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2007

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'AMIR AD-DABK

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize

Premio de Mérito 2004 – Morocco

عالم الدبك - جائزة الاستحقاق (من خارج المسابقة) ٢٠٠٤ - سوريا

رؤيا

... لا يخرج من ثوب الشاعر إلا كلمات وظلال، وسلال من موت كي يحيا...
... لا يخرج من دمع الشاعر إلا صلوات ورمال، وخيال من صمت كي يفنى...
... لا يخرج من صمت الشاعر إلا أصداً لسؤال، وسؤال من جرح الرؤيا كي يعمى...
... لا يخرج من موت الشاعر إلا أوهام وضلال، وتوايبت يحمل فيها المعنى...
... لا يخرج من سر الشاعر إلا أضغاث وخيال، ومساء يخنقه هلال،
وهلال يغرق في البحر، والبحر هدير وشباك، فاع مسكون بالعم وبالمجهول
أسماك تبتلع الشاعر، والشاعر يحلم بالرؤيا

AYMAN DARAWISHA

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize

Premio de Mérito 2006 – France

أيمن دراوشة - جائزة الاستحقاق ٢٠٠٦ - الأردن - قطر

مذكرات غابة

- ١- الغابة: الغابة الكثيفة الأشجار تثير الضجيج والعراك؛ وبعد النهار، تغرز الطيور منقارها في الأشجار.
- ٢- ذات صباح: ذات صباح يهطل المطر، يُوقظ الأشجار؛ وفي بعض الأحيان تندفع السيول كالخيول الصاربية لتصبح الفوضى هي الشعار.
- ٣- سكوف: يعود السكون بحسب النظام، ويعم الأمان أرجاء المكان.
- ٤- فوضى ودمار...: دوام الحال من المحال، لينقلب السكون فجأة، وتبرق الغابة، والكل فارّ، والقرار للدمار، والنجاة للذكي المغوار.
- ٥- نداء: يا قطني العزيزة، إيّاك والوقوع في المصيدة، فالكل فارّ، والقرار للدمار، فاحذري وكوني متيقظة وإيّاك الوقوع في المصيدة.
- ٦- صراع: الوحش تنقض على فرائسها، تمرقها إرباً، هو قانون الغاب، الحياة للأقوى.

- ٧- مطاردة: حمارٌ يفرُّ وسط العاصفة، يحاول النجاةً من سباع الليل، يحاول ويحاول، ثمَّ يقعُ في المصيدة. لم ينجُ الحمارُ من الأقدار، لم يكن ذلك الفارسَ المغوار.
- ٨- نداءً آخراً: يا ثعلبي الصَّغير، كُنْ كما أنت، غادراً مأكراً. لا تنتظرُ فريستك، فأنت الماكر والأقوى، بل ابحثْ عن الأعبى والأضعف.
- ٩- حوار: في أثناء الدِّمار جرى هذا الحوار. قالت حمامةٌ لأخرى: لمَ الانتظار، فالكلُّ ميّتٌ أو فارٌّ، فلنركبُ موجَ البحر قبل الاندثار، لمَ الانتظار، لمَ الانتظار... .
- ١٠- هروب: يفرُّ القردُ مُسرِعاً من الحصار، ودلّة الفرار، يصرخ: لماذا لا يحلُّ علينا السلام؟! فلا طعامَ ولا شرابَ ولا أمات بعد أن بات الأضعفُ في أحشاء الأقوى في هذا الزَّمان.
- ١١- توقّف: تتوقّف الرِّيحُ، ريحُ الدَّلِّ عن الانصهار، ويسكتُ الدِّمار.
- ١٢- عودةٌ وسكون: يعودُ السُّكونُ من جديد، وتكتسبُ حيواناتُ الغابة خيراتَ اليقظة والفرار.
- ١٣- إستمرارُ السُّكونِ وعودةُ الفوضى: يستمرُّ السُّكونُ، ويمضي ليلٌ، ويعودُ نهار. الصَّمْتُ يطغى على الغابة، وذات مرّة صرخت حمامةٌ فتبعتها صرخاتٌ أخرى، وبرزت الأنياب، إرتفعت الأصواتُ أكثرَ فأكثر، وانتهى السُّكون، وعادتِ الفوضى محمّلةً بالخراب والدِّمار.

