

najinaaman an-najiyat

*version anglaise de celia din
arab open university, beyrouth (liban)*

extracts from *the letters*

struck

Once you are struck in the head,
Do not expect to hear
The thunder strike
1973

essayist

We all have feelings yet,
Neither one of us is necessarily a poet;
At becoming one, we are merely trying ourselves
1999

ignorance

No one knows me
As much as I know myself;
Nevertheless, I hardly know myself
1973

compassion

It is to remember the slightest harm committed to others,
And to forget the worst of all harms suffered from by others
1997

the saber and the plume

It is useless to revert to the saber,
Once the plume is defeated
1993

prophecy

Every man is a prophet.

Within him life begins, within him life ends

1988

happiness

If we adopt:

From Polytheism the respect of the land and of the ancestors,

From the religions of the Far-East spiritualism,

From Judaism the perspective of constancy,

From Christianity love and forgiveness,

From Islam the warmth of faith,

From Laicism understanding and openness,

From Humanism the unitary step,

We would be

The happiest of all men

1990

vision

...Realizing that time has come for their leader to integrate, his people gathered around him awaiting his ultimate recommendations. He said to them:

Free yourselves from the material as I did, myself, when, at seven, I offered a poor child in district my favorite toy which thus, almost failed to make me lose the meaning of donation.

Free yourselves from passion as I did, myself, when at seventeen, I sacrificed love for friendship.

Free yourselves from knowledge as I did, myself, when at twenty-seven, I was finally done with collecting degrees, which almost led me straight to vanity at the expenses of humbleness.

Free yourselves from fame as I did, myself, when at thirty-seven, I realized it merely stood for fantasy.

Free yourselves from metaphysical thoughts as I did, myself, when at forty-seven, I acknowledged to leave truth to the truth.

Free yourselves from socializing as I did, myself, when at fifty-seven, I realized the hypocrisy in human behavior.

Free yourselves from your alike ones and live as hermits if, as I did at sixty-seven, you happen to experience the loss of all of your true friends.

Free yourselves from the thought as I did, myself, when at seventy-seven, I stopped writing and tore my books to pieces, which had cut me off from nature.

Free yourselves from your body as much as possible. So that, when the day comes, you will be able to free yourselves from life, which you know, and integrate what you still ignore...

1999

extracts
from *the emancipated*

the breeze

(prior to the setting up of the notions of time and space)

I am a breeze whistling across the universe, with no limit whatsoever, neither of time nor of space, ending up its eventful journey inside the lungs of an infant. Only then, did I learn to value life of which I became part and parcel.

1995

melody

(in a land which has regained its freedom)

Having fought to death against one another, populations eventually vanished from a land that had regained its freedom; only melody would last in memory, dreamt of by some genius who vainly aimed at a rapprochement amongst the enemies. And at the end it was nature, through its birds, its trees and its rivers, that tuned up the melody of existence, that of intelligence and of strength.

Yes, it is me which nature tuned up.

1997

the poem

(era of serenity on the banks of the Volga)

The memory of a population moved me in some poem anonymous poem which reads:

My child,

If one day you happen feel nostalgia for me,

When I will have already reached the heavens with my passing away,

Live your life intently and,

When you have experienced integration in your turn,

Come join me in my hermitage,

In the being and the nothingness,

You will find me up there,

A quill pen in the hand, a piece of paper in front of me,

Searching for some revival

1997

the rock

(romantic instant in the Gobi desert - Mongolia)

I am this time a motionless rock never neared so far by a human. Two lovers engrave their love on this rock, making me the witness of their passion and its history.

1995

consciousness

(dismissed at a time of fighting)

And I was imposed someone on whom I also am imposed. Side by side we struggled together exemplarily in our adolescence, and then relentlessly during our youth. Choosing the political career as a means of existence, in which field he succeeded to make himself a name, he ended up acceding power of which he abused. Answering my question: "why are you doing this and what has become of exemplarity and of struggle?", he justified the oppression of others with the need of preserving what he had acquired.

That day I was dismissed.

1997

the ghost

(off time space)

I am back to power, off time and space, far from any feeling and any reality...

