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Writing Sample

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Poems

A Marble Face . . . a Tired God

Like a little god for whom the universe is too small
He comes out from the bones of the tale and cries
His face washed by the nectar of those fearful of the path and the severity of the scene
He stands at the balcony of visions to cry
A little god cries
He covers his many sins wherever he goes with the shake in his lower lip
And cries
A little god emerging from the darkness of nostalgia
He hears a language sung by those crossing the path of salvation
A song of solace

. . .
where did you come from O strange god- crying god- sad and tired god
your marble face bit by experiences
you are afraid of your own fear
afraid in your pit thrown out of your heavens
you stumble upon curses and the pouring of love on the lips of petitioners
I believe that you are the giver of virgin life and you torch the first desire
You call forth the rain from the begging eyes of beautiful young ones
The fortune tellers’ prophecies are true that an arm you extend will burn the clouds
A tear you pour will make the earth bloom
And an eyelash you paint with kohl will illuminate the nights of the seven earths and heavens
You are surprised by those sneaking in the glow of your light
Hiding behind your heel
Those who devour the leg’s bone
YOU listen to the mermaids as they whisper roses and you are deaf to the flames roaring to your forehead
Whenever it nears, roses bloom and mermaids show their wavy hair like threads with endless colours
And their breasts which steal your virginity
The flames roar in your green heart and the deafness is louder
You were taken by your mouths as they poured milk and honey
And your fingers baptizing those departing to your light from the darkness of their first injustice
Leaving the sea full of sails
Distracted from them by your selfhood
Confident of your followers, the carriers of your throne, singing your praises a sun and a moon
Spreading the paths with pebbles and nails
Those who prepared the stick of injustice for you
You love with it and are distracted from your worshippers revealing in your space more and more
The throne was broken
A little god chastising himself
His pulse
The shiver of his heart
The shaking of his eyelash
The youthfulness of his day
His impulsiveness
The innocence of his time
The youth of his skin
He chastises his lust
A little god who secluded himself in an eastern corner and was counting sins and forgiving the creation his own immaturity
Thus sang the herdsmen to you
Only they knew you and believed you
Only they brought you a grail
A memory
A temple
A prayer
Only they loved you
Gave you the right to sin
And the innocence of forgiveness
Only they finished the path towards you with their own singing
A tired little god
A strange little god
A little god
Little

I AM PREGNANT WITH MYSELF

I am pregnant with myself
Pregnant with my master who lies sweating in my cocoon
The details of rain when it wails on tired faces take me
To him... the distant one who is united with me
Broken as I am... Tired as I am... Lonely as I am
He chews on his silence with the lust of manifestation
The defeats of lovers at the crossroads of ecstasy scare him
He lives in me “come to me”
his call manifests itself and I am manifested in the raining ascent
I am full of his nearness
He takes me gracefully
I return from him a butterfly perched on an old cave
It weaved inscriptions and went to its last date
His scent inhabits my pores
It bites my passion with his sweetness
He leaves me unstrung at the first gate and keeps gazing at my virgin surprise
He who is made of pain and fire
He debunks my details according to his universal calculations
He plays a symphony to which I dance and revel
He revels too
He goes from me and enters deeper
Once
Again
A fifth time
There is still much time for him to arrive
The soul gathers its fragments and shakes itself off in his hands
Again
A fifth time
The books of genesis which extend to the first sin manifest themselves before me
I am pregnant with myself
I am pregnant with him
With the virgin ecstasy of his ever new presence
The newness of ecstasy takes over
When his power manifests itself
He who is bitter and sweet

I AM MANIFESTED

I am the descendant of seamen who rebel against shores
The daughter of waves and memory
The last of those to whom Samson gave up his hair and became a virgin
I am the last of the fresh and vintage lineage of femininity
I open my arms and the universe stars its one-way journey
I smile and honey drips from my virgin and playful lips
I take a step and the earth loses its balance
When my laughter resounds the bells of earthquakes are heard
And volcanoes shake the seven layers
I am the daughter of playfulness and chastity
Of debauchery and purity
Blackness and whiteness
Stars differ as to their original location at the tip of my fingers
If I close my eyes
The earth is eclipsed until my eyes are open and it is drowned in colorful rays
When I throw my hair back
The universe shakes in fear and awe
I am today and tomorrow
Her majesty who is crowned over space
I point with my gaze and the fields become wheat and green suns
I am the wheat and green suns
I am the first harvest
I am the last harvest

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