

Will you,
beloved stranger

RAQS MEDIA COLLECTIVE



INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE READING OF
"WILL YOU, BELOVED STRANGER"

Raqs Media Collective

This chapbook of instructions is produced in a limited edition especially for the Tel Aviv Museum of Art iteration of "Will You, Beloved Stranger" for the *Host & Guest* Exhibition curated by Steven Henry Madoff in May, 2013.

Raqs Media Collective would like to thank Orit Gat, Dana Meirson, Rabea Fahoum and Sumayya Kassamali for their help in navigating between English, Hebrew and Arabic through the process of the making of this work and Tisha Deb Pillai for designing the book.

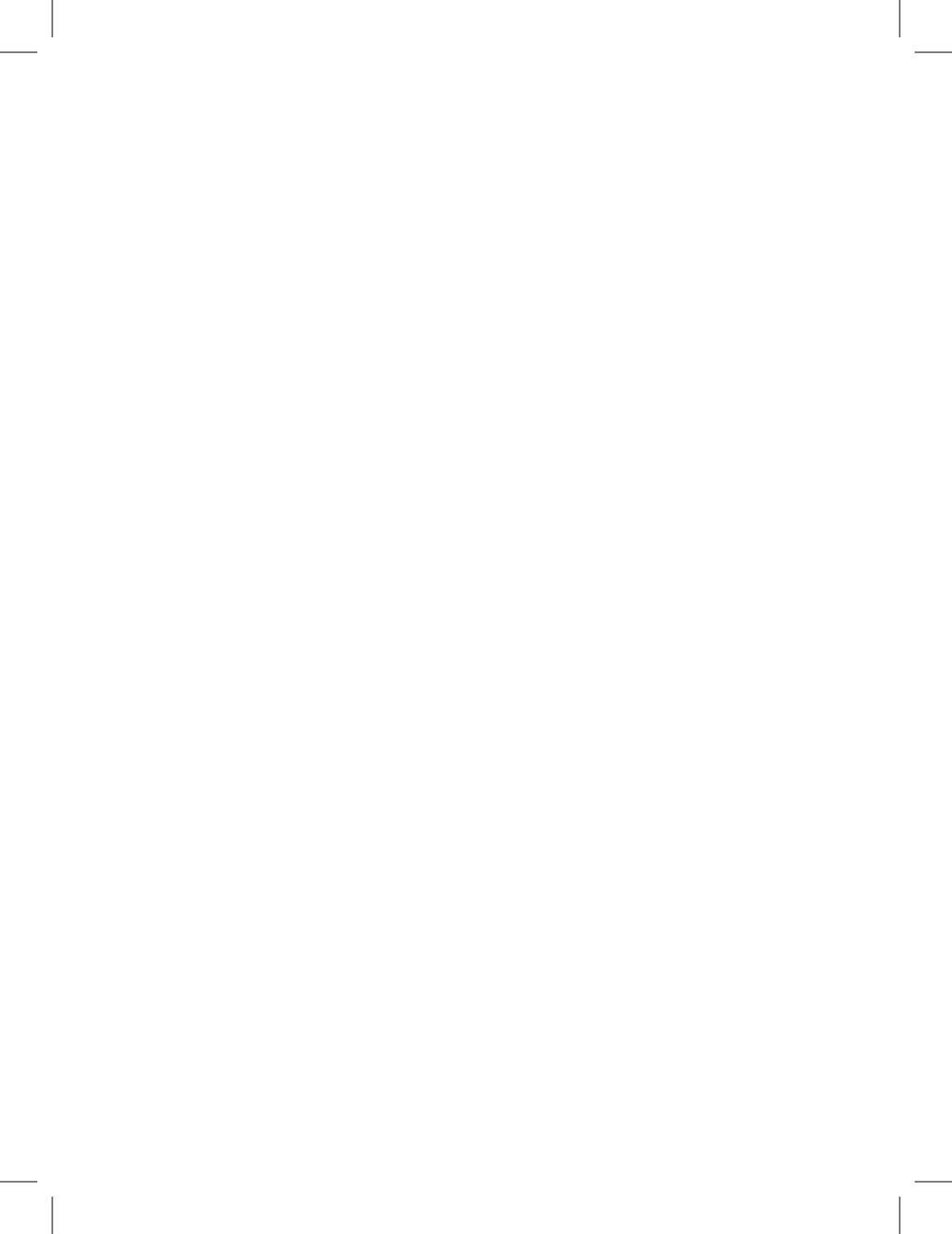
This fragmentary rescension of the Amichai/Darwish Corpus is based on:

