

Title: To Our House in the Sands Au-

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## إلى بيتنا في الرمال

يعنني الليل يا أبتا  
سأحمل ليلك فوق ذراعي وأمضي إلى بيتنا في الرمال لثقل عليك كاتل  
ما قد تكون الرمال  
ولقل منه بني الخيام

يسير أبي للثما لو قد  
أعضض المقلنين،  
يقول نبي تلم لعميقاً تأم ل  
فشارعنا خلف مننثة الياسمي رجاناب  
كلية الهندسة  
تتل بني  
هناك المنزل أضلاعها من رخلم وأنفسها سوسنة تنكر  
بني.

مقابل شرفتنا مصنع الحرير.. بجانبه بانغ  
الأمنيات  
إذا ما وصلت هناك تبص رفمنزلنا يا بني عتيق عتي ق  
أنتكر شرفتنا الليكية خلف  
ظلال العقي ق أنتكر  
حاكورة البيت، واليسمين  
يغزل ناهرة من زجاج رقي  
ق

إذا ما وصلت بن طينزلنا فلخل  
البيت،  
سلم على صورة في الجدار  
فصورة جدك منذ زمان بعيد تض  
مد حزن الجدار  
وقل للجدار:  
أبيك لئلا تظل غريباً  
لئلا تخر العناكب من سقف منزلنا في العرا عتيق إليك!  
على كتفي خيمة لأبي..  
أورث أطفلي اليوم برد الخيام

Translated by Bilal Hamamra

## To Our House in the Sands

The night torments me, Father!  
I will carry your night upon my arm and walk to our house in the sands.  
Heavy upon you, like the weight of shifting dunes,  
and heavier still are the tents, my son, as heavy as exile.

My father walks northward,  
his eyes closed,  
and he says:  
"My son, contemplate deeply, contem-  
plate.  
Our street lies behind the minaret of jasmine, be-  
side the citadel of engineers.  
Look closely, my son.  
There, the houses have ribs of marble, and their breath is the scent of irises.  
Remember, my son.  
Across from our balcony stands the factory of silk,  
and beside it, the merchant of wishes.  
If you arrive there, be mindful, for our house, my son,  
is ancient, ancient as the sands themselves.  
Do you remember our lilac balcony,  
veiled behind the shadows of agate?  
Do you remember the garden of the house,  
and the jasmine entwining with a fountain  
made of fragile glass?"

If you arrive, my son,  
at our house, enter it.  
Greet the picture on the wall,  
for your grandfather's picture, from a time beyond reach,  
mends the sorrow that bleeds from the wall.  
And say to the wall:  
"I have come to you so that you will not remain a stranger,  
so that the spiders will not fall from the ceiling of our house, exposed to the  
wilderness.  
I have come to you!"  
On my shoulders rests a tent for my father...  
Will I pass on to my children today the coldness of the tents?

أريد هنا أن أعيش  
أريد هنا أن أموت  
فما أصعب الليل تحت  
رداء الخيام

## To Our House in the Sands

I want to live here,  
I want to die here,  
for how unforgiving is the night be-  
neath the cloak of the tents.

### Biography

**Maryam Qawash** is a Palestinian poet born in the Nuseirat Refugee Camp in Gaza on October 29, 1988. She earned her PhD in the Philosophy of Literature from Tanta University in Egypt. Qawash has published several poetry collections, including *Seven Lean Years* (2017), *As the Quail Walks* (2019), and *Letters to the Orange* (2021). Her works have received many awards, such as the Palestine International Poetry Prize (2021) and the Mediterranean International Poetry Award in Rome (2022).

**Bilal Hamamra** has a PhD in Early Modern Drama from the University of Lancaster, UK and is currently an associate professor of English literature in the Department of English Language and Literature, An-Najah National University, Nablus, Palestine. His research interests are in Early Modern Drama, Shakespeare, Palestinian literature, women's writings and gender studies.