BIN YOUNIS MAJIN

Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize

Premio de Honor 2006 – Albania – U.S.A.

بن يونس ماجين – جائزة التكريم ٢٠٠٦ – المغرب – المملكة المتحدة

VOLEURS DE TERRES

A tous ceux qui attendaient l'heure de la délivrance

A tous ceux qui voulaient devenir des exilés-témoins

IV

Tant que l'oiseau au cœur triste

Est venu pour tituber

Le rite mendier

Qui attend la mort dans une avalanche obstinée

Sur laquelle s'enlace le cortège des ombres

Là-bas un navigateur solitaire

Chasse les rivages éphémères

Et ravive le crépuscule dévoilé

L'aube tamisé par le soleil téméraire

*C'est enfin l'immigré n'est-il que la cible à bout portant
 Son gouffre s'étendit sur le bled adossé
 Obnubilé par le charme attisant de Londres et de Paris
 J'ai tissé mes flux sur un mirage tangible
 Et sur les boulevards d'Oujda
 J'ai rêvé de contrées lointaines
 Où les trottoirs clandestins m'attendaient*

CHARBEL TORBEY

*Prix de Créativité – Creativity Prize
 Premio de Creatividad 2006 – Lebanon
 شربل طربييه – جائزة الإبداع ٢٠٠٦ – لبنان*

THE BLACK DOVE

In the Arabian Desert, the night is silent and cold. The stars shine like rare diamonds and the moon reflects the light of a sun that has burned the million sands of the infinite dunes.

Sarah sat alone in the dark. She was contemplating this immense sea of sand lying in front of her, a sea that never ends and never begins!

The tribe was quietly drown in the intense sleep of the night in the black tents far from she was. Every night she came to the same place in the desert, she put a warm woolen cover on her fragile shoulders. She took off the veil and let the cold zephyr of the night sneak into her black hair and discovered the beauty of her face that shined in the mysterious night surrounding her. She sang a song her mother had taught her when she was a little girl playing under the sun in the vast desert playground. Her mother had died two long years ago; she missed her like the dead well missed a drop of rain in a long summer day! Her mother was a great friend and a greater mother. The people in the tribe did not like her much; they considered her a bad omen for the clan because she did not bring a baby boy to become the leader of the tribe. Sarah was her only child and her mother had taken very good care of her, she had used to tell her stories about great heroes living in distant lands and beautiful princesses in green paradises... her father was a great man, very comparable to the ones she had heard of in the stories of her mother. He loved her, she was his first child. Even though he had baby boys from other wives, he loved her the most...

She wore a golden chain with a small medal, a gift from her father the day she was born. On the medal there were beautiful drawings of horses and oasis. She kissed it and looked up at the sky, the stars had come together to contour the face of her father, he was smiling to her then, her mother's face became visible next to him with a beautiful music that resounded through the silent desert and made her shiver. She closed her eyes and smiled to know that her parents were happy and looked upon her. An overwhelming sense of peace made her heart beat to the melody of the nighttime and carried her into a state of trance and started to dance. Her naked feet moved like light feathers on the warm sands. The wind danced with her while the medal was shining under the moonlight.

Her tribe was among the strongest in the great desert, they had a large number of sheep and a great wealth. They knew the desert well and where to find green oasis and wells. It was the envy of many other tribes and had entered into many wars and struggles with other peoples yet, they succeeded to conquer all enemies

and return to the safety of tents. Her father, the leader, succeeded in establishing a lasting period of peace. After his death, the powerful men of the tribe could not name a successor, his boys were too young and inexperienced, and she was a woman and not allowed to lead a clan. Her uncle, who had always dreamt of power, was the only man who could become the leader.

