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# Ecclesiastes

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## ECCLESIASTES

The city and the cold:  
Two barriers . . .  
You the prophet  
And here the stones  
And the wind piercing the walls of your heart  
Are you split?  
Give your eye to the falcon  
Your heart to the water  
The falcon shakes and the water anchors at the color's shore  
When you were split, you bowed  
When you bowed, insects rested on your back  
And a frog came to help you  
Two barriers: the city and the sand  
Will you blow up the sand?  
Your time drops  
And the sea ravens are around you  
Are you alert?

Solomon stretches over his maps  
The sea in front of him  
While darkness nests in the heart  
And the prophetic hoopoe sets down on earth a staff  
The kingdoms and the throne are two barriers  
Solomon says: All roads are barred  
The heart  
The time  
And the petrified horizon between the two arms  
But I am the gatherer of all directions  
Solomon says: Two are better than one  
For who will help you when the earth lands on your back?  
When the wind slays you?  
Two intertwined bring forth light from the darkness of rock  
They possess the surprises of the sea  
But I am a lone king.

The city and the cold:  
Two prison cells  
And you, the prophet, armed with meekness  
Will you run now on your ribs?  
O master, submerge your wounds in the heart  
And submerge your heart in silence  
And receive the fire  
Hang on the flaming grass a wish crushed by the streets  
And the stones stretching from the eye's pupil to the ocean  
Do tell the doves: The city is not a garment  
Nor a homeland for cooing  
The city is a carnage . . .  
Go then in fugitive space clad in light's vigor  
Two barriers: stones and sand  
How do you demolish a kingdom set up by demons?  
Petrified people surround you  
Strangling the seas in your eyes  
Are you searching in the well of your time  
For a storm-slain rose?  
Stretch your hand  
Alight your voice on the shoulders of the wind  
Relax your heart throbs so that sparrows will rush to you  
Your blood longs for the grass and the flaring flame  
Between the two walls your face tells of eternal pain  
And between the two walls your nets remain empty  
And you become withdrawn, vomiting your life  
Or rolling, crowded with jinn.  
The birds fear you  
The water fears you  
Your staff is blood  
Your staff is dust  
And your throne is guarded by haters.  
Solomon leaps  
Holding in his palms all directions  
He laughs when he sees himself in the distance  
Wallowing his eyes and limbs in the fields  
Throwing his cloak into the sea and moaning  
The heart tells him: Does the sea depart  
Or does the water within it depart?

The heart tells him: Two rivers meet  
And a sparrow speaks of the onset of tide.  
One day I see in the mirrors the fire contest  
This is my encounter with my face  
And this is the charge of the glow.

The city and the cold:  
Two barriers  
Solomon says: All the roads are barriers  
The heart  
The eye  
The two lungs  
And that which has been is that which shall be  
The eye will not be satisfied nor the heart filled  
What did the wind say in the evenings of mirth  
The time of your uprooting will come  
When the city comes to grief . . .  
Sand besieges you  
And the ants eat up the fountain of wishes  
You push the rolling mountain away from your grass  
The southern horses have come  
The north wind has come  
Color departed and season alighted  
And you remain cut off like mountains  
Stretching your hands to the earth  
Crawling to the sea  
As the earth escapes.  
Two barriers says Solomon:  
The dream  
And the stiffened homeland  
This is the country that possessed me and that I turned over  
Then we became enemies  
A stupid world  
I wanted to adorn it so I cut myself off . . .  
He supplicates  
Luring trickling time  
The bird said to him: A preacher you will be  
Coloring the country in your palms  
And uprooting death

The evening was roiling the eye's carafe  
A wind from the east uproots the heart  
A wind from the west stirs the horses of darkness  
Solomon says:  
The night expands when the city sleeps  
The insects seek refuge in its warmth  
Fling your voice and it resounds with moans  
I bent on twilight and night erupted  
Melting its forms in the water  
Stretching its pitcher to the world, it bathed . . .  
I was searching for the rose of eros  
Two portals to fire  
A dream stretching its fingers to the clouds  
And a heart gazing in space until it sees the stars of high noon  
Has passion ever delivered a heart to warmth?  
Has the heart ever delivered a kingdom to peace?  
I reigned and my heart cleaved  
Then I was in love and the paths of love narrowed  
This is my blood spilled in the sand  
These are my tears scattered among the tribes  
The hoopoes dash to me a lie in the morning  
And a lie in the evening  
I disrobe  
And I decree love and shade  
I decree light and water  
But when I enter my hole  
I remove the ashes piled by lies . . .  
The wind told me:  
Bind your heart  
The sea is in front of your nose  
And the fire at your back  
The wind told me:  
All paths are narrowing  
You are narrowing  
Will you fall in love with a rock?  
Or recall the evaporated time?  
Here you are stepping towards the fire  
Crucifying your eyes between the distant water  
And the charred lilies of the valley

Two barriers: the city and the cold  
But your face is large enough for the city  
Will you sit now between your mirrors  
Writing in a notebook large as your sorrows  
About rivers stiffening in the eyes?  
Solomon says: We turn from one darkness to another  
What is not mislaid?  
And what worries do not sicken the heart?  
Morning has a color  
And night has a color  
So will the river devour its strand?  
Will the grass sparrow befriend the mountain falcon?  
Solomon says:  
Do not bow your head to the wind  
Do not bow to hunger  
Die while standing and be a mountain  
Penetrating time between coldness and fire  
Bilqis is in the sea  
Bilqis is in the fire  
She moved about, grew up, and became dust.  
He takes a step . . .  
Rolls his legs  
Pulls out his limbs from a sack  
Lures the waves and the talking hoopoe  
He calls out: There have been no tales for a time  
Speech is over  
The time for earthquakes has arrived