَا الْإِصْبَاحُ مِنْكَ بِأَمْثَلِي
 I asked the long night to end and bring in the morning, even
 though the morning itself is no better.

فَيَا لَيْلَ مَنْ لَيْلٍ كَأَنَّ نُجُومَهُ بِكُلِّ مَغَارِ الْفَتْلِ شُدَّتْ بِإِيْدَبَلِي
 What a night you are, as if your stars
 were tethered to Mount Yadhbul by the strongest of ropes.

"أنا" للشاعرة نازك الملائكة

"Who am I?" by Nazik Al-Malaa'ika
 (20th century)

Read by Sam Naumann and Jack Carew

“Who am I?”

The night asks who I am
I am its anxious deep dark secret
I am its rebellious silence
I veiled my essence with stillness
And I wrapped my heart in doubt
And I remained distraught here
I gaze, as the ages ask me
Who am I?

The wind asks who I am
I am its bewildered soul disowned by time
I am, like the wind, in no place
Endlessly we march, and never cease
And on we go, but never stop
And as we reach the bend,
We think it is the end of misery,
Only to find empty space.

“أنا”

اللَّيْلُ يَسْأَلُ مَنْ أَنَا
أنا سِرُّهُ الْقَلْبِ الْعَمِيقُ الْأَسْوَدُ
أنا صَمْتُهُ الْمُتَمَرِّدُ
فَنَعْتُ كُنْهِي بِالسِّكُونِ
وَلَفَقْتُ قَلْبِي بِالظَّنُونِ
وَبَقَيْتُ سَاهِمَةً هُنَا
أَزْبُو وَتَسْأَلُنِي الْقُرُونُ
أنا مَنْ أَكُونُ؟

وَالرِّيحُ تَسْأَلُ مَنْ أَنَا
أنا رَوْحُهَا الْحَيْرَانُ أَنْكَرَنِي الزَّمَانُ
أنا مِثْلُهَا فِي لَا مَكَانٍ
نَبْقَى نَسِيرٌ وَلَا انْتِهَاءً
نَبْقَى نَمْرٌ وَلَا بَقَاءً
فَإِذَا بَلَّغْنَا الْمُحْنَى
خَلْنَاهُ خَاتِمَةَ الشَّقَاءِ
فَإِذَا فُضَاءٌ!

And time asks who I am
I am, like time, powerful, I travel through the
ages,
And return and grant them resurrection
I create the long gone past
Out of a temptation of pleasant hopes
And then return to bury it
To craft for myself a new yesterday
Whose tomorrow is ice

And the self asks who I am
I am, like the self, bewildered as I stare into
the darkness
Nothing brings me peace
I stay and I ask and the answer
Remains veiled by a mirage
And I continue to think it is close
But once I get there, it melts,
Fades, and disappears.

وَالذَّهْرُ يَسْأَلُ مَنْ أَنَا
أنا مِثْلُهُ جَبَّارَةٌ أَطْوَى عُصُورٍ
وَأَعُودُ أَمْنَحُهَا النُّشُورُ
أنا أَخْلِقُ الْمَاضِي الْبَعِيدُ
مِنْ فِتْنَةِ الْأَمَلِ الرَّغِيدُ
وَأَعُودُ أَدْفِنُهُ أَنَا
لِأَصُوغَ لِي أَمْسًا جَدِيدُ
عُدَّهُ جَلِيدُ

وَالذَّاتُ تَسْأَلُ مَنْ أَنَا
أنا مِثْلُهَا حَيْرَى أَحْدَقُ فِي ظَلَامٍ
لَا شَيْءٍ يَمُنْخِنِي السَّلَامُ
أَبْقَى أَسْأَلُ وَالْجَوَابُ
سَيَظَلُّ يَحْجُبُهُ سَرَابُ
وَأَظَلُّ أَحْسِبُهُ دَنَا
فَإِذَا وَصَلْتُ إِلَيْهِ ذَابُ
وَحَبَا وَغَابُ

"دَلِيلُ السَّفَرِ فِي غَابَاتِ الْمَعْنَى"
 للشاعر أدونيس/علي أحمد سعيد
 "The Traveler's Guide in the Forests of
 Meaning" by Adunis/Ali Ahmad Said
 (20th century)

Read by Cara Levine

"The Traveler's Guide in the Forests of
 Meaning"

What is the unseen?

A house we love to see
 And hate to stay in.

What is a secret?

A closed door, if opened, it shatters.

What is a dream?

