

Handkerchief

Nothing's left to say between us
everything went
into the train that hid its whistle
in the smoke that didn't become a cloud
in the departure that gathered your limbs

Nothing's left to say between us
so let your death be
the insight of dazzling silver
and let the sun of those cities
be a rose on your shoulders



منديل

لم يعد بيننا ما يُقال
كُلُّ شَيْءٍ مَضَى
فِي الْقِطَارِ الَّذِي خَبَأَ الصَّافِرَةَ،
فِي الدُّخَانِ الَّذِي لَمْ يَبْصُرْ غَيْمَةً،
فِي الرَّحِيلِ الَّذِي لَمْ أَطْرَاقَكُمْ .

لَمْ يَبْدُ بيننا ما يُقالُ،
فَلْيَكُنْ موثِكم
حَكْمَةُ الفِضَّةِ البَاهِرَةِ
وَلْيَكُنْ شَمْسُ تِلْكَ المَدِينِ
وَرْدَةً فَوْقَ أَكْتَافِكُمْ .