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KINGDOMS

Kingdom I

Large as if a café
Narrow as if a boutique
In its space: brass
Sulfur
Vitriol
And sweet basil.
Its roof: dust and minarets reaching the clouds
Its earth: motley
Its water tinged with iron rust
Its river charged to run between a wall
And a wall
Its suns idiotic
Craving murder
Out playing with children . . .
Its flesh is subjected to thieves and strangers
Its gate is at the sea
And its limit at the end of speech.
Once
The raven was its god
Once
It colored itself for the Calf
Confided in stones
And danced with a frog
And once
It piled up in a soldier's helmet
It did not beget its own river
Clamoring is its daily bread
Drowsiness its salt
It has remained in the soldier's tent ever since it breathed
It has remained large
Its shirt a marsh
And its people puppets.

Kingdom II

A withered star
A distance for the sea
Two blues
Between their centers colors pour forth
A street
And a pile of white
A wall: smoke on its cap
And blood in its roots.
From the vacancy of a window
Rust overlooks diminutive curtains
Chewed by the wind
A balcony pledged to the ants
A wooden hand over it
And a hoopoe fluttering upwards
And downwards
A ship flung in the sea
Unshaken by the creeping darkness
Nor by the flutter
Dust rises from its bones
It is topped by ravens
Surrounded by scripts
Grass rodents
A heap of tin cans
And he who sought refuge from wilderness
To sleep in the seashells.
A street flows from a mantle
Melting in iron
Disappearing in the public square's hamper
A lover with hands under his chin
His darkness offers a sleeping refuge for the birds
His back turned to the houses
His face has two signs:
A sign of fear
And a sign of the pain of ascent
Around his nose: the wreck of a smile
And a torn moan.

Kingdom III

A door
A table
A ladder leading to the unknown
A summer suit
A coat for winter's needles
A vessel on the hearth at the end of the passageway
The bread is in the sack
A turtledove in the corner of the tableau
And a woman in the heart surrounded by soldiers
Her eyes are possessed by the riddle
Her breasts rounded
Her brown hair catches butterflies
Soldiers in trenches surround her!
Yet she appears to laugh with the one she lured.
In the evening
When God hides the lamp behind his back
She bends
And rubs her eyes
Releasing butterflies and grass-grazing deer
She crosses the passageway
Dragging the children from distant beds
She washes the cups
Resurrects life in the dead hearths
Awakening the flame
She fills the glowing vessel with figs
Or warms the breadloaf
She pours coffee in the cup for the prophet
And milk for the cat stiffened at the door
Then she disrobes
Shaking off the dust from the town
And nestling on the throne
She opens the doors for the one she lured
She becomes the Buraq
He mounts her and gyrates splitting the clouds
And flinging his pillar in the sea
Her cheek becomes a peach
Her mouth a butterfly fluttering over a body

Crowned with heat
Her bosom a pillow
Her hair a bird sanctuary.
In the morning the soldiers fire their suns
She deserts the bed
Covers herself with leaves
And seeks refuge under the banner of the dead.

Kingdom IV

A radiant foreigner
Stole away from the nordic blue
Across the sea.
She walked into his café
Nestled in his healing name
At his feet she threw her robe
Crown
And the peaceful country
Her back was dotted with freckles
Her breasts: two pomegranates
And fire beneath the skin
But the tongues were at variance
His throne was of fronds
His robe filled with grass
His hand empty
He was drowsing on his drugged staff
Having thrown his pouch behind his back
When she arched herself like a cat
Then leapt
Empowered by a storm-body
She knelt down
She prostrated herself
Wrapping herself with his on-fire flesh
She bent over him
Licked with her eyes and tongue
She twirled and stormed

In the darkness
She turned into a cake rounding a pole
And in her space
He discharged peace
Crushing the grass that blocks the palace gate
Then perforating the wall
Upwards and downwards
Blessing the garden
Shaded with his towering fountain.
In his café
The hoopoe was still astray
Rehearsing a nocturnal tale
Or gathering letters from a cavern
Putting the letter Nuun
Next to the letter Jeem
Or blocking a road by a road
Perhaps the jinni is still swimming and searching
And perhaps . . .
But I see the foreigner becoming a road
And a dome for the falcon's nap
Will she remain under his feathers
To be deflowered at night
In the morning
And at high noon, which drives the steeds of heat?
Or will she suddenly long for the sea
And the coldness sedimenting in its depths?
Perhaps she will age
Or he will age
Winter may leap into the tale
And nomadism may insert its teeth
She may become the end of the record
Or its opening.