The Influence of Modern English Writers on Arab Poets from 1939 to 1960.

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Napoleon's expedition to Egypt in 1798 opened the way for Western cultural penetration of the Middle East. Before the coming of Napoleon, Egypt had been living under the continuous fluctuating political rule of the Turks and the Mamluks, both striving for power.

Culture at that time was basically Islamic, spread by the Kuttab and the religious institutes with al-Azhar as the main pillar, which taught the elementary study of theology, astronomy, mathematics, physics, jurisprudence and linguistics. At the same time, there were some schools and libraries belonging to rich families, Coptic schools and private tuition for the children of the upper classes.

In this period, too, there were different types of literature, affecting all classes of society. There was scholastic literature which was the product of the graduates of religious institutions such as al-Azhar and which was impregnated with all that was taught in those religious centres. Some works in the field of lexicography and linguistic studies of the nature of Taj al-'Arus (The Crown of the Bride) by Shaykh Murtada had gained great importance among the 'Ulama’. All those contributions were elementary in content and style and lacking in originality.

Apart from those, some poets had been concerned with other compositions of religious teaching, such as prayers or litanies.

Another type of literature was popular literature which was common among all classes of society and which conveyed to the listeners tales about the adventures of Abū Zayd al-Hilālī, 'Antara, Sayf ibn Dhī-Yazīn, and the Arabian Nights.

recited by the so-called Shu'arā', to the accompaniment of the rabāba.

When Napoleon came to Egypt he was accompanied by French scientists and Orientalists. A printing-press was also brought with the expedition to be used for official publications.

After a time L'Institut d'Égypte came into being. A library was set up to house the books brought from Europe and others collected from Egypt. A laboratory was set up to help with research into archaeology, botany, mineralogy and the irrigation system.

A newspaper, Le Courrier, and a periodical, La Décade, were published and a considerable effort was devoted to the translation of official documents and records by orientalists with the help of Syrian and Egyptian interpreters and translators.

Those Western experts had all been working for the benefit of the French. The Egyptian people stayed in seclusion except for a few 'ulamā' who were called upon by Napoleon for service. Owing to this fact and to the short duration of French rule in Egypt, no significant cultural effect was left behind. Still, the presence of Napoleon in Egypt awakened in the people a new sense of understanding. They had begun to realise that Turkey was not the only source of power, but that there were other powers with different means and ways of life.

After the departure of Napoleon, Egypt was subjected to the rule of Muhammad 'Ali. Though not highly educated, yet he was a very talented resolute ruler and a man of wide experience. He had a deep admiration for Egypt; addressing a Westerner once he said: "You undoubtedly know that Egypt was the leader and the minaret of the world in olden times. Now Europe has gained prestige. I hope that Egypt will one day regain its greatness in the fields of progress and development for this world is nothing but up and downs."

So, Muhammad 'Ali directed all his attention to constructing a new Egypt. To do that he fostered fruitful relations with Western cultures because he realised that it would help in the advancement of Egypt. A few Europeans, experts in their professions, and mostly French, were invited to serve Egypt. Distinguished men were sent over to Europe to acquire knowledge and went back to help in the machinery of government.

The religious institutes were encouraged, but they continued to teach according to their old system which considered the memorisation of texts the proper way of learning.

Meanwhile, a new methodic education was started. About fifty primary schools were opened to serve Dīwān al-Madaris, established in 1837. Some of those trained in primary schools were accepted into higher institutes of which the School of Medicine and the School of Languages were the most famous.

The School of Languages, inaugurated in 1835 with Rifāʿa Rāfiʿ at-Taḥtāwī as its head, had a very significant rôle in culture both in Egypt and the rest of the Arab world. It produced intellectuals such as Muhammad 'Uthmān Jalāl and Muhammad Abū as-Suʿūd and others who, later on, became translators of European works.

With European experts of high professional merit such as Dr. Keenig Bey and Georges Vidal as well as Syrians well versed in European languages, some Egyptian translators were engaged in a movement of translation. Two thousand books and pamphlets on diverse subjects were translated. A number of those works were published by the official printing-press established in Fulāq in 1822. 243 other works in different languages were brought out by the same press within twenty years of its appearance. 125 were in Turkish, 111 in Arabic, 6 in Persian and one was an Italian - Arabic dictionary.

The official paper *al-Waqā'i al-Masriyya* was started in 1828, containing entries in Turkish with their Arabic translation. A French edition was published in 1833 and a year later another newspaper *Le Moniteur Égyptien* appeared.

Other contributions in prose and historical works were compiled by some shaykhs who were graduates of al-Ashar or by others who acquired a good background of religious and classical Arabic culture.

*Tuhfat al-Mustaqī al-Anis fī Ruhat al-Mustanīm an-Ma‘īs*, in imitation of the Arabian Nights, by Muhammad al-Wahhī attracted attention and was translated into French by Jean Josef Marcel with the title *Contes du Cheikh el-Mohdi*.

Al-Jabarti, a famous historian, contributed his well-known historical book *'Ajā'ib al-Athār fī al-Tārījī w-al-Akhibīr* and *Masāhah al-Taqāsī fī dhī-nab Dawlat al-Fīlīshīa*. The first book was translated into both French and Turkish.

'Abd Allah ash-Shawqī left us two books; *Tuhfat an-Nāzirīn fī Man Wa'liya Misr min al-Salātīn* and *at-Tuhfat al-Dahiyya fī Tabaqāt ash-Shāfi‘iyya*.

Muhammad Shihāb ad-Dīn and 'Alī Darwīsh were the poets widely acknowledged by the readers of their day. Their poetry was generally a sort of verbal exercise in a shallow poetic treatment confined to the field of religious or moral teaching and praise.

Muhammad Shihāb ad-Dīn tried to introduce some innovation in his book, *Safīnāt al-Mulk wa Safīnāt al-Fulk*, a book on music and Arabic songs in which he included some of his own poetry, using new metres in the style of the *mawshishahāt, ḥażīj, khawāliyyā* and *zajal*.

The reign of Muhammad 'Ali gave Egypt a chance to develop her culture and to receive immense benefit from Western techniques and devices. "But, although Muhammad 'Ali dallied with European civilisation in a manner which was by no means unintelligent and was far less hurtful to his country than the methods adopted by Sa'id and Isma'il, his methods of government were in reality wholly Oriental".\(^1\)

After Muhammad 'Ali's death in 1848, 'Abbas I ruled for a period of six years during which all cultural reforms were almost abandoned.

Culture was once more awakened by Sa'id (1854 - 1863). Schools, both private and governmental, were opened to receive as many pupils as possible. Missionary efforts resulted in the foundation of the Collège des Frères. Translators undertook their work under the supervision of Rifā'a Rāfī' at-Tahtāwī and the printing-press was set in action.

Educational programmes were generally swiftly prepared and unstable, but their importance springs from the fact that they gave the Egyptians a new chance to develop their culture after they had been suppressed during the rule of 'Abbas I. The new atmosphere opened new outlets for poetry composition. 'Abū ʿAmmār, Sāliḥ Majdī, 'Abd Allāh Fikrī, Māḥmūd Šafwat as-Sāʿātī and Rifā'a Rāfī' at-Tahtāwī directed their attention towards social life and composed poems on the army fortresses, inventions and other social events and reforms which the ruler was well praised for. Their poetry was for the most part an out-pouring of repetitive trite expressions and superfluous decora-

\(^1\) Earl of Cromer, Modern Egypt, vol. I, p.17.
Culture entered a new phase when Isma'il came to power in 1863. He wanted to create a modern Egypt with strong reliance on Western civilisation. Promising intellectuals were sent abroad for education; in addition to the founding of military, civil and two girls' schools, the higher institutes of engineering, surveying and law were set up in 1872. Dar al-'Ulūm, unlike al-Azhar or the other religious schools, was designed to teach Arabic in a modernised way under the direction of 'Ali Mubarak and 'Abî Allah Fikrî. The school of languages was reopened to further the activities of translation and the revival of classics. Societies, such as the Geography Society, the missionary schools, community schools, the Museum, the National Library and the theatre added new forces to the cultural output of the other institutions.

Another effect on culture at that time was the activities of some Syrians. "In 1860 there was a fearful outbreak of violence between Druses and Maronites in Syria; many Christians were massacred, others fled to Egypt. These Syrian Christians, by reason of religious kinship, had long been in

1. For more information on the poetry of this period see a series of articles by Muhammad Sayyid Kaylānī, entitled "ash-Shi'r al-Misrī fī Mi'at 'Ām" in al-

|Risāla:|
|No. 858, 12 Dec., 1949, p.1708.|
|No. 860, 26 Dec., 1949, p.1762.|
|No. 875, 10 Apr., 1950, p.414.|

contact with the West. Since the 16th. century there had been a Maronite school in Rome. In the 18th. century a few of them — such as Father Mîkhâ'il al-Ghuzayrî, interpreter to Carlos III of Spain who between 1760 and 1770 published an Arabic and Latin description of Arabic manuscripts in the Escorial Library — were in Europe serving the cause of Arabic culture.¹

By prescribing Mariette's History of Egypt from Earliest Times to the Muslims, Isma'îl helped to foster a sense of national pride which was also a constant theme in journalism. There were sixteen newspapers, ten of which were published in Arabic. Mâdî an-Nâîl, which appeared in 1866, was sponsored by the Khedive. Al-Hilal and al-Ahrâm were widely read, too. Journalists used to write on current social affairs, the question of Nationalism and literature. Writings by the Persian Jamâl ad-Dîn al-Afghâni, the Syrians Salîm an-Naqqâsh, Adîb Ishâq, Yaqqûb Samûa and Mishârâ Taqla and the Egyptians 'Abd Allâh an-Nâdîm were quite influential. It was Salîm an-Naqqâsh who coined the slogan "Egypt for the Egyptians".

The intelligentsia were inflamed by the teachings of Jamâl ad-Dîn al-Afghâni², who arrived in Egypt in 1869. Jamâl ad-Dîn told the people that Muslims had their good values, customs, traditions and literature and that what they needed was a sense of pride and a sense of adventure.

The National Party emerged to inform the people that they were all brothers in Islam. The Pan-Islamic movement was carried on by Jamâl ad-Dîn and his

disciple, Muhammad 'Abduh. Islamic teachings were taken as a strong basis for social reform. Both Jamāl and 'Abduh collaborated to reformulate Islamic doctrine in the light of modern thought and to defend Islam against European influence and Christian penetration.

Salih Majdī and others enthusiastically picked up the question of Nationalism and patriotism and devoted a number of poems to that theme. Of all those poets it was Mahmūd Sāmī al-Farūdī who was able to express himself in a rich classical style, which gave back to Arabic poetry its original grandeur which for a long time had not been seen.²

By the time of Tawfīq's reign (1879 - 1892), Egypt had turned into a fertile ground for the growth of political and cultural factors, actively working for the shaping and reshaping of a new society.

The National tone became more heightened and that in its turn awakened a patriotic spirit in the country, resulting in the military revolt of Ahmad 'Urābī in 1881. That movement of 'Urābī's was obviously a strong source of inspiration to many poets, but it was to lose its prestige in the course of time.

In 1882 the British came to Egypt. Their presence was a vital factor in the life of the people as it helped to save the country from its economic crisis and corruption of its administration. Consequently, the new disciplined state of affairs led to a new growth in culture and to the development of education.

2. For further details see "ash-Shi'r al-Misrī fī Mi'at 'Ām" by M. Sayyid Kaylānī in ar-Risāla, 5 Dec., 1949, No. 857, p.1674 and 'Abd ar-Rāziq 'Alī, B.S.O.A.S. (1922 - 1923), p.261
As usual, al-Azhar never ceased to deliver Islamic teachings in the traditional manner of elementary studies of theology, logic, exegesis, jurisprudence and rhetoric. The Shaykhs and the 'Ulama', such as Ibrahim al-Maghribi, Mustafa al-'Arusi, and Shaykh al-'Ulama', were all busy composing religious texts and writing commentaries and compendiums.

In the meantime, the Pan-Islamic movement, directed by Jamal ad-Din and 'Abduh, continued to prepare the way for the new understanding of Islam. The modern interpretation of Islam spread by the Pan-Islamic movement attracted many of the intellectuals who afterwards became the true exponents of the new Pan-Islamic attitude. Some institutes for training Shari'a judges, al-Ja'ima al-Ahliyya and missions abroad were to a reasonable extent widening the scope of the new generation in such a way so as to help them accept and digest modern ideas. The chief aim of al-Ja'ima al-Ahliyya, which was meant to be a field for co-education, was defined as "being to raise the moral and intellectual level of the study of literature and to create a centre of scientific and philosophical culture in communication with similar institutes in Europe."2

Questions related to Pan-Islamism, politics, Nationalism, social conditions and to a lesser extent literature, were discussed by journalists, both Egyptian and Syrian, each according to his own point of view. Among the important papers of that phase was al-'Urwa al-Wuthqa, with its enthusiastic advocacy of Pan-Islamism.

With the passage of time, cultural development was much accelerated by the striking changes which took place during the rule of 'Abbas II. Ideas were swiftly and widely spread by writers and thinkers.

Pan-Islamism, consciously pursued in the al-Manār movement, was started by Muhammad 'Abduh and Muhammad Rashīd Riḍā. It became stronger and gained new followers because of its deep respect of the Qur'an, its refutation of superstitions and its ideas on the rights of Man.

Al-Mugattam and al-Mu'ayyad provided outlets for the Syrinas Yaqūb Sarrūf, Faris Nāmer, Shaḥīn Makhārūs and others. Mustafā Kamīl in al-Liwa' wrote in a patriotic tone, attacking among other issues of national concern the call for the emancipation of women determinedly voiced by the free-thinker Qāsim Amin who was a social reformer and a disciple of Muhammad 'Abduh Al-Hilāl and al-Mustafāf started in the first place with a modest attempt at popularising Western scientific ideas, now devoting much space to literature. Sarrūf, Nāmer, Shibli Shumayyil, Shāhāb Arslān and Jurjī Zaydān contributed articles on social and artistic subjects. Jurjī Zaydān was able to attract many readers by his fluent musical style. His books on the history of the Arabic language added much to the knowledge of the Arab reader. One of those was Tārīkh al-Lugha al-'Arabiyya, and another was Tārīkh Adāb al-Lugha al-'Arabiyya in four volumes. Literary life was furthermore nourished by other writers with a direct elegant style. 'Alī Mubārak, 'Abd Allāh Fikrī, Muhammad 'Uthmān Jalāl and others wrote articles on different themes and translated novels and plays mostly from French literature, feeding the Royal Opera House every now and then with whatever was acceptable to the audience. The plays were sometimes in classical Arabic, sometimes in the colloquial. The Syrian, Adīb an-Naqīsh, was one of the famous personalities in theatrical activities. His

1. For further details on Jurjī Zaydān and other writers of the period see 'Abd ar-Rāziq Shaykh Arabic Literature Since the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century, pp. 243-255 and 'Abd Allāh Fikrī, Muhammad 'Uthmān Jalāl al-Misrī, 4th Mināt 'Am, ar-Risālah, 5th Dec., 1949, no. 857, p. 1674-760 and (1929-1930), pp. 311-322.
company played a significant part by giving occasional performances on visiting Cairo.

