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Sonnet [I]

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MAHMOUD DARWISH

Sonnet [I]

If you are the last of what god told me, then be
The pronoun revealed to double the "I." Blessedness is ours
Now that almond trees have illuminated the footprints of passersby,
here
On your banks, where above you grouse and doves flutter.

With the gazelle's horn you stabbed the sky, so words flowed
Like dew in nature's veins. What is a poem's name
Before the duality of creation and truth, between the faraway sky
And your cedar bed, when blood longs for blood, and marble
aches?

A myth will need to sunbathe around you. This crowdedness,
These gods of Egypt and Sumer under palm trees change their
dresses
And their days' names, and complete their journey to the end of
rhyme . . .

And my song needs to breathe: poetry isn't poetry
And prose isn't prose. I dreamt that you are the last of what god
told me
When I saw you both in my sleep, then there were words . . .