غياب
1
منذ غابوا،
لا مكان للقاء
بغير المنازل.

يحتضرنا كل يوم
بيثاب نظيفة
ودقون حليقة
كما يبقون في المواعيد العاطفية.

يعاتبون عيونا
إن تأخرت في الغموض،
ويحزنهم أن ينسوا فيها
أول الاصبح.

يريدون أن نبقى هناك
لقد ما يقضون وقتا مملاً.
بينما تتم إلى بشيء ضرورية
كما يغادرون إلى الحياة
لا تفعل فيها شيئاً
سوى انتظارهم.

هل نحن من نصحون للتحقيق بهم؟
أم أنتهم من ينامون ليضموا إليها؟
كلنا غانيون
معهم
وعنا
ويقينا موت يجمع شمل العائلة.

Absence

Since they’ve left
the only place we can meet
is in the dream.

They wait for us every day
with clothes cleaned
and beards shaven
as is fitting for dates.

They reproach our eyes
if they don’t shut quickly
and it grieves them if they touch daybreak in those eyes.

They want us to stay here
because they are bored
While we use important things as an excuse

Raed Wahesh, ‘Absence’,
Transnational Literature Vol. 11 no. 1, November 2018.
to leave them so we can return to our lives
where all we can do is wait for them again.

Is it us who wakes to catch them up?
Or is it them who falls asleep to join us?
We all are absent
from them
and from ourselves.
We’re just lacking a death to reunite the family.

2
Do you still have those kind eyes like a house in the countryside?
Do you still have that dry hair,
Which seems like it is full with dust when sunlight passes through it?
Do you still believe, as if god had promised you prophesy?
What did they do to you?
What is missing in your photo?
Tell us
Help our imagination so we can see you.

3
They want you to stay alive
To endure torture for years
So they will not die despairing of waiting for you.
Didn’t I tell you that
Hope is a school for egoists?

Raed Wahesh
translated by Henry Holland & Hazem Shekho

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