A hungry person who is incessantly
 knocking on the door of reality.

What is certainty?

A decision to give up the need for
 knowledge.

What is a kiss?

A visible harvest
 Of invisible fruit.

"دَلِيلُ السَّفَرِ فِي غَابَاتِ الْمَعْنَى"

ما الغَيْب؟

بَيْتٌ نُحِبُّ أَنْ نَرَاهُ،

وَنَكْرَهُ أَنْ نُقِيمَ فِيهِ.

ما السِّرُّ؟

بَابٌ مُغْلَقٌ إِذَا فَتَحْتَهُ انْكَسَرَ.

ما الحُلْمُ؟

جَائِعٌ لَا يَكْفُفُ عَنْ قَرَعِ بَابِ الْوَاقِعِ.

ما اليَقِينُ؟

قَرَارٌ بَعْدَ الْحَاجَةِ إِلَى الْمَعْرِفَةِ.

ما القُبْلَةَ؟

قِطَافٌ مَرِيئِي

لثَمَرٍ غَيْرِ مَرِيئِي.

أبو الطيب المتنبّي عن العشق
Verses by Al-Mutanabbi (10th century)
on love

Read by Mari Odoy

أَرَقُّ عَلَى أَرَقٍ وَمِثْلِي يَأْرَقُ وَجَوَى يَزِيدُ وَعَبْرَةٌ تَتَرَقُّ
Sleeplessness upon sleeplessness; those like me cannot sleep
Heartache grows, and a tear wells in my eye

جُهْدُ الصَّبَابَةِ أَنْ تَكُونَ كَمَا أَرَى عَيْنٌ مُسَهَّدَةٌ وَقَلْبٌ يَخْفِقُ
The yearning ache is to be as I am seen: Eyes that cannot sleep, and a
throbbing heart

مَا لَاحَ بَرْقٌ أَوْ تَرَنَّمَ طَائِرٌ إِلَّا انْتَنَيْتُ وَلِي فُؤَادٌ شَيْقُ
Every time lighting flashes or the birds call, I twist away and my heart
swells with longing

جَرَبْتُ مِنْ نَارِ الْهَوَى مَا تَنْطَفِي نَارُ الْغَضَا وَتَكِلُّ عَمَّا تُحْرِقُ
I tasted the fire of love that never extinguishes; the fiery timber is
tireless, burning endlessly

وَعَدَلْتُ أَهْلَ الْعِشْقِ حَتَّى دُقْتُه فَعَجِبْتُ كَيْفَ يَمُوتُ مَنْ لَا يَعِشُقُ
I used to scorn those in love until I felt it, then I wondered what kills
besides love?

"وحدك" للشاعر محمود درويش
 "Alone" by Mahmoud Darwish
 (20th century)

Read by Ian Knapp and Evan Mercer

"Alone"

At a café, and with the newspaper,
 you sit.
 No, you are not alone. Half of your
 glass is empty
 And the sun fills the second half.
 From behind the glass you see people
 walking quickly
 And you're not seen. One
 characteristic of the invisible is to see
 but not be seen.
 Oh how free you are, the forgotten
 one at the café.
 No one sees the butterfly effect on
 you.
 No one stares at your clothes or
 scrutinizes you
 In your fog if you saw a young woman
 And broke down in front of her

"وحدك"

مَقَهِي، وَأَنْتِ مَعَ الْجَرِيدَةِ جَالِسٌ
 لَا، لَسْتِ وَحْدَكَ. نِصْفُ كَأْسِكَ فَارِغٌ
 وَالشَّمْسُ تَمَلَأُ نِصْفَهَا الثَّانِي ..
 وَمِنْ خَلْفِ الزُّجَاجِ تَرَى الْمُشَاهَةَ الْمُسْرِعِينَ
 وَلَا تَرَى إِحْدَى صِفَاتِ الْغَيْبِ تِلْكَ
 تَرَى وَلَكِنْ لَا تَرَى
 كَمْ أَنْتِ حُرٌّ أَيْهَا الْمَنْسِي فِي الْمَقَهَى
 فَلَا أَحَدٌ يَرَى أَنْزَ الْفَرَّاشَةِ فِيكَ
 لَا أَحَدٌ يُحْمَلِقُ فِي ثِيَابِكَ أَوْ يُدَقِّقُ
 فِي صَبَابِكَ إِنْ نَظَرْتَ إِلَى فِتَاةٍ
 وَانْكَسَرَتْ أَمَامَهَا

Oh how free you are attending to
your own matters
In this crowd with no censorship
from you
Or the reader.
So do what you like.
Take off your shirt or your shoes if
you want.
For you are forgotten and free in
your imagination.
Your name and your face are not
important here.
Be as you are
Neither your friend nor your
enemy are here to monitor your
memories.

