

Silence for Gaza

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With dynamite she raps her waist...

She explodes...

It is neither death... nor suicide...

Its Gaza's style to announce her worthiness of life...

For four years and Gaza's flesh burst around... bomb's shrapnel...

Neither magic nor miracle...

It is Gaza's weapons and arms for her continued existence...

And the enemy's detritions it is...

For four years the enemy with its dreams rejoicing it had been...

For flirting with time it was fascinated...

Except for in Gaza...

For Gaza far away it is from her relatives...

And with the enemy it is stuck...

For Gaza is a bomb...

When ever it explodes...

Never she stops from exploding...

The enemy's face she scared...

And from satisfaction with time she repelled them...

Another thing is time in Gaza...

For time in Gaza not a neutral factor it is...

The people it doesn't drive to cold contemplation...

But to the freedom of explosion...

And to collusion with truth...

Time there children it doesn't take

from babyhood to old age...

But men it makes of them...

With their first confrontation with the enemy...

In Gaza time is not relaxation ...

But storming into the blazing noon...

Values in Gaza differ...

differ

and differ...

Occupied men's only value...

Is the extent of their resistance against the enemy...

This is the only competition that is there...

The honourable and hard truth Gaza is addicted to...

Not from books, nor from quick intensive courses...

She learns...

Time there doesn't take children ...

From babyhood to old age...

But men it makes of them

with their first confrontation with the enemy...

In Gaza time is not relaxation ...

But storming into the blazing noon...

Values in Gaza differ... differ and differ...

Not from books, nor from quick intensive courses...

Nor from propaganda's loud speakers and anthems...

By experience only and work and labor it learned it...

Not for advertising and the image...

Pride with its weapons,
Revolutionary attitude...
And budget...
Its bitter flesh it presents...
Willingly it spills its blood...
...Oration Gaza doesn't master
...No throat she has
...Its skin's spores speaks
...sweating
...Blood
...And blaze
...Enemy's hate up to killing starts from here
...Fears her up to murder
...And into the sea they wish to draw her
...Or in the desert
...Or in blood
...Its beloved and relatives from here
...Their love starts
...With bashfulness
...Up to jealousy and fear sometimes
...For Gaza is the savage lesson
...And the shining symbol... for friends and enemies
...Both alike
...Gaza not the most beautiful of cities it is
...Its shore not bluer than these of other Arab cities they are
...And its oranges are not the most beautiful on the Mediterranean
...And Gaza is not the richest of cities
...And it is not the most progressive among cities

...But it is equal to a nation's history
...Because it is the ugliest in the enemy's eyes
...Poorer, more miserable and most ferocious
...Because it is the savage lesson for the enemy
...Because it is the most able to disturb the enemy
...Because it is there nightmare
...Because booby trapped are its oranges
...Babies without babyhood and ageless aged men
...Women without desire
...And because this is what it is
...It is the most beautiful
...Clearest
...Richest
...And most worthy of love
Injustice we do her when we look for her poems...
...Because poetry she doesn't have
...makes her the most beautiful among the beauties
...At a time when we tried to defeat the enemy with poetry
...Rejoiced we became when the enemy left us to sing
...The enemy we allowed to be victorious
...To dry the poetry stuck on our lips
:And the enemy we left to build
Cities, fortresses
!!!And streets
...Injustice we do Gaza when
...A legend we make of her
:But hate her when we discover that
...It is nothing but a small

,Poor

...And she resists

?When we ask... what made a legend of her

...All our mirrors we shall smash and cry

...If dignity we have

...Or curse her if

!!!We refused her to revolt against ourselves

...Injustice we Gaza do if

...We glorify her up to enchantment

...Because enchantment will take us to

...The verge of waiting

...And Gaza doesn't come to us

...Gaza doesn't liberate us

...Gaza no horses it has

...Or airplanes

...Nor a magic stick

...And also offices in capitals

...Gaza liberates Itself from our

...Characteristics

...Language

...And instincts all at the same time

...And when through a - dream - we meet her

?If she does recognizes us

...Because Gaza of fire it was born

...And we for waiting

...And for crying for lost homes we were born

...True special circumstances

...And private nature Gaza has

...But Gaza's secret is not a puzzle
Her resistance is popular...
United and knows what it wants...
The enemy from her cloths...
(She wants to expel...)
With the masses Gaza's resistance is...
The skin with flesh and bones...
Not that of the teacher with students...
Resistance in Gaza is not a paid for job...
Nor an establishment Gaza's resistance is...
Any body's guardianship she refuses...
Its fate is not subjected to a thump print
or anybody's signature...
She cares not, at all, to know...
Its name or oratory skill...
She never accepted to be...
An advertising subject...
She never pauses for camera's lenses...
And doesn't her face smear with smile's paste...
She and we do not want...
Starting with this...
Gaza for brokers is a losing trade...
And starting with that Gaza...
Is the Arab's priceless goldmine...
...Gaza's beauty is that our voices she doesn't hear
...Nothing bothers her
...Nothing turns away her fist
...From the enemy's face

...No disagreement on the form of Palestine's government

!!!That we shall establish on the moon's eastern cheek

...Or the western cheek of Mars when discovered it is

...It is busy with rejection

...Hunger with rejection

...Thirst with rejection

...Diaspora (Ashatat) with rejection

...Torture with rejection

...Siege with rejection

...Death with rejection

!!!And rejection with rejection

...In Gaza the enemy could be victorious

and the sea's high waves could be victorious)

(...on an island that all its trees they uprooted or cut down

...Her bones they could break

Tanks they could plant in its children's chests

...and women's bellies

...And into the sea

...Sand and blood... But

But never lies she repeats or

...say yes to invaders

...Exploding she shall continue

...It is neither death nor suicide

It is Gaza's style in declaring her worthiness of life...

Coma...

And exploding she shall continue

It is Gaza's style in declaring her worthiness of life...