The music stopped, Sarah sat and touched gently with her fingers the warm sand. She took some in her hand and let it slip away from her fingers; she tried to see the future in the falling grains like jewels from the sky. Some people in the tribe said weird things about her and about her mother before her. She once heard some women talking about her mother, they said she was a strange woman and came from Africa. When she asked her mother about her origins and why some people did not like her, her mother laughed, cuddled her face and told her that some people feared their inner selves and refused to listen to their hearts, they enclosed themselves in a shell surrounded by an immense sea of fears and trouble. Every night, Sarah came to meet the faithful desert to escape the prejudices of these people in the closed society of the tribe. She could talk to it freely and open her heart and let out all her dreams and set her imagination free...but, the desert did not always answer back, it had its secrets.

In the morning, she woke up early and heard voices outside of her tent. She covered her face and went out; her uncle was inviting all men to meet in the big tent to name the future leader of the tribe. Forty days had passed since her father's death; it was time to select the next man to lead the greatest tribe of the desert. She was not allowed, like the rest of the women, to take part in the selection process. Her young brothers were among the participants. She followed the men and tried to listen to her brothers' voices but could not hear any! What would her father think about all this? She wished he had been here to hold her hand and tell her not to fear for he would always be with her. She looked at her medal; her uncle's aggressive speech was getting louder and louder, the silent surrounding tents were waiting for the outcome. Her uncle talked about wars and attacks on other tribes. She hated violence; the desert never spoke about violence! Some women slowly approached her and invited her to enter a small tent. They feared war and did not want to lose their men and children in confrontations. They told her that the wise old man of the desert saw the unseen in the sands, there would be war, blood and death would fly over their tents like black hungry crows.

They had accused her mother of black magic yet, they believed a man who could see the future. Sarah decided to meet the old man!

The old man's tent was the biggest of all tents. A strange odour reigned over the place in a hypnotizing smoke. The wise old man looked young! He invited her to sit on a red cushion in front of him then, he was silent...he only smiled to her. Gold chains decorated his naked chest and made a sweet music every time he moved. He poured for her some hot tea in a silver cup. People of the tribe had warned her not to eat or drink from the hands of this man. She felt a terrible urge and a great thirst; she wanted to drink that strong smelling tea. A strange force moved her hand towards the cup; she held it to her trembling lips. The man was still smiling! In a sudden reflex, she pushed the cup away and looked straight at the eyes of the wise man and said: "I know when to drink!" and dropped the cup. Strangely, it was empty!

"I came to you asking for advice." She said.

"you don't believe me!"

She looked him in the eye then smiled.

"Your advice will not be my decision." She firmly said.

"Why did you come to me then?"

"People believe in you and I love my people!" she answered.

"Following people's will is not a wise thing."

His words were true; she had never wanted to come here. She had thought he might have an answer.

"War!" he said and broke into her thoughts.

"You can't prevent war from happening." She defied him.

"True, but you can!" he said.

Suddenly, she heard a strong lightning outside of the tent. The wise man smiled.

"Don't fear your inner self, it will guide you and show you the path on which you will lead your people to peace with other tribes. I can see children laughing and playing under the beautiful sun...the future is bright." He finished his words and entered into a terrible silence and closed his eyes. She shivered, she wanted to leave. She put two gold coins and put them on a small table next to him.

"I want your medal..." he said and opened his eyes.

She touched her medal and firmly refused to give it away; it was her father's gift and would not accept to exchange it for the world.

"To give the dearest thing of one's heart is the true meaning of giving!" he said.

"It's a gift, it's impossible!" she firmly said.

"I showed you the future..."

"You only told me what I want to hear!"

"Then why don't you give me what I want?" he asked.

"If you need more gold, I can give you." She showed him a small black bag full of gold coins.

"Gold is meaningless, feelings are eternal." He said then closed his eyes.

She touched the medal to make sure it was still in its place.

"Go..." he said.

As she was leaving his tent, she looked back at him.

"My father gave it to me the minute I was born into this world, the first minute I saw the light of the bright sun of the desert." She explained in a calm voice.

"You're a good daughter, your father was right, I knew him well, he saw in your eyes a great destiny, you were his pride and he is your guardian. You fulfilled your destiny. If you give away the medal, it will lose its powers and you will not see your children...it's written on the palm of your hand and it's carved in your heart!"

She walked back to the tribe thinking of the man's words of wisdom. In her tent, the women were anxious, they waited for her and wanted to hear a word to relief them but, she was silent. She looked at her medal, it was brighter than usual.