كَمْ أَنْتَ حُرٌّ فِي إِدَارَةِ شَأْنِكَ الشَّخْصِيِّ
فِي هَذَا الزَّحَامِ بِلا رَقِيبٍ مِنْكَ
أَوْ مِنْ قَارِيٍّ
فَأَصْنَعْ بِنَفْسِكَ مَا تَشَاءُ
إِخْلَعْ قَمِيصَكَ أَوْ حِذَاءَكَ إِنْ أَرَدْتَ
فَأَنْتَ مَنْسِيٌّ وَحُرٌّ فِي خَيَالِكَ
لَيْسَ لِاسْمِكَ أَوْ لَوَجْهِكَ هَا هُنَا عَمَلٌ
ضَرُورِيٌّ
تَكُونُ كَمَا تَكُونُ
فَلَا صَدِيقَ وَلَا عَدُوَّ هُنَا يُرَاقِبُ ذِكْرِيَاتِكَ

So forgive the one who left you in the
cafe
Because you didn't notice the new
haircut
And the butterflies that danced on her
dimples.
And forgive the one who requested your
assassination
One day, only because you didn't
Die on the day you collided with a star
... and you wrote
The first song with its ink.
At a café, and with the newspaper, you sit
Forgotten in the corner, so no one offends
your pure temperament, no one thinks of
your assassination.
Oh how forgotten and free you are in
your imagination

فَأَلْتَمِسُ عُدْرًا لِمَنْ تَرَكْتِكَ فِي الْمَقْهَى
لِأَنَّكَ لَمْ تُلَاحِظْ قِصَّةَ الشَّعْرِ الْجَدِيدَةِ
وَالْفَرَاشَاتِ الَّتِي رَقَصَتْ عَلَى
غَمَازَتَيْهَا
وَأَلْتَمِسُ عُدْرًا لِمَنْ طَلَبَ اغْتِيَالَكَ
ذَاتَ يَوْمٍ، لَا لِشَيْءٍ... بَلْ لِأَنَّكَ لَمْ
تَمُتْ يَوْمَ ارْتِطَمْتَ بِنَجْمَةٍ .. وَكَتَبْتَ
أُولَى الْأَعْنِيَاتِ بِحَبْرِهَا
مَقْهَى، وَأَنْتَ مَعَ الْجَرِيدَةِ جَالِسٌ
فِي الرِّكْنِ مَنْسِيًّا، فَلَا أَحَدٌ يُهِينُ
مِرْجَاكَ الصَّافِي، وَلَا أَحَدٌ يُفَكِّرُ فِي
اغْتِيَالَكَ
كَمْ أَنْتَ مَنْسِيٌّ وَحُرٌّ فِي خَيَالِكَ

لَيْلٌ وَمَيِّتُونَ " للشاعر محمد بنيس
 "Night and death"
 by Mohammed Bennis
 (20th century)

Read by Camille Kerwin

"Night and death"

Nighttime,
 I write upon it
 The light
 Of the impossible.
 No one waited for my descent.
 Bewilderment,
 Spreading in the flesh,
 In the sun
 Of the palm trees.
 Fear,
 I think the river renders it formless.
 A drop thinned,
 It landed from the darkness.
 There were
 The dead
 And my face among them.

لَيْلٌ وَمَيِّتُونَ

لَيْلٌ
 أَخْطُ عَلَيْهِ
 صَوءَ
 الْمُسْتَحِيلِ
 لَمْ يَنْتَظِرْ أَحَدٌ هُبُوطِي
 حَيْرَةً
 تَنْحَلُّ فِي الْأَعْضَاءِ
 فِي شَمْسِ
 النَّخِيلِ
 خَوْفٌ
 أَظُنُّ النَّهْرَ يُفْرِغُهُ مِنَ الْأَشْكَالِ
 رَقَّتْ قَطْرَةً
 هَبَطَتْ مِنَ الْعَمَاطِ
 ثَمَّةً
 مَيِّتُونَ
 وَبَيْنَهُمْ وَجْهِي

أجزاء من قصيدة "الحنن"
للشاعر صلاح عبد الصبور

Parts from "Sadness" by Salah Abdel
Sabour (20th century)

Read by Isabella Mauceri,
Marisa Edmundson, and Will O'Neal

"Sadness"

