

### **A BIRD ON THE ROOF**

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*The bird caws and has already landed  
on the roof waiting for  
my hand to come into view  
while you are swallowed up in sleep  
between sheets which  
contain within themselves the sterility of the day  
and the hoarseness of the night that  
never ceases being awake in its silence.*

*And the bird caws its longing  
to the sun —  
its sharp voice in my eye sockets seems  
to fill my head with its hatred — while I am  
looking at you across the roofs, and you have already  
gathered to your temples  
the bits of my phrases  
in order to bury your silence in them.  
And all the while the perching bird is cawing,  
smacking its lips as it utters, believing that there is  
in your eyes and mine a banquet for its midday meal.*

ينعق الطير وقد رسا  
على السطح منتظراً  
بروز يدي،  
وأنت غائبة في النوم  
بين شراشفٍ  
طوت ما بينها جذبَ النهار  
وبحةَ الليل الذي  
ما كفَّ عن اليقظة في صمّيته.

والطير ينعق للشمس  
عن شوقيه -  
صوته القاطع في محجريّ كأنه  
يشحن رأسي بحقيقه - وأنا

أنظر عبر السطوح إليك وقد  
للممتِ أشتاتَ ألفاظي  
حول صدغيك لكي  
تدفي فيها صممتك،  
والطير ينعق جاثماً  
متلَمّطاً بنطقه، لظنه  
أن في عينيك وعينيَ وليمةً أظهره.