1997

the honorable

...Around the hermitage of the honorable man ran in death.

At first, discovering the model life the old man had led, it spared him. The honorable man calling on her, it ended up granting him his wish. The honorable man mingles with nature through cosmic interaction, exactly like all beings before and after him, becoming thus, part of this reality for which he had done so much, aiming at dreading it.

His family and his people rush in from everywhere to pay a last tribute to the great man. Some, detecting an incense aroma in the hermitage, proclaimed him Saint. Others, convinced of noticing a circle of light emerging from the same hermitage, proclaimed him new prophet.

Then the eldest son of the honorable man's eldest son unsealed the envelop wherein his grandfather's last will, and read loudly to the audience:

"My last will is inscribed in my life. Read it and take example of it. Keep in mind forever that nobody is better than anyone of you, as well as not anyone of you is better than any other person.

"As for me, I am only a simple human being, perhaps the first of the emancipated and of the integrated by spirit; my wish is not to be the last, knowing that I am neither the first nor the last of all those truly integrated.

"May the day of my departing be the day of the integration to the truth and of the cosmic emancipation. As of my grave, may it be set up very simply in my hermitage, with the words: "Lies here a man of the green valley" on the funeral plaque. May the door of my hermitage be, at last and as always, constantly open, with no perspectives of renovation, forlorn to the damage of time and to the moods of nature.

"My loved ones, be happy for me for, whatever big the area, its existence is even larger, and whatever the duration of time, its non-existence is even greater. In the same manner, whatever the omnipotence of the feeling, its non-existence is even more efficient, and whatever the dimension of reality, its non-existence is even more infinite".

May 1996

extracts from *the integrated*

the searcher

I catch him by night searching the trash baskets; after having blamed him, I leave him to his sad fate...

Then, I start watching out for the arrival of this poor person. At first, night after night, every morning; and finally, at every moment of the day. For our friend has got used to practicing his sad task and, instead of accomplishing it with discomfort as in his beginnings, he is starting to do it with regularity and professionalism; so much so, as the last time we did run into each other and our eyes met, I was the one who felt overwhelmed with shame.

1999

integration

Now that the deposition of the complainer and the work of the defense come to end, God-The-Judge, so far silent, must speak up and give his ruling.

And there bursts some light of darkness from the chap, at the same time prison and solace of freedom. Through its quietness incites me to meet with God-The-Judge and to listen to him, giving his verdict.

I thus, get near to watch with no gesturing, eyes closed. Some artificial glass introduces me to God-The-Judge, pronouncing a verdict based on some human consciousness which watchword is innocence; I then, realize that I am in presence of myself, that the contradictions vanish and that integration takes place.

So, here I am, at the same time, in presence of prophets and wretched. I integrate myself to them and within them, with God-The-Judge and within him, for we all have the same fate; consciousness being actually, merely, the guaranty for human equilibrium, and for the non-expression of the multiple faces of dissuasion.

Here I am thus, and again, in the omnipotence of which I have never stopped being part, and in the being and the nothingness which I have never left.

Here I am, being even part and parcel of the omnipotence, of the being and the nothingness, for there's no way one can be contended with becoming a particle after death.

1998

the departing

After a nostalgic roundabout by the earth, place of a previous life, I pursue my eventful journey.

I constantly live with my Earthly memories, even after my roundabout. I thus, with no limit whatsoever, sail across time and space.

If I evolve in the absolute knowledge and universal truth on my way to the exploration of the revival and of what goes and will always go beyond Man, if I torment my spirit at every thought of some matter of worry: That concerning Man, His daily life and His future, His well-being and His freedom.

For without Man, what would life and death stand for? What would omnipotence with its two facettes: Knowledge and truth? and to ask myself: Why then, is Man's happiness on earth out of reach?

Confident, I am in Man's life up there since I am already there, myself. Yet, what about His life on earth? Is it possible to improve its conditions?

How can I do it from up there where I am?

Death only, puts an end to hunger and to greed, to the dream of the devoted and to the rash, to the apprehension of the knowledge and to the ignorant.