Oh my friend, how sad I am
The morning came and I did not
smile; the morning did not
illuminate my face
So I emerged from the depths
of the city to seek a livelihood
And I dipped the bread of my
days' subsistence into the
water of contentment
And then I returned in the
afternoon with coins in my
pocket
I drank tea on the way
And mended my shoes
And tossed the dice between
my palm and my friend's
Say, for an hour or two...
Say, for ten or twenty rounds

"الحنن"

يا صاحبي، إني حزين
طلَعَ الصَّبَاحُ، فَمَا ابْتَسَمْتُ، وَلَمْ يُنِرْ وَجْهِي
الصَّبَاحُ
وَحَرَجْتُ مِنْ جَوْفِ الْمَدِينَةِ أَطْلُبُ الرِّزْقَ الْمُتَاخِ
وَعَمَسْتُ فِي مَاءِ الْقَنَاةِ خُبْرَ أَيَّامِي الْكَفَافِ
وَرَجَعْتُ بَعْدَ الظُّهْرِ فِي جَيْبِي قُرُوشَ
فَشَرِبْتُ شَايَاً فِي الطَّرِيقِ
وَرَتَّقْتُ نَعْلِي
وَلَعَبْتُ بِالنَّرْدِ الْمُوزَعِ بَيْنَ كَفِّي وَالصَّدِيقِ
قُلْ سَاعَةً أَوْ سَاعَتَيْنِ
قُلْ عَشْرَةً أَوْ عَشْرَتَيْنِ
...

Then the evening came
 Into my room crept the
 evening
 Sadness is born at night
 because sadness is blind
 Sadness is long, like the path
 from hell to hell
 Sadness is silent
 And silence does not mean
 acceptance that dreams die,
 That days pass by,
 That backs ache,
 Or that a musty wind
 Touches life and turns
 everything in it detestable.

وأَتَى الْمَسَاءَ
 فِي غُرْفَتِي دَلَفَ الْمَسَاءَ
 وَالْحُزْنَ يُولَدُ فِي الْمَسَاءِ لِأَنَّهُ حُزْنٌ ضَرِيرٌ
 حُزْنٌ طَوِيلٌ كَالطَّرِيقِ مِنَ الْجَحِيمِ إِلَى الْجَحِيمِ
 حُزْنٌ صَمُوتٌ
 وَالصَّمْتُ لَا يَعْنِي الرِّضَاءَ بِأَنَّ أُمْنِيَّةً تَمُوتُ
 وَبِأَنَّ أَيَّاماً تَفُوتُ
 وَبِأَنَّ مَرِيقَنَا وَهْنٌ
 وَبِأَنَّ رِيحاً مِنْ عَفْنٍ
 مَسَّ الْحَيَاةَ، فَأَصْبَحَتْ وَجَمِيعُ مَا فِيهَا مَقِيثٌ

My friend said:
 "Oh, my friend!...
 What are we but a reckless
 jerk in the winds of a
 sandstorm
 Or a foolish wish.

 Oh, my friend!
 Embellish your speech,
 everything is devoid of any
 taste.
 As for me, I have known the
 end of the steep slope.
 Sadness envelops the path..."

قَالَ الصَّدِيقُ:
 يَا صَاحِبِي! ...!
 مَا نَحْنُ إِلَّا نَفْصَةٌ رَعْنَاءٌ مِنْ رِيحِ سَمُومٍ
 أَوْ مُنِيَّةٍ حَمَقَاءُ

 يَا صَاحِبِي!
 زَوِّقْ حَدِيثَكَ، كُلُّ شَيْءٍ قَدْ خَلَا مِنْ كُلِّ ذَوْقٍ
 أَمَّا أَنَا، فَلَقَدْ عَرَفْتُ نَهَايَةَ الْحَدْرِ الْعَمِيقِ
 الْحُزْنُ يَغْتَرِشُ الطَّرِيقَ ...

"إلى أين؟" للشاعرة فدوى طوقان
 "Where to?" by Fadwa Touqan
 (20th century)

Read by Ellise Johnson

"Where to?"

Oh sister, where will you go to
 break free of your destiny's
 gravity? Strongly, it pulls you
 down.

Be calm. For even if you cling
 to the tail of your own choices

There is no escape.

