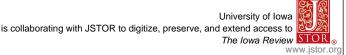
ECCLESIASTES

The city and the cold: Two barriers . . . You the prophet And here the stones And the wind piercing the walls of your heart Are you split? Give your eye to the falcon Your heart to the water The falcon shakes and the water anchors at the color's shore When you were split, you bowed When you bowed, insects rested on your back And a frog came to help you Two barriers: the city and the sand Will you blow up the sand? Your time drops And the sea ravens are around you Are you alert?

Solomon stretches over his maps The sea in front of him While darkness nests in the heart And the prophetic hoopoe sets down on earth a staff The kingdoms and the throne are two barriers Solomon says: All roads are barred The heart The time And the petrified horizon between the two arms But I am the gatherer of all directions Solomon says: Two are better than one For who will help you when the earth lands on your back? When the wind slays you? Two intertwined bring forth light from the darkness of rock They possess the surprises of the sea But I am a lone king.



The city and the cold: Two prison cells And you, the prophet, armed with meekness Will you run now on your ribs? O master, submerge your wounds in the heart And submerge your heart in silence And receive the fire Hang on the flaming grass a wish crushed by the streets And the stones stretching from the eye's pupil to the ocean Do tell the doves: The city is not a garment Nor a homeland for cooing The city is a carnage . . . Go then in fugitive space clad in light's vigor Two barriers: stones and sand How do you demolish a kingdom set up by demons? Petrified people surround you Strangling the seas in your eyes Are you searching in the well of your time For a storm-slain rose? Stretch your hand Alight your voice on the shoulders of the wind Relax your heart throbs so that sparrows will rush to you Your blood longs for the grass and the flaring flame Between the two walls your face tells of eternal pain And between the two walls your nets remain empty And you become withdrawn, vomiting your life Or rolling, crowded with jinn. The birds fear you The water fears you Your staff is blood Your staff is dust And your throne is guarded by haters. Solomon leaps Holding in his palms all directions He laughs when he sees himself in the distance Wallowing his eyes and limbs in the fields Throwing his cloak into the sea and moaning The heart tells him: Does the sea depart Or does the water within it depart?

The heart tells him: Two rivers meet And a sparrow speaks of the onset of tide. One day I see in the mirrors the fire contest This is my encounter with my face And this is the charge of the glow. The city and the cold: Two barriers Solomon says: All the roads are barriers The heart The eye The two lungs And that which has been is that which shall be The eye will not be satisfied nor the heart filled What did the wind say in the evenings of mirth The time of your uprooting will come When the city comes to grief . . . Sand besieges you And the ants eat up the fountain of wishes You push the rolling mountain away from your grass The southern horses have come The north wind has come Color departed and season alighted And you remain cut off like mountains Stretching your hands to the earth Crawling to the sea As the earth escapes. Two barriers says Solomon: The dream And the stiffened homeland This is the country that possessed me and that I turned over Then we became enemies A stupid world I wanted to adorn it so I cut myself off . . . He supplicates Luring trickling time The bird said to him: A preacher you will be Coloring the country in your palms And uprooting death

The evening was roiling the eye's carafe A wind from the east uproots the heart A wind from the west stirs the horses of darkness Solomon says: The night expands when the city sleeps The insects seek refuge in its warmth Fling your voice and it resounds with moans I bent on twilight and night erupted Melting its forms in the water Stretching its pitcher to the world, it bathed ... I was searching for the rose of eros Two portals to fire A dream stretching its fingers to the clouds And a heart gazing in space until it sees the stars of high noon Has passion ever delivered a heart to warmth? Has the heart ever delivered a kingdom to peace? I reigned and my heart cleaved Then I was in love and the paths of love narrowed This is my blood spilled in the sand These are my tears scattered among the tribes The hoopoes dash to me a lie in the morning And a lie in the evening I disrobe And I decree love and shade I decree light and water But when I enter my hole I remove the ashes piled by lies . . . The wind told me: Bind your heart The sea is in front of your nose And the fire at your back The wind told me: All paths are narrowing You are narrowing Will you fall in love with a rock? Or recall the evaporated time? Here you are stepping towards the fire Crucifying your eyes between the distant water And the charred lilies of the valley

Two barriers: the city and the cold But your face is large enough for the city Will you sit now between your mirrors Writing in a notebook large as your sorrows About rivers stiffening in the eyes? Solomon says: We turn from one darkness to another What is not mislaid? And what worries do not sicken the heart? Morning has a color And night has a color So will the river devour its strand? Will the grass sparrow befriend the mountain falcon? Solomon says: Do not bow your head to the wind Do not bow to hunger Die while standing and be a mountain Penetrating time between coldness and fire Bilqis is in the sea Bilqis is in the fire She moved about, grew up, and became dust. He takes a step . . . Rolls his legs Pulls out his limbs from a sack Lures the waves and the talking hoopoe He calls out: There have been no tales for a time Speech is over The time for earthquakes has arrived