ما ان تطلعتُ بعينيه .. حتى أدركتُ أنه يتذكر كل شيء

وبأنه لايزال هناك .. قابعاً ينتظر .. تائهاً

ورغم ان هذا الرجل وكل مايحيطه يبدوان غريبين عمّا حولهما

لكنني أعرفه جيداً لان صورته انطبعت في ذهني منذ طفولتي

وبوجود شاهد في كل منعطف

كان لزاماً علي ان اتوقع ان كل بريق المدينة ( نيويورك) لن يخفي وحدتها

وقد ترى حولك اشخاصاً يحملون اسماء مثل نوح او ناثان او لاميج تائهون خارج ازمانهم

وقد يكون احدهم ميلجزيدك \* 0(• ميلجيزيدك : في الثقافة العبرانية هو ملك (سليم) ملك الحق والدل الذي كان يبارك الجنود بالخمر والخبز قبل المعارك)

ولأنه ليس أياً من هؤلاء ، فقد أعدتُ لهم اسماؤهم

وتمعنتُ مجدداً في هذه العيون العميقة حدّ اللانهاية

وعندها أنتهت حيرتي لانني وجدتُ عندهم الاجابات

وهي انني لن أحيا كي أنسى

وتساءلتُ ان وجدوا بداخلي تعاطفاً قد اندم عليه

ليست الشفقة اضعف الاثام التي أذلّته على مدى الدهور

أذ اصبح لزاماً علي ان ادرك ان الاذن لاتستسيغ اي خطاب

قبل أن امعن التفكير بهويته وأصله ومتى جاء

راعني مدى مقت الجميع له

وتساءلت – بينما هو يدمر وينخر ما حوله-

مالذي انهك السباق المحموم

وكم اصبحنا غريبين عمّا مرّ به أهلنا

تبقت لي ساعة كي أنظر للامر بهدوء اكثر

ان انظر لهذه المملكة المتداعية

وادرك ان مملكته لن تعود

وبأن غابر الزمن الذي مر اصبح سراباً من مشاهد عالقة لايبصرها أحد الان

الوهج الذي طغى عليه

اضحى نهاراً أمسى على الغضب الذي اعتمل بنفسه

وتراءت لي في خيالي اسوداً .. ميّتة بلا انياب

كان يحبها فيما مضى لكنها تغيرت

لم تعد تفترس كل شيء

العالم من حوله ليس سوى هبة من الحزن .. لعينيه وأذنيه

العالم عنده ليس سوى مكاناً للأشرار

ليس مكاناً أمنا للمتبصرين

على الجانب الاخر من الموت ليس ثمة شيء جديد

لاخير قادم من ( نازاريث)\*

* نازاريث : اكبر مدن شمال اسرائيل وهي مدينة بتاريخ ديني عريق

صمته جعل حضوره أزلياً

وللصمت وحده أعترف بأسراره وتهمه

لكنه سبقى ينظر الي ويحيا

بينما نظر الاخرون وماتوا

وفي النهاية أدرك مجدداُ ماسبق ان ادركه من قبل

بأن عينيه تشبه تلك العيون التي لاتملّ من النظر للخالدين ابداً

وعندها اعترف هو ان لاشيء في الحياة يمكن ان يُخسر

ليتسنى لي ان اسأل ان كان ما رأيته انساناً .. أم شبحاً ؟

ربما مات مرات عدة

ولم يبق منه سوى الكبرياء

كبرياء اعتاش على ذاته

وحارب الحرية بالتمرد

واردك ان الخضوع لامهرب منه

وكم من مرة جاء ( البعث الجديد) وهرب

هذه المهمة التي جاءت به من خارج الزمن

ستبقى لغزاً

وكما عرفته الان من بين كل الرجال من حوله

من خلال عينيه التي عندما التفتت الي .. راعها ما لمحته والتفتت مجدداً .. بعيداً

The Wandering Jew: Poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson

I saw by looking in his eyes
That they remembered everything;
And this was how I came to know
That he was here, still wandering.
For though the figure and the scene
Were never to be reconciled,
I knew the man as I had known
His image when I was a child.

With evidence at every turn,
I should have held it safe to guess
That all the newness of New York
Had nothing new in loneliness;
Yet here was one who might be Noah,
Or Nathan, or Abimelech,
Or Lamech, out of ages lost,—
Or, more than all, Melchizedek.

Assured that he was none of these,
I gave them back their names again,
To scan once more those endless eyes
Where all my questions ended then.
I found in them what they revealed
That I shall not live to forget,
And wondered if they found in mine
Compassion that I might regret.

Pity, I learned, was not the least
Of time’s offending benefits
That had now for so long impugned
The conservation of his wits:
Rather it was that I should yield,
Alone, the fealty that presents
The tribute of a tempered ear
To an untempered eloquence.

Before I pondered long enough
On whence he came and who he was,
I trembled at his ringing wealth
Of manifold anathemas;
I wondered, while he seared the world,
What new defection ailed the race,
And if it mattered how remote
Our fathers were from such a place.

Before there was an hour for me
To contemplate with less concern
The crumbling realm awaiting us
Than his that was beyond return,
A dawning on the dust of years
Had shaped with an elusive light
Mirages of remembered scenes
That were no longer for the sight.

For now the gloom that hid the man
Became a daylight on his wrath,
And one wherein my fancy viewed
New lions ramping in his path.
The old were dead and had no fangs,
Wherefore he loved them—seeing not
They were the same that in their time
Had eaten everything they caught.

The world around him was a gift
Of anguish to his eyes and ears,
And one that he had long reviled
As fit for devils, not for seers.
Where, then, was there a place for him
That on this other side of death
Saw nothing good, as he had seen
No good come out of Nazareth?

Yet here there was a reticence,
And I believe his only one,
That hushed him as if he beheld
A Presence that would not be gone.
In such a silence he confessed
How much there was to be denied;
And he would look at me and live,
As others might have looked and died.

As if at last he knew again
That he had always known, his eyes
Were like to those of one who gazed
On those of One who never dies.
For such a moment he revealed
What life has in it to be lost;
And I could ask if what I saw,
Before me there, was man or ghost.

He may have died so many times
That all there was of him to see
Was pride, that kept itself alive
As too rebellious to be free;
He may have told, when more than once
Humility seemed imminent,
How many a lonely time in vain
The Second Coming came and went.

Whether he still defies or not
The failure of an angry task
That relegates him out of time
To chaos, I can only ask.
But as I knew him, so he was;
And somewhere among men to-day
Those old, unyielding eyes may flash,
And flinch—and look the other way.