There were translators, too. Fathī Zaghlūl, who was a follower of Muhammad 'Abdu, prepared some books which were of great influence because they exploited new channels for a deeper insight into social life. With the sharp eye of a free-thinker, he translated The Principle of Legislation by Bentham, The Social Contract by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, A Quoi Tend la Superiorité des Anglo-Saxons by E. R. Demolin, and The Spirit of Society and The Secret of the Evaluation of Nations by Gustave Lebon. In his writings he was introducing reformative ideas and directing attention to the fruitful methods of Western civilisation.

Groups of thinkers and intellectuals in those days never tired of discussing all sorts of subjects, social, political, religious, philosophical or literary.

Internal and external events led to rapid changes in the political and social structure. After the 'Aqaba incident in June, 1906, there emerged the three parties of the Umma, the Constitutional Reform and the National Party. The Dinshaway event in 1907, the strength of the Pan-Islamic movement, the Russo-Japanese War (1905 - 1906) and the interference of foreigners in Egyptian affairs were important factors which helped in the creation of a favourable political atmosphere for the leaders who were resolutely exerting unfailing efforts in the strife for self-realisation through the potentialities of their parties.

Muṣṭafā Kāmil, with his fine patriotic zeal, Sa'd Zaghlūl as a capable politician, Lutfī as-Sayyid talking about collective consciousness and Muslim unity in his newspaper al-Jarīda and in the University, Qasim Amin as free as ever spreading his views on the emancipation of women in his writings, Huda Sha'rāwī in her society known as Jam'iyya 'ar-Ruqī al-Adabī l-As-Sayyidat were
all laying the foundation of Egypt of the future and directing the people towards a wider range of understanding.

Amidst all those circumstances and changes, poets felt it their responsibility to speak in the voice of serene assurance for the guidance of their society. The names of Shawqi, Hafiz and Sabri became widely known among their people for their persistent call to patriotism and their ardour for Arabism and Islam. Their poetry, though traditional, was nevertheless composed with a strict sense of form and purity of outline not to be found in the poetry of their predecessors. It became evident that poetry was the compelling utterance of the age.

Shawqi celebrated as "Amir ash-Shu'ara" was the most renowned of all, attracting the Arab reader by his poetic excellence, national themes, variety of subjects and above all by introducing poetic drama into Arabic literature.

We have already seen how Egyptian culture was influenced by Syrians, particularly through their activities in the fields of literature, journalism and the theatre. Meanwhile, the two neighbouring Arab countries, Syria and Lebanon, were offering other types of contributions to Arabic culture. The two countries had been since the nineteenth century lively centres for both Arabic and Western cultures.

In Bayrut many schools were spreading culture according to their various attitudes. Al-Hikma School was one of the most important institutes; it was established by Yusuf ar-Rayyis, archbishop of the Maronites in 1875. Some French experts were invited to teach foreign languages, and in time, many graduates were produced with a good cultural background.

1. Farrūkh, 'Umar, Ahmad Shawqi, and Dayf, S., Dirāsa fī ash-Shi'r al-'Arabī al-Mu'ṣair, pp.9 - 29 and 29 - 44.
During the last years of the nineteenth century the technical school, the Saltaniyya and preliminary institutes were set up in the main districts of the country. In 1913 the School of Law was founded in Bayrut. Other private and foreign schools for girls appeared here and there in the country. By the efforts of some benevolent personalities Zahrat al-Isan Orthodox School was also founded.

The missionary institutes and other national schools were energetically operating to raise the standard of students and to develop culture all over the country. The French language in particular, and the English language, were two very useful mediums helping both Syrians and Lebanese to draw as much as they could from the springs of Western culture.

The American University, which was founded in 1866 as a missionary school, and the Jesuit University established in 1879, developed as two influential and cultural centres directed by men of wide knowledge of Syrian and Lebanese origin, such as Jabr Dumayyit, Bēlos al-Khūlī and 'Abd Allāh al-Bustānī, teaching in the American University. Among the other notable personalities was Father Shikhū of the Jesuit University.

The new culture spread by the Universities, institutes and schools had awakened Syrians and Lebanese from a mental lethargy which had allowed literary talents to stagnate for years. At the beginning, the cultural movement inclined too strongly towards Westernisation. The celebrated Syrian Ahmad Faris ash-Shidyāq (1804 – 1887) appeared at this time as an important literary figure. After a time two schools, quite different in attitude, started to exercise their literary powers among the new generation. One was the typically conservative school of Nasīf al-Yāsījī, keenly working for a revival of classical Arabic literature away from the modernists' style and thought. After his death he left his elaborate work Muḥīt al-Muḥīṭ, a dictionary of classical and modern

usage and his famous unfinished encyclopedia مَرْكَبَةٍ الْمَفَارِض. His poetry was strictly classical and his deep admiration for al-Mutanabbi and the other classical poets created in him a tendency to compose his poetry in traditional original Arabic with all its qualities of form and content.

His school was continued by his disciples, among whom was Ibrāhīm, his son. But they could not reach the standard already attained by Nāṣif 1.

The other school was the one in favour of Western culture. Some of its members showed their great interest in Western literature by translating some classical European works. Sulaymān al-Bustānī, the outstanding representative of this school, has rendered a great service to Arabic literature with his masterly translation of the Iliad from the original into Arabic verse.

Towards the latter years of the nineteenth century Nāṣif al-Haddād contributed his useful translations of European works. From English literature he translated Romeo and Juliet with the Arabic title مُحَدَّثة الْجَرَم. The Talisman by Sir Walter Scott with the Arabic title سَبْطَة الْهَلْدَن. From French literature he translated Le Cid by Corneille and gave it the Arabic title سَبْطَة الْهَلْدَن. and Hernani by Victor Hugo with the Arabic title هُرْنَانِي.

By such translations and other creative works, the modernists gave new opportunities and this contact had prolific chances of contact with the literature of Europe which proved to be prolific in their results. Writers gradually deserted the strict traditional ways of expression adopted by the school of Nāṣif al-Yūsifī.

In the new atmosphere the Lebanese poets, Skandar al-‘Azar, Salīm al-‘Azar, Sulaymān al-Bustānī, Ilyās Fayyād, Nqīla Fayyād and Amin Taqī ad-Dīn set forth to compose classical poetry in a freer and more flexible technique. Then, Bishāra al-Khūrī continued along the same lines adding to it a new touch of self-expression in a captivating lyrical style.

The Syrians, Khalīl Mardam, Muhammad al-Basîm and Shafîq Jabrî were attracted to the new culture, and they, being contemporaries of Shawqî, found in his poetry a very good example to be followed.

Still, in so far as European influence is concerned we have to bear in mind the early innovations introduced by émigré Syrian poets into Arabic poetry in the early years of the twentieth century. Dissatisfied with conditions in their own native lands, these poets made their way to the Americas. Jibrîn Khalīl Jibrîn, Ilyâ Abû Madî, Mikhâ'il Mu'ayma and Nasîb 'Arîda wrote in their new homes in North America a new type of poetry expressing their experiences in a newly-created technique derived from European forms. So did their other fellow-countrymen, such as Fawâl al-Ma'lıf, Ilyâs Farahât and Rashîd Salîm al-Khûrî, who found in South America a favourable abode. They formed on the whole a distinctive new school of poetry which broke away from the old traditional method of poetry composition.

Mikha'il Mu'ayma in his outstanding book al-Shurba'al (The Sieve:) and Jibrîn Khalîl Jibrîn for his part expressed their points of view on classical Arabic poetry and showed their great admiration for the new style which gives more freedom to the subject-matter and more poetic vivacity and variety in music.

During the nineteenth century there was in 'Irāq also a new tendency towards cultural reformation. Before that time there was nothing in the literary field except for the slight shallow output of religious, literary and historical studies to be found in the main cities of al-Najaf, al-Mâsil and al-Hîlā. Then there appeared some poets, namely al-Kāzîm al-Asmâ', al-'Arîf and al-Akhras, who gradually left aside the ancient traditional poetry and composed classical poems on social reform within the range of their limited religious ideas and

1. Dayf, Shawqî, Dirâsât 'ash-Shi'r al-'Arabî al-Mu'asir, p.249.
social understanding.

Those poets seemed to have been motivated by causes which awakened in them a sense of self-realisation and created among them an attitude for progress. Turkish rule, which pressed hard on the country, was always locked upon as oppressive. These poets were as well strongly inflamed by the political, social and cultural movements which were reigning supreme in Egypt and Syria.

The 'Iraqi intellectuals of those days then felt a great need to dig deep into their past and they strove hard to revive their glorious Arabic literary heritage.

In all, cultural achievements the part of poetry was remarkably great. Poets from all the central cities of 'Iraq contributed with their poems on various topics, religious, social, political, national or others.

Their output varied in its classical standards and attitudes. Haydar al-Hilli, Muhammad Sa'id al-Habibi, ash-Shabib, Muhammad al-Mahdi, al-Basiri, Muhammad ash-Shariq, as-Samawi and some others acquired a high reputation among their fellow-countrymen. But, al-Kazimi ar-Rasi (b.1875 d.1945), az-Zahawi (b.1863 d.1936) and al-Jawahiri (b.1900 ) drew attention from Arab readers not only in 'Iraq but also in the other Arab countries and their names are usually linked with the school of Shawqi (b.1868 d.1932) and Hafiz.


Al-Wa'il, I., Bulletin of the College of Arts, Baghdad, April, 1964, p.204.

Isa'il, M., al-Adab, No. 19, 19 Jan., 1955, p.49.

Dayf, Shawqi, Dirasa'fi ash-Shi'ir al-'Arabi al-Mu'asir, pp.55 & 71.
Another root of Arabic culture was to grow in the Sudan, which remained secluded until Egyptian rule brought it in the nineteenth century within the field of activities going on in the other Arab countries. The Sudan under Egyptian rule did not enjoy a time of peace or ease. The inherited Islamic culture had deteriorated and the Shaykhs of the Tariqas played a limited and localised rôle teaching religion and some elementary Arabic in their khalwas. Some of them used to compose prayers and litanies.

After some years the Egyptian rulers created a minority of intellectuals out of some 'Ulama who received their education at al-Azhar or Mecca and returned to the Sudan to work as teachers or as Shari'a judges. Those 'Ulama showed no signs of interest in the people's condition and all their chief aims were to save the cause of the rulers. Their poetry and their teachings were all limited to that aim.

Another small number of Sudanese intellectuals, in their state of frustration, continued to quench their cultural thirst by reading classical and Islamic-Arabic literature, awaiting a favourable chance to raise their cry for the building up of a free Sudanese society.

When al-Mahdi's revolution broke out in 1881, 'Abd Allah al-Banna stood on tip-toe singing for the glory of the revolution and calling out in the name of God for the struggle against foreign rule. His poetry was of a clear direct classical style. But the fall of Omdurman at the crucial battle of 1898 caused a great disappointment among poets and they turned towards the glorious past of the Arabs, embracing its ideals and bewailing the condition of their disillusionment and delivering their experiences in poems typical of the old qasida.

The introduction of secular education in 1899, the founding of schools, the adoption of English as a second language and the contact with cultural movements in Egypt and the other Arab countries opened new ways of culture before the Sudanese people after years to come.
The classically-minded poets, 'Umar al-Hamīn, 'Abd Allah 'Abd ar-Rahmān, 'Abbās al-'Ubayd and Muhammad Sa'id al-'Abbāsī, after reading the poetry of Shawqī, Hāfiz, ar-Rasāfī, az-Zahāwī and others, realised that it was the right type of poetry to follow. Since then they devoted their poetry to the love of the Sudan and the Arab world in general.\(^1\)

From North Africa Khayr ad-Dīn at-Ṭūnisī (b.1810 d.1889) awakened in Arab intellectuals an interest in Western culture by his writings about Europe, in particular about the forms of government in the West, and European art.\(^2\)

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1. For further details see: 'Abdīn, 'Abd al-Majīd, Ṭarīkh ath-Thaqāfa al-'Arabiyya fī as-Sūdān, pp.100 - 108, 144 - 149 & 211 - 228.


By the end of the First World War a Western policy was well designed by Great Britain and France to meet with the aims of their occupation in the Middle East. The previous political, social and cultural influences led to the entanglement between the Arab world and the West. Western contact over the past years has now turned into studied educational programmes which set out to spread Western culture and thought all over the Arab countries through the establishment of new schools, institutes and technical colleges, run according to Western methods of teaching. The missionary schools were given a free hand to spread Christian culture and encourage in the people the Western ways of life.

Amongst the intellectual Arabs there grew bitter conflicts in ideas, which resulted in splitting the intellectuals into two camps. The orthodox Muslims held steadfast to their old ideas and declared their rejection of Westernisation. Standing on the other side were the modernists who were in favour of Westernisation, harmonising their own Arab civilisation with Western thought by introducing ideas of reform and adaptation. It appeared that the old camp was in discord with the new revolutionary ideas circulated by the modernists, who were able to inject Arabic culture with the new Western ideas which appealed to many of their Arab contemporaries. At the beginning, that attitude towards Westernisation was shared by Syrian and Egyptians.

By the turn of the century Arabic culture showed notable signs of progress. Arab writers led a movement of Western orientation. Some felt a deep interest in a revival of the Arabic classics and strong attention was directed to the literary qualities of medieval literature. Egyptian and Syrian scholars
started to work in collaboration with Orientalists in that field. Other writers became admirers of Western prose style and its effect was reflected in their own writings. Those were writers such as Hamza Fath Allah, Shawish and Wali, whose attitude was continued by Mustafa Sadiq ar-Rafi'i who was of a conservative way of thinking and with a touch of far-fetched Romantic style, present in his books, such as as-Sahab al-Ahrar. His critical approach tended in most cases towards personal judgement, as is clear from his essays entitled Tahta Kayat al-Qur'an.

A widespread movement of translation was pursued, introducing the famous literary works of Europe, particularly English and French, to Arab readers. Works by Shakespeare, Victor Hugo and others became available in Arabic. Of the works of Shakespeare Khalil Metwally (b. 1872 d. 1949) translated Macbeth and Hamlet into Arabic. Hafiz Ibrahim translated Les Misérables by Victor Hugo and Ahmad Hasan translated Goethe's Werther.

