

LIBAN

Amal Saleeby is a Lebanese Poet who lives in the United States. Her first book of poems is called «l'Heure Bleue», published in Paris by éditions Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1981.

Je t'ai rêvé Liban
avec des yeux de lutte
du sable plein la bouche
de la terre sous les dents
je t'ai rêvé de rocs
et de sables mouvants
on dirait une épave
aux quatre coins du vent
un pays de lumière
où la mort crie vengeance
si je ne t'avais rêvé
je t'aurai cru maudit
il fut un paradis
on l'a dit trop souvent
un pays de lumière
où le soleil est blanc.

Amal SALEEBY
(Published in the *Odysee*
Beirut January 1982)

EN MAL D'ENFANCE

Well known poet, writer and playwright Andrée Chedid was born in Cairo and lives in Paris. She has been following with keen interest the work of the IWSAW. Here is an unpublished poem she sent to Al-Raida inspired by the suffering children of Lebanon.

Les armes éventrent la terre
Les fléaux l'ont assaillie
 Incendiant les pas de l'enfant
 Ensanglantant ses jeux
 Pourrissant ses soleils
Quelle refonte de nos âmes
Quelles alluvions de paix
Quelles brassées d'amour
 Ecarteront les mâchoires d'épouvante
 Rappelleront l'espoir qui s'écarte
 Rétabliront les corps blessés
 Apaiseront les yeux vengeurs?
Quelles paroles
Quels regards
Quel mouvement
Redonneront enfance
A nos enfants en mal d'enfance?

Andrée CHEDID

Where Is Thy Sting, O Death?

Lami'a Abbas Amara, an eminent Iraqi poet residing in Lebanon, has recently been honored with the Medal of the Cedars, conferred on her by President Amin Gemayel, in appreciation of her poems of love and sympathy to Lebanon.

She wrote the following poem on the above occasion:

Where shall I pin my Medal of the Cedars?
On a chest bleeding with grief?
Over a wounded heart?
While my eyes, dimmed with tears,
seek a road in the dark?

Where is the Lebanon I knew,
The Lebanon of love and peace,
A wide breast it was,
Where blew the breeze,
Over a mantle of feathery clouds?
The Lebanon I knew.

A wide open door, a refuge for the ailing and the
heavy burdened.

Its perfumed bazaars, clad in purple silks,
Now heaps of ruins and crumbling walls.
Where are its proud hotels
Glittering with splendor before the sun,
Now blackened with soot,
Nestling crawling vipers
Instead of snowy doves.

Its sons gone abroad
Seeking kinder horizons
Mother Earth, in her tender bosom,

Shelters thousands of them,
While the rest keep their eyes fixed
On the battlefield.

Where are my beloved, my friends,
Their warm gathering,
Their soft chattering,
Torn up every night
By bombs and shells,
Bombs and shells,
Are their daily bread,
Yet, day and night,
Their men and women
Keep on building,
Their sons and daughters,
To school keep going...

Where is thy sting, O death?
Lebanon, eternal land,
Life that has no end.

Lami'a ABBAS AMARA
(Trans. from the Arabic)
(Published in the **Odyssee**
Magazine No. 18-19, 1983)