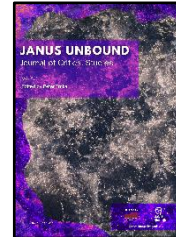


Title: Thy hands!

Author(s): Maryam Qawash

Source: *Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies*, vol. IV, no. II  
(Summer 2025), pp. 123-125

Published by: *Memorial University of Newfoundland*



---

### Disclaimer

The views, opinions, conclusions, findings, and recommendations expressed in this publication are strictly those of the respective author(s) and are not necessarily the views of *Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies*, its editors, its editorial team, and Memorial University of Newfoundland (collectively, the “Publishers”). Authors are responsible for all content of their article(s) including accuracy of facts, statements, citations, and so on. The University gives no warranty and accepts no responsibility or liability for the accuracy or completeness of any information or materials contained herein. Under no circumstances will the Publishers, including Memorial University of Newfoundland, be held responsible or liable in any way for any claims, damages, losses, expenses, costs, or liabilities whatsoever resulting or arising directly or indirectly from any use of or inability to use the contents of this publication or from any reliance on any information or material contained herein.

### Message from the Editors

The editors welcome letters on all subjects, especially if they discuss or comment on the works published in *Janus Unbound*. Please read our Guidelines for Authors prior to submitting your manuscript.



*Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies* is published by Memorial University of Newfoundland



## يداك!

ونبشتُ دهرًا في الركام  
فعرثتُ ما بين الحطام على يدك  
فحملتها .. صافحتها .. عانقتها .. قبلتها  
.. وتشابكتُ عشقًا أصابعنا هنا  
، ثم انطلقنا حائرينَ نرممُ التاريخَ  
.. نبحثُ عن يدي  
نمشي بغزة تائهينَ معا  
أتدلني حقًا يداك؟  
... أنسير في لحم الخريطة واثقين معًا  
إفهنأ أنا  
وهنا يداي يداك  
لحم الأرض  
دمع المستحيل

Thy hands!

Translated by Bilal Hamamra

## Thy hands!

I ransacked ages in the rubble,  
And, between the wreckage,  
I found thy hand.

I bore it,  
I greeted it,  
I embraced it,  
I kissed it.

Our fingers, in love, interlaced  
Here.  
And off we went, bewildered,  
Mending what was torn from Time,  
Seeking after my hand.

We walked in Gaza,  
Wanderers,  
Lost, yet side by side.

Wilt thou truly lead me, O thy hands?  
Shall we walk, steadfast,  
Through the flesh of the map?

For here am I  
And here, thy hands, my hands  
The clay of the earth,  
The tears of the impossible.

### **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 and trauma studies.