The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai, (Translated by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell) University of California Press, 1996

Unfortunately, It Was Paradise: Selected Poems of Mahmoud Darwish (Translated by Munir Akash, Carolyn Forché, Sinan Antoon and Amira El-Zein), University of California Press, 2003

Raqs Media Collective would like to acknowledge the cooperation of the University of California Press and Steven Henry Madoff in facilitating the realization of this work.







BEFORE THE READING

*Will you, beloved stranger, ever witness 'Shahid' --
two destinies at last reconciled by exiles?*

By Exiles', Agha Shahid Ali (for Edward Said), from "Call Me
Ishmael Tonight: A Book of Ghazals" (2003)

Will you, beloved stranger? uses the Agha Shahid Ali poem as a trigger, as an instigation for a work featuring an entanglement with two other bodies of poetic work - those of the Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai (writing in Hebrew) and the Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish (writing in Arabic). We think Agha Shahid Ali, Edward Said, Mahmoud Darwish and Yehuda Amichai, who were all aware of each other's work, would not be unhappy to countenance the results of the experiment, and experience, that we are proposing.



This work parses the two bodies of texts, in English, Hebrew and Arabic, to create a continuous stream of words, using fragments from a selected set of poems from each anthology. The tail of each fragment of poetry (say, from Darwish) is followed by a fragment from the work of the other poet (say, Amichai).

This new "miscegnated rescension" of a fragmentary Amichai-Darwish corpus has been incised as perforation on to translucent sheets of paper and displayed on structures and frames designed by Efrat-Kowalsky Architects (EKA) in consultation with us. They bracket the table on which the books containing our arrangement of words from Amichai and Darwish are placed.

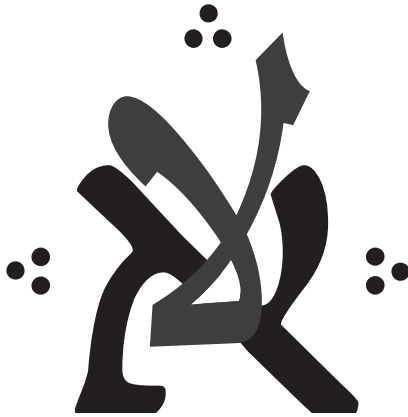
This book is a script and a set of instructions for a repeated reading performance of the entirety of the resultant text, read in English. The first performance, for the opening of 'Host/Guest' at the Tel Aviv Museum, will be done by two performers; one of whom comes from a Hebrew speaking and the other from an Arabic speaking heritage. The performance will be intentionally in English. In the course of the development of this work, we have realized that, under the present circumstances, a dialog between the worlds of Hebrew and Arabic is difficult to realize. Both have to share the hospitality of a third language, English, in order to speak to each other, instead of speaking past each other.

There is a delicate irony in this recourse to the language of a former colonizing power, which was in no small measure responsible for the divided and contentious nature of the present. We are not unaware of the significance of this irony.



The fact that the language of a previous occupying power that imposed itself on other language speakers is today the only effective bridge between those who speak the language of the present occupying power (Hebrew speakers) and those who think that their occupation has not yet ended (Arabic speakers) complicates the issues of the relationship between host and guest that our work seeks to address. This linguistic confluence takes on the etymological origin of the term host, which carries within it a labyrinth of meanings, including a sense of animosity (as in hostility) as well as generosity (as in hospitality).





THE READING

The two readers walk up to their chairs. Sit down. Briefly look at each other, look at their audience, nod, acknowledging each other.