At the same time, the movement of Western orientation brought about new contributions in the field of belles lettres. The outstanding figure in that respect was as-Sayyid Mustafa Lutfi al-Manfaluti, the well-known author of an-Nasarat and al-'Abarat. Many critics considered him a writer with superficial ideas when he talked about reform, though an author of elegant style. Some Syrians, such as Farah Antoine, went so far as to write French in the Arabic script.

The modernists then realised the importance of style. Classical writings were stylised and stereotyped and the use of Western canons of criticism gave a chance of rational judgement and compactness. Modernists were guided by their new sense of understanding to choose from the classics of Ibn al-Muqaffa' al-Jahiz and Ibn Khaldun as examples of simple balanced style and rational
communication of ideas. 1

Lutfi as-Sayyid was one of those who followed the example of Western writers. His essays in *al-Jarida* were marked by a logical development of argument and economy of words. Al-'Aqqad (b. 1839 d. 1964), who started to write in *ad-Dustur*, followed the same line.

The modernist movement directed writers to exploit new fields of creation. The maqāma was developed and had appeal to some authors as a favourable medium for treating social phenomena. *Hadīth 'Isa ibn Hishām* by Ibrahim al-Muwaylihi gained wide circulation, and *Layali as-Sātīh* by Hafiz Ibrahim and *Layali ar-Ruh al-Ma'īra* by Ahmad Lutfi Juma were received with interest and admiration.

The Western technique of novel writing was practised with success by Muhammad Husayn Haykal when he wrote *Zaynab* (1914), the first Egyptian novel in which he depicted in a poetic style the conflict of a village girl married against her will. Short story-telling, started by Mahmūd Taymūr, has, however, reached a better standard compared with the art of the novel.

The art of the theatre, which was pursued by 'Uthmān Jalāl (b. 1823 d. 1898) and Yaqūb Sanwa as well as Salām Hijāzī, who was an admirer of al-Qabbānī, the first Egyptian to develop drama in the Arab world, was followed with success and deeper theatrical performance by George Abyad.

Mahmūd Taymūr and Muhammad Lutfi Juma were feeding the theatre with successful plays. The number of theatre-goers increased day by day. Shawqi has for his part added something new by composing poetic dramas such as *Magra* Cleopatra, *Majmūn Laylā* and others adhering to the classical convention of Arabic poetic technique with some innovations of dramatic style, mostly of a Shakespearean nature.

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In 1917 the theatre almost stood on stronger ground by the new touches offered by the two partners, Najib ar-Rayhami and 'Asiz 'Id. Colloquial and classical Arabic were both used by those two writers. Plays adapted particularly from French literature and others translated or newly written were chosen to treat social problems in satirical and sometimes in tragi-comic vein.

Critical works appeared in the first place quite biased and every now and then with shallow treatment of personal tastes, but on the whole they carried with them some useful ideas on art and style, mainly borrowed from Western writings. That type of criticism was present in Tahê Husayn's writings on al-Manfalüti or in al-'Aqqad's and al-Mazini's writings on Shawqi, al-Manfalüti and Shukri. Afterwards, a new critical approach was introduced when Tahê Husayn's doctorate thesis on Abu 'Alâ' was published in 1914. In that book the critic's attitude was more balanced and one could tell that Tahê Husayn was greatly influenced by the French rational analytic methods of criticism.

In the new atmosphere, poets such as Hafiz and Shawqi continued to compose poetry according to the classical method of the old qasida though with some innovations in images, metaphors and expressions, mostly related to their acquaintance with French literature. Isma'il Sabri tried to liberate poetry from the single rhyme by introducing variety of rhymes. But all of the poets nobody was more successful than Khalil Matran in infusing his culture with knowledge gained from French Romantic poets and with his knowledge of Arabic poetry. He came to realise the importance of the organic unity of the poem and the exercise of free verse while writing narrative and dramatic poetry. His was indeed an achievement in the world of Arabic poetry.

1. For further details see al-'Adab, Nov., 1965, pp.1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 67.
2. For further details see ar-Ramadi Jamal ad-Din, Khalil Matran Shaiir al-Hilad al-'Arabiywa, p.13, 60, 114, 268, 300.
1. AR-RABITA AL-QALAMIYYA

The Syro-Americans in their ar-Rabita al-Qalamiyya, which was established in 1920, continued to feed Arabic poetry with new ideas about form and technique. Those Syro-Americans, after full acquaintance with English, French and American Romantic poets, were awakened to new themes and techniques, other than those known to Arabic poetry. They have, after fully digesting works by those Western Romantic poets and assimilating Biblical literature, liturgical hymns and vernacular songs, introduced new metres, rhythms and imagery to Arabic poetry.

Above all, al-Shurwal of Mikhali Nu'ayma (b.1839) proved afterwards to be of great importance in developing the meaning and technique of Arabic poetry.

2. THE FRENCH SCHOOL

The teachings of the modernist movement spread swiftly. Taha Husayn (b.1889) proved to be one of the greatest expositors of Western thought and a talented leader in the world of Arabic culture. His culture was a distilled mixture of the outer conservatism of al-Ashar and the liberal attitude of French thought. The first Western influence on him came as a result of his contact with the famous Western professors, Littman, Mallino and Santillana, who were teaching at the Egyptian University. From them he learnt to examine Arabic literary heritage scientifically and dispassionately. That was accompanied by a keen study of the classics, both Arabic and Greek.

After a full comprehension of the critical ideas of French critics such as Jaine, Sainte Beuve, De Stael and others he approached the study of classical Arabic literature in his book al-Adab al-Jahili (1927) with a mind full of past assumptions, and came out with the conclusion that the so-called pre-
Islamic literature was to some extent not pre-Islamic at all, a judgement which shocked many and subjected him to severe attacks. Readings of Valéry on education and culture were quite influential on Tāhā Husayn. In his frank treatment of the essence of culture in Mustaqbal ath-Thaqafa fī Miṣr he expounded his opinion in a bold support of Westernism in the form of historical appreciation to show that Egypt, historically, geographically and culturally, belongs to the Hellenistic world. It is, as he said, as Mediterranean as Italy or France.

Tāhā Husayn achieved notable success in a variety of books, both critical and creative. His autobiographical masterpiece, al-Ayyām, vol. I (1929), which was translated into English, French and other European languages, added much to his fame. In his work Ḥadīth al-'Arbī'ā' (1937) he contributed some useful ideas about the technique of poetry in his studies of some works of Arab poets, both old and new.

Dr. Muhammad Husayn Haykal (b.1888 d. ), author of Zaynab, the first Egyptian novel, afterwards emerged as a profuse writer of striking talent. He expressed his points of view on art, religion and social affairs in articles published in as-Siyasa, al-Jarīda and other reviews. His stay in France widened his critical and credible approach to literature. He introduced his new canons of fiction in his novel Zaynab. His studies of Jean-Jacques Rousseau encouraged in him a refined sense of rationalism, strengthened by his legal attitude. He was a modernist in his writings, but he inclined to an opposite attitude in his understanding of religion. In his two great works Hayāt Muhammad and Abu Bakr as-Siddiq he attacked the views of European Orientalists and he even asserted that the failure of modern civilisation was largely due to the departure from Islamic teachings and ideals. Nevertheless, these works of his were rich with

1. Ghia, P., Tāhā Husayn
2. Khāmīrī, T., and Kampffmeyer, G., Leaders in Contemporary Arabic Literature, p.2
new modernistic interpretations.

Tawfiq al-Hakim, who was influenced by the life and literature of Paris to a great extent, returned to his country as a writer with a Western taste. He set out to write on events of everyday life in a brilliant subtle style with satirical touches. His *Usfur Min ash-Shara, Tawmiyyat Mā'īb fī al-Ārāf, 'Awdat ar-Rūh and Ahl al-Kāf are works of far-reaching effect, bearing the evidence of a very skilful balanced writer of genuine experience. Amongst his other successful literary contributions he published a variety of articles in different newspapers which are collected in his book Fann al-Adab, which is a very interesting collection of impressions on literature and life delivered in an elegant style.

Dr. Ahmad Amīn tried to communicate his own breadth of outlook to his fellow Egyptians. In the four volumes of his maturely written Fayd al-Kitāb he was feeding Arab readers with carefully chosen samples of Western thought. His methodic treatment of Islamic history in *Fajr al-Islām, Duhā al-Islāmand Zuhr al-Islām he has won the admiration of many readers. He published a book on criticism with the title Fār an-Maqd al-Adabī. This book, though it did little more than trace the history of critical ideas, was largely beneficial to beginners in literature.

Dr. Ahmad Amīn is also constantly mentioned with great respect for his energetic efforts while editing ath-Thaqāfa, which was started in 1936. *Ath-Thaqāfa and ar-Risāla (1932) of Ahmad Hasan az-Zayyāt were two outstanding cultural forces developing Arab thought and teaching Arab intellectuals a maturer and deeper appreciation of literature.

Dr. Zaki Mubarak, who derived much of his ideas and technique from French culture, was an active contributor to ar-Risāla. He showed a rational tendency
in his works al-Akhlaq, 'Ind al-Shasalî and at-Tasawwuf al-Islâmir, but he was also on many occasions a passionate writer, as is obvious from Layla al-Marîda fî al-'Iraq or from his poetry or from articles written by him to defend his literary contributions against the attacks of some critics.

There were other modernists who found in English literature a rich field of education and culture. Salâma Mûsâ (b.1887 d.1958), the famous Coptic writer, was an admirer and follower of George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. He was a zealous pioneer in Arabic literature of Fabian Socialism, and his busy life as a journalist with al-Palâsh and al-Fiîlî magazinies and as a translator did not prevent him from writing original works as weil as his book Tarbiyat Salâma Mûsâ is an excellent work, rich with sound frank ideas of a rational man of letters, and a social reformer. His work Nasarîyyat Darwin attracted a number of Arab readers who found it easy to understand the theory of evolution with the help of the simple explanation of Salâma Mûsâ. He also wrote a short study on modern English literature, published in 1948 and entitled al-Adab al-Injilîzî al-'âdîth, in which he directed the attention of his readers to the works and characteristics of prominent English authors such as Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden and others.}

3. AD-DIVAN SCHOOL

The spirit of English humanism has also occupied and attracted three of the most influential writers in the Arab world. 'Abbas Mahmûd al-'Aqqâd,}

1. For further details see Khâmrî, T. and Kampfmeyer, G., op. cit., p.31. Mûsâ, S., al-Adab al-Injilîzî al-'âdîth.
Ibrahim 'Abd al-Qadir al-Masini and 'Abd ar-Rahman Shukri, all united by a desire for a change in Arabic literature and by a common artistic taste, came to form an outstanding literary school known as al-'Awan. Al-'Aqqad himself mentioned while writing on Egyptian poets of the previous era that their school did not limit itself to classical Arabic literature, but derived its ideas from a deep study of English literature and from reading French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Greek and Latin thought.

William Haslitt was highly appreciated by the three partners of al-'Awan school. He was their favourite critic and their guiding star. Mention was also made by al-'Aqqad of Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Poe, Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman and Hardy, by whom al-'Aqqad, al-Masini and Shukri were influenced in their criticism and in their poetic composition.

As for 'Abbas Mahmud al-'Aqqad (b.1839 d.1964), he was a chief pillar in the world of Arabic criticism, a much admired poet and an essayist of high renown in the Arab world and outside. He was a self-educated man and is known to have studied English at the early age of fourteen, enabling him to read authors such as Carlyle. He started composing poetry when he was young. He was always a thoughtful and avid reader, with a good taste in selecting his books as one can see from his works Futala'at and Sâ'at bayn al-Kutub. His articles, which appeared in ad-Dustûr, al-Jamida, al-Mu'ayyad, al-Ahali, al-Abyun and al-Dalîf al-Habû, were generally of a rational character, free from sentimentality and looseness of style. His essays were generally on important topics of literature and arts, logically expounded and put before

1. Hanâdir, M., sha-Shi'ir ba'id Shawaab, pp. 50 - 51.
the reader in a refined telling style\textsuperscript{1}. Al-Muqtataf described al-'Aqqād's style as combining the strength of the classical with the smoothness of the modern\textsuperscript{2}.

His chief literary works are \textit{Mutala'at} and \textit{Sa'at bayn al-Kutub}, which show his conscious and mature sense in selecting his reading material. In his work \textit{Muraja'at fī al-Adab wa al-Funūn} he tells his readers about his reflections and inquiries into literature and art.

With the mind of the analytic thinker, al-'Aqqād wrote an excellent series of books on prominent personalities in Islamic history. The series is known by the Arabic title \textit{Abqariyyat}, such as \textit{Abqariyyat Muḥammad} and \textit{Abqariyyat 'Umar}.

He wrote many critical essays notable for their powerful logical style. The most celebrated of these is \textit{ad-Diwan}, which was a critical book on Shawqi's poetry, on \textit{al-Manfalūtī} and on Shukrī, and which was written in collaboration with al-Mazinī.

In 1928 he published his four volumes of poetry in a book entitled \textit{Dīwan al-'Aqqād}. His other poetry is \textit{Wahy al-Arba’in}, \textit{A'āsir Māshrib}, \textit{Dād al-A'āsir}, \textit{Hadiyyat al-Karawan} (1933) and \textit{Abīr Sabīl} (1937)\textsuperscript{3}.

\textbf{1.} For further details see: \textit{al-Kitāb}, Jan., 1949, p.9.

\textbf{Feb.,} 1949, p.274.

\textbf{April,} 1949, p.508.

\textbf{May,} 1950, p.394.

\textbf{July,} 1950, p.491.

\textbf{2.} Hanīrī, T. and Kampffmeyer, G., op. cit.,

\textbf{3.} Dayf, S., op. cit., p.95.
Al-'Aqqād was not bound by one simple technique in composing his poetry. He used all varieties, such as rhyme, imagery, simile and metaphor.

A number of critics think of him as a great poet. Others declare that he tended to spoil his poetry by allowing his intellect too active a part in creation.¹

Ibārām 'Abd al-Qādir al-Māzīnī (b. 1890 d. 1949), who was another energetic pioneer in ad-Dīwān school, made his first attempts at writing poetry and prose when he was a student in the Higher Institute of Education in Cairo. He received much guidance from his English teachers, and this was useful in developing his literary gift. His knowledge of the English language was exceptionally profound. He was an admirer of Shakespeare, Byron, Thomas Hardy and Heine. After some contributions to some newspapers he left his job as a teacher to become a journalist. With his satirical humour and his easy fluent style he wrote on different subjects in al-Akbar, al-Ittihat, al-Kashāf and as-Siyāsah. In 1928 he joined the staff of as-Siyāsah.