It is through death that equality among all is eventually established.

My matter of worry is indeed Man... Yet, am I not myself in full integration, with Him and the Universe, off time and space, in life and death? Why would I worry then?

I am departing, I am telling you, freed of any expression, be it written or not. I said, I am departing, freed from any reflection, even restraint or limited. I am departing, freed from any call even on emancipation, from absolute knowledge and universal truth. Departing, is also Man, freed from the God of the Universe. Departing, is finally God of the Universe, freed, in His turn, from Man.

Departing I am; departing is Man; departing is God of the Universe.

Freed, I am; freed is Man, and freed is God of the universe.

1999

extracts from *the dreamer*

the last one

...During the last moments of his life, having given it serious thoughts, the dreamer came to the following conclusions:

God is born, he grows up then, and grows old in people's souls. Those who perceive Him in their own way believe that God created Man only to entertain himself, are thus, in their turn, devoting themselves to that distraction. Those, however, who fear Him, do the same while devoting themselves so much, that they simply forget to live. In search for a God, perceived in his own image, growing old in time and space and getting lost in the being, the nothingness, Man thus, forgets that death erases everything altogether, and totally integrates him to that, which he is looking for, or that, which he is not even in search for, yet.

Man, that thinking being, while dreading death, fears it even more. He thus, cannot reach the state of emancipation and that of integration in the afterlife as easily as do, the other elements of nature and of the universe. It is his duty to reactivate his mind in order to assimilate those two notions of emancipation and integration.

Besides, dreaming of a life after life, he pictures it identical to that which he is familiar with, and most of all, eternal too.

Yet, in this case, wouldn't it be dull? And Man, wouldn't he become God?

In his search for faith, Man keeps himself away from his close ones, confronting himself to them. Shouldn't it rather, by this occasion, not get him closer to his own self-confidence, and to humanity in its great values?

As for faith itself, it represents, indeed, the easiest way to the unsure end, whereas the will to work for the sake of humanism is the most certain track.

As recently as yesterday, Man was still enduring nature more than cherishing it. Today, Man uses and abuses of it. He had, so far, preserved its existence in a past of historically slow evolution.

Will Man manage to preserve nature that much, in a world involving faster and faster, from today and on?

The Dreamer briefly concludes that, in short, there is no future for a humanity which is constantly self-divided - as far as differences in races, languages, territories, beliefs, and dogmas are concerned - united by the sole cupidity, and having forgotten all about humanism.

2000

from *the hymns*

9

I am the newborn, the teenager,
The old man, the everlastingness,
I am the father, the fatigue,
The mother, the harvest

I am the inanimate, the eventful,
The cultivations, the crop,
I am the good, the gift,
The evil, the misery

I am love, compassion,
Hatred, unhappiness,
I am hope, expectations,
Fortune, destiny

I am thought, truth,
Faith, the covet,
I am the seeing, the seeable,
And any star that shoots

I am life, death,
The being, the non-being,
I am God, immortality,
The all, the nothing

I am Man
2000

11

I exist, therefore I am responsible;
You exist, therefore you are so;
We exist, therefore we are so;
Causality links us, thanks to solidarity;
For better and for worse,
Duty forces us to be so
2000

extracts
from *the alpha-omega*

from *the departing*

what a waste of time

Letting ourselves be deluded with illusions

Hoping for an encounter or a kiss;

What a waste of time

Picturing the impossible and day-dreaming;

What a waste of time

On earth, at sea and in the air,

Wanting to travel;

God! How nostalgic, though

For that unnecessarily wasted time!

2002

about life

My way back from the journey of life

And which I try to figure out and analyze,

Not without philosophy,

I have got much more questions than answers

2002

the last tears

Just dropped:

They are departing tears;

Will they be sad and warm,

Like for some parting?

Or happy and melodious,

Like for emancipation?

The last tears just dropped, like a storm,

Here they come inciting me to embark,

And here I am, embarking

With such a non-describable joy!

