

FROM *THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS AND EPISTLES*

Trees are in his heart  
His sign is between his eyes  
Space is in his hands  
So don't hand him to the ants  
Don't hand him to a tent of smoke  
Let him turn over  
He will not violate the earth  
He mixes tears with tears  
Water with water  
And he will not grow arrogant  
Let him gaze . . .  
He looks from the slits of the cloud  
He sees himself in the distance dragging his feet  
In the fields of his youth  
Shoving away an owl  
Fighting the captains of the sand on the sidewalk  
Then traveling amidst the puppets and the dustballs  
Coloring the dome of the throne under a crystal sky  
Holding a star  
Not recalling the names of those who deserted him  
Let him gaze . . .  
He enters into the trance of serenity  
His papers are ripping  
His robes are on the needles of the acacia in the distance  
His rose is forming  
Veiling him from the eyes of marksmen  
And upholding him in the space of flame.

*Translated by Ferial J. Ghazoul*