In a rich humorous, yet sometimes sophisticated style, he wrote his two autobiographical works Ibrahim al-Katib and Ibrahim ath-Idham. His Sunūq ad-Dunya is a series of written sketches and reflections on life.

In collaboration with al-'Aqqād in ad-Dīwān his contribution is easily detected in the sardonic attack on Shukrī under the title Qanām al-Ālā'Ib. His other two critical works, Hasād al-Hashīm and Qabd ar-Rih have also helped to develop literary taste. There is, however, more of al-Mazini the journalist in Qabd ar-Rih than in Hasād al-Hashīm, which shows a certain critical depth and a tendency towards objectivity.


Mandur, M., asb-Shi'r ba'd Shawqī, p. 62.

Magazine Apollo, March, 1933, pp. 783 & 801.
His poems, collected in \textit{\textit{D}īwān al-Māzīnī}, were written in a mature poetic diction. It is evident that al-Māzīnī composed poetry using innovations in metres and imagery\textsuperscript{1}.

\textquotesingle{Abd ar-Rahmān Shukrī (b.1886 d.)} was a studious reader of classical Arabic, English and German literature, and he was fond of al-Mutanabbi, Ibn al-Rūmī, Abū al-'Alā', Shakespeare and Goethe.

In Shukrī's opinion the writer has to employ his mind to think about everything and set his senses freely to feel everything. Imagination is what is imagined by the poet while writing about his experiences in the wide world and telling about the secrets of his inner being. Poetic words are not mere words; they are symbols and embodiments of the poet's emotions. The poem is not a collection of scattered lines but it is an organic whole. Wide knowledge in all cultures is necessary to widen the scope of the artist. With such views, 'Abd ar-Rahmān Shukrī made his way as a true artist.

He also wrote \textit{\textit{al-I'tirāfāt}} in 1916. In all he published seven collections of poetry. The first one, \textit{Daw' al-Fajr}, came out in 1909 and the last one, \textit{Azhār al-Kharīf}, appeared in 1913. In his poetic composition he introduced innovations into Arabic metres, especially by employing blank verse\textsuperscript{2}.

\textsuperscript{1} For further details see Khamīrī, T. and Kampffmeyer, G., op. cit., p.27.
\textsuperscript{2} Mānūr, M., op. cit., p.49.

\textit{\textit{A}l-Kātib}, Sept., 1962, pp.24 & 33.


\textsuperscript{2} Dayf, S., op. cit., p.114.

Mānūr, M., op. cit., pp.91 & 93.
In 1932 another movement was started by the poet Muhammad Zakī Abū Shādi (b.1892 d.1955), who returned to Cairo after a stay of ten years in England. He came back to tell the Arab poets about new ideas and techniques, as the poets of ad-Dīwān school had done before him. He strongly believed in these new ideas after reading works by the English Romantics such as Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Coleridge. Abū Shādi's movement gained admirers and followers and a group known as "Jama'at Apollo" was formed and the magazine Apollo came into being. Amongst the early members of the group were Matrān, Ahmad Muḥarram, Ḥasan Kāmil as-Sayyāfī, 'Alī al-‘Anānī, Ibrāhīm Nājī, Ahmad ash-Shayyib, Mūhammad Abū al-Wafā', Ahmad Dayf, 'Alī Mūhammad Tāḥā, Mūhammad Sadiq, Kāmil Kaylānī and Sayyid Ibrāhīm. Afterwards, Mūkhtar al-Wakīl, Ṣālih Jawdat, Mustafā 'Abd al-Lātīf as-Sahartī, 'Abd al-'Azīz 'Ātiq and others were welcomed by the members of the group.

Apollo Group carried on with a strong desire to develop and elevate the standard of Arabic poetry, backing the new artistic movements both inside and outside the Arab world, and embracing contributions of poets and writers of diverse attitudes. The members of the group agreed to preserve the integrity of poets and writers and to offer them all assistance possible, whether literary, social or financial.

Muhammad Zakī Abū Shādi, the initiator of the Apollo movement, was himself a very active and profuse poet. The chief poetic works published by him were Anda’ al-Fajr (1910), Aytāf as-Rabī’ (1933), ash-Shu‘ila (1933), al-Yanbu' (1934) and Fawā al-'Ubāb (1935).

He also wrote a book entitled Nasrah al-Adab (1928), giving his ideas and
reflections on English Romantic poets.

Unfortunately, the magazine *Apollo* came to a final stop three years after its first appearance. After a time, Abū Shādī left for the United States of America where he continued to work for the good of Arabic literature until the end of his life.

Subsequently the Apollo Group proved to be a very dominant pillar in the world of Arabic literature, serving the cause of Romantic poetry and stimulating a new mode of criticism. Its members enthusiastically refuted the archaic ways of expression and declared that it would be futile to adhere to old Arabic literature. With that new literary spirit, the movement gained admirers and followers in Egypt and in the other Arab countries. Poems by the Egyptians ʿIbrahīm Najī, Muḥammad ʿAbd al-Muʿītī al-Hamsharī, Māḥmūd Ḥasan ʿIsāʿī, ʾṢāliḥ Jawdat and others attracted many members.

From Tunisia Abū al-Qāsim ash-Shābbī (b.1909 d.1934) was enthusiastically writing for *Apollo*. In addition to his excellent Romantic collection of poetry, known as *Aqānā al-Ḥayāt*, he published impressive studies on Arabic literature.

In the Sudan, poets and writers, particularly those of al-Fajr School, found new outlets for a new poetry composition. The most outstanding of those Sudanese writers was at-Tījānī Yūsūf Bashīr (b.1909 d.1934), the author of a famous collection of poems bearing the Arabic title *Ish辣椒*, and one of the editors of the Sudanese magazine *al-Fajr*, which was the only one of its kind in Sudanese literature.¹

All those striking movements of Western orientation gave to Arabic literature a remarkable chance for a deeper expression through the newly-introduced ideas in the field of poetry and criticism.

1. Mandūr, M., ibid., p.120.
B. THE NEW POETIC ATTITUDE

1. THE MEANING OF POETRY

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Both glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.¹

Shakespeare.

From the beginning of the twentieth century, forces were taking shape that combined to make Romanticism the dominant mood of Arabic poetry in the first few years immediately following the Second World War.

The significant characteristic is the departure from classical Arabic literature in both form and content. For it had been realised by the pioneers of the Westernisation literary movement that classical literature could not possibly serve them in expressing freely and sincerely their bitter experiences in that frustrating society of theirs.

The solution for a satisfactory medium of expression was discovered after an ardent search by the three partners of ad-Dīwān School, al-'Aqqād, Shukrī and al-Māzīnī. After their intensive readings of English literature, they felt keenly the close affinity between themselves and the English Romantic poets such as Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron and Tennyson, because of

two radical factors related in the first place to the Romantics' attitude towards life, and secondly to the artistic power by which those Romantics expressed that attitude. Despite some points of difference in detail, it is true to say that the English Romantics belonged to "a single movement, which rises from a prevailing mood of longing for something more complete and more satisfying than the familiar world".

That was the dominant mood which captured almost all the creative writers in the West during the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, as far as the English Romantic poets were concerned, it was connected with "a peculiar visionary insight into a superior order of being".

The English Romantics rejected any technique or philosophy that would curb their creative power when they surrendered themselves to exploring a truth beyond the visible order of things.

Poetry to them was not the offspring of fancy controlled by judgement, or the apt use of images, or mere visual impressions and metaphors, as approved by Pope, Johnson and Dryden.

Neither Locke's declaration that "in perception, the mind is wholly passive, a mere recorder of impressions from without, a lazy looker-on an external world", nor was Newton's mechanical explanation of the world acceptable to the English Romantics because such philosophical and scientific speculation they considered enslaving to the human self and a denial of its enormous potentialities. Consequently, the Romantics followed the other extreme attitude, emphasising their strong belief in the imagination which

2. Ibid., p.272.
3. Ibid., p.2.
they deemed religious and metaphysical grounds.

Their way of expression was that of experience and feeling and not that of argument or reason.

The yearning for something satisfying, something complete beyond the visible order of things which has already been deeply expressed by the English Romantics was to a great extent the same tendency pursued by the three partners of ad-Dīwān. With their powers of creativity they set out to discover the satisfying and the complete, that something which they could not attain in their own frustrating society.

Through the acquaintance with that Romantic attitude, Arabic poetry entered a new phase during the ten years which preceded the outbreak of the Second World War, and acquired a new meaning. According to the partners of ad-Dīwān School, poetry was no longer to deal with the external aspects of life, nor to be restrained by artificial devices such as the monorhyme, or be characterised by prolixity, declamatory statements, or an overriding concern with figures of speech.

In his introduction to his collection *Ābir Sabil*, al-'Aqqād expressed his opinion on the new meaning of poetry by saying1: "our sensation (iḥsās) towards anything is the very source which creates pleasure in that thing, gives it life and turns it either into a poetic meaning that moves the self, or into a meaning too trivial to attract the eye or the attention of hearing or sight. Everything can be a subject for poetry if we have life or if we have a feeling towards it. Gardens, seas and planets are not the only themes of poetry capable of awakening the natural disposition (al-qarīha) and stirring up the imagination (al-khayāl). It is nothing but the self which extracts poetry out of these

1. Dayf, S., op. cit., p.95.
objects in the very same manner in which the body extracts nourishment out of the selected diet."

Al-'Aqqād continued, saying: "Anything that we perceive through sensation and imagination, anything we go into with our consciousness (al-wa'ī), anything towards which we express our whims (al-hawajis), our dreams, and our fears, is in fact poetry and a theme of poetry, because it is life and a subject for life, and visualisation (at-tasawwuf) is the true assistant of sensation and a drive towards like or dislike. Through visualisation we can create the masterpieces which were not there and which we added to life and exhibited to the eye. Let us then acquire the tendency for desire and visualisation, and tackle themes of poetry from all that is seen or tasted. Let us direct our aspiring senses (al-hawas) to what we like, enjoying our feeling and expression as we enjoy famous beauties and marvellous scenes, because beauties in themselves will never move us or help us express our admiration for them, were it not for the active sense and the ample imagination."

With that new interpretation of poetry, Al-'Aqqād and his two partners, Shukrī and al-Māzinī, looked critically at all past poetry and composed their own.

In the introduction of al-Churbal, the famous critical book of Mu'ayma, Al-'Aqqād wrote: "I see in the author a writer aspiring to the true type of poetry for life, which is not the crawling diseased type of poetry. I see how he is deprecating that kind of poetry, which is not poetry at all, as it dealt with everything in our life, except our emotions and ideas. I see in him a writer who wants the poet to be a prophet and he rejects him as an acrobat. He wants poetry to be an inspiration and not a mode of juggling with the wires or balancing on one's head or holding heavy weights by the teeth or

1. Mu'ayma, M., al-Churbal, p.4.
twisting one’s legs round the neck or similar performances which are carried out by monkeys in martial fashion.”

Then, al-'Aqqād said: "We have sincerely felt our responsibility towards the question of literature and it gives us satisfaction to see it as free and as true as ever. Never do we feel at ease to see it manacled, disfigured and weak. We felt while talking on this question as if we were addressing non-Arabs, unacquainted with the Arabic language, or addressing another race of people, ignorant about the quintessence of human nature."

For their part, the Syro-American poets explained their attitude towards literature and poetry in emphatic utterances calling for a change based on a deeper understanding of the nature of art. With the fervour of an ambitious Romantic poet, Mīkhā'īl Mu‘ayma tackled the question of poetry, saying:

"All of us talk of poetry; some of us look on it as something sacred, others adore it, others feed on it and breathe by it.

"Someone sharpens his memory with al-Mu'allaqāt, al-Muwashshahat, al-Khaliyyat and al-Lamiyyat, and goes on memorising them in his solitude and recites them before his friends. On the other hand, someone else composes poem after poem, preparing himself to publish the pearls of his ideas in a collection to vie with the collection of Abū at-Tayyīb. Another, who was not taught the alphabet, coins poetry and sings the Mawwāl or the 'Ilāba. All of us adore poetry whether classical or colloquial....."

"We all talk of poetry as though we know what poetry is. But if ever a group of poetry-admirers happens to meet to talk about poetry, there would arise various points of disagreement about poetry and its meaning. Some say that poetry is a discourse in metre and rhyme, others would tell us that one line of a poem could be considered as poetry, some others would declare that
nothing would be considered poetry which was easily understood by the reader without referring to the dictionary.

"Our ignorance of the true meaning of poetry and its significance in the world of literature has resulted in our having quite a lot of poetasters and quite a small number of true poets. Rich as we are in the quantity of so-called poems, we are poor in the quantity of true poetry. Those who have tried to define poetry in one phrase or so are many."

Hu'ayma concluded his argument by saying: "A quick glance at those definitions will show that basically they rotate around two main points. One section of writers look at poetry from the point of view of its arrangement of expressions, rhymes and metres; the other section sees in poetry a vital creative force, always moving ahead. But, poetry in its true sense has to include all the characteristics laid down by both sections of writers. Poetry is the supremacy of light over darkness and right over evil. It is the song of the nightingale, the moan of death, the murmur of the brook and the rumble of the thunder; it is the smile of the child, the tear of the bereft, the virgin's cheek incardined and the old man's wrinkled face; it is the beauty of existence and the existence of beauty. Poetry is the pleasure of enjoying life and the trembling before the face of death. It is love and hatred; it is happiness and misery; it is the shriek of the desperate and the bustling laugh of the drunkard; it is the anxiety of the weak and the elation of the strong. Poetry is a flooding tendency towards a land and a yearning for it, a land which we do not know and which we shall never know. It is an eternal motive to embrace the universe at large and to unite with all that is in the world of minerals, of plants and of animals. It is the spiritual self-projecting self till it conforms with the universal self. In short, poetry is life itself, in joy or sorrow, active, silent, monotonous or merry, bewailing or in a state of sublimity, in bloom.
or when withering away."

Another renowned Syro-American poet, Jibrān Khālīl Jibrān, held an extreme Romantic attitude and demanded an almost complete change in Arabic poetry, both in form and content. In a pronounced tone he said: "You have your language and I have mine. Your share of it is the dictionaries, lexicons and long poems and I have taken from it what has been sifted by the ear and stored in the memory. You have your language and I have mine. You have taken from it the elegies, eulogies, praises and compliments and I have taken from it that side which does not come down to the level of lamenting the death of someone still in the womb and which refuses to praise anyone who is essentially a subject of ridicule, loathes to offer compliments to the one who should arouse sympathy and is strong enough to avoid defaming others and ashamed of praising others, so long as there is nothing to be praised, nothing but his realisation of his weakness and ignorance.