With which two wings will you
 fly away

Fly as you wish to the ends of
 the ends

Your wings are of wax and the
 sun

Fills the horizons ... there is no
 escape

"إلى أين؟"

إلى أين تنأين عن جاذبيّة شيءٍ مُقدّرٍ
 يثبّتك قسراً إليه؟

رؤيدك مهما تشبّثت أنتِ بِذيلِ القرارِ

ما من مفرّ

بأيّ جناحين أنتِ تطيرين هاربةً منه

طيري كما شئتِ نحوَ أقاصي المدى

جناحاك من طينة الشمع ... الشمس

ملءُ الأفاصي وما من مفرّ

أجزاء من قصيدة "كلمات سبارتكوس الأخيرة"
للشاعر أمل دنقل

Parts from "The Last Words of Spartacus"
by Amal Dunqul (20th century)

Read by Emily Romero Rodriguez and
Paola Halley

"The Last Words of Spartacus"

Glory to Satan, Idol of the wind
Who said no in the face of those
who said yes
Who taught humanity to tear into
nothingness
Who said no and did not die
And became a soul fixed eternally
in pain!

I am hanging from the morning
gallows
My forehead bows to death
Because I would not bow it in life.

"كلمات سبارتكوس الأخيرة"

(مَرْجُ أَوَّلُ):
المجدُّ للشَّيْطَانِ .. مَعْبُودُ الرِّيحِ
مَنْ قَالَ "لَا" فِي وَجْهِ مَنْ قَالَوا "نَعَمْ"
مَنْ عَلَّمَ الْإِنْسَانَ تَمْزِيقَ الْعَدَمِ
مَنْ قَالَ "لَا" .. فَلَمْ يَمُتْ،
وظَلَّ رُوحاً أَبَدِيَّةً الْأَلَمِ!

(مَرْجُ ثَانِ):
مُعَلَّقٌ أَنَا عَلَى مَشَائِقِ الصَّبَاحِ
وَجَبْهَتِي بِالْمَوْتِ مَحْنِيَّةً!
لَأَنْتِي لَمْ أَحْنِهَا .. حَيَّةً!
... ..

Oh my brothers crossing the square
 Descending at the end of the
 evening
 Down the street of Alexander the
 Great
 Don't be ashamed! Lift your eyes to
 mine
 Because you are hanging beside me
 On Caesar's gallows
 Lift your eyes to mine
 Perhaps if your eyes met death in
 mine,
 The void within me would smile
 Because you raised your heads
 once.

يا إِخْوَتِي الَّذِينَ يَعْبرُونَ فِي المَيْدَانِ
 مُطْرِقِينَ
 مَنْحَدِرِينَ فِي نَهَائَةِ المَسَاءِ
 فِي شَارِعِ الإسْكَندَرِ الأَكْبَرِ:
 لا تَخْجَلُوا .. وَلْتَرْفَعُوا عُيُونَكُمْ إِلَيَّ
 لِأَنَّكُمْ مُعَلَّقُونَ جَانِبِي .. عَلَى مَشَانِقِ
 القَيْصَرِ
 فَلْتَرْفَعُوا عُيُونَكُمْ إِلَيَّ
 لَرُبَّمَا .. إِذَا التَقَّتْ عُيُونُكُمْ بِالمَوْتِ فِي
 عَيْنِي:
 يَبْتَسِمُ الفَنَاءُ دَاخِلِي .. لِأَنَّكُمْ رَفَعْتُمْ
 رَأْسَكُمْ .. مَرَّةً!

Sisyphus no longer has the rock
 upon his shoulders
 It is carried by those born in slaves'
 quarters
 And the sea, like the desert, does
 not quench thirst.
 Because those who said "no" drink
 nothing but tears
 So raise your eyes to the hanging
 rebel
 For you will end up like him ...
 tomorrow
 ...
 There is no escape
 Do not dream of a happy world
 Behind every dying Caesar, there is
 another!
 And behind every dying rebel lie
 sorrows without a purpose
 And tears shed in vain!

"سِيزِيفُ" لَمْ تَعُدْ عَلَى أَكْتافِهِ الصَّخْرَةَ
 يَحْمِلُهَا الَّذِينَ يُوَلَدُونَ فِي مَخَادِعِ الرِّقِيقِ
 وَالبَحْرِ .. كَالصَّحْرَاءِ .. لا يَرْوِي
 العَطَشَ
 لِأَنَّ مَنْ يَقُولُ "لا" لا يَرْتَوِي إِلا مِنَ
 الدَّمُوعِ!
 فَلْتَرْفَعُوا عُيُونَكُمْ لِلتَّائِرِ المَشْنُوقِ
 فَسَوْفَ تَنْتَهَوْنَ مِثْلَهُ .. غدا
 ...
 وَليسَ ثَمَّ مِنْ مَفَرٍّ
 لا تَحْلُمُوا بِعَالَمِ سَعِيدٍ
 فَخَلْفَ كُلِّ قَيْصَرٍ يَمُوتُ: قَيْصَرٌ جَدِيدٌ!
 وَخَلْفَ كُلِّ تَائِرٍ يَمُوتُ: أَحْزَانٌ بِلا
 جَدْوِي ..
 وَدَمْعَةٌ سُدِي!