An old woman came next to her and whispered: "open it."

She hesitated. She was afraid. She looked at the women sitting silently on the green cushions. In their eyes, they were calling her to open the medal and reveal its secrets.

The sun was setting behind the dunes and the men's tent would give birth to a new leader. How she missed her father and her mother, she wished they were here beside her and to tell her what to do. The dunes, the moon and the stars were waiting for her. She wanted to escape and meet them in the cold night of the desert but, she knew they would blame her for not facing her destiny and taking her matters in charge. They taught her courage and wisdom, bravery and talent and above all she learned the most precious thing in life: Love.

She smiled to the women beside her and took off the chain. She held the medal in her hand and opened it in the other, her heart was beating fast and she could hear her father's voice coming out of it. In the medal she discovered a black feather.

"It's a black dove's feather; it's sacred!" the old woman told her. She could not understand, she had expected a message, a will or an advice...she did not know what to do with a black feather.

"Trust your father, he knew everything...go to the men and show it to them. They have the answer!" the old woman politely opened the door of the tent and led her to the other tent.

All men were sitting, some were confused and her uncle was anxious, he wanted that meeting to end as soon as possible and ensure his political future. Her breakthrough into the tribe's men's world was like a storm. Her uncle objected her presence among them and ordered her to leave. The oldest man in the tribe calmly asked her to go. She kissed his hand and showed him the black dove's feather. He let a cry that echoed till the woman's tent. Her uncle was enraged!

At night, the stars were shining. Her parents' face appeared in the sky of the night, they were smiling to her. The night and the desert would stay her dear companions, they made her wise and for a long time they would guide her through the path of life. Her father smiled to her, he was happy to know that the tribe is in safe hands. They would avoid war and their children would play under the sun. He trusted Sarah, the new head of the tribe.

Sarah caressed the warm sand under her naked feet and sang to the souls of her father and mother. Her voice travelled over the dunes of the desert. People of the desert still talk about a beautiful voice that sings at night when the stars shine bright in the sky.

'EID SALIH

Prix de Créativité – Creativity Prize

Premio de Creatividad 2006 – Egypt

عيد صالح – جائزة الإبداع ٢٠٠٦ – مصر

بوركت يا ناجي، وبوركك خطاك فوق ثرى لبنان، وحيثما تكون... أنت من يجرأ
المياه، وأنت من ألقى عصاه، من مد للعشاق خيط الصعود وشفرة النجاة والمغامرات
في النصوص... لا حدود للجهات، لا خوف، لا جدار، لا رتاج، لا أفعال، لكنها
الخيوط، موصولة، مقطوعة، ممدودة بغير ما بداية، بغير ما نهاية، ولا اتجاه. أنت
هنا، فوق ثرى لبنان، بوركت يا ناجي.

