

*prix littéraires*  
*premios literarios*  
**naji naaman's**  
*literary prizes*  
**2010**

*part two of three*

maison naaman pour la culture

*TRIBUNE LIBRE:*

NIELS HAV  
ROZI THEOHARI  
VALERIU BUTULESCU

## NIELS HAV

*Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize*

*Premio de Honor 2008 – Denmark*

نيلس هاو – جائزة التَّكريم ٢٠٠٨ – الدَّنْمَرْك

*texts in Danish (original), Albanian, Arabic, Bulgarian, Dutch, English, Portuguese, Serbian, and Turkish.*

### Sjælen danser i sin vugge

*Danish (original) by Niels Hav*

Hvis det er sandt, at sjælen  
er født gammel  
og livet igennem bliver yngre,  
så er du og jeg både ældre  
og yngre end hinanden.  
Sådan en fusion er farlig.  
Lad os være ærlige: hver dag  
bor vi sammen med Skæbnen,  
ligesom folk der lever i et delta  
gennemstrømmet af ebbe og flod.  
De er fortrolige med månen;  
vi bor på den.  
Hjertet slår frit, sjælen  
danser i sin vugge.

### Shpirti vallëzon në djep

*Albanian version by Kujtim Morina*

Nëse është e vërtetë që  
shpirti lind i vjetër  
dhe pataj rinohet duke u rritur gjatë jetës  
Atëhere ju dhe unë jemi më të vjetër  
dhe gjithashtu më të ri se njëri-tjetri  
Ky lloj kombinimi është i rrezikshëm  
  
Le të tregohemi të ndershëm, çdo ditë  
ne jetojmë fatin tonë të paracaktuar  
njëlloj si njerëzit që jetojnë në një deltë  
ku vërshojnë shumë rryma  
Ata janë në intimitet me hënën  
Ne jetojmë mbi të

Zemra rreh lirisht, shpirti  
vallëzon që në djep

## أَلرُّوحُ تَرَقُّصُ فِي مَهْدِهَا

*Arabic version by Naji Naaman*

إِذَا صَحَّ أَنْ الرُّوحَ تُولِّدُ عَجُوزًا  
وَتَعْدُو، مَعَ مَرِّ الحَيَاةِ، أَكْثَرَ شَبَابًا  
فَأَنَا وَأَنْتِ أَكْبَرُ، وَأَصْغَرُ،  
وَاحِدُنَا مِنَ الْآخِرِ؛  
وَمِثْلُ هَذَا الْإِنْدِمَاجِ خَطِرٌ.

لَنَكُنْ صَادِقَيْنِ:

نَحْنُ نَعِيشُ، كُلَّ يَوْمٍ، مَعَ الْقَدْرِ،  
كَمَا أَوْلئِكَ الَّذِينَ يَعِيشُونَ فِي الدَّلْتَا،  
مَعَ الْمَدِّ وَالْجَزْرِ:  
إِنَّهُمْ يَتَأَخَّرُونَ مَعَ الْقَمَرِ؛  
وَنَحْنُ نَعِيشُ فِيهِ.

الْقَلْبُ يَبْئِضُ فِي حُرِّيَّةٍ،  
وَالرُّوحُ تَرَقُّصُ فِي مَهْدِهَا.

## Душата танцува в своята люлка

*Bulgarian version by Katja Houmann*

Ако е вярно, че душата  
е родена възрастна  
и през живота се подмладява,  
ти и аз сме и по-възрастни  
и по-млади един от друг.  
Такова едно обединение е опасно.  
Нека бъдем откровени: всеки ден  
живеем със Съдбата,  
точно като хора живеещи в една делта  
заливана от приливи и отливи.  
Те познават добре луната;  
ние живеем на нея.

Сърцето бие свободно, душата  
танцува в своята люлка.

### De ziel danst in zijn wieg

*Dutch version by Jan Baptist*

Als het waar is dat de ziel  
oud geboren is  
en gedurende het leven jonger wordt  
dan zijn jij en ik zowel ouder  
als jonger dan elkaar.  
Zo'n fusie is gevaarlijk.

Laten we eerlijk zijn: elke dag  
leven we samen met het Lot,  
net als mensen die in een delta wonen  
doorstroomd door eb en vloed.  
Ze zijn vertrouwd met de maan;  
we wonen erop.

