

KHALED SOLIMAN AL NASSIRY

Marks

1.

There is someone screaming now
this happens when a falling star hits a brother
whose wish oversteps the possibilities of fate.

2.

In the street
the voice of a sterile woman is heard:
They've killed my son,
the one I always wished I could birth.

3.

From a little bridge
dropped a head with a bullet hole
but the wind was whistling through it
covering the sound of a mother howling.

4.

A family used to sit at night
in a house on the other side of the river
the river flowed with blood that hadn't turned into water yet
from the music rising from it
the family knew that it was their son's blood.

5.

On another street
the neighbor's son blew a kiss from the window of his room
to the girl in the house across the street
but a sharpshooter got him.

6.

On another street
nothing happened.

7.

On another street
a whole arm
got detached from a body and flew off
kids mistook it for a kite.



8.

On another street
an old lady went out the door
and moved around her cane
in the void left by the dead.

9.

On another street
a young man in the flower of youth
insisted on going to war
but had an argument with his own shadow
which split from him and returned home alone

10

On another street
it didn't rain that day
but a lot of blood dripped
on those waiting for bread.

11.

The kids who went out to play
came back with the signs of the games:
bullet holes in their clothes.

12.

What we thought was the wind whistling
through the bullet hole in the head
was something unknown to us
that left blood in the air.

13.

A lit up nightmare
seemed like a lamp
on the head of the murdered man.

14.

Their tombs made their way back by themselves
wandering through the cities
they couldn't see passersby but implored them:
Write our names on our headstones.



15.

They made it flow
from the hands,
the shoulders,
the chests,
the bellies,
the male organs,
the thighs,
the legs,
the feet,
the land.

16.

On another street
once the bombing was over,
a corpse kept watching the scene astonished:
What's with all these living people?

17.

It wasn't a sorceress
who sprinkled sleeping dust to make the kids fall asleep,
perhaps it wasn't sleeping dust,
perhaps the kids weren't even sleeping
perhaps they were deceiving themselves so they could dream.

Translated from Arabic into Italian by Fawzi Al Delmi and from Italian into English by Pina Piccolo.

KHALED SOLIMAN AL NASSIRY is a Palestinian-Syrian writer and graphic designer, born in Damascus in 1979. His poetry collection *Sadaqtu kulla shai (I Believed Everything)* was published in 2009 (Damascus). He lives in Milano, Italy. In 2014, he directed the documentary film *On the Bride's Side*, which was presented for the first time at the Venice Film Festival. His poems have been translated into German, Italian, English, French, Swedish, Persian, and Russian.

