

Mahmoud Darwich

The Hoopoe

The universe is smaller
than a butterfly
in the yard of the great heart.
At the seed of wheat we met,
and in the loaf of bread
and the passage
we took on different roads.
Are we what we use to be?
On our traces there are trees.
In our travels there is
a beautiful moon.
And we have a life
in the life of others

Psalm Three

**On the day when my words
were earth...
I was a friend to stalks of wheat.**

**On the day when my words
were wrath
I was a friend to chains.**

**On the day when my words
were stones
I was a friend to streams.**

**On the day when my words
were a rebellion
I was a friend to earthquakes.**

**On the day when my words
were bitter apples
I was a friend to the optimist.**

**But when my words became
honey...
flies covered
my lips!...**