Het hart slaat vrij; de ziel  
danst in zijn wieg.

### The Soul Dances in its Cradle

*English version by P.K. Brask & Patrick Friesen*

If it is true that the soul  
is born old  
and grows younger throughout life,  
then you and I are both older  
and younger than one another.  
That kind of fusion is dangerous.

Let's be honest: every day  
we live with Fate  
just like people who live in a delta  
overrun by tides.  
They are intimate with the moon;  
we live on it.

The heart beats freely, the soul  
dances in its cradle.

### Alma dança em seu berço

*Portuguese version by Rafael Altino*

Se for verdade que a alma  
nasce velha  
e a vida, verdadeira e jovem,

então somos tu e eu, velho e jovem,  
um com o outro.  
Tal fusão é perigosa.

Sejamos honestos: todos os dias  
convivemos com o Destino  
como pessoas que vivem em um delta  
atravessando marés baixas e altas.  
Os outros estão acostumados com a lua;  
nós vivemos lá.

O coração pulsa livre, e a alma  
dança em seu berço.

### Duša igra u svojoj kolevci

*Serbian version by Tatjana Simonović Ovaskainen*

Ako je istina da se duša  
rađa stara,  
i tokom života postaje sve mlađa,  
onda smo ti i ja i stariji  
i mlađi jedno od drugog.  
Takvo stapanje je opasno.

Hajde da budemo iskreni: svakog dana  
živimo sa Sudbinom  
baš kao i ljudi koji žive u delti,  
preplavljeni plimom.  
Oni su prisni s mesecom;  
mi u stvari živimo na njemu.

Srce lupa slobodno, duša  
igra u svojoj kolevci.

### Can dans ediyor beşğinde

*Turkish version by Hüseyin Duygu & Murat Alpar*

Canın yaşlı doğup  
yaşadıkça gençleştiği  
doğruysen eğer,  
senle ben birbirimizden  
hem yaşlı hem de genciz.  
Böyle bir birleşme çok tehlikeli.

Açık konuşalım şimdi: Yazgımızla  
birlikte yaşıyoruz her gün,  
gel-gitlerle yıkanan bir deltanın  
ağzında yaşayan insanlar gibi.  
Ay ile sıkı ilişkisi var onların,  
biz ise üzerinde yaşıyoruz ayın.

Özgürce çarpıyor yürek, can  
dans ediyor beşiğinde.

## ROZI THEOHARI

*Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize*  
*Premio de Honor 2006 – Albania/U.S.A*

روزې ثيوهارې – جائزة التّكريم ٢٠٠٦ – ألبانيا/الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية

## REMEMBERING LONGFELLOW

### 1. “LONGFELLOW BRIDGE”

All alone—Monday November second, 2009  
Walking on the long Charles River bridge  
That joins Boston and Cambridge  
Surrounded by skyscrapers and yellowish leafy trees.  
Above, in the blue sky floating a few white clouds  
As pink cruises slide off onto the teal blue Charles River  
The shining water full-of-fall-red-dead-leaves, like tears,  
A balmy breeze smoothes the green poster, “Longfellow Bridge”  
Named for him—The Nation’s Honored!

In his days the poet attended regularly this bridge  
Attracting the attention of the passers-by  
Walking and reciting his verses with rhythmic steps:  
*“Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendor of the sunset.”*

I rest on the rusty, thick, old, iron hand rail  
Feeling the bridge noise shaking from his steps—absorbed  
With the clank of railroad trains, cars, trolley, trucks, bicycles, pedestrians,  
While “Boston Duck Tours” swim under me.

O Birch tree! Growing by the mystic Charles River!  
In your white-skin wrapper—writing a good hand  
“The Song of Hiawatha”—unforgotten narrative.  
Save it forever...

The poet’s ghostly figure following me near the banister  
*It murmurs, repeats, and whispers still,*  
Fragments of verses chased by steps and by wind,  
That shall echo forevermore!

O young girl! In sports uniform and ear phones  
Stepping along with the music’s melody on the “Longfellow Bridge”  
Send the poet a wave...