"أنا والمدينة"
 للشاعر أحمد عبد المعطي حجازي
 "Me and the City" by Ahmad Abdel-
 Mu'ti Hegazi (20th century)

Read by Naoise Reynolds

"The City and Me"

This is me
 And this is my city
 At midnight
 The vastness of the square, and the walls
 are like a hill
 That appear and then fade behind
 another hill
 A leaf swirls in the wind, then lands
 And is lost in the paths.
 A shadow melts
 A shadow spreads
 As does the meddlesome eye of a tedious
 lamp,
 I stepped on its beams when I passed by
 My emotions welled up with a sad
 melody
 That I began and then quieted.

"أنا والمدينة"

هَذَا أَنَا،
 وَهَذِهِ مَدِينَتِي،
 عِنْدَ انْتِصَافِ اللَّيْلِ
 رَحَابَةُ الْمَيْدَانِ، وَالْجُدُرَانُ تَلَّ
 يَبِينُ ثُمَّ تَخْتَفِي وَرَاءَ تَلَّ
 وَرَنِقَةٌ فِي الرِّيحِ دَارَتْ، ثُمَّ
 حَطَّتْ، ثُمَّ
 ضَاعَتْ فِي الدُّرُوبِ
 ظِلٌّ يَذُوبُ
 يَمْتَدُّ ظِلٌّ
 وَعَيْنٌ مِصْبَاحِ فُضُولِي مُمِلًا
 دُسْتُ عَلَى شُعَاعِهِ لَمَّا
 مَرَرْتُ
 وَجَاشَ وَجْدَانِي بِمَقْطَعِ حَزِينٍ
 بَدَأْتُهُ، ثُمَّ سَكَتَ

You? Who are you?
 The foolish watchman does not
 comprehend my tale
 I was driven out today
 From my room
 And I became lost without a name
 This is me
 And this is my city!

مَنْ أَنْتَ يَا .. مَنْ أَنْتَ؟
 الْحَارِسُ الْغَبِيُّ لَا يَعِي حِكَايَتِي
 لَقَدْ طَرِدْتُ الْيَوْمَ
 مِنْ غُرْفَتِي
 وَصِرْتُ ضَائِعاً بِدُونِ اسْمٍ
 هَذَا أَنَا،
 وَهَذِهِ مَدِينَتِي!

أبو عبادة البُحْثري عن الربيع
 Verses by Al-Buhturi (9th century)
 on springtime

Read by Will O'Neal

أَتَاكَ الرَّبِيعُ الطَّلُقُ يَخْتَالُ ضَاكِحاً مِنْ الْحُسْنِ حَتَّى كَادَ أَنْ يَتَكَلَّمَ
 Smiling spring comes to you, prancing and laughing from beauty until
 it was nearly speaking

وَقَدْ نَبَّهَ النَّوْرُوزُ فِي غَلَسِ الدُّجَى أَوَائِلَ وَرْدٍ كُنَّ بِالْأَمْسِ نُومًا
 As the Nowruz alerted, at the darkest hour of the night, the early
 rosebuds, which yesterday slumbered

يُفْتَقُّهَا بَرْدُ النَّدَى فَكَأَنَّهُ يَبُتُّ حَدِيثًا كَانَ قَبْلُ مُكْتَمًا
 They now blossom by the cold dew, as if it is revealing a long kept
 untold secret

وَمِنْ شَجَرٍ رَدَّ الرَّبِيعُ لِبَاسَهُ عَلَيْهِ كَمَا نَشَرَّتْ وَشْيًا مُنْمَمًا
 And from the trees, whose leafs the Spring restored, as if the earth
 was all adorned in colorful garments

وَرَقَّ نَسِيمُ الرِّيحِ حَتَّى حَسِبْتُهُ يَجِيءُ بِأَنْفَاسِ الْأَحَبَّةِ نُعْمًا
 And the breeze was so soft that I thought it brought with it the fresh
 breaths of the beloved.