



Mahmoud Darwish // **Once Poemas**

The voice in inner exile, in metaphysical introspection, in the undulating fluidity of the words: revolving around love, daily life and the hope that rises even when the tower falls. Mahmoud Darwish, is considered the Palestinian national poet and one of the most significant contemporary Arab writers. The first lines of this book say “Write that I am Arab, and the number of my card is fifty thousand: the references and the feelings are palpable”, with this image one can clearly imagine the situation in some border. Palestinian, Mahmoud Darwish manifests, in eleven poems, his condition of exile, and from there, in the confines and at a distance, the horizon folds between absence, despair and some hope recovered.

Escribe que soy árabe,
y con mis camaradas de infortunio trabajo en la cantera.
Para mis ocho hijos arranco,
de las rocas, el mendrugo de pan, el vestido y los libros.
No mendigo limosnas a tu puerta, ni me rebajo ante tus escalones. ¿Te enfadarás por ello?

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