٢٠٠٦

IDRISS 'ALLOUCH

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize

Premio de Mérito 2004 – Morocco

إدريس علوش – جائزة الاستحقاق ٢٠٠٤ – المغرب

قوافٍ لحكمٍ تشبه العدم

ولأني لا أتقن سوى الخيانة!... خيانة البلد والفراع

أخطُ الآنَ حُرُوفًا تَرُغِبُ فِي الْقِيءِ!... كَأَنَّ لِلْقَصِيدَةِ وَعِي النَّبُوءَةِ!...
كلُّهُمْ قَامَرُوا بِحَيَاتِهِمْ حِينَ تَرَكَوا قِطْعَ الْغِيَارِ
يُنَالُ مِنْهُمْ فُسْحَةَ الْأَنْخَابِ حَتَّى الشُّهْدَاءِ، وَعَمَّالِ الْمَنَاجِمِ
تَرَكَوا حَظَّهُمْ يَسْتَعَصِي عَلَى الْغِيَابِ
لَا مَعْنَى لِلْأَشْيَاءِ تَعَلَّقَ لِحَمِّهَا فِي مَشْجَبِ الْعُمُرِ، وَتَرُغِبُ فِي الْحَيَاةِ!...
لَيْسَ فِي دَاخِلِي عَدَا الْخَوَاءِ!...
فُنُوقٌ، وَسَرِيرٌ يَحْوِي أَرْبَعَ سِيْقَانِ
تِلْكَ لِحِظَةٍ لِلْمَدَى يُبَاعِغْتَهَا جِزْرٌ حَتَّى الصَّبَاحِ!...
زَعَبُ امْرَأَةٍ هُوَ الرِّبَاطُ الْوَحِيدُ الَّذِي يَشِدُّنِي لِمَا تَبَقِيَ مِنْ هَذَا الْخَوَاءِ
الآنَ فَقَطْ، لَكَ أَنْ تُعَدِّبَنِي بِحَلْمٍ يُشْبِهُ مَقْبِرَةَ...
مَا تَبَقِيَ مِنْ حُرُوفٍ لَمْ تَبْدَأْ بَعْدُ
هِيَ الْأَيْدِيُولُوجِيَا، وَأَفْكَارٌ تَنَامُ فِي الرَّفِّ، كَالدَّوَالِي هَادِنَةٌ
لَيْسَ لِي مِنْ هَذَا الْوَطَنِ سِوَى حَانَاتِهِ وَبُيُوتِ لِنِسَاءٍ مِنْ وَشَمِ الْأَطْلَسِ
بِعَنِ الْجَسَدِ وَاللِّذَّةِ لِلْعَابِرِينَ!...

MUHSIN AKHRIF

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize

Premio de Mérito 2004 – Morocco

مُحْسِنٌ أَخْرِيْفٌ - جَانِزَةُ الْاِسْتِحْقَاقِ ٢٠٠٤ - الْمَغْرِب

لُعْبَةُ الْحَرْبِ

زَوْجَةُ الْجُنْدِيِّ الْقَاسِيَةِ الْقَلْبِ تَنْتَهِي لِلْحَرْبِ:
تَكْتَبُ إِحْدَى وَعَشْرِينَ رِسَالَةً، وَتَضَعُهَا فِي الدَّرُجِ، إِحْتِيَاطًا؛
وَتُرْسِلُ بِدَايَةِ كُلِّ أُسْبُوعٍ رِسَالَةً.
الزَّوْجَةُ تَخَافُ عَلَى زَوْجِهَا مِنَ الْوَحْدَةِ،
وَمِنْ كَابَةِ الْحَرْبِ، وَمِنْ هَوَاءِ يَنْبِعُ مِنْ نَوَاعِيرِ،
تَنْهَالُكَ أَنْفَاسُهَا، وَمِنْ أَرْضٍ تَصْعَدُ وَتَهْبِطُ،
وَتَدُورُ حَوْلَ نَفْسِهَا بِسُرْعَةٍ جُنُونِيَّةٍ قَاتِلَةٍ،
وَمِنْ لَيْلٍ يَلِجُ النَّهَارُ، وَنَهَارٍ يَلِجُ اللَّيْلُ مِنْ غَيْرِ مُنَاسَبَةٍ، وَلَا سَكِينَةٍ.

أَلزَّوْجَةُ الْقَاسِيَةِ الْقَلْبُ تَعْرِفُ جَيِّدًا أَنَّ الْحَرْبَ هِيَ هَكَذَا دَائِمًا:
تَأْتِي مِنْ فَوْقٍ، وَلَهَا أَجْنَحَةٌ تَنْتَظِرُ الْمَغِيبَ كَيْ تَحْلُقَ فَوْقَ حَوْفِنَا (نحن)،
وَتَجْهَشُ بِمَعْطُوبِينَ بِمُخْتَلَفِ السَّحَنَاتِ،
- فَمَا مِنْ عِلَامَاتٍ طَرِيقِ سِوَاهُمْ -
وَبَعِيدَاتٍ كَثِيرِينَ، مُتَكَبِّرِينَ عَلَى قُبُورِ تَضَيِّقٍ بَيْنَهَا الْمَسَالِكُ،
وَفَوْقَهَا أَرْهَارٌ تَنْبُتُ بَوَهْنٍ، وَبِلَا رَغْبَةٍ فِي الْعَيْشِ.

