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Ecclesiastes

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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And you become withdrawn, vomiting your life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