



خذني بخصن السما
جوا الهوى وإمسك بإيدي
حب ودفا وإحمل اللي راح
واللي بقى
يا خوفى البرد تكبر ذنوبه
وتكبر الغربة وأنا
مثل البرد أقسى
خذني جوا الهوى
خذني معك بالصيف
تشوف المرح والمي
وأمسك حفنة رمل
وينام صدري الطير
ونزرع حبوب وشجر
شوية نخل وصبر
بلكي صرنا مثل الشوك
ومعشنا مثل النهر
مثل الشمس تضوي على الوطن
صباحين ويطلع فجر

عيسى بولص

1993



Take me with you to the blue skies and let me fly
Hold my hands and give me warmth and love
We carry our past and remains
We hope that coldness doesn't prevail over goodness,
But we seek to become the strength of coldness so we can move on beyond inner alienation.
Take with you to a sunny summer so you can show me the plains,
take me with you so I can capture how it feels to hold warm soil
and how birds sleep on my chest and how seeds become palm trees,
and how cactus teaches us to be patient, and rough. Are we going to
live as long as our rivers? Are we going to shine like a sun that is
waiting for another chance to rise?

Issa Boulos
1993