

حسن النجار في سيرة الكَمَأ

Hassan Al Najjar Off a biography of truffles

1

There are seasons of questions
in the open
Without any answers
As he scatters his confusion in the spaces
He only follows his mirage
While lighting his stove
With firewood of doubt
And the monotonous moments drink from his
soul,
And share the worries
Like the sound of its hands
When it touches the dubious calmness
Places shiver
Then some of its features
Exposed
And form clay of possible answers.

2

A string of light appears to him
His imaginations see thresholds
It will allow the collapse of certainty...
Rain of questions will pour over his doubts.
A kiss from the sky of speech
To the land of his awaits
Then suddenly dew songs will grow in his soul
Like truffles napping for long
And his worry, if it see the light in a moment
And shove the darkness of dust ..
It will be...
He will have an amazing appearance.

3

When the light breathed in his soul
He was not alone
With him, some companions have awakened,
at the time of resurrection
Together they knock the cups for their
victories
The joy of victory
When they woke up
He too
Woke up.

4

And in the midst of their ecstasies
They are about to see
The covert of the secret
Or hold
Light for the truth
As if they were picked by a hand

they came back for the beginning
And the question returned
As usual
The date has been delayed.

1

إِنَّهُ فِي الْعَرَاءِ
مَوَاسِمُ أَسْئَلَةٍ
لَيْسَ تَمَّ إِجَابَةٌ
يُبَعَثُ حَيْرَتُهُ فِي الْفَضَاءِ
مَا عَادَ يَتَّبِعُ إِلَّا سِرَابَهُ
وَيُشْعَلُ مَوْعِدَهُ حَطْبُ الشَّكِّ
وَاللَّحْظَاتُ الرَّتِيْبَةُ تَشْرَبُ مِنْ رُوحِهِ..
وَتَقَاسِمُهُ قَلَقًا
مِثْلَ صَوْتِ عَقَارِيهَا
إِذْ تَمْشِي الْهَدْوَى الْمُرِيْبَ
فَتَنْتَفِضُ الْأَمَكْنَةَ
عِنْدَهَا تَتَكَشَّفُ بَعْضُ مَلَاحِجِهَا
وَتَشْكُلُ صَلْصَالَ أَجْوِبَةٍ مَمَكْنَهُ

2

يَتَرَاءَى لَهُ خَيْطُ ضَوْءٍ
تَرَاهُ خِيَالَتُهُ عَتَبَاتٍ
سَتَأْذُنُ مِنْ بَعْدِهَا
بَانِهَمَارِ الْيَقِيْنِ..
وَيَهْطَلُ فِي لَوْحَةِ الظَّنِّ غَيْثٌ
مِنَ الْأَسْئَلَةِ
قَبْلَهُ مِنْ سَمَاءِ الْكَلَامِ لِأَرْضِ انْتِظَارَاتِنَا
تَمَّ تُعَشِّبُ فِي رُوحِهِ فَجَاءَةً أَغْنِيَاتُ النَّدَى
مِثْلَمَا كَمَأً كَانَ يَغْفُو طَوِيْلًا
وَهَاجِسُهُ لَوْ يَرَى النُّورَ فِي لَحْظَةٍ
وَيَشُقُّ ظِلَامَ التَّرَابِ..
فَكَانَ..
وَكَانَتْ لَهُ طَلْعَةٌ مُذْهَلَةٌ

3

عِنْدَمَا شَرِقَ الضَّوْءُ فِي ذَاتِهِ
لَمْ يَكُنْ وَحْدَهُ
قَدْ صَحَا مَعَهُ سَاعَةٌ الْبَعِثِ بَعْضُ الرَّفَاقِ
مَعًا يَقْرَعُونَ كَوْوَسَ انْتِصَارَاتِهِمْ..
لِذَلِكَ النَّصْرِ حِيْنَ أَفَاقُوا أَفَاقَ

4

وَفِي غَمْرَاتِ انْتِشَاءَاتِهِمْ
أَوْشَكُوا أَنْ يَرَوْا
مَكْمَنَ السَّرِّ
أَوْ يَمْسِكُوا
قَبْسًا لِلْحَقِيْقَةِ
لَكِنَّمَا قَطَفَتْهُمْ يَدُ

لِلْبَدَايَةِ عَادُوا
وَعَادَ السُّؤَالُ
بِنَارِ اشْتِعَالَاتِهِ
وَتَأَجَّلَ
كَالْعَادَةِ
الْمَوْعِدُ