أَلْجُنْدِيُّ الْقَاسِيِ الْقَلْبُ، أَفْصَدُ زَوْجَهَا وَلَيْسَ أَحَدًا غَيْرَهُ، يَتَّهَبًا لِلْحَرْبِ:
يَشْرَبُ حُبُوبًا لَمَنْعِ الْخَجَلِ مِنْ نَفْسِهِ، يَتْرُكُ قَلْبَهُ عِنْدَ عَشِيقَتِهِ التَّخِينَةِ،
وَيُودِّعُهَا بِقَبْلِ حَارَّةٍ عَلَى الشَّفَاهِ.
شَفَاهُهَا فِي الصَّبَاحِ تَقْرَأُ الرِّسَائِلَ الْإِتْنِيَةَ بِالْبُرِيدِ الْحَرْبِيِّ،
وَفِي الْمَسَاءِ تَتَبَادَلُ الْقَبْلُ مَعَ أَقْرَبِ جَارٍ فِي انْتِظَارِ عَوْدَتِهِ.
لَكِنْ، لَا تَسِيئُوا الظَّنَّ، هِيَ فَقَطْ تَنْتَلِيهِ إِلَى حِينِ انْتِهَاءِ الْحَرْبِ،
وَرَجُوعِهِ بِصَدْرٍ يَلْمَعُ، وَبِدَاكِرَةٍ مَلِيئَةٍ بِالْجُنُثِ.
تَفْعَلُ ذَلِكَ مِنْ دُونَ حَيَاءٍ، فَالْحَيَاةُ هُنَاكَ بَسِيطَةٌ وَتُمَارَسُ مِنْ دُونَ خَجَلٍ.
الْمَرْأَةُ هُنَاكَ تَبْدَلُ طَوَاقِمَ الشَّفَاهِ كُلَّ صَبَاحٍ.
هُنَاكَ كَمَا لِلْحَرْبِ أَجْنَحَةٌ لِلْحُبِّ أَجْنَحَةٌ.

NAJAT AZ-ZABA'IR

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize

Premio de Mérito 2006 – Morocco

نجاة الزَّباير - جائزة الاستحقاق (من خارج المسابقة) ٢٠٠٦ - المغرب

سَيِّدِي الْفَاضِلُ*،
يُعْتَبَرُ الْأَدِيبُ نَاجِي نَعْمَانَ الَّذِي نَعْتَزُّ كَثِيرًا بِأَنَّ السَّاحَةَ الْعَرَبِيَّةَ اللَّبْنَانِيَّةَ قَدْ أَنْجَبَتْهُ،
رَمَزًا مِنَ الرُّمُوزِ الثَّقَافِيَّةِ الَّتِي تُضِيءُ كَيُونَةَ الْإِنْسَانِ.
هَذَا الرَّجُلُ الْعَظِيمُ يَحْمِلُ فَوْقَ كَتْفَيْ رُوحِهِ ثِقْلَ الشَّعْرِ السَّبْزِيْفِيِّ، غَارِسًا أَيْقُونََةَ نَأْلِقِهِ
فِي تَرْبَةِ الْإِبْدَاعِ الْخَصْبَةِ بِاهْتِمَامَاتِهِ. وَتَكْفِي مَجْهُودَاتِهِ فِي وَضْعِ أَسْمَاءِ شَعْرِيَّةٍ
وَمُبْدَعَةٍ عَلَى مَحَكِّ الْإِحْتِرَافِ، وَتَحْمَلُ مَسْئُولِيَّةَ الْغَوْصِ فِي يَمِّهَا.

*حسين العاملي، جائزة التكريم، ٢٠٠٦.

إنّ الأديبَ ناجيَ نعمان الذي يحاربُ بسيفِ النبلاء أوزارَ الحرب، وقلقَ النفوس،
يسعى للسلام من خلال إدانته عصا الظلم على كلِّ الأصعدة، فهو يرفضُ جائزةَ سنّيةَ
لأنّ اليدَ التي قدّمَتها له مخصّبةٌ بدماء الأبرياء، فكم هو جميلٌ أن يكونَ في كونا
الحرّوفيّ اسمٌ يُدعى ناجيَ نعمان. فتحيّةٌ صادقةٌ له.

