

1997

From "The Book of Revelations and Epistles"

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Recommended Citation

Sulaiman, Mohammad and Ferial J. Ghazoul. "From "The Book of Revelations and Epistles"." *The Iowa Review* 27.2 (1997): 133-133.
Web.

Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4926>

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FROM *THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS AND EPISTLES*

Trees are in his heart
His sign is between his eyes
Space is in his hands
So don't hand him to the ants
Don't hand him to a tent of smoke
Let him turn over
He will not violate the earth
He mixes tears with tears
Water with water
And he will not grow arrogant
Let him gaze . . .
He looks from the slits of the cloud
He sees himself in the distance dragging his feet
In the fields of his youth
Shoving away an owl
Fighting the captains of the sand on the sidewalk
Then traveling amidst the puppets and the dustballs
Coloring the dome of the throne under a crystal sky
Holding a star
Not recalling the names of those who deserted him
Let him gaze . . .
He enters into the trance of serenity
His papers are ripping
His robes are on the needles of the acacia in the distance
His rose is forming
Veiling him from the eyes of marksmen
And upholding him in the space of flame.

Translated by Ferial J. Ghazoul