"You have your language and I have mine. You have taken from your language rhetoric, elocution and logic and I have taken from my language a look into the eye of the beaten and a tear in the eye of the compassionate and a smile on the mouth of the believer. You have your language and I have mine. You can pick up what is left of the torn shreds of your language and I have to tear with my own hands all that which is archaic and I have to shake off all that which would stand in my way while I climb the mountain. You have your language and I have mine. You have your language, a crippled old one, and I have my language, quite lost in the dreams of her youth.

"I tell you that poetry and prose are essentially an emotion and an intellect. Anything else is weak strings and disconnected wires. You have your language and I have mine."

Most enthusiastic was Abu al-Qasim ash-Shabbi, the Tunisian poet who frequently wrote for the Apollo magazine. As a Romantic poet he set out to explain his particular attitude towards the new poetry. With deep insight he was able to put his finger on the core of the problem facing Arabic poetry. He felt that Arabic poetry was lacking in creativity for the good reason that most of the Arab poets had been brought up to think only of the external aspects of life and to depict those aspects through adherence to their linguistic talents, using all devices to attract the reader and the listener. The question of a new poetry as he felt it was to bring into action a more subtle factor of creativity. To accomplish that aim there has to be a deep insight which goes beyond the visible familiar objects. He, like the Western Romantic poets, stressed the term "imagination" by which he meant real power of creativity.

In a reply to Mukhtar al-Wakil, who criticised ash-Shabbi's study al-Khayal ash-Shi'i 'ind al-'Arab, ash-Shabbi said: "The learned writer has criticised me for saying that classical Arabic literature is lacking in imagination. He said that the Arabs were famous for their excellence of poetic imagination, particularly after they came into contact with Persians and Greeks during the 'Abbasid rule..." "I gathered from what has been written by the learned writer that he understood by the term "imagination" something quite different from that which I have tried to explain in the chapters of my book. He thought of that type of imagination related to metaphors and similes and such expressions, well studied in the books of rhetoric. I do agree, and all men of letters agree, that that imagination is present in plenty of Arabic literature. But this is not "imagination" as interpreted in

my book. I have already written on page 31 about that kind of imagination, which I called artificial or figurative imagination, because it is not a proof that a nation has felt the current of life as a living organism in the field of civilisation. I meant by "imagination" something quite new, definite and deep. I meant by it, as I have stated on page 12 of my book, that kind of imagination implemented by man as a means of decoration and attraction, but with the intention of discovering the secret of existence. I called it the artistic imagination because it is characterised by all the artistic attitudes of this world. In the meantime, I give it the name of "poetic imagination" because it has its roots in the furthest depth of feeling. Poetic imagination in its profoundest sense, uniting both artistic and philosophic spirits at the same time, by which we understand the psychology of a nation and by which we realise all that is deep and illuminating in its spiritual ranges. That, indeed, is the imagination to which I devoted all my attention in that book, where, as it is quite clear, the learned critic, al-Wakāl, meant by poetic imagination the one which deals with rhetorical artificialities and not the imagination of senses and feelings which lead to complete artistic union with all things."

"I believe that there are in life other unexploited charming spheres, unknown to Arabic literature. If Arabic literature has satisfied the spiritual demands of our predecessors, it has undoubtedly failed to quench our spiritual thirst and satisfy our spiritual hunger, and failed to meet our ambitions and aspirations. If we are ever to be fond of Arabic literature and feel proud of it as our heritage and as a golden mine to be referred to whenever there is a need for expressing our ideas in their most charming and beautiful forms, we must not turn it into an object of worship or a stagnant medium. It must not prevent us from seeing what is in the stars and in the deep."
It is therefore apparent that a new Romantic understanding of poetry was established on the new foundation laid down by al-'Aqqād, Mu'ayma, Jibrān and ash-Shabbī. The attitude of all those four poets was a manifestation of a new meaning for poetry which goes beyond the visible order of familiar objects. That was a poetry that depended on the deep insight of the poet who strove with his empowering imagination and his subtle creative genius to exploit the internal splendours of the universe.

Abū Shādī, the initiator of the Apollo Group, was fully devoted to the idea of change in the subject-matter and the style of Arabic poetry. He saw in the English Romantic school of poetry the ideal track and realised that the English Romantic works could be a rich cultural source for Arab poets. Through his Romantic insight, he felt that the poet would be able to express his inner feelings with all the ardour of passion expected of a true poet. In his book Hasra al-Adab and other articles, he showed clearly his Romantic admiration for English Romantic poets and in a cautious reserved way his discontent with the conventional Arabic poetry.

In his poem “Al-'Asr wa al-Adab al-Misrī” he treated that question by saying:

"I do not live in a century that has passed,
Or in any place other than my beautiful country.
But still I fully regard my way of life
In terms of the present and the noble future.
I express myself through the language of my people,
And my senses are their ever beautiful senses.

1. App. 1.
My poetry is anything that guides my feelings,
And my gratefulness to my beloved native-land.
Still, it does not forget the favours borrowed by the Arabs,
Or the prodigies of the benefactor West."

Of all the English Romantic poets, Keats the poet and the person greatly fascinated and influenced Abū Shādi. Talking of Keats, Abū Shādi once said: "It is very valuable for us to look into the life of Keats. We have chosen him in particular because he of all other poets was the first to attract our attention. He has also won the admiration of all major and minor writers."

Abū Shādi closely identified himself with Keats. He was attracted to Keats because he felt at home with his revolutionary spirit. Furthermore, he discovered in him a twin poet with a medical and scientific inclination, like his own. The hardships Keats met, his colourful poetic life, his tendency towards innovation and his aspiration for the beautiful were the factors which awakened in Abū Shādi a strong love for this poet whom he considered the ideal English Romantic poet.

It is obvious that Keats has also fascinated quite a number of other Arab Romantic poets, more than Wordsworth, Shelley or Byron, although they also gained a notable degree of importance amongst the Arab writers. On the whole, Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" was the most favoured of all.

When Ibrahim Majī (b.1892 d.1953), the disciple, talked admiringly about his teacher, Abū Shādi, he thought of no other example but Keats whom he liked best. "Majī had always had the strong belief that Abū Shādi considered

1. Dusūqī, 'Abd al-'Asīs, Jamā'at Apollo, p.316.
2. Ibid., p.316.
poetry as one of the fine arts, and that the poet has to live the life of the artist." Then, Ṣājī said: "Abū Shādī was like Keats, who used to sleep in the fields, drink from the dew of Nature, give a listening ear to all sounds and keep his eyes wide-open before colours and pictures."

Muhammad Mandūr drew attention to some other qualities of the new technique which depended on the help of the poetic genius to convey an experience by a subtle intuitive expression. Mandūr selected the poem "Akbī" of Mu'ayma to stand as an ideal example of genuine poetic expression. He said: "I think it is time to say what we mean by those commonly used expressions about which we always talk, calling upon our writers and poets to introduce them if they really want to move us. The fact is that we ask for a whispered literature (Adab Māhuṣā), which is appealing to us. Whispering (al-hams) in literature does not mean weakness. The true poet is the one who whispers and instantly we hear his voice coming from the depth of his inner self in ardent melodies. Whispering literature is not of the nature of the rhetorical declamatory usages which are dominant in our poetry and which help to spoil it because those usages take poetry away from truth and away from the heart. Whispering does not mean extemporisation. It would have been an easy matter if it were so, because it would have spared one the suffering involved in attaining artistic perfection.

Poetry depends on the poet's feeling for the language and on how he employs it to stir the emotions. In such a case, poetry would not be a voluntary kind of expression; it would be the outflow of the poet's illuminating instinct which sets him in action till he reaches his target.

1. Ibid., p.316.
Whispering (al-hams) does not mean confining literature or poetry to the personal feelings. The humanitarian writer tells about everything in his whispering literature. Through that medium he can move us, although he treats subjects which are not essentially our concern."

2. THE TECHNIQUE OF POETRY

Quite early on in the Arab Renaissance some tentative steps had been taken to introduce new forms into Arabic poetry when some Arab poets had come into contact with Western literature. Acquaintance with Western works, such as The Iliad and the works of Shakespeare, had opened the eyes of those Arab poets to the huge possibility of expression achieved by Western poets in their epic and dramatic compositions through the employment of blank verse. As a result, the Arab poets realised that it was no longer useful to lock themselves in the compartment of the conventional classical monorhymed qasida, with its restricting style. They thought of experimenting with new poetic diction, new forms and new themes. Nevertheless, the change from the classical poetic tradition was none too easy. Those poets were still under the influence of the conventional schooling which taught them that poetry is, in its quintessence, "al-Kalām al-Mawsūn al-Muqaffā", that is to say, a metrical rhymed discourse. However, a practical experiment was made by Sulaymān al-Bustānī in his verse translation of The Iliad. The form he adopted was akin to that of the Arabic Muwashshah, because he used strophic verse instead of blank verse. By that compromise he thought that he would be able to do away with the monotonous and restricting technique of the conventional monorhymed qasida and, at the same time, avoid violating Arabic taste and the indigenous qualities of Arabic music.
Gradually, other Arab poets of Syrian and Lebanese origin carried on with the experiment. In 1367, Nasif al-‘Iaaiji (b. 1300 d. 1871) translated some psalms for the American missionaries and in these he used variable rhyme schemes. Ahmad Fāris ash-Shidyaq (b. 1804 d. 1833), like his contemporaries, composed poems in unrhymed verse in a variety of metres.

Rizqalla Husayn employed blank verse in Arabic literature. In his preface to his translation of the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Job, Husayn explained his method by saying: "It was convenient to me to versify the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Job according to the style of ancient poetry without rhyme, because poetry as I know it is a rhythmical composition, and if rhyme is ever needed, it is for no more than to help in the improvement of that composition. Poetry in its essence was, in the eyes of all nations, a recognised art before they knew of rhyme. It was never heard that the Arabs had composed seven rhymed lines before the coming of Imri’ al-Qays, because he was indeed the first one who introduced with success rhyme into Arabic poetry."

That experiment of Husayn’s met with the approval of modern Arab scholars. In an article by Iskandar (b. 1869 d. ), with the title "Ash-Shi‘r al-Manthūr" he praised that experiment of Husayn’s "in which he discarded rhyme and liberated his pen from its obligations. He was able to tackle his ideas without strain on artificiality."

Under the influence of Western culture in the early years of the twentieth century, blank verse became more established. Some Arab poets preferred to use

2. Ibid., p 488.
it instead of rhyme, which, as they discovered, was monotonous and subduing to the poet's thought and emotions because of its super-imposed restrictions.

Jamīl Sidqī az-Zahāwī, the Irāqī poet who received considerable stimulation from the scientific and literary activities of the American missionaries, was an enthusiastic admirer and a virile defender of the technique of blank verse. He, as he has twice declared, considered himself the first Arab poet to use "shi'r mursal", once in 1922 in the course of an attack on rhyme in Arabic poetry, and again in the introduction of his poem "Baghdād ba'd al 'Am".  

Notwithstanding, Zahāwī's enthusiasm for the technique of blank verse, he was not successful in handling it. One of his poems reads:

"Indeed the death of a person is better for him than life,  
By which he becomes a heavy burden on people.  
Wretched, indeed, is the learned one in the company of others,  
Seeing an ignorant one in prosperity while he is miserable."

It is clear from these lines that Zahāwī still thought in terms of the end-stopped line. Hence, he restrained his verses and deprived them of the spontaneous musical flow which is usually attained by the run-on line, a very striking characteristic in English blank verse.

These self-contained lines do not convey a true compact poetic experience because it appears the classical taste of Zahāwī has awakened in him the traditional habit of using some dominant features of the conventional ḡaṣīda.

1. Ibid., p. 490.
2. App., 2.
such as the declamatory and sonorous tones and sententiousness.

Khalīl Māṭan also looked on innovation in technique as a vital element for the development of Arabic poetry. He said: "The Arabs' plan in poetry must not remain essentially our plan, for the Arabs belonged to one age and we belong to another. They had their literature, their manners, needs and lore and we have our literature, manners, needs and lore. Accordingly, our poetry must be a true picture of our visualisation (at-tasawwur) and feeling and not theirs."

Referring to the conventional poets he wrote: "They fetter themselves with the chains of convention, whereas writers in foreign languages resort to all sorts of devices to introduce new techniques and styles which help to disclose all that is invisible, intensify all that is spiritual, form every picture and express every feeling."

While advocating innovation, Māṭan selected Shakespeare as an ideal example, saying: "Shakespeare rejected conventional fetters. It is good that he has done so because if he had submitted to their oppression, he would not have been able to sing freely of the planets in the sky or to go deep into the secrets of human nature."

From Shakespeare, from French and other Western poets, Māṭan learnt the technique of rhymeless poetry which was to him a useful medium for expressing his thoughts and emotions.

Above all, he drew attention in 1961 to unified themes in the poem, an element which he discovered during readings of Western poetry.

1. Quoted in Marsūq, Ḫilmī 'Alī, Tatawwur an-Naqq, p.143.
2. Ibid., p.147.
3. Ibid., p.148.
In this respect, he said in his introduction to his collection Diwan:\(^1\): "This is a kind of poetry in which one can impose without being its slave. The requirements of metre and rhyme do not compel one to do violence to oneself. The right meaning is conveyed here by the telling expression. The poet does not look at the beauty of one line as separate, but looks on the beauty of the line in itself and in relation to the other lines, and looks into the poem as a whole, concerning its technique and the harmony of its ideas."

This concern with organic unity is obvious in some of his poems, such as "as-Sur al-Kabīr fi as-Sīn", "al-Laban wa ad-Damm" and "Fatāt al-Jabal al-Aswad".\(^2\)

These poems and others also show that Matra'īn was able to employ dramatic poetry with success. In addition to that he used varieties of rhymes and metres and some times blank verse.\(^3\)

About rhyme in the Arabic poem he said:\(^4\) "The teacher on many occasions must have discovered that it was an obstacle while expressing an idea. Art, indeed, becomes mature when it enjoys an atmosphere of freedom. But, the heavy burdens of the monorhyme and monometre are against the freedom of Art. Our ancestors had their way of expression. Why do we not try to acquire our own way? There are many ways of expression. The human mind is not incapable of finding something new."

Yet it seems that Matra'īn remained cautious in his innovation when he said:\(^5\) "I follow the ancients in retaining the foundations of the language,"

1. Ibid., p.158.
3. Ibid., p.302.
4. Ibid., p.303.
in refraining from taking liberties with it, and in seeking inspiration from my true nature; and I widen my range of expression in accordance with the demands of the age, as did the Arabs before me.

"But my greatest wishes have been that I should introduce all sorts of innovations into our Arabic poetry in such a way that they should not prove uncongenial to it, and that I should manage to convince the conservatives that our language is the mother of all languages, provided it is safeguarded and given the attention which it deserves."

