

SEAFARERS

Seafarers we were, fed up with lost horizons, sipping death in a dreadful boat that counted the evenings and every wave that passed. In wind and rain, through mud and Lies we crossed the endless nights. You could see them all, the wind, the rain, the mud, and the Lies, for they all remained in our eyes.

Seafarers we were, forgotten by Gods, but our hearts were never broken, our eyes never wet, and we suffered. Prophets we never made friends with, for they were in passionate love with their Gods, and their love smelt of something we didn't like.

Fierce stars sucked our blood in the chilly nights, but they never grew into crescents, and they remained there, faint tapers hanging down from the clouds, drunk on our red wine.

Seafarers we were, grains of sand we are. Grains of sand in unattained bottoms. There we lie, far from the dashing feet of the waves and the thirsty lips of the stars, moved neither by the songs of dear lovers, nor by the lullabies of dear mothers long forgotten. There we lie, with no tongues to ask for pity, with no ears to lend to foolish prophets. There we lie and round our tiny bodies a hundred lakes pour their waters. No roses will blow about us, but no poetry will be made of our bodies.

The Alexandrian poet Mounir Ramzy was a promising young poet from Alexandria when he took his own life in 1945.