

Title: Lands on the Edge of the Winds

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بلاد على شفة الرياح

في أول الساعات، عكا! كن
لحم الأرض أسرع،
يحاول أن يجاري شكلها البحرُ

في آخر الساعاتِ بئر السبع نقش من رذاذ الخلق
منقض على جسد
الهواء الم رتخلعُ وجهه العجزُ

في ساعة التأويل من بعد الضحى في سهل
ماج دو
تن تبعض أسئلة الوجود دلا
شيء يبدأ أو يموتُ
سوى انحدار النور في حلق السما لا شيء
يبلغ رشده كي ينتهي!
لا شيء متسق بنقطة الضلبي أريد منقفاً
يليق بموتتي وأريد ميلاداً يليق بنشأتي
الأخرى إذا حضروا!

في الشمس، قس الل
بيد حكمة نام - بتلا فلق بروح العبرين تريثي بال
يا مدن السماء تريثي!
ولتهبطي غيماً على وجع الجبال، خذي على
مهل غصون
النرم ن أجساد م نعبروا!

في مخمل العصر الذي فتحه
أسئلة الذرى طيرية
والعور ترهقه تجاعيد الجبل تضيق
أنفاس المياه
إذا أراد توشفة من عنبر! وتضيق
أحجية ال زمان كأنها
طوق يلثم الأرض من متن الكتاب، قوس
يدربه هديل الماء
إن البدء متسع،

Lands on the Edge of the Winds

In the first hours, Acre!
The flesh of the earth was like sails,
the sea struggled to mirror their form.

In the last squares, Beersheba,
a carving of the mist of creation, de-
scends upon the body of the bitter air,
that gypsies strip its face away.

In the hour of interpretation, after the dawn,
in the plain of Megiddo,
a few questions of existence were dewed:
Nothing begins or dies,
except the descent of light through the throat of the sky. Noth-
ing reaches maturity to end!
Nothing is in harmony with the window of the mist.
I want a covenant that befits my death,
and I want a birth that honors my other begetting,
when the exiled return!

In the sun, the sacred Jerusalem of God,
a field of wisdom slept without the worry of passing souls.
By God, O cities of the sky, be patient!
Descend as clouds upon the sorrow of lamenting mountains,
gently take the branches of fire
from the bodies of those who crossed their Rubicon of fate.

In the velvet of the age,
steeped in the questions of dust particles, lies Tiberias,
and the valley is wearied by the wrinkles of the mountains.
The breaths of the waters grow faint
as they thirst for a sip of amber!
The riddle of time tightens, as though
fate's collar tugs the earth from the very spine of destiny's scroll,
a bowstring honed by the rumbling of water.
Indeed, the beginning is wide,

وفجر الل أسئلة وأ في الغيم
منهمز

في ساحة المرج العريض، بُعيد
أن رفل الأصيل
رأيت ببسائاً تح رملطق البدء الجميل، تزيد في الظل
انساعاً، تلبس النظارة الصفراء ثم تقول لي شجر
تضمدها
عصافير الضياع: مجالك الحيوي يا بنت الحقيقة مطلع الفجر
العتيق،
تأ ملي وجع السدى، لا تألمي! هذي
الحياة فسيحة في
عين من وسع نته آمالها
وتضيق في عين الذي يتأمل

زيدي التأمل، خلفنا الأعواز نثم
نزفها العير
في السائل الغرب يتسع المدى، وتنوب
يلقا جمرة من برنقل بلخ،
في البحر تغرق مثل مشكاة تتاجي الملح والمجذاف: يا
بحراً على رنتي تقيم
في ستغرق أنت في كلاً المصايح النحيلة تائباً كلجانار
العذب تعترأ!

في آخر الآيات منذنة المخيم خلف
أقمار البدايات
تكلل الزيتون ثم تقول للمف وقد طال
الغيا ب
لك ما تشاء من الهواء الخصب، لي
ما أبتغي من واقعي!
فأحييه أحييت في شفة المخيم
لسعة الدمع الغريب المستسا غهمم
لو أرخي عليه أكتافه ثوب النب ي
المستطاب
لكوني لحمي على جذر الغياب المستحيل

أنا جدار الدهر تستند الأساطير الثقيلة لي، أنا والى يا ثوب
لنب يبيد في فرا غنا المخيم أول الوطن
الشريد
وأخر الوطن الشري د/ الشهي د

Lands on the Edge of the Winds

and God sparked questions,
the horizon of sentient clouds is pouring down.

In the broad meadow,
After the evening strutted gracefully,
I beheld Beisan yearning for the pristine dawn of beginnings, ex-
panding in the shadow, wearing yellow glasses,
then telling me that trees are healed
by the birds of loss:
Your vital space, O daughter of truth,
is the dawn of antic beginnings,
contemplate the pain of vanity, but do not hope!
This life is vast
in the eyes of one whose hopes have broadened,
and it narrows for the one who only contemplates.

Contemplate still, for behind us,
the valleys weep, kissing their bleeding wounds.
On the western coast, the horizon widens,
and Jaffa dissolves like an ember
of magnificent oranges,
sinking into the sea like a burning lamp beckoning the salt and the oar of fate:
"O sea, resting upon my lungs,
when will you drown in the pasture of slender lamps, re-
penting and apologizing like wild flowers?"

In the last verses, the minaret of the camp
stands behind the moons of the beginning,
eating olives, then tells the exiled:
"The absence has been long,
take what you desire from the fertile air,
and I shall have what I seek from my reality!"
I answer him:
"I have loved
the sting of foreign tears on the camp's edge,
and I nearly draped its shoulders
with the cloak of the honored Prophet,
but my flesh clings to the impossible walls of absence.

I am the wall of time, upon which the weight of ancient legends leans,
I swear by God, O cloak of the Prophet, I am a hand waving in the void.
I am the camp, the first of the wandering homeland,
and the last of the wandering homeland, the witness / martyr.

في مجمل الساعات،
ترتفع السماوات العظام إلى مدينتنا
المعلقة النور،
وتهبط الآيات أسراراً تنثر قلبها السور

Lands on the Edge of the Winds

In the full hours,
The great heavens rise
above our suspended city,
and the sacred verses descend like divine whispers,
shrouding her heart in veils of celestial secrets.

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).

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