

Beirut

Maha Badr, translation by Gregory Dowling

Beirut,
What do you seek from this blaze in the blue sky
Are you burning your stones in the delight of fire
Are you exploding your white tears of somnolence
Are you shattering in red the sweet dream of mirrors
Beirut,
You gasp
Are you ashamed of your undone body
Are you afraid of the silence of shadows
Do you feel the remorse of a feverish fury

Beirut,
In the distance
Do you hear the murmur of the debris
Do you see the cloudy smoke of chagrin
Do you feel grief in the dash of the waves
Beirut,
Beirut,
Beirut,
In the name of the rose
Lighten the cry of the dust

