



حبيبتك وانت صغيرة  
بتلعبي بعنجد البير  
ترمي عليّ العصو  
سمر اوية وشعرك طويل  
نتمشي في الوان الفوي  
نعد السما الزرقا  
وبدّهي علينا الفوي  
بعكلك سياسة  
بتعكيلي فرقة  
وتقوليلي فيق  
هي اول طريق  
بتربح صديق  
وتخسر صديق  
قتلك بلا ماشي  
ما الدنيا نصيب  
بربح فريق وبخسر فريق  
خلقتيني قاعد عالرصيعة  
تركتيلي تفاحة ونص رخيعة  
ناديتك وسألتك قلت:  
"الهي بكش بعدي"  
سميتك ووعدتك  
وطلت من جيايبي  
ملبس هندي  
درت ورك وغمز تيني  
واعطيتيني وردة

عيسى بولص

1999



I've loved you since we were little kids.  
You used to play near the old neighborhood well and  
throw stones at me.  
And I used to stare at you, at your olive skin and long black hair.

I remember we used to take walks under blue skies in the colors of shadows  
When it gets warmer, I start talking politics and  
You start talking "breakups."  
One day you said: "wake up, this is just the beginning of your life, your path  
You'll make new friends while lose others."  
I said: "Well! It's OK! When one team loses, this is life, sometimes we win, and sometimes we lose!"

That day, you left me behind, sitting on the sidewalk.  
You gave me an apple and half a sandwich.  
I pegged you to stay, but you said: "There are no shadows anymore, it's to hot and I need to go."  
I made you a good-well promise, a vow of love, and offered you some Indian candy.  
You turned your head the other way, then looked back at me and gave me a strange look, walked  
away, turned me down, winked and threw a rose at me! She was the rose, I realized much later!

Issa Boulos  
1999