I am humming a hymn,

A hymn to departure which I have never written;

I am humming it for the first time,

While agonizing for the first time;

I am still humming it;

Hoping, when it is over, to depart;

I am still humming it,

And here I am departing,
Here I am, joyfully, crossing!
2002

from *the listener*

cane

Cane what did you do, or rather, what did Man make of you? Did you kill your brother, or was it rather Man who incriminated you with his death after having created you in his imagination?

Were it true, that God favored Abel over you, accepted his gifts yet, rejected yours, as well as your love for Him, and did not acknowledge your toil; I would be ready to grant you mitigated circumstances you, the weak being both mentally and physically. However, were it Abel who killed you, despite all marks of affection that God had provided him with, I would have never forgiven him.

2002

compassion

I find it, there crucified. I find it there again, sacrificing itself to death to rescue others.

No communication between us since we already cohabitate.

2002

mills

Cervantes, I have been looking for you for quite some time yet, I only came across Don Quichotte straddling Rosssinante on the way to his mills, followed by Sancho, his faithful companion perched on his donkey.

Dear Miguel, you have immortalized Don Quichotte in people's mind and imagination and, good for you, for I cannot picture you in the search for your hero who is nobody else but you.

So, get the two of us started for the adventure, for the quest with Don Quichotte and Sancho!

2002

dag

Hammar skjöld, you were second to become Secretary General of the United Nations Organization. Coming from Sweden, a country which forgot about war for a longtime, your mission was to preserve peace in the world, as much as possible. Man of duty, you have acted in favor of the organization's autonomy of decision, with great success. How regretful and nostalgic you must feel nowadays, noticing how this same organization has become the emblem of unilateralism and common thought.

2002

sons

Your sons, George Washington, you, the liberator of the United States of America; your sons, you, who acted with integrity and fairness for a better humanity; look at them two centuries after your departure, and despite the experience they have gained since, look at them, conquering space till "Mars" in search for watery life, leaving abundant water of the earth, vowed for pollution, and forcing millions of underprivileged humans to die of thirst!

Are those the sons that you wanted, Washington?
2002

extracts from *the memories*

from *the introduction*

My child,

So many times has your grandfather said to me, that figures had killed him, meaning his administrative work which, exclusively including accounting, had kept him away from writing.

As for me, I would rather say letters have killed me, for I misused most of them, that is for the writing of non-literary works. Those, nevertheless, turned out to be useful and gained great success; they also helped me earn my living. Yet, they kept me away from literary writings which, alone, constitute a treasure of creation.

You who are in search of emancipation,

Know that every human being has roots of which he must be proud, whatever they may be; provided he stuck to their benefits and discarded their defects.

Your roots date back from the land of the prophets, the apostles and the saints. I am not only talking about those among them who are well-known; but also about those prophets, apostles and saints, passionate about knowledge and culture and about every man who lived his humanity according to the acknowledged values in his time.

Your roots, my child are in the Orient, heart of the earth:

The Aramaeans, discoverers of El, the unique God, gave you your last name, for Naaman is servant of El. As for Naaman the Syrian, chief of the Aramaean army, he was healed of leprosy in the ninth century B.C. by the prophet Elisha while battling seven times in the Jordan river. In addition, the Aramaean was the language of the Christ, himself.

You are also a child of Phoenicia of the Canaanites, the inventors of writing which acquisition they did not preserve long yet, enrich themselves with others' civilizations, losing thus, their identity.

You are also a child of Arabs who fought, matter and fact, for justice in glorious behaviors, less noticeable nowadays, and which revival, some day, seems to be a hopeless case.

You are the child of Lebanon which success is exemplary, individually speaking yet, not nationwide because of some expanded mercantilism.

Finally, you are the child of an oriental Church rooted in History though divided, and which narrators still tune hymns for the glory of God.

Be proud about it, my child. Bear, and always and above all, remember that your are at the same time the child of the moment and of humanity as a whole.

And do not forget that you are the child of a family which members have never oppressed others. For it only takes Man to fully live his humanity, not to oppress in the widest, exhaustive sense of the term. Free your consciousness, even in jail where you stagnate after an iniquitous verdict instead of loading it, unfairly, rejoicing of freedom...

1998