Both of them switch on their table lamps; angle them for comfortable reading. They pick up and open the books in front of them, leaf through the pages, absorbed in their reading for a minute or two.

Then, the "Amichai" reader (AR) looks up, begins reading. The "Darwish" reader (DR) looks him straight in the eye.



AMICHAI

*And as I walked up my street
the twentieth century was the blood in my veins
blood that wanted to get out in many wars
and through many openings,
that's why it knocks against my head from the inside
and reaches my heart in angry waves.*

The "Darwish" reader (DR) begins reading.

DARWISH

*No one guided me to myself. I am the guide.
between desert and sea, I am my own guide to myself.
Born of language on the road to India between two
small tribes
adorned by the moonlight of ancient faiths
and an impossible peace*

...

*Who am I? This is the question that others ask,
but has no answer.
I am my language. I am an ode, two odes, ten.
This is my language.*

...

I am my language. I am words writ: Be! Be my body!

...

No land on earth bears me. Only my words bear me.

...

*I will slog over this endless road to its end.
Until my heart stops, I will slog over this endless,
endless road
with nothing to lose but the dust, what has died in me,
and a row of palms
pointing towards what vanishes.*

...

*I will cut thirty openings for meanings so that you may
end one trail only so as to begin another.*

...

*I say: I will slog over this endless road to its end and to
my own.*



DR puts down the book, and closes it, as if he has already come to the end of the reading. Turns in his chair to look at the audience, as if he is about to get up and leave. Then, while he listens to AR, he half turns to look at him again.

AMICHAI

*And hopes come to me like bold seafarers,
like the discoverers of continents coming to an island,
and stay for a day or two, and rest...
and then they set sail*

Wfragments are read as if the two are having a conversation.

DARWISH

Were it up to me to begin again, I would make the same choices.

I would travel the same roads that might or might not lead to Cordoba.

*I would lay my shadow down on two rocks,
so that birds could nest on the boughs.*



AMICHAI

*What are we doing, coming back here with this pain?
Our longings were drained together with the swamps
What are we doing in this dark land with its yellow
shadows that pierce the eyes?
(Every now and then, someone says, even after forty or
fifty years: "The sun is killing me".)*

DARWISH

*We have on this earth what makes life worth living.
April's hesitation, the aroma of bread.
We have on this earth what makes life worth living, the
final days of September,
a woman... the hour of sunlight in prison
We have on this earth what makes life worth living, the
Lady of Earth, mother of all beginnings and ends. She
was called Palestine, Her name later became Palestine.*



AMICHAI

*Half the people love,
Half the people hate,
and where is my place between such well matched
halves?*

AR switches off his lamp.

DARWISH

*I have larded and dismantled all the words in order to
draw from them a single word: Home*

Pause. AR switches on his lamp again.

AMICHAI

*The place where we are right is hard and trampled like
a yard. But doubts and loves dig up the world, like a
mole, a plow.*

*And a whisper will be heard where the ruined house
once stood*

DARWISH

*Where should we go after the last border?
Where should birds fly after the last sky?*

AMICHAI

*The nervous air between the night trees starts to relax
The thick telephone book of world history closes.*

Both AR and DR put down their books and take
a break. Pause. AR goes to the Samovar. Pours



himself a cup of tea. As he is coming back to his seat, DR picks up his book and begins reading.

DARWISH

The strangers' carriage has not yet arrived.

...

The strangers' guitar has not yet arrived.

...

The strangers' song has not yet arrived.

...

The strangers' myth has not yet arrived.

No one has arrived.

Perhaps the strangers lost the way to the strangers' picnic.



AR reads; sipping his tea, self-absorbed, looks at DR after saying 'Mesopotamia'

AMICHAI

Now in the storm before the calm

I can tell you what in the calm before the storm

I didn't say

- that we were just neighbors in the fierce wind

brought together in the ancient hamsin from

Mesopotamia.

The next two fragments are again read as if in conversation.

DARWISH

*You and I are one in words.
We belong to the same book.
The ashes upon you are mine,
and in the shadow we are
the only two witnesses, victims,
two short poems about nature
waiting for the devastation to finish its feast.*



AMICHAI

"On some other planet you may be right, but not here"

Talk grew tired. Tears are fresh.