## 2. THE NAHANT SUMMERS OF LONGFELLOW

*“The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls  
Along the sea—sands damp and brown  
The traveler hastens toward the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.”*

Perhaps, this “evening of life” thought  
Was written of Nahant beaches by Longfellow  
In their summer sojourning with his second wife, two boys  
And Harvard friends. Boarding in the cottage of the Johnson family.  
(He couldn’t buy a “poet’s cottage” thought the rich wife)  
The sunny summer days Henry swam and walked on the shore  
Watched the surf and the white sails between the blue waters  
Breathing in the wild pink roses’ aroma.  
Evenings on the veranda, with books and friends, chatting  
Reciting poems of “The Seaside and Fireside”  
He wrote inspired from the brilliant Nahant sunset.

During his summer in Nahant, Longfellow came down to people,  
Meeting fashion-gloved arms-elegant ladies with big fancy hats  
And tail-coated gentlemen, adoring him: “Our Nahant Poet!”  
Reading his tale “The Golden Legend,” or visiting “Swallow’s Cave.”  
If he wrote for the heroic  
He could have tea with former President J. Adams,  
If he felt despairing and lonely  
He might find himself sitting in the moonlight—looking to the sea  
Nahant was his “Treasure Island”—shimmering through his poetry...

The poet left Nahant the last Sunday of August 1851,  
The last August Sunday, 2004,  
I am sitting on Nahant’s south shore, between ocean and forest  
At the foundation stones of Johnson’s broken down house  
Under the shadow of willows, the poet’s pleasant trees,  
Reading “Evangeline”—over the ruins and the grass  
Listening to “Druids of eld”—those prophetic Gaelic priests approach me:  
Sighing, “Henry Wadsworth wrote its first large expression, here...”  
*This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.  
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld.....*

.....  
*Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.*

The Nahanters joined the Longfellows  
On Sunday singing at the Nahant Village Church.  
I’m going every Sunday to the same church, rebuilt,  
He is seated near me—I see his profile—praying the lines  
Of “Christus,” statement of his deep belief, his highest inspiration.

*The tide rises, the tide falls,  
Printing the poet's name on the sands...*

### 3. THANK YOU—OUR POET!

I walk along Nahant's oak-tree streets  
Reciting from "Tales of a Wayside Inn"  
Astonished by the magic of his art  
"I for ever!"—*The Saga of King Olaf*  
Yes, you *are* for ever—O King of verses—Henry Wadsworth.  
O magnificent ballad-singer!— O national bard!  
Not just America fit in your heart  
But the whole planet.  
The worldwide epic heroes' poet  
Familiar with Europe—Longfellow  
Even my country—Albania,  
Praising our nation's hero—George,  
Who vanquished the Turks with his dazzling sword  
Your verses—a hymn's impetus—incited the Albanian people  
Fighting for freedom from Ottoman Empire.  
Your "Scanderbeg" inside "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is immortal!  
I, an Albanian daughter  
Reciting those verses with the rhythm of my spirit  
Repeating with the centuries: Scanderbeg...Scanderbeg,  
Remembering Longfellow—Our Poet!

## VALERIU BUTULESCU

*Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize*

*Premio de Honor 2006 – Romania*

فالريو بوتولشكو - جائزة التكريم ٢٠٠٦ - رومانيا

## APHORISMS

*texts in Romanian by the author, in French by G n vi ve Gomez,  
and in Lebanese, Syrian and Egyptian dialects by Naji Naaman.*

1

 n fiecare an trecem nepăsători prin ziua morții noastre.

*Chaque ann e, nous d passons, sans en avoir conscience, la date du jour de notre mort.*

كُلِّ سِنِي مَنَاطِعَ، مَن دُونَ مَا نَعْرِفُ، تَارِيخِ يَوْمِ مَوْتِنَا.

كُلِّ سِنِيهِ مَنَاطِعَ، مَن دُونَ مَا نَدْرَأُ، تَارِيخِ يَوْمِ مَوْتِنَا.

كُلِّ سِنِيهِ مَنَعَدِّي، مَن دُونَ مَا نَعْرِفُ، تَارِيخِ يَوْمِ مَوْتِنَا.

2

Conjug de trei ori verbul «a munci » și simt nevoia s  m  odihnesc.

