

Prayer 96

By

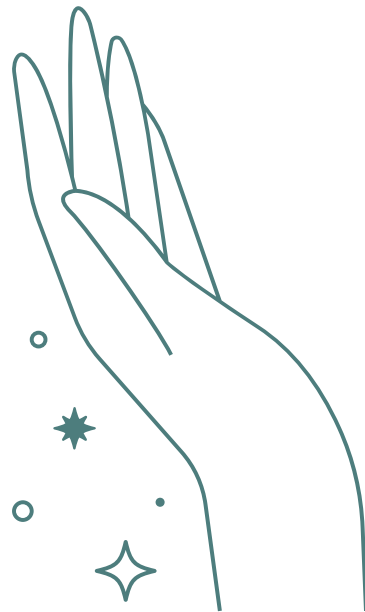
Georgette Salim

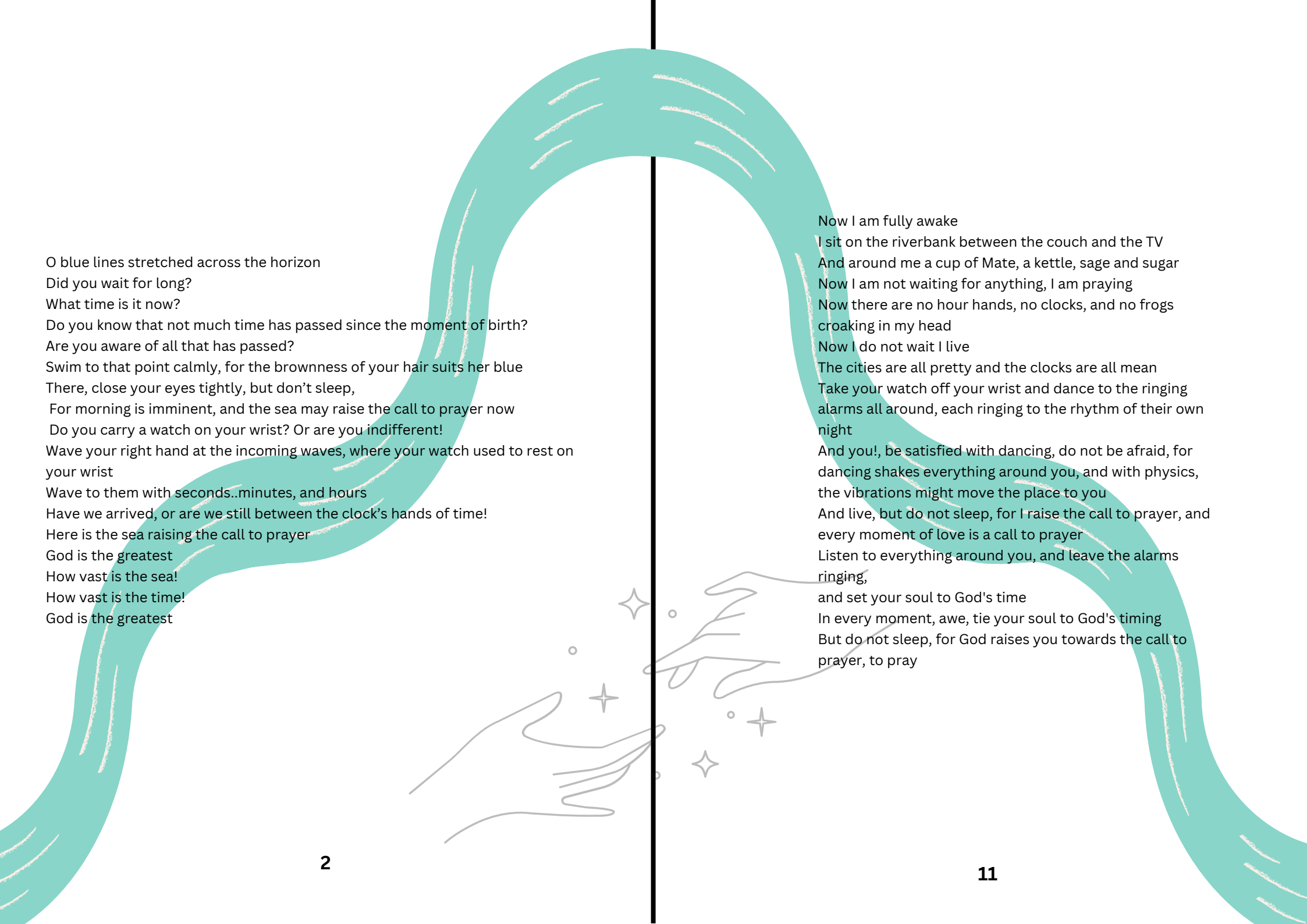
Translated to English

by

Lara Habboub & Ghaith Zamrik

Where did you arrive? is it worth all this time
Where are you?
Open your arms, I will throw you the hands of all my hours from the moment of
my birth until my moment of death.
Take it and build a small boat out of it that does not care about latitudes or
longitudes or any decrees of the United Nations
Build a boat that believes you will lead it to beautiful hours somewhere on
some line at some moment
But careful not to sleep, for God gifts you the call to prayer, and time is a
prayer





