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POETRY

BY YOUNG LEBANESE POETS

Mercy

Waves

Search,
And you will find me
On the sand by the sea
Beneath its master moon.
Content,
Conversing with the waves that
Lap tenderly against my face.
My hands wrinkled,
but not by them.

Waves knowing and close,
So close,
Whispering in my ear
Words wise and old,
Old as the sea.
Waves clever,
Reaching up to kiss my eyes.

Try to fool me,
But I know
My tears from their own.
And they want me to smile,
As they gurgle and foam,
And they roll and break.
And I smile.

*Anita Nasr
LAU Alumna*

If it be a smile they want
To soothe their aching veins,
Then smile I will till summer dawns
And weary winter wanes.
If words of wisdom light their eyes
And learned lip abides,
Then cradle them with words I will
Until the dark subsides.
Let consolation be my gift,
Its price fidelity.
And praise I will till flowers wake,
But leave my heart to me.

If slack surrender does appease,
Then I should fall their prey.
And bleed I will till blood runs hard
and drowns the budding day.
The tears I weep may quench their thirst,
So break the dam I must,
And scream I will till fervor peaks and feeds the
savage lust.

My pain is naught, my anguish dim,
When weighed against my plea
To have them furl their fangs at dawn
and leave my soul to me.

The sacred truth may numb their brains
So lies become my trend.
Feigned laughter lends to lucid limbs
And squeamish glee amends.
They'll writhe in my idolatry
And foam at frilly fashion.
But stark remains this sullen slave,
Devoid of plot or passion.
The crimes subsist as I await
The dormant amnesty,
And hope that soon their shadows fade
And leave my life to me.

*Anita Nasr
LAU Alumna*