*Look, just as time isn't inside clocks
love isn't inside bodies
bodies only tell the love.*

"On some other planet you may be right, but not here".

DR stands up, holding the book in his hand, and addresses the audience directly.

DARWISH

*This sea is mine. This fresh air is mine.
This sidewalk, my steps and my sperm on the sidewalk
are mine.*

The old bus station is mine.

Mine is the ghost and the haunted one.

*The copper pots. The Throne Verse,
and the keys are mine.*

The door, the guards, and the bell are mine.

The horseshoe that flew over the walls is mine.

Mine is all that was mine.

The pages torn from the New Testament are mine.

*The salt of my tears on the wall of my house is mine.
And my name, though I mispronounce it in five flat
letters is also mine.*

*This name is my friends name, wherever he may be,
and also mine.*

Mine is the temporal body, present and absent.

Two meters of earth are enough for now.

A meter and seventy-five centimeters are enough for me.

*The rest is for a chaos of brilliant flowers
to slowly soak up my body.*

What was mine: my yesterday.

What will be mine: the distant tomorrow.

*And the return of the wandering soul
as if nothing had happened.*

...

The sea is mine. The fresh air is mine.

*And my name, though I mispronounce it over the
coffin, is mine.*

As for me, filled with every reason to leave.

I am not mine. I am not mine. I am not mine.



Pause. Silence. After a bit, AR begins reading. DR remains standing, shuts the book.

AMICHAI

I lost my identity card

DR sits down, opens his book again.

*I have to write out the story of my life
all over again for many offices, one copy to God
and one to the devil.*



DR and AR look at each other. DR begins reading. The readings continue uninterrupted for a while. Conversationally, sometimes with animation, at other times, more self absorbed. The readers are urged to find their own comfortable register of contact and distance between their voices and presences.

DARWISH

*Would that I had a different present,
I would hold the keys to my past.*

*And would that I had a past within me,
I would possess all tomorrows*

AMICHAI

*and already the demons of the past are meeting with
the demons of the future and negotiating about me*

DARWISH

Eternity opens its doors from afar to travelers at night

AMICHAI

Three hours of thought equal two minutes of laughter

DARWISH

*What does life say to Mahmoud Darwish?
You lived, fell in love, learned,
and all those you will finally love are dead?
In this hymn we lay a dream, we raise a victory sign,
we hold a key to the last door.
To lock ourselves in a dream. But we will survive,
because life is life.*

AMICHAI

*Mortality is not death, Birthrate is not children
and life, perhaps, is not life*

*A man doesn't have the time in his life
to have time for everything*



*He doesn't have seasons enough to have a season for
every purpose
Ecclesiastes was wrong about that.*

DARWISH

*I grow old, tired of glory, all my wants satisfied
Is this why the more I know, the louder I lament?
What use is Jerusalem?
What use is the throne to me?*

*Nothing abides forever.
A time to be born
and a time to die
a time to speak
and a time to keep silent,
a time for war
and a time for peace
all is bound to pass
all rivers flow to the sea,
yet the sea is not filled.
Nothing abides forever.*

AMICHAI

*A man needs to love and to hate at the same moment,
to laugh and to cry with the same eyes,
with the same hands to throw stones
and to gather them,
to make love in war and war in love.*



DARWISH

He embraces his murderer. May he win his heart. Do you feel angrier if I survive?

Brother... My brother! What did I do to make you destroy me?

...

What crime did I do to make you destroy me?

I will never cease embracing you.

And I will never release you

Pause. Silence. DR and AR both look each other in the eye. The silence should get a little uncomfortable here. They should read the next section, as far as possible, looking directly at each other, whenever their eyes are not on the pages of their books.



AMICHAH

I have nothing to say about the war, nothing to add.

I'm ashamed

...