٢٠٠٧

RENÉE FERRER

Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize
Premio de Honor 2004 - Paraguay
رُنه فرّير – جائزة التّكريم ٢٠٠٤ – السّپاراغوي

GUERRAS

No importa que las guerras tengan nombre,
siempre serán un llanto
y un silencio,
un trágico desvelo
en los acantilados de la muerte.

Las aves agoreras beberán en los huesos
traspasados de viento
un sabor de abandono,
y partirá, aún doliente,
su viuelo fugitivo
hacia el tajo insaciable de la ausencia.

Sevolverán los páramos albergue
de un pulso coagulado,
un alboroto en sombras,
y tendrán los crepúsculos
la calcárea tristeza del astro taciturno.

No importa que las guerras tengan nombre
y un lugar en el tiempo.
El soldado que esparce sus pedazos
en la antesala del silencio
es siempre el mismo.

RICHARD BOUSKILA

Prix du Mérite – Merit Prize
Premio de Mérito 2006 – France
ريشار بوسكّيلا – جائزة الاستحقاق ٢٠٠٦ – فرنسا

LA MAIN D'OR

Tout comme la lampe magique d'Aladin, la main d'or que j'ai été cherché au
sommet de l'Himalaya

*Tout comme monter tout en haut d'une montagne semer d'embûche, tout comme
me faire trébucher sans avoir pu marcher
J'ai fais la connaissance de la main d'or, celle qui ne mort pas mais qui
m'apportera joie et prospérité
Après avoir connu multiples souffrances
Après avoir vu la couleur de la délivrance, or!
Noir et feu comme un aigle volant au-dessus de moi étant voler de ces droits dans
l'aurore
La main d'or je l'aime encore
La main d'or je la touche encore mais je ne veux plus la laisser m'échapper
désormais sans la caressé et lui dire un mot dans l'oreille fine
La main d'or comme une âme délicate ne demandant qu'à faire implorer son
énergie de l'intérieure
Aussi timide était t-elle, je ne pense pas qu'elle aurait oser s'exploser
Pour laisser des traces, pour laisser des blessures, faire montrer son extérieur et
se faire traiter de voleurs
En couvrant sa honte, la main d'or aurait pu empêcher tout cela car elle était
fière et avait une certaine dignité cacher
Enfoui comme la puissance de la vie
Cacher comme mon premier baiser
Je n'étais que le reflet de mon miroir magique parfaitement ensoleillé et réveiller
après tout
Sans avoir pu lui dire combien je l'aimais en un seul souffle qui aurait fait
restaurer ce souffre d'or
La main d'or comme un cafard sortant de mon miroir pour devenir éternel, belle
comme un cœur et doux comme un agneaux
Peut être trop car si elle restes comme elle l'est n'importe qui pourrait l'écraser
et y laisser sa trace
N'importe qui pourrait l'écraser en la faisant pleurer et peut être bien que l'or
deviendrait trésor si personne n'y entravait sa route encore
Encore oui encore cette nuit j'ai rêvé d'elle
La main d'or j'y crois encore comme la main de ma blanche colombe que je
rêverais de prendre après voir visiter une tombée hécatombe
Croulant sous les rochers après avoir constater les dégâts je n'étais qu'éprouver
Je n'étais qu'effondrer mais je voulais quand même visiter
La roche mais au-dessous de celle-ci
Qu'aurais-je découvert?
Peut être bien que si je l'aurais frapper trop fort, je n'aurais rien vu mais en
l'effleurant avec la lenteur d'un baiser échanger
C'est la main d'or qui est apparu dans la tombe de ce rocher
Je l'ai touché puis elle m'a envolé
Comme la femme avec qui j'aurais fait l'amour sans lui dire deux fois
Je t'aime!
Je t'aime!*

ROZI THEOHARI

Prix d'Honneur – Honour Prize

Premio de Honor 2006 – Albania – U.S.A.

