

Inaya Jaber

Three Poems

[65]

My Body Moves Like the Sea

My body, and it's following your steps,
staggering, drunk

From such a distance you wouldn't make out
my excellent breathing or the dignity of my lungs

Are distances always like that?

Time's speechless daze?

Alarm, deep indifference?

And behind us, smooth memories stretch out
free of trees

The sun will do us part
so we won't see road's end

But

scant is the light of a distant room

The night of love and it's shrouded
by its black suit

Like two eggs spilled
onto two porcelain plates
we quiver in our respective solitudes.

Regret won't help you
as you have left your shell and that's all done
I shall close my eyes
confirming your albumen in me,
the incredible opportunity
for a great hope
that shouldn't be fried
all by itself

Inaya Jaber

My heart that's partial
to death and night
Two unfamiliar eyes
whose kohl's from another world
from a disappointment
laid to rest on a Persian rug

[66]

My body moves like the sea.
It soars and glitters in the dark.
You come here! Come in the notes of that dust
in drawn-out tunes, wide open for the dusk

I'm busy with apprehension
with listening to your fingers' desire
with massaging the drunk side of my chest
with the singing colours of my blood
gilded, scarlet

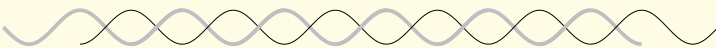
Desire is so clear
it has no dregs

A whiff of soldiers' sweat
and air burning
Regardless of your brilliant legs
there's drizzle,
the freshness of body parts.

Come to My Room

Come to my room tonight
I have something to tell you

A happy evening
I plucked a flower
whose spirit was so strong
it could
lift up my room to its garden



If you touch it,
even with a feather,
my heart will scream in pain

Come to my room tonight
even if I no longer remember you

[67]

Come to my room tonight
I have . . .
a window of looking
a simple darkness, which we witnessed
the soft wind
which hit my nose
your index finger, which prowled
the sun-bathed passage of memory
despite the pale moon
and its visible cracks.

Something That Can Be Postponed

You love me!
Isn't this something that can be
postponed
Besides
what's the fuss about and when you address me
enchanted and aroused, why doesn't it
occur to you that I might be pissed,
that my mood is bad and I don't want
to see anyone at all.

Translated by Anton Shammas