I always lose, even in victory

DARWISH

The two strangers who burned within us are those who wanted to murder us only moments ago, who will come back to their swords after a while,

*who will ask: Who are you?
-- We are two shadows of our past lives here,
and two names for the wheat that sprouts from the
bread of battles.*

AR breaks the eye contact, turns to look at the audience while he is reading the next fragment. DR, listening to him, goes to the samovar. Draws himself a cup of tea. Returns.

AMICHAI

*Songs of continuity, land mines and graves:
That's what turns up when you're making a house or a
road*

*So come on, let's not build a house, lets not pave a road!
Let's make a house that's folded inside the heart,
a road wound up on a spool n the soul, deep inside,
and we won't die, ever.*

DR waits to have his first sip of tea, sits back, relaxed, then leans forward and reads again.



DARWISH

*Death, wait while I pack my bag: a toothbrush, soap,
razor, cologne and clothes*

Is the weather mild there?

Does the weather in white eternity change?

Does it stay as it is in both autumn and winter?

Will one book be enough for me

to kill the no-time, or will I need a full library?

*What language do they speak there,
common, colloquial or classical Arabic?*

AMICHAH

My blood has many relatives

They never visit

But when they die

My blood will inherit.



AR picks up and unpeels an orange from the fruit tray. Reaches across the table, gives DR half an orange.

DARWISH

Death, wait

Have a seat and a glass of wine, but don't argue with me.

One such as you shouldn't argue with a mortal being.

*As for me, I won't defy the servant of the Unseen.
Relax. Perhaps you are exhausted today,
dog-tired of warfare among the stars.*

DR takes the orange, savors it, and then reads again.
The next few fragments are read by AR and DR,
uninterrupted.

*I wish to live. I have work to do on this volcanic bit of
geography.
Ever since the days of Lot, until the apocalypse of
Hiroshima,
devastation has always been devastation.
I want to live here as if I am, forever,
burning with lust for the unknown.
maybe 'now' is much more distant.
Maybe 'yesterday' is nearer
and 'tomorrow' already in the past.
But I grasp the hand of 'now' that history may pass near me
and not time that runs in circles, like the chaos of
mountain goats.
Can I survive the speed of tomorrow's electronic time?
Can I survive the delay of the desert caravan?*

AMICHAI

*Sometimes pus, sometimes poetry -
Always something is excreted, always pain.*

...



*My pain is already a grandfather
It had already begotten two generations of pain that
look like it.*

DARWISH

*As with you, there is a land at the border of a land
within me,
filled with you, or with your absence.*

...

*I have nothing to say about the land in you
except what the stranger says: heavenly*

...

*This land is heavenly, like clouds lifting from jasmine
Metaphorical, like the poem before it is written*

...

The land speaks to me when I pass gently over it.

...

*There is no name for what life should be, except
what you did and what you do to my soul.*

AMICHAJ

*Perhaps we too will give them
the last rare coins of compassion.*

...

*Too many memorial days, too little remembering
Too many clocks, too little time
Too many dreamers, too few dreams.*



Pause. Both AR and DR reach out for glasses of water, drink simultaneously. DR resumes reading.

DARWISH

Like a balcony, I gaze upon whatever I desire.

*I gaze upon trees guarding the night from the night
and the sleep of those who would wish me dead*

*I gaze upon the wind chasing the wind
so that it may find a home in the wind*



AMICHAI

Speaking directly, to the audience

*Love used to be the raw material of this poor country
real life and dreams joined to make the climate
here joy and sorrow were still weather conditions*

*we didn't know then that the debris of joy
is like the debris of any wreckage
you have to clear it away to start over again*

DARWISH

DR Speaking directly, to the audience.

Green is the land of my ode, green and high.

*Slowly I write it down, slowly,
to the rhyme of seagulls in the book of water.
I bequeath to those who ask:
To whom shall we sing when salt poisons the dew?
Green it is. I write it the way the ears of wheat,
bent over by their own fullness and mine,
are written in the book of the field.
Every time I befriend someone
or become brother to the ear of wheat,
I learn how to survive both annihilation and its opposite.
I am the dying grain of wheat that grows again.
In my death there is a certain life.*

AR, turns away from the audience, speaks inward,
as if withdrawing a little into himself.