روزي ثيوهارى – جائزة التكريم ٢٠٠٦ – ألبانيا – الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية

Albanian and English versions by the poetess

LEGJENDA SHQIPTARE E ROZAFATIT*(Krahun e djathte ma lini jashte-Jam akoma gjalle)**Per tri dite e tri net**Nje mjegull e dendur varet mbi Bune,**Shkoder-liqen mbuluar ne shkume**E bardhe mjegullime-kurre e papare**Nga te mocmit pleqnare.**Si gjuhe e zberdhylet nje mije kucedrash,**Fije, fjolla e bishta mjegullash**Rendin, zvarrisen pambarimisht,**Ngerthyer mes druresh, shtepish,**Mes flokesh e gjymtyre gjallesash**Mbuluar fshehtas ne pangjyresi e shurdhesi.**Kujshem lehin qente-si me lebeti,**Kujisje qe ndiellin, oh, fatkeqesi**C'gjeme mund te ngjaje, valle, kushedi...**Fati qe e solli, dite qe filloi,**Keshjtella fatale, aty lart mbi koder...**Ndonese tre vellezer, me djerse e mundim,**Per tridhjetete hena e dymbedhete dite**Vazhduan ndertimin sic bene premtim:**"Keshjtellen ma t'forte e ma t'sosun me e godite,"**Diten ngrinin murin, te rende, te forte**Por nata tinzare e rrezonte pertoke.**Eh, c'mundim i kote.**Sikur nje force e panjohur, ne fshehtesi**Zberthente qoshet e mureve, ne brendesi,**Duke u dhene te shtymen-gurgullime, c'makth!**Guret leviznin, shkoqeshin si me magji**Merrnin tatepjeten-ortek-rrokullimthi,**Rrokopuje, zhurmshem e dhunshem,**Vallzim i gurte grykave e honeve me lemeri**Mbuluar nga re te bardha pluhuri,**Sitosje gelqeresh ne ajer e gjelbersi.**Mbeshjtelle tre burrat-kokekembthi,**Floket e zinj zbardhur si argjend,**Kithyer ne fantazma qe shpirti u dhemb.**Tre burra si tri hije fanitur,**Lekundur lart e poshte, rreth murishtes**Mbledhin e zgjedhin me mundim guret copa-copa**Gurajes thepa-thepa e lirishteve me gropa.**Ndersa era e harlisur perthan ne vajtim**Curruleza gjaku mbi duart plasaritur,**Mbi duart nga guret e ashper plagosur,**Kumbon, oshetin tej grykash zvarritur:**"Oh, c'gjeme, gjeme! Oh, dhembje e pasosur!"***THE ALBANIAN LEGEND OF ROZAFAT***(Do leave out my right hand - I am still alive)*

Dedicated to my infant grandson Jan, half Albanian, nursing by the breast milk of an Albanian mother with my desire, hope, and wish that he'll grow up to learn about and to love Albania.

*For three days and three nights
A thick fog fell mysteriously over the Buna river
Covering the lake and Shkodra city
A fogginess- never ever seen by the old folks.
The mist, as the white tongues of a thousand dragons
Outstretched and knitted with the trees' branches
The houses, the people's hair and their limbs
Making them walking blindly and fearfully
Becoming irritated, moving arms and hands
Into the emptiness of a terrible, impenetrable fog bank.
While scared dogs barking with squealing sounds
As to foreshadow the misfortunes
A catastrophe that might happen
With the ruin of a high castle
At the top of the steep hill--right there in the south side of the city.
Even though three brothers who
Promised to build a strong citadel
And continued for thirty eight moons, twelve days...
Daily the stonework was built up
Nightly it tumbled down
As an unknown force dismantled
The big corner stones--pushing the walls like an avalanche
Down the hill into the chasm,
Dancing rocks with horrifying, fearful, violence
Raising in the air a white cloud of lime and dust
Covering through the leaves of the trees.
And the men alike
Dusting their auburn hair--turning three phantasms
Moving unceasingly around and up
While a wild, cold and gray wind dried
The blood of their grasping hands
Also sounded the alarm...Why?...why?...why?...*

الثقافة بالمجان

سلسلة كتب أدبية مجانية أسَّسها ناجي نعمان عام ١٩٩١ وما زال يُشرفُ عليها

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