O blue lines stretched across the horizon
Did you wait for long?
What time is it now?
Do you know that not much time has passed since the moment of birth?
Are you aware of all that has passed?
Swim to that point calmly, for the brownness of your hair suits her blue
There, close your eyes tightly, but don't sleep,
For morning is imminent, and the sea may raise the call to prayer now
Do you carry a watch on your wrist? Or are you indifferent!
Wave your right hand at the incoming waves, where your watch used to rest on
your wrist
Wave to them with seconds..minutes, and hours
Have we arrived, or are we still between the clock's hands of time!
Here is the sea raising the call to prayer
God is the greatest
How vast is the sea!
How vast is the time!
God is the greatest

Now I am fully awake
I sit on the riverbank between the couch and the TV
And around me a cup of Mate, a kettle, sage and sugar
Now I am not waiting for anything, I am praying
Now there are no hour hands, no clocks, and no frogs
croaking in my head
Now I do not wait I live
The cities are all pretty and the clocks are all mean
Take your watch off your wrist and dance to the ringing
alarms all around, each ringing to the rhythm of their own
night
And you!, be satisfied with dancing, do not be afraid, for
dancing shakes everything around you, and with physics,
the vibrations might move the place to you
And live, but do not sleep, for I raise the call to prayer, and
every moment of love is a call to prayer
Listen to everything around you, and leave the alarms
ringing,
and set your soul to God's time
In every moment, awe, tie your soul to God's timing
But do not sleep, for God raises you towards the call to
prayer, to pray

Between a quarter to five and five, I went through a quick nap, not exceeding ten years.
In it, I dreamt that I had arrived
and all my papers passed me by
Papers with writing on them, others filled with seals and legalizations, and others blank.
Together we reached the tape at the edge of the eternal airport
A plane passed by and gifted me a wing to write or fly with
But do not sleep, the sea raises the call to prayer, and the time is now to pray,
to pray, to pray

Echo with me the sleep lullaby until the boat you haven't yet ridden arrives.
Do not sleep, for now is the time to pray
It seemed to you you were there,
But you are still here
Just close your eyes and swim to that point
The brownness of your hair suits her blue.
Do not be bothered,
For the color of eyes is like time
Do not be sad
Brown is for the minute's hand
And black is for the hour's hand
As for the seconds, they were captured by blue eyes



Are you still waiting?
Do not sleep, for the sea raises the call to prayer
Arrange your papers and pay attention to the sequence of words,
For it's still early,
And the city is just around the corner.
Leave your papers here and come back, for the sea raises the call to prayer,
And sing your daughters in the east and west the sleep lullaby
And don't be silent, or be so, so time can pass peacefully
O how many hours you waited?
One hour, a thousand, a million hours, or an eon?
Don't be afraid we can count and start over again. Just don't sleep, because
the sea raises the call to prayer, and the time now is for prayer

A lot of time passed and the lines intertwined, but one
line remained standing nearby, uncaring for the
entanglements that the seconds had equally
distributed over the areas near the Tropic of Cancer
and the equator

O line, do you know a goodwill of time?
O Line, how long have I waited?
How many hours have passed since the departure was
announced?

How many quarters to five did I set? It rang, and you
silenced it because you're sleepy.

How many times have you said you were going to wake
up, but you just set your alarm on the damn time? And
you pressed with your tired index on your phone to
postpone

Snooze, Snooze, Snooze....

But regardless of how many times you postpone, it
keeps ringing

But do not sleep, the sea raises the call to prayer, now is
the time to pray

Put the linking phonetics and the disjunction ones in
their right places
In Beirut as in Damascus,
As in Stockholm as in Berlin, Toronto, and Kuala
Lumpur
Only phonetics and the letter is pronounced from the
right place
Has the sun already set?
Or is it just a side effect of the time difference!
It had long sat down...
How evil the time difference is, for light is in one place
and darkness is in the other, only because we are on
different lines of latitude and longitude.
Yesterday, just before I sang to the night, the hour of
discontent struck
Shortly thereafter, the alarm went off on a timing I had
postponed for waking up at until the age of forty.
But snoozing is mean, mean

O! You young dangling lock of hair
Sway, the girl wants to see well
Sway to the right and to the left, but don't sleep
And let her eyes feel the way
Don't sit on her forehead for that long
O! You parallel lines, playing with us a game of past, present, future, and
decre
Come, jump between them and play all the possible roles
Time is passing
And time is an illusion
Jump between them and try all the words, the colors, the smells, and the
heartbeats.
But do not sleep, for the sea raises the call to prayer
And the time now is for prayer



O! You wheat child
Do you still remember?
It's just one of the lines, no more
Jump towards another line and ride your beautiful boat
Jump to another,
Did you see?
The important thing is not to sleep just close your eyes
What do you see now?
Your papers, your daughter, and lots of your years are now there
More papers, your daughter, and lots of years are still here
O! How will you jump?
Have you ever tried praying to move?
Or do you believe in hopping, little bunny?
Put this pen away
And hold with your hand the wing of that plane and start writing
You laugh!
I hear you laugh
Write. Try to write with the wing of the plane anew
Rumi says that she is the gentle soul
Come on, let's love again

All that is possible between beautiful parallel lines,
No latitudes and longitudes are here
The Greenwich line is not the one in charge of time,
But the horizon line where you reside.
Don't sleep because the sea is now raising the call to prayer,
and the time now is for prayer