AMICHAI

*Even my loves are measured by wars.
I say, "That happened after the second world war." "We
met a day before the Six-Day War." I would never say,
"Before the peace of '45-48" or, "In the middle of the
peace of '56-67".*

DARWISH

*I gaze upon the procession of ancient prophets
climbing barefoot to Jerusalem
and I ask: will there be a new prophet for this new time?*

*I gaze upon the extinct words in the Arabic dictionary
I gaze upon the Persians, the Romans, the Sumerians
and the new refugees*

...

*I gaze upon the necklace of one of Tagore's women fakirs
as it is crushed by the carriage of a handsome emir*

...

*Like a balcony, I gaze upon whatever I desire
I gaze upon my language*

...

*Like a balcony, I gaze upon whatever I desire
I gaze upon my ghost approaching from afar*

AMICHAI

*A man all alone in an empty room
practices on a drum, that too is history*

DARWISH

*The past is a place of exile
we tried to pick up the prunes of our exultance
from that dead summer*

AMICHAI

*When a man's far away from his country for a long time,
his language becomes more precise, more pure.*

DARWISH

*Thought is a place of exile
We saw our future just behind our windows*



*To reach it, we broke through the walls of our present
and it became a past in the shield of an ancient soldier
Poetry is a place of exile
We dream and forget where we were when we awake.*

DR closes the book. Bends to rest his head on his arms on the table, if he has glasses he takes them off. As if resting.

AMICHAI

*An Arab shepherd is searching for his goat on Mount Zion
and on the opposite mountain
I am searching for my little boy
An Arab shepherd and a Jewish father
both in their temporary failure.*



*Searching for a goat or a son
has always been the beginning
of a new religion in these mountains.*

Silence. DR stays with his head on the table for a while, then wears his glasses. Sits up and begins reading again.

DARWISH

*Like a desert, space recedes from time
the distance needed for a poem to explode
Ismael used to come down among us at night
and sing: O stranger, I am the stranger
and you are part of me, O stranger.
The desire vanishes in the words
and the words ignore the power of things:
O lute, give me back what has been lost
and sacrifice me over it.
Alleluia
Alleluia
Everything will begin again!*



DR writes a line in a piece of paper in large capitals
– ‘EVERYTHING WILL BEGIN AGAIN’.

*The prophets pass and listen to Ismael singing
O stranger, I am a stranger and you are like me
O stranger, far from home, go back
O lute, bring back what is lost, and sacrifice over you
from jugular to jugular
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Everything will begin again.*

DR hands AR the piece of paper.
AR takes the paper and reads aloud the line –
‘Everything will begin again’ and then reads – the
next fragment.

AMICHAI

*I've been in Jerusalem, in Rome, and perhaps in Mecca anon.
And now God is hiding, and man cries:
'Where have you gone'.*

And that is your glory.

DARWISH

*Let it be so! Let our tomorrows be present with us.
Let our yesterdays be present with us.
Let today be present in the feast of this day
set for the butterfly's celebration
and let the dreamers pass from one sky to another
From one sky to another the dreamers pass.*



The next few fragments are read conversationally
again, as if the readers are speaking to each other.

AMICHAI

*In the summer whole peoples visit one another
to spy out each other's nakedness
Hebrew and Arabic, that are like guttural stones,
like sand on the palate
grow soft as oil for the tourists' sake
Jihad and Jehovah's wars
burst like ripe figs*

DARWISH

*Perhaps when you turn your shadow to me,
you bestow unto metaphor
the meaning of something that is about to happen*

AR addresses the audience directly.

AMICHAI

*people caught in a homeland trap
to speak now in this weary language.
in a language that once described, miracles and God
to say - Car, Bomb, God.*



Both AR and DR read facing the audience

DARWISH

*From cafe to cafe, in search of another language
to tell the difference between memory and hell,
searching for my original limbs,
I need my arm, to embrace and my winds, and sail.
Why does the ode abandon my heart
as soon as I leave Jaffa?*

*Every time I embrace Jaffa, she fades.
No. It is not my time yet.*

AMICHAI

*The three languages that I know,
all the colours that I see and dream, won't help me*

AR turns to face DR.

If with a bitter mouth you speak sweet words

DARWISH

*We are two become one.
We have no name, strange woman.
when the stranger finds himself in the stranger.
What remains of the garden begun is the power of the
shadow.*

...

We are two become one.

...

*We need to return to being two.
So we can go on embracing each other.
We have no name, strange woman
when the stranger finds himself in the stranger!*

AMICHAI

*At times I stands apart, at times it rhymes with you.
At times we's singular, at times plural.
At times I don't know what.
Alas, through two points only one straight line can pass.*



DR turns to face AR.

DARWISH

*A poem cannot change a passing, yet still present past,
nor prevent an earthquake.
But I will dream. May a certain land take me in as I am.
One of the sea of refugees.
Stop asking difficult questions about me, my place and
whether my mother actually gave birth to me.
My mind is not woven of suspicions.
Am I'm not under siege by shepherds and kings.
My present, like my future, is with me.
I also have my small notebook.
Every time a bird grazes a cloud I write it down.*

AMICHAI

*Look, the olive-tree no longer grieves -
It knows there are seasons and a man must leave*

DARWISH

*Let us go as we are: a free woman and a loyal friend
Let us go together on our separate paths.
Let us go as we are, separately and as one.*



Both AR and DR put down their books and take a break. Pause. DR goes to the Samovar. Pours himself a cup of tea, pours another for AR. Goes across and puts a cup of tea next to AR. DR returns to his place, as he is walking back, AR picks up his book and begins reading, looking at DR as he makes his way across the room to his seat. He stands, waiting for AR to finish reading.

AMICHAI

*Of three or four in a room there is always one who stands
beside a window
his dark hair above his thoughts, behind him, words
and in front of him,
voices wandering without a knapsack,
hearts without provisions, prophecies without water,
large stones that have been returned and stay sealed,
like letters that have no address and no one to receive them.*



DR reads, standing, from where he is, places the book flat open on the table, reads from it, standing.

DARWISH

My prison cell accepts no light except into myself. Peace be unto me. Peace be unto the sound barrier. I wrote ten poems to eulogize my freedom, here and there. I love the particles of sky that slip through the skylight - a meter of light where horses swim. And I love my mother's little things, the aroma of coffee in her dress when she opens the door of day to her flocks of hens. I love the fields between Autumn and Winter, the children of our prison guard and the magazines displayed on a distant sidewalk. I also wrote twenty satirical poems about the place where we have no place. My freedom is not to be as they want me to be, but to enlarge my prison cell, and carry on my song of the door. A door is a door, yet I can walk out within me, and so on and so forth.



DR remains standing.

AMICHAI

Like the inner wall of a house that after wars and destruction becomes the outer one - that's how I found myself, suddenly

DR sits down, reads.

DARWISH

Peace be unto love when it comes, when it dies and changes lovers in hotels. Does it have everything to lose? We'll drink the evening coffee in the garden. We'll tell stories of exile in the night. Then we'll go to a room - two strangers searching for a night of compassion and so on and so forth.

We'll leave a few words on our two seats. We'll forget our cigarettes, so others may continue with the evening and the smoking. We'll forget some of our sleep on the pillows, so others may come and rest in our sleep and so on and so forth. How was it that we put our faith in our bodies in those hotels? How could we depend on our secrets in those hotels? In the darkness that has joined our bodies, others may continue our cry and so on and so forth. We are only two of those who sleep in a public bed, a bed that belongs to all. We say only what transient lovers also said a while ago. Goodbye comes soon.



AR reads, without taking his eyes away from the book. Keeps his eyes on the book when he has finished reading

AMICHAI

*A peace without the big noise of beating
swords into ploughshares
without words, without the thud of the heavy rubber
stamp
let it be light, floating, lie lazy white foam.
A little rest for the wounds
(who speaks of healing)
let it come like wildflowers
suddenly, because the field must have it: wildpeace.*

DR looks at AR, who is still looking at the book, and
reads.



DARWISH

*Stranger on the river bank,
like the river, water binds me to your name
...
nothing is left of me except you
nothing is left of you except me -
a stranger caressing the thighs of a stranger
O stranger, what shall we do with what is left
of the stillness and the brief sleep between two myths?
Nothing carries us: neither path nor home.
Was this the same path from the beginning?
Or did our dreams find a Mongolian horse on a hill
and exchange us for him?*

*What shall we do?
What shall we do without exile?*

AR reads, without looking up.

AMICHAH

*Words have begun to abandon me
as rats abandon a sinking ship
the last word is the captain*

DR reads, addressing the audience.

DARWISH

*The stars had only one task: they taught me how to read.
They taught me I had a language in heaven
and another on earth.
Who am I? Who am I?
I don't want to answer yet.
May a star fall into itself.
And may a forest of chestnut trees rise in the night
towards the Milky Way with me, and may it say
Remain here!*



AR reads, addressing DR, and for the very last line,
turns to face the audience.

AMICHAI

*May you find lasting peace
the living in their lives, the dead in being dead*

*And whoever remembers their childhood best is the
winner*

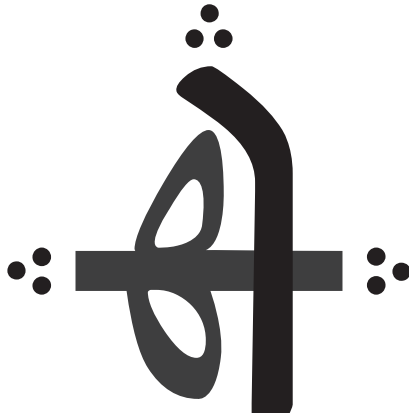
- if there are any winners.



DR and AR shut their books. Switch off the table
lamps. Remain in silence for a while. Look at each
other, nod as if in salutation. Get up, turn away from
each other and walk away from the table.







AFTER THE READING

TITLES OF THE POEMS (ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS)
FROM WHICH THE FRAGMENTS ARE TAKEN

YEHUDA AMICHAÏ



[*The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai*, (Translated by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell) University of California Press, 1996]

God Has Pity on Kindergarten Children

*The UN Headquarters in the High Commissioners Home
in Jerusalem*

Autobiography, 1952

The Smell of Gasoline Ascends in My Nose

Six Poems for Tamar

IbnGabirol

God's Hand in the World

And that is your glory

Of Three or Four in a Room

Through two points only one straight line can pass

Half the People in the World

Ballad of the Washed Hair
The Place Where We Are Right
From Summer or Its End
Too Many
Jerusalem, 1967
National Thoughts
Now in the Storm
Jews in the Land of Israel
Like the Inner Wall of a House
From Songs of Zion the Beautiful
Songs of Continuity
When a Man's Far Away from His Country
An Arab Shepherd is Searching for His Goat on Mount
Zion
Relativity
1924
The Last Word is the Captain
I Lost My Identity Card
Summer Begins
Hamadiya
On Some Other Planet You May Be Right
HIstory
A Man in His Life



TITLES OF THE POEMS (ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS)
FROM WHICH THE FRAGMENTS ARE TAKEN

MAHMOUD DARWISH



[Unfortunately, It Was Paradise: Selected Poems of Mahmoud Darwish (Translated by Munir Akash, Carolyn Forche, Sinan Antoon and Amira El-Zein), University of California Press, 2003]

I will slog over This Road
Were it up to me to begin again
On this Earth
I belong There
Earth Presses Against Us
He Embraces His Murderer
In This Hymn
The Hoopoe
I See My Ghost Coming From Afar
The Everlasting Indian Fig
The Lute of Ismael

The Strangers' Picnic

The Raven's Ink

Ivory Combs

The Death of the Phoenix

Poetic Regulations

The Dreamers Pass from One Sky to Another

A Rhyme for the Odes - Mu'allagaut

Sonnet II

The Land of the Stranger, the Serene Land

What shall we do without exile?

Mural

As Fate Would Have it

Four Personal Addresses - One Square Meter of Prison

Four Personal Addresses - A Room in a Hotel

