

Hazem Fadel

The Empty Glass

I look at the empty glass
I try to remember
The contours
Of your body
Before you withdraw from me
Before the train leaves
I bang my head
Against the wall
And think of you
A broken rib
A stain on the white sheet
Before and after
The empty glass
Which one today?
Your lips
Your hip
Your legs
Your shoes
Your scent!
Only this time
Leave me your skin
A map
A sail
A shell
For the naked flesh
A yellow page
Of a nation's book
An eternal embrace
And a nest
For Damascene doves
An ancient canvas
And a letter
For every pore
I look at you
At the empty glass
And try to finish
This poem
This fantasy
Before the sky falls

Before the curtain falls
And the horses arrive
Leave me your skin
I need to make sure
That even in times of siege
In times of dust
I can still enjoy
An empty glass

The Return

These walls inhabit me
I am back
And here I stay
Like a ship
Between the wave and the mountain
And I pray to the stars
To have mercy
On the stone and the flesh
And I cry
Oh, Syria
Place...Price... Man