

JAWDAT FAKHREDDINE

in seconds or years.
It will end.
If only we could go into our encounter
and never turn back.
What is it that makes us never fade
in our encounter that will end
in a little while?

III

My poem, the one I drafted,
I read.
After I revised it,
I read it again.
Then I read it three, four times . . .
then once
I cast it aside,
I recited it at a festival.
And after all that, I forgot it.
And now, every time I find it in a book
from time to time,
it beckons to me like a prisoner,
lets out a sigh
and glows.
It questions me about my absence.
Whenever I confront it,
I face a new meaning
for absence.

May, 1990

PREPARATION

A short while and we'll be leaving.
Here, there will remain
what tells of us.
Here, all that remains