*Je conjugue trois fois le verbe "travailler" et je ressens d j  le besoin de me reposer.*

بَعَرَّبَ فِعْلٌ "اَشْتَعَلَ" ثَلَاثَ مَرَّاتٍ، وَبِحَسِّ اِنْوَ صَارَ لِاِزْمِ اِرْتِاحٍ.  
 بَعَرَّبَ فِعْلٌ "اَشْتَعَلَ" ثَلَاثَ مَرَّاتٍ، وَبِحَسِّ اِنِّي بَدِّي رِيحٍ.  
 بَعَرَّبَ فِعْلٌ "اَشْتَعَلَ" ثَلَاثَ مَرَّاتٍ، وَبِحَسِّ اِنِّي عَاوَزْتُ اُرِيحٍ.

## 3

Criticii văd muzica și aud pictura.

*Les critiques voient la musique et entendent la peinture.*

اِنَّا بِيَشُوفُو الْمَوْسِيَا وَبِيَسْمَعُو الرَّسْمَ.  
 اِنَّا بِيَشُوفُو الْمَوْسِيَا وَبِيَسْمَعُو الرَّسْمَ.  
 اِنَّا بِيَبْصُرُو عَلَّ مَرْيَا وَبِيَسْمَعُو عَرَّسَمَ.

## 4

Poezia e cântec de delfin. Nu orice ureche o poate înțelege.

*La poésie est chanson de dauphin: toutes les oreilles ne peuvent la percevoir.*

اِلْاَصِيْدِي غَنِيْلُ دَلْفِيْن: مَشْ كَلَّدُ دِيْنِيْن بَتْلَاطَا.  
 اِلْاَصِيْدِي غَنِيْتُ اِدَلْفِيْن: مَوْ كَلَّلُ اَدْنِيْن بَتَكْمَشَا.  
 اِلْاَصِيْدِي غَنُوَّةُ دَلْفِيْن: مَشْ كَلَّدُ دِيْنِيْن بَتْمَسِكْهَا.

## 5

Tu alergi odată cu vântul, deci tu nu simți furtuna.

*Tu cours avec le vent donc tu ne sens pas l'orage.*

اِذَا رَكَدْتُ مَعْرِیْحٍ مَا بَتَحْسُ بَزُوْبَعَا.  
 اِذَا رَكَدْتُ مَعْرِیْحٍ مَا بَتَحْسُ بَزُوْبَعَا.  
 اِذَا جَرِيْتُ مَعْرِیْحٍ مَشْ حَتَحْسُ بِالْاِعْصَارِ.

## 6

Doar cămătarii se bucură de trecerea timpului.

*Il n'y a que les usuriers pour jouir du passage du temps.*

مَا فِي غَيْرِ لِمُدِيْنِيْنِي بِيْتَمَتَّعُوا بِمُرُوْرٍ زَمَنْ.  
 مَا فِي غَيْرِ لِمُرَابِيْن بِيْتَمَتَّعُوا بِمُرُوْرٍ زَمَنْ.  
 لِمُرَابِيْن وَبَسْ بِيْتَمَتَّعُوا بِمُرُوْرٍ لُوْأَتْ.

## 7

Detest somnul. Atâtea ere am dormit. Atâtea ere voi mai dormi.

*Je déteste le sommeil. J'ai dormi de nombreuses ères et je dormirai encore autant.*

بِكْرَهْنُوْمٍ. نَمْتُ اَجِيَالٍ، وَرَحَّ نَامُ اَجِيَالٍ.  
 بِكْرَهْنُوْمٍ. نَمْتُ اَجِيَالٍ، وَرَحَّ نَامُ اَجِيَالٍ.  
 بِكْرَهْنُوْمٍ. نَمْتُ اَجِيَالٍ، وَرَحَّ نَامُ اَجِيَالٍ.

## الثقافة بالمجان

سلسلة كتب أدبيّة مجانيّة أسّسها ناجي نعمان عام ١٩٩١ وما زال يُشرفُ عليها

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Free of charge literary series established and directed since 1991 by  
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Naji Naaman

### جوائز ناجي نعمان الأدبيّة

*prix littéraires*  
*premios literarios*  
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*literary prizes*  
**2010**

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