Another argument on the question of rhymeless verse was afterwards set forward by Bulus Shahata. In a letter published in al-Hilal in 1906 with the title "ash-Shi'r al-Mawzun ghayr al-Muqaffa", Bulus argued that the Arab poets should use rhymeless verse as it was essentially an original poetic device of the pre-Islamic era and as it had proved to be of great poetic value in the hands of Western poets, such as Shakespeare and Milton. Bulus said that those Western poets were able to express themselves in an easy natural way without the burden of rhyme. He gave an Arabic translation of a scene from Julius Caesar in fourteen rhymeless lines to defend his argument.

Jurjī Zaydān (b.1861 d.1914), who was convinced by the logic of Bulus, wrote an article calling upon all Egyptian and Arab poets to use rhymeless verse in the composition of their poetry.

In the following years the movement of the new technique was led by the poets and critics of ad-Dīwan School and the members of the Apollo Group.

The search for a new poetic structure was evidently a part of the Romantic theory which had been introduced by the poets and critics of ad-Dīwan School, the Apollo Group and the Syro-Americans. That Arab Romantic theory of poetry

1. Mooreh, op. cit., p.492.
which was intended to give the poet possibility of freer expression had to have a new kind of music and diction in harmony with its free nature. The new poetic technique required, as those Romantic poets realised, the one which would make it possible for the poet to leap further and further, from peak to peak, empowered by his imaginative genius to exploit the essence of truth in all objects and in all phenomena.

Towards the end of the First World War and in the years that followed, some of the literary works of Syro-American poets and critics reached Egyptian writers in Cairo. Those Syro-American works aroused violent controversy in Egyptian literary circles. The classical writers declared that the Syro-American poets were foreign in taste and understanding. Some other critics, such as Tāhā Husayn, attacked those poets as deficient in their mastery of Arabic grammar, saying: "I am indeed in a dilemma about this type of poetry and this group of poets. They are endowed with a fertile nature, energetic talents and an imagination of wide range. They are well qualified to be true poets, but they have not fully mastered the poetic implements. They are ignorant of the Arabic language or they disregard it. Then they have made that ignorance of theirs a stand about which we remain doubtful. But the poets like Jibrān and Hu'ayma of the Syro-American School were the first Arab writers to absorb and assimilate Western culture and make use of Biblical diction, liturgical hymns and vernacular songs. Courageously and successfully they introduced their new literary experiences into the field of Arabic poetry. It could well be said that Arabic poetry gained new fruitful qualities in content and form.

Al-'Aqqād, while remarking on the linguistic freedom pursued by those poets,

2. Ramādī, op. cit., p.313.
said by way of tribute: "Let us suppose that our Arab writers and poets in the Americas have gone too far with the linguistic freedom. Does this mean that we are to forget the achievements of this freedom and ignore them for no good reason and close all our doors in the face of that freedom? Is it not this freedom which rescued those writers from the fetters of convention and liberated them from the hardships of traditional metres and archaic rhyme and taught them the true meaning of literature, whereby they became master-poets, innovating in metres and developing literature; in accordance with the nature of life and progress?"

Al-'Aqqād, who embraced that new literary attitude of the Syro-American poets, was himself a significant innovator in themes and structure of Arabic poetry, as is shown by his poetic works, particularly his collection 'Abir Sabīl.

He was of great encouragement to his colleague, 'Abd ar-Rahman Shukri, when the latter took to blank verse. Shukri's wide reading of works by famous English writers such as Shakespeare, Milton and the Romantic poets had trained him to employ blank verse with reasonable success in some of his narrative poems, such as "Nabulyun wa as-Sohir al-Misri", which he composed in twenty-three lines of blank verse.

Moreover, organic unity in al-'Aqqād's and Shukri's opinion is an essential feature of a mature poem. Al-'Aqqād expounded his idea on this matter in 1908. Dealing with that question, he once declared that: "One does discover that the

4. Ibid., p.171.
connection between ideas in the Arabic poem is slight indeed. But one does not discover a single European poem lacking in this link between its lines, a link which helps to crystalise one compact subject or harmonious theme. Ultimately, poetic unity, according to us, depends on the line; and according to them it is essentially based on the poem as a whole. Lines in Arabic poems are a succession of leaps, whereas the lines in English poetry are a wave merging into a wave, never to be disconnected from the streaming current. The cause of that, as I have once stated, is that sensation (al-hiss) alone does not unite ideas, but what really unites them all is visualisation (at-tasawwur), the sympathy of feeling (at-ta‘aluf) and poetic talent.

However, blank verse was firmly established when some other Egyptian writers, such as Abū Shādī, favoured it and defended it against the attacks of conventional poets and critics.

Abū Shādī, who was most influenced by an intensive study of works by the English Romantic masters of blank verse, expressed his admiration for it and gave it a somewhat loose definition. He said: "That which is almost free from rhyme is considered "Shi‘r Mursal", though it might be in couplets or alternative rhymes. But, in fact, in ash-Shi‘r al-Mursal (Blank Verse) there is no adherence to rhyme."

Abū Shādī and some of his colleagues of the Apollo Group, such as ash-Shābbā, Ṣājī, 'Alī Mahmūd Tāhā and others, continued to compose their poetry, making use of the technique of rhymeless poetry and introducing new poetic diction and expressions.

1. 'Axsuqī, op. cit., p.509.
2. 'Axsuqī, op. cit., p.523.
Throughout the decade which preceded the Second World War and in the years that followed, the technique of blank verse (ash-Shi'ir al-Mursal) revealed itself side by side with the new poetic diction and other devices of expression in the poetic contributions of the Syro-Americans, the partners of ad-Dīwān School, the members of the Apollo Group and the poets of Syria and Lebanon.

The new poetic structure, which was closely associated with the free and deep understanding of poetry advocated by those Arab Romantic poets, had, in the course of time, helped greatly in the emancipation of the Arabic poem from the chains and burdens of the conventional rhyme and rhetorical way of expression.

In the meantime, the translation movement, which was started long before the Second World War and continued afterwards, added a considerable force to the Arab Romantic attitude.

Some significant Western books on the art of poetry and criticism became available to Arab writers and readers, who were not able to read Western literature in their original languages.

Of the important books on criticism, Nazmi Khalīl translated The Defence of Poesie by Shelley and Nasiitt with the title ash-Dhawd 'An ash-Shi'ir in 1935. Muhammad Handūr translated The Principles of Literary Criticism by Abercrombie in 1942 and gave it the Arabic title Gawa'id an-Naqi al-Adabi. In 1947 Louis Awad translated Ars Poetica by Horace and it appeared with the Arabic title Fann ash-Shi'ir.

Some famous selections by English poets were also translated. "The Anniversary" by Tennyson was translated by Anīs al-Maqrīsī in 1925. Sa'āt Bāy al-Kutub, by al-'Aqqād, comprised some translations of poems by Thomas Hardy, which had appeared in al-Balāgh al-Uṣbu'ī in 1927. 'Alī Mahmūd Tāhā translated some poems by Shelley, published them, amongst other works, in his book Arwāh wa Asbābāt in 1942. 'Abd ar-Rahmān Badawi translated "Child Harold" by
Byron in 1944. Then in 1947 "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley was translated by Louis 'Awad with the title of "Promithyos Talīqan". Shakespeare's plays, As You Like It, Antony and Cleopatra and Twelfth Night were translated by Muhammad 'Awad Muhammad in 1944, 1945 and 1945 respectively.

Journalism also played a notable part in spreading Western culture and thought. Studies on Western literature and translated selections from works by English poets such as Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Thomas Hardy appeared in outstanding magazines and newspapers such as ar- Rīsāla, ath-Thaqāfa, al-Kātib, al-Muqtatatf, Apollo and as-Siyāsa al-Uṣbū'iyya.

Moreover, one is not to forget the striking influence which resulted from readings and translations of works by French writers such as Hugo, Lamartine, Baudelaire, Valéry, Vigny, Mallarmé, Musset, Lanson and others.¹

A glance at the number of English and French selected works read in the original languages or translated into Arabic would show that they were in conformity with the Romantic attitude which flourished before the outbreak of the Second World War and reigned supreme in the years that followed.

Consequently, two schools of poetry emerged: one was that of Bishāra al-Khūrī (b.1890 d. )), author of the collection al-Hawā wa ash-Shābāb, and Ṭiyās Abū Shabaka (b. 1903 d.1947), author of Ṭafāl al-Firdaws (1938), both from the Lebanon, and 'Umar Abū Risha (b.1910 d. )), author of the collections Shi'ır (1936), Min 'Umar Abū Risha - Shi'ır (1947) and Mukhtarât (1959), from Syria. These Lebanese and Syrian poets were widely influenced by Romantic French poets and writers.²

1. Fahmī, M. H., Tatawwur ash-Shīr, p.147.
2. Al-Adab, Jan., 1955, pp.65 & 81.


On the other hand, there were the Egyptian poets, İbrahim Nâji, 'Alî Mahmûd Tâhâ (b. 1902 d. 1949) and others who were influenced by English Romanticism. These Egyptian poets were the ones who persisted with that Romantic attitude during the years which followed the Second World War. The following chapter is a study of their approach to poetry.
The poetry of Ibrahim Najjī and Ali Mahmūd Tāhā was consonant to the new interpretation of poetry disseminated by the Arab Romantic poets and critics of ad-Dīwān School and the Apollo Group, as well as the Syro-Americans. Najjī and Ali M. Tāhā, like the other Arab Romantic poets, realised that they were to set themselves free, empowered by their imaginative creativity to express their own personal experiences.

The use of the alternating and internal rhyme instead of the monorhyme and the introduction of new imagery and expressions were poetic devices which made it possible for those two poets to tell of their emotions and thoughts in a musical style.

The close affinity fostered with the English Romantic poets, particularly Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, strengthened that Romantic tendency in Najjī and Ali M. Tāhā. At the same time, it helped to widen their range of form and content.

It must be mentioned that the Golden Treasury was the main source for most of those Arab Romantic poets1. Furthermore, translations, such as those of "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley, "Childe Harold" by Byron and "The Anniversary" by Tennyson, created stronger interest in English Romantic poetry and encouraged those Arab Romantic poets to exploit its treasures.

Salih Jawdat, while recalling to mind the lovely days of his fellowship in al-Mansūra with his three friends, al-Hamsharī, Najjī and Ali M. Tāhā, tells us about their deep interest in three English Romantic poets, by saying2:

1. Mandūr, Ash-Shi'ī, p.66.
"When we were in al-Mansūra we had three friends from the English Romantic poets, namely Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. We used to read them always and feel in their poetry a close affinity with ours, a strong spirit of youth, worship of beauty and a revolt against the archaic."

In the poetry of both Nāji and 'Alī M. Tabā, one may detect three Romantic tendencies which are notable in English Romantic poetry. In some poems, one feels the sting of Romantic agony, in others one lives with Romantic love idealised, and in yet others one hears those Romantics singing in melodious tunes of the spirit of Nature.

1. ROMANTIC AGONY

Agony is related sometimes to a feeling for "a fallen humanity", at others to a morbid experience of ennui or wretchedness, or to a sort of metaphysical despair. The Romantic sensitivity drags the poet into that mood of agony and encourages in him the tendency to feel alienated and isolated from his own society. "To be cut off from life and action, in one way or another, is necessary as a preparation for the "vision". Some difference in the artist gives access to this - an enormous privilege, involving joy (which acquires an almost technical sense as a necessary concomitant of the full exercise of the mind in the act of imagination)"

That peculiar artistic joy is felt when the poet completes his image. The poetic image in its artistic form serves as a reward and a compensation for all the agony and suffering felt by the poet in his state of isolation. In some English Romantic poets, this question of alienation and difference is promi-

They, as Kermode says, were "outcast because they had to pay for their joy and their vision."

Keats, who was highly celebrated amongst Nājis, 'Alī M. Tabā and their Romantic colleagues, had lived the life of a hermit in agony after he had been trampled into the by-paths of life and the festerings of society. He relates his story to the Nightingale, with deep poetic reflections on the horrors of the city where pain and misery destroyed beauty:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk."  

Then, he shifts after some lines to the scenes of horror and squalid shapes:

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow."

An agony almost of the same nature was felt by Shelley who addressed the

1. Ibid., p.7.
3. Ibid., p.249.
West Wind in a tone of pain, crying out:

"I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud."\(^1\)

The reward of the Romantic agony in the case of Keats was the poetic image contained in those lines. The artist's joy is felt when what has preceded is drawn of the nightingale, the immortal bird and the symbol of art:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."\(^2\)

Keats himself gives us another impression on another occasion of how the artist is fully compensated for his Romantic agony when melancholy itself is idealised:

"Ay, in the very temple of delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine."\(^3\)

On the other hand, Shelley was freed from his state of affliction by that

1. Ibid., p.296.
2. Ibid., p.250.
poetic image of the West Wind, the spirit of power which he called upon to spread his prophecy over the Universe. The ode closes with a hopeful question of Romantic joy:

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"¹

Nājī and 'Alī M. Tāhā, sensitive as they were like their English Romantic fellow-poets, suffered Romantic agony in their own society. During their days, "the environment of youth within the circles of the family, school and society encourage in the one the attitude towards introversion and manacled the other with all sorts of fetters. The inherited traditions with all their archaic system and strict methods were stringently imposed upon youth. Any ridiculing of those traditions was considered an offence against the laws of Shari'ā, against convention and good taste. If the young thought to introduce some innovations in their way of living or fashion of dress or manners of thinking, their guardians condemned that innovating tendency as antagonism to order and a revolt against good behaviour, as a descent into the abyss of vice and corruption and a departure from rules of virtue and good manners."²

In the midst of that society Nājī and 'Alī M. Tāhā felt isolated and alienated. They, like other Romantic poets, employed their imaginative power of creativity to discover a way of self-realisation. With spontaneous devotion to their Romantic nature they were able to acquire their artistic joy and reward through their poetic images.

Nājī, the poet of sentiment (wijdān) or the poet of emotional tenderness


(ar-Riqqa al-'Atifiyya)¹, as al-'Aqqād called him, was quite true to his poetic image. His Romantic agony is sincerely expressed in his poem "Qalb Raqisa"² (The Heart of a Dancer) through the image of the dancer who appeared before the gay audience as the happiest of all. But, through the merry din and beyond the clouds of the scene, the poet, with his power of insight and visualisation, saw a tragedy.

The sympathy of the Romantic poet, whose attitude was different to that of the audience, reveals itself when he says:

"Then she disappeared while the crowd was insisting,
Shouting, 'Come back', showing no sympathy for her.
She is the pleasure of beauty demanded.
But I could understand her with my soul."

Then, he goes on to say:

"By the end of the night I saw her,
In the trap of some young men.
Her brightness overshadowed by sadness,
A poor one, indeed, pretending to laugh."

Questioning her he compassionately says:

"Who are you whose soul is near to mine
And whose tears have spoken to my soul?
Your soul has outpoured its tears in my cup.

2. Ibid., p.65.
App. 3.
Its tears which are the moans of a slain one."

And in Romantic joy he exclaims:

"O what a wonder! In a moment we could know Each other beyond limits.
O you whom I met just yesterday, Have we ever been two souls mingled in eternity?"

His Romantic devotion comes to a climax when he sacrifices himself on the altar of his art:

"May I be your ransom in your sadness or fear, Whom darkness has wrapped into its mantle of twilight. Away she went and left me with a deep wound; Away she went, not knowing how I value her; And away she disappeared into the thick darkness. A soul, if in sin, is purged By two fires: fortitude and suffering."

Mājī also draws another image of Romantic agony in his poem "Rasā'īl Muhtariqa" (Letters Burning). With his emotional tenderness he writes a painful story of love. His agonised heart is burning as are the letters sent by his beloved. We can see him turning into ashes like the ashes of those letters when eaten up by the fire. In a cry of morbid agony he sings out:


App., 4.
"Her love letters were resting at peace,
Like a babe, in their dream.
I took an oath not to let them rest,
Or enjoy the sweetness of their sleep.
I put fire to them,
Eating up her dear remains,
Devouring the story of her love,
From its beginning to its end.
I burnt them all, and threw my heart
In the midst of their flames,
And the human ashes wept
Over the ashes of the life of their love."

In another poem, Ṣajī appears walking alone in the heart of a wilderness in deep frustration and metaphysical despair, singing to "Zāzā" a song which flows like a dirge with its sad and haunting tone:

"I am alone in the wilderness, quite lost, quite astray.
When will the clouds remember the wasteland?
Pity on me, O Heavens, my mouth is dry,
And my throat is denied approach to water-points.
The spring of hope has dried up, and never is there
Even a flicker of dream in my sleeping eyes."

'Alī M. Tāhā has also presented the reader with various poetic images depicting his Romantic agony in different situations.

1. Ṣajī, at-Ta'īr, p.9.

App. 5.
In his poem "Allāh wa ash-Shā'īr" (God and the Poet) we are before a dramatic situation, the hero of which is the poet in conflict. Wandering under the thick cover of the night like a ghost, carrying with him all the sufferings of Man. He calls out in a shriek:

"Fear not, O Earth, fear not,
A ghost passing by under the night.
He is but a wretched human being,
Known amongst others by the name "Poet".
Reverberating sorrow has drowned his voice.
O what an echo that comes from his throbbing heart!
He secretly kept on telling time
Of Man's complaint of human beings to the Creator.
Be merciful to me in my trial, O God,
I am only a wretched human being."

We then feel that his wretchedness and his agony were a result of dissatisfaction with the world in which he was living.

With his Romantic attitude he yearns for another world, a Utopia, a Paradise like the one from which Adam and Eve were expelled. By so doing he introduces some elements of mythology. In a high-pitched tone he calls upon God:

"Yesterday you expelled me from my Paradise."

And in fear of sin and judgement he turns again to God with the spirit of

App., 6.
a Sufi, he asks for mercy, forgiveness and peace:

"So now forgive this rebellious angry one.
Have mercy, O God, do not be angry with me.
You are indeed gracious in forgiveness, ample in mercy.
I was no sinner in my complaint,
And from you O God I have received peace.
I have spent my years in lasting suffering,
And I turn to you for mercy and peace."

The poet, in another image, takes us to "Ghurfat ash-Shā’ir"¹ (The Poet's Room). We behold him sitting alone meditating in silence at a late hour of the night. The rumbling thunder and the flashes of lightning cannot awake him from that meditation. He goes on to say:

"O wretched poet, the night has gone,
And you are still lost in your sorrows,
Surrendering your sad head to meditation,
With your eyes withering away.
One of your hands is holding the pen,
The other trembling, touching your forehead.
Your dry mouth, giving vent to your breaths,
Which drown your weak moaning.
You never listen to the rumbling thunder of the night.

And you are never attracted to its dazzling lightning.
Silence has spread all over your room,
And stillness crept in to the depths."

Then, he says that there is nothing to share his agony over the dying life except for the flickering flame of his lantern and the fire in the fireplace:

"All alone except for the lantern with its pale flame,
Looking on you with sympathy,
And the remains of the fire in the aging fireplace,
Describing the tale of the dying life."

We are also inclined to share with the poet his deep sympathy for "The Blind Musician" - "al-ムṣiqiyya al-'Amyא". Here the poet's agony is for that human being whose eyes were thirsty for the drops of dew and for the light of morning. For her the poet moans and in pathos sings:

"When the beam of the silvery planet
Shines around the earth;
When the wind moans;
When the lightning streams in with flashes;
When dawn opens the eyes
Of the tender narcissi,
I weep for a flower
That weeps with suppressed tears."

   App., 8.
He then concentrates on the core of the tragedy:

"Fate has cast her aside; she is never to enjoy
Even a flash of shining light.
Her eyes are indeed thirsty
For dew and morning."

The agony grows more intense when the poet directs his song to the blind musician:

"O cradle of light, why has night
Enveloped you in its wings?
O do brighten the world's heart with light,
And treasure your light in mine wound."

2. ROMANTIC IDEAL OF LOVE AND BEAUTY

To the Romantics love is something heavenly, something sacred. The beloved is looked upon as the source of happiness and beauty. She is, on many occasions, the goddess or the muse of inspiration. Beauty was perceived through their deep Romantic idealisation of the beloved goddess, but it could also be derived from the worlds of art and poetry, sincerely created by the Romantic powers of imagination. The beauty of the beloved goddess and the beauty felt in the world of art are considered sources of real truth. "Beauty and poetry, therefore, can be extracted from materials that are generally considered to be base and repugnant."¹

¹ Praz, Romantic Agony, p.44.
In search of sacred beauty in genuine love or through exaltation in their true worlds of poetry, the Romantics usually underwent deep experiences of suffering which they seem to relish and enjoy as if they were born to sacrifice all their potentialities for sake of their love and art; and "the more bitter the taste the more abundant the enjoyment".  

"In thee did I find the image of the perilous Beauty which Kindled me and kindles me still."

Many English Romantic poems tackle this theme of ideal love and beauty. Keats, to whom Nājī and 'Alī M. Tāhā were strongly attracted, draws for us a luminous image in his poem "Ode to Fanny" of a lover who looks on his love with adoration and deep affection. In sweet musical lines he says:

"Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,  
And hopes and joys, and panting miseries."

Then he gives us a very lonely imaginary picture of the beloved when she is away:

"Tonight, if I may guess, thy beauty wears  
A smile of such delight,  
A smile of such delight,  
As brilliant and as bright,  
As when with ravished, aching vassal eyes,  
Lost in soft amaze"

1. Ibid., p.48.  
2. Ibid., p.48.  
I gaze, I gaze."

Jealousy, which is a natural instinct, is deeply felt by the Romantics:

"Who now, with greedy looks, eat up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon?
Ah! Keep that hand unravished at the least;
Let, let, the amorous burn -
But, pr'y thee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O! Save in charity,
The quickest pulse for me."

In the end, torturing jealousy comes in pleading beats:

"Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief pride of an hour;
Do not profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake.
Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;
If not - may my eyes close,
Love! on their lost repose."

Another kind of mythical dreamy love is introduced by Keats in a soft network of lyrical lines, sweetly delivered in his poem "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"."}

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful - a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A fairy's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said:
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild eyes
With kisses four."

But the lover was not to enjoy the paradise of his lovely lady for long.

After he was lulled to sleep by her, he saw strange signs of fear. When he awoke he saw no sign of his beloved. Broken-hearted as he was, he kept on
wandering all alone, suffering the agony of his once dear and sweet love:

"And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried: 'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing."

With his subtle sense for beauty, Keats gave the reader a very striking image in his poem "Ode on a Grecian Urn"\(^1\), in which the reader discovers the elevated thoughts of Keats about immortal beauty and love, which is divine and

\(^1\) Moss, op. cit., p.98.
worthy of all the sacrifices of adoration, carried to the altar with hymns and pipes filling the air with the love of art, the source of beauty and truth. Because, according to Keats, physical love is not as sublime as divine or spiritual love, and mundane art is not as immortal as divine art.

With the touches of a gifted poet, Keats tells us that:

"Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

And in tender tunes, not without a sense of humour, Keats addresses the lover engraved in the Grecian Urn, sitting by the side of his fair beloved with trees around them. And here we read about his philosophy of immortal love and beauty:

"Fair youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal - yet do not grieve,
She cannot fade, though hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"

In an embrace of the eternal spring of love and the green leaves, the unwearied melodist keeps on piping his human passions high and above:
"And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever more warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young,
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."

Truth, as Keats declares, comes from such kind of immortal beauty and eternal love:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

So real was the world of beauty and truth to Keats that he could treat it even in a humorous way. In "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern"¹, we listen to Keats singing out:

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known?
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise

¹ Palgrave, op. cit., p.229.
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!"

Shelley, who was another favourite poet of both Ḥāfiz and ‘Alī M. Tāhā, had his Romantic philosophy of love which was quite in harmony with that of Keats. Love as he saw it is divine and eternal. In his sweetly rhymed poem "Love's Philosophy"¹ he introduces a subtle idea about the unity of all things in love:

"The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle —
Why not I with thine?"

Still, though all things unite in love, this love would be worth nothing to Shelley if he and his beloved were not united in one through an eternal kiss:

"See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another.
No sister-flower would be forgiven

¹. Ibid., p.185.
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea —
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?"

In another poem, called "Echoes"¹, Shelley gives his analysis of the penetrative effect of true love:

"How sweet the answer echo makes
To music at night
When roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

Yet love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than o'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh — in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear —
Is by that one, that only Dear
Breathed back again."

¹. Ibid., p.186.
Wordsworth, the third English Romantic poet favoured by Nājī and 'Alī M. Tahā, tells us in his poem "The Lost Love" how the Romantic poet's feelings are moved for a certain one and then she emerges as the most admirable and the most adored source of beauty in all his life, though she may not be in the eyes of others.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye!
- Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!"

The Romantic's love of his native-land is deep. But that love becomes dearer and deeper if the beloved lives there. This fact we can gather from Wordsworth. Addressing England after a journey abroad, he said:

"'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

1. Palgrave, op. cit., p.179.
Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd thy nights conceal'd,
The bowers where Lucy play'd.
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eye survey'd."

That attitude of ideal love and beauty revealed by those poems of Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth came to be one of the dominant themes of poetry of ḇājī and 'Alī M. Tāhā.

Though not of the same deep philosophical understanding, ḇājī himself wrote about the psychology of love, throwing light on his philosophy of love. He says¹:

"This type of lover is rare indeed. A lover of this kind is unique, characterised by his power of devoting all his life to the love of one woman. He may suffer bitterness of disloyalty from the beloved and bitterness of frustration. Still, he discovers his greatness and takes pleasure in that bitter frustration."

Ṭāhā's poetry bears out the importance of love in his life. All his poetry was devoted to his love with the exception of poems composed by him in

¹ Jawdat, op. cit., p.142.
praise of some political leaders, an occasional piece on the anniversary of Shawqi, a poem dedicated to his daughter, Rawhiyya, a few other poems celebrating social events and an epitaph on a dog.

Naji, as his poems show, has always remained faithful and true to his divine love, although he tasted the bitterness of the frustration of that love once relished and enjoyed by him.

To Naji, the abode of his first love was a shrine where he used to say his prayers and worship beauty night and day.

After a stay of some years in al-Mansura, he returned to the home of his first love and dreams in Cairo, only to be met as a stranger. In a sad tone he conveys the story in his famous poem "al-'Awda" (The Return):

"Ah! how many a time have we walked around this shrine,
And how many a time have we said our prayers there, both night and day?
How many a time have we knelt and worshipped Beauty there?
How does it happen that we return to it as a stranger?"

We share his despair when he realises that his dear shrine has turned into a silent ruin, standing in the dark of the night. Here his imagination presents us with a striking image of a wounded heart and of a shrine which has turned into a ruin and of the poet in a state of agony and frustration:

"The abode of my dreams and love has received us coldly,
As if we were strangers.

1. Ibid., p. 60.

App. 9.
It did not recognise us, whereas when it used to see us of old
Light smiled from afar to us.
My heart fretted in my side like one slain,
And I called upon it to have fortitude.
Then tears and the wounded past replied:
Why did we return? It would have been better if we had not.
Why did we return? did we not end our love?
And did we not exhaust our yearning and suffering?
And have we not been satisfied with quiet and peace?
And have we not surrendered to an emptiness like oblivion?"

"Without the loved one the days of the poet turn as yellow as autumn and
they moan like the wind of the desert.

The next lines, though delivered in a proverbial way, do not mar the
spontaneous flow of the poem, because the poet was sincere in his expression
and was able to use apt words:

"O nest when one of the mates has flown,
The other will never see any meaning in happiness.
He will see the days as yellow as autumn,
And hear them moaning like the wind of the desert."

Then, comes in the image of the ruin:

"I have seen ruin with mine own eyes,
Weaving with its hands a cobweb of a spider."
I cried out: 'Good Heavens, dare you appear
In a place where everything for ever lives?'

The house, though physically in ruins, was alive according to the poet, because it was the abode of his beloved.

The poet then keeps wandering about his dear shrine, in the same manner as the knight of "La Belle Dame sans Merci". That knight was unable to leave the one-time Paradise of his love, though the sedge has withered away and the birds have stopped singing. His is a complete devotion to the abode of the beloved, the source of deep and dear memories. It is more or less a devotion like that felt by Wordsworth when he expressed his love for England after a departure, because England was the field of joy and desire; in England there were "the bowers where Lucy play'd":

"And there too is the green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd."

In the end, Šajī stood before his shrine, singing out:

"You are indeed my home, though I am banished.
My fate is exile in a world of wretchedness.
If I return, it is to commune,
Then I depart when I have emptied my cup."

But the truth is that Šajī was never able to empty the cup of his first love. If there was any departure it was but a temporary one. His first love
was always a source of inspiration, even in the most sterile moments; and with the devotion of his first love he wandered about like a tramp in search of love.

Mājī's poem "Min Man ilā 'Ayn"¹ (From N to ') is another image of the poet in love with his "Laylā". One gathers from the poem that the poet was living in suffering before meeting his Laylā. The magic touch of Laylā turned his life into happiness felt in suffering. The poet was happy with his love, notwithstanding its wounds. He was happy with all the consequences so long as Laylā was his soul-mate:

"O part of my soul and my only love,
Your will, O my Laylā, not mine (will be done).
O you, who has seen my deep sorrow,
You have cured my wound with a new one.
You have disclosed the secret of my soul,
While there was darkness all around,
Till the palm of your hand touched my suffering.
O my Laylā, I am indeed a wretched happy one.
My life was a mirage merging into mirage,
And I spent all my past days wandering about,
But now I feel happy with the return
To your vast beautiful shade."

We also know from another poem by Mājī, entitled "Qissat Hubb"² (A Story

1. Ibid., p.102.
App., 10.
App., 11.
of Love) that his life was altogether a state of ennui. When love came into his life he became hopeful and his sterile life turned into a gay one. Directing his song to his beloved, the once puzzled and weeping bird went on chirruping:

"My life passed without any hope,
Passed from boredom to boredom,
Till I met you one evening.
Then, in you I saw the harbingers of hope.
No sooner did you strike the rock
Than out flowed its sweet waters.
I was puzzled weeping bird;
Sorrows were my philosophy;
It melted into compassion when I met you,
And streamed into songs from my lips."

In Mājī's poem "Mihāyat al-Qissā" (The End of the Story) we read about a love that has faded away. In this poem we meet some striking images depicting the lover in a state of agony when his beloved was away:

"I kept gazing at the wine whose glow was fading away,
Then towards my soul to shades stretched.
My soul amidst them was like a captive,
Sometimes floating, then sinking along the lines of bubbles."

1. Ibid., p.39.
App., 12.
Then the poet saw:

"It was as if a man was there imprisoned,
Drowned in her tears and suffering,
She kept saying her prayers over the candles,
Till light faded away from her cell."

With his Romantic visualisation he was able to see the lips of his beloved. In a gush of adoration he talked to her:

"Your lips in the depth of memories appeared,
Like two banks beyond an angry sea.
If they ever meet in a silent song in the shade of charming beauty,
There would be in them happiness for the restless and salvation for a drowning,
And the embrace of the lovers and the return of a traveller."

His ideal Romantic love comes to a climax when he confesses to his beloved, saying:

"I believe in powerful love and in its destiny;
No escape is there from your love and mine,
If it is a disease, disease itself is its cure,
Or if a sin, repentance is its requital."

Majn's love was like that of Keats for Fanny; the home of his joys and fears. His idea of the oneness of the lovers was to a great degree like the one
expressed by Shelley in his "Love's Philosophy"¹:

"The fountain mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingled—
Why not I with thine?"

"'Ali M. Tāhā was also a Romantic with tender feelings for love and beauty. It is true that there are no signs in his poetry that he suffered the bitterness of agony for love as Nāji' did. Still, love to him was of a divine and a spiritual world. The beloved, according to his understanding, is a symbol of purity and a lily of beauty. In his poem "al-Qamar al-'Ashiq"² (The Infatuated Moon) there appears on the scene a lover standing on a balcony during a summer night in Cairo, directing his dreamy-like talk to his beloved, who was at that time sleeping like a lily on the bed of purity:

"When the beam of the infatuated moon shines on the balcony,
And hovers over you like a dream or like the brightness of an idea,"

1. Palgrave, op. cit., p.185.

App. 13.
While you are on the bed of purity like a dreaming lily.
Do then cover your naked body and guard your beauty."

Here one detects an interesting analogy between two jealous lovers.
Keats, as we have seen him in "Ode to Fanny", was a lover torn with jealousy when Fanny was away. He was jealous of the greedy looks that would eat up his feast, or of the stare that would outface his silvery moon:

"Who now, with greedy looks eat up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon?
Ah! Keep that hand unavished at the least;
Let, let the amorous burn -
But pr'y thee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O! Save in charity,
The quickest pulse for me."¹

¹ 'Allî M. Tâhâ carried the expression of his jealousy to great lengths. He was jealous of the beams of the infatuated moon that hovered over his beautiful one, saying:

"I feel jealous of this invader,
Whose light appears to have a melody.
His touches are tender, a libertine he is,
Fond of every beautiful one,

¹ Moss, op. cit., p.146.
Daring indeed if urged by yearning
To take the fortress by assault."

Sometimes 'Ali M. Tāhā's love poetry has touches which are light. We come across these light tender touches in a poem such as "al-Jundul" (The Gondola). In the company of a beautiful one on a gondola during a night in Venice, 'Ali M. Tāhā sings out:

"With a cup whose wine the vine would crave for,
And a lover whose lips the cup would desire,
A lover whom I met for the first time,
Then I experienced love at first sight."

But, on the whole, one has the impression that the deep feelings of 'Ali M. Tāhā, unlike Ḍāfī's, were devoted to a continuous search for an ideal world of art for art's sake, and not for true love. Love itself, it would appear, was to him an element of the fascinating world of the beautiful. Sometimes he derived his ideal beauty from the world of poetry, which was the source of truth and beauty, as it was to Keats who came to the same conclusion after a subtle meditative moment before the Grecian Urn:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

With this attitude of Keats towards immortal art, 'Alī M. Tāhā used to look on his world of poetry.

This world of art gave him abundant joy, and he realised that the sacrifices ought to be offered to poetry. As he said, through that he would be able to create "a smiling hope" for the world.

He depicts himself as an artist devoted to the service of his art in his poem "at-Timṭāl"¹ (The Statue). In this poem he ardently sings out:

"The night has come, and I made my way to you,
All alone, except for the star keeping me company.
The day has lurked behind a curtain of twilight,
Woven of soft clouds
Over which the bird of the evening has stretched a wing,
Like a sail in a sea of crimson red.
It is like me quite lost, wandering in the night,
Crossing deep valleys.
It has returned from the journey of life as I did,
Each going his own way to his nest."

In adoration he calls upon the statue:

"O statue, here I am before you,
To meet you in deep silence,
Carrying with me strange things from land and sea,

¹ Ar-Risāla, 26 Dec., 1949, p.1755.
App., 15.
Strange things new and old,
Treasures of mine they are, with which I come at night,
And for which I leave at early dawn,
I come to put them at your feet,
With all the endearment of the adoring stranger.
From them I make a crown for your head,
And a robe for your elegantly designed body.
With this hand of mine I have fashioned you
From my heart and from the beauty of elegant youth.
Whenever my eyes fall upon a flash of beauty,
I cross my path flying to it."

As a poet disillusioned in his society and devoted to his art, 'Alī M. Tāhā set out to extract marvels from all phenomena:

"The star bears witness what wonder I have borrowed from it,
And from the purity of the lightning
The birds have borne witness how I outpoured their songs like nectar
Into your ears, O my statue.
The vine has borne witness how I squeezed its juice
And how I filled the cups from my jug.
Land has borne witness how I have never left laurels
On the coat of the blooming spring.
The sea has borne witness how I have never left any of its precious pearls aside,
Worthy of use as ornaments for your brow.
Nature is puzzled at my visiting her every night;
Got surprised of my pensive mood,

Of how I invaded her morning,

Like an Asian shepherd or an African hunter,

Or like a winged god that appears

In the myth of a Greek poet.

I called upon her, saying: 'Do not be surprised.

I am nothing but a ghost lost in deep mystery.

O Mother, I am the creator of the smiling hope,

Of the coming future.'

I have fashioned it with the spirit of a creator adoring art,

Aspiring to every subtle meaning."

Being a Romantic poet, 'Alī M. Tāhā was like all Romantics dissatisfied
with the visible order of things. He, through his operative imaginative
 creativity, tried to go beyond the material world to create a Utopia for him¬
self. It was a world of the nature of the fairyland, which reminds us of that
beautiful dreamy atmosphere of Keats, "The Mermaid Tavern":

"Have ye tippled drink more fine

Than mine host's Canary wine?

Or are the fruits of Paradise

Sweeter than those dainty pies

Of venison? O generous food!"

However, 'Alī M. Tāhā enjoyed an atmosphere rich with the perfume of

flowers and wine, with beauty and the merry sound of music, an atmosphere of another tavern of his own creation. His was "Iṣanat ash-Shu‘arāʾ"¹ (The Poets' Tavern) with its mythical atmosphere of Bacchus and the strange appearance of Venus in her beauteous procession. That tavern was the ideal world for him and his fellow poets:

"It is a tavern, with many wonders,
With a roof of flowers and canes,
Built on a fertile stretch of a shady land.
By the breezes a night of moons caressed
Its sides looking charming with a lantern
With its pure glass and dancing flames.
In there was Bacchus, who was its owner.
He himself was taken by surprise when he came to his senses,
Moulded as it was by magic, he thought that
It was built of rubies and gold.
His jug was ornamented with pearls,
Charming indeed with the brightness of diamonds.
It was as if all pictures around him,
Moving and living,
Had released themselves from the frames
And walked towards him like brides;
One was playing on the string,
Throbbing with tender sensation,

And a young one, with eyes black, as beautiful as the moon,
Offering the cup to his lips in endearment.
Is it truly his tavern? What a wonder indeed!
And out of the bright Imagination
Venus emerged from the water,
In a procession rich with rejoicings,
Swaying with charm and enticement.
And on every side a youth was there dancing, embracing a beautiful one,
Bright with love and youth,
Wearing a strange kind of dress.
They sat there in ecstasy looking towards the door;
Whispering they were, their whispers were melodic,
Streaming out, with the ringing of the cups.
If you were to ask the publican about them,
He would tell you that they are lovers of art, men of letters."

3. ROMANTIC ATTITUDE TO NATURE

Nature, on the whole, according to Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats was a beloved mother. With her they lived with all their senses; to her kind bosom they turned in times of suffering; from her phenomena they derived all sources of inspiration.

Wordsworth has, in fact, attracted Arab Romantic poets such as Nāji and 'Alī M. Tāhā by the special view he held of Nature. To him "Nature was the source of his inspiration, and he could not deny to it an existence at least as powerful as Man's. But, since Nature lifted him out of himself, he sought
for a higher state in which its soul and the soul of Man could be united in a single harmony. Sometimes he felt that this happened, and that through vision he attained an understanding of the oneness of things."

That higher state, which leads to the oneness of things and to the sublime elevated thoughts, is usually attained during rare moments, as Wordsworth tells us:

"In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened - that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on -
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Still, in some other lines, Wordsworth pursues his idea further. He explains how he used to look on the natural scenes around Tintern Abbey:

2. Ferry, op. cit., p.35.
3. Ibid., p.36.
"For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing of ten times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power,
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of Man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all object of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

Nājī and 'Alī M. Šāhā's view of Nature does not come so near pantheism as Wordsworth's does, nor do they immortalise a bird as Keats did with the nightingale, or think of a wind like the West Wind as the spirit of power as Shelley did.

To their minds, Nature was a kind of mother to whose bosom they inclined in moments of boredom or despair.

Natural phenomena were sources of poetic inspiration. With them they felt poetically active and free. From beautiful scenes of Nature they derived ample joy and happiness.

In a Romantic sense, some lines by Shelley can be applied in this respect to either Nājī or 'Alī M. Šāhā:
"He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man."

Nāji disclosed his attitude to Nature in some lines from a poem of his composed for a party held for him. He said:

"Write for art's sake only,
Never for world's gain or ephemeral vanities.
Derive your inspiration from Mother Nature, nothing else.
O! How much meaning there is in Nature!
Poetry is a kingdom and you are the king.
Why then do poets need crowns?"

This belief of Nāji in Nature as a source of inspiration has shown itself in all his poetry. Never do we come across a poem that is void of images borrowed from the world of Nature through selections of colours, sounds, birds, flowers, trees, light, darkness, winds, seas and others. Nāji expressed his personal experiences in times of joy and despair. All natural phenomena were powerful forces which operated on his imaginative creativity.

2. Jawdat, op. cit., p.76.
App. 17.
Wordsworth expressed his deep love of the natural scenes around his village, Tintern. On revisiting his village after a stay in London he composed his masterpiece "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey".

"Five years have past; five summers with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur - once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet sky."

All those scenes of natural beauty were of great significance in the eyes of Wordsworth when he was away in the bustling towns, as when he said:

"But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration."

Al-Mansūra was not less important to Nāṣrī than was Tintern to Wordsworth. Nāṣrī always thought highly of al-Mansūra, his beloved native-town with her

1. Ferry, op. cit., p.34.
attractive scenes, and he always turned to al-Mansūra in times of loneliness and despair, searching for peace in her paradise which he worshipped. When broken-hearted for a lost love, he visited al-Mansūra. When she appeared before his eyes he sang out:

"O heart, we have indeed seen a miracle,
That almost shines bright in the dark of the nights.
I kept asking myself how I could still love her
With what is left of my burning life.
I visited her when fragments of light were as red as blood,
Floating, sinking, going up or hanging;
I could not tell when it appeared, whether it was my twilight I saw,
Or whether it was the twilight hanging over al-Mansūra."

In the closing line of this poem Nājjī called upon al-Mansūra in light easy style:

"O heavenly paradise which I worship,
You will never be away from me, so long as I own your charm and perfume."

A creature like the butterfly as Wordsworth visualised it was a historian of his infancy. He sees in it a strange power of reviving memories, and he affectionately addresses it in his poem "To a Butterfly".

2. Ferry, op. cit., p.86.
"Stay near me — do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me, do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!"

Mājī, for his part, looked on the butterfly with the eye of a lover, burning and suffering. The butterfly was the one who would share his condition and be kind to him. He endearingly asked her to keep him company. He starts his poem "al-Farūsha"¹ (The Butterfly) by saying:

"Yes, love does know that I am its fire,
And the butterfly knows I am the flame,
And that I have appeared to her in the dark,
Then kindly she fosters me with her fluttering wings.

Between my arms was the secret of life,
And the brightness of comets in my eyes;
Then she returned to her mazes in the mysteries of the unknown."

¹. *Apollo*, Dec., 1933, p.323.

App. 19.
After an exclamation he goes on with his image:

"O what a difference between light and darkness
In the eyes of a devoted worshipper of light!
In her breast there is a longing for embrace
And in her heart is the nostalgia of the exile,
As if flames to her were a cup of pure wine,
Ready for her with its dancing bubbles."

Then he asks her to come back:

"O butterfly of my soul, come back flying to me;
You will find a heart that throbs for thee.
United we are, we shall burn together
And be immortalised by our sacrifice."

In a poem dedicated "To the Moon"¹, Shelley pictured a lover wandering about, as lonely as the moon, pale with weariness and aspiring to true love:

"Art thou pale for weariness,
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?"

¹. Palgrave, op. cit., p.275.
Mājī's poem "Istiqbāl al-Qamar"¹ (A Welcome to the Moon) conveys to us another image of one suffering in his fetters, thirsty for light. To him the moon was a source of hope and purity, and he felt gay and happy because of its unique procession. Mājī welcomