

MAHMOUD DARWISH

*Sonnet [ I ]*

If you are the last of what god told me, then be  
The pronoun revealed to double the "I." Blessedness is ours  
Now that almond trees have illuminated the footprints of passersby,  
here  
On your banks, where above you grouse and doves flutter.

With the gazelle's horn you stabbed the sky, so words flowed  
Like dew in nature's veins. What is a poem's name  
Before the duality of creation and truth, between the faraway sky  
And your cedar bed, when blood longs for blood, and marble  
aches?

A myth will need to sunbathe around you. This crowdedness,  
These gods of Egypt and Sumer under palm trees change their  
dresses  
And their days' names, and complete their journey to the end of  
rhyme . . .

And my song needs to breathe: poetry isn't poetry  
And prose isn't prose. I dreamt that you are the last of what god  
told me  
When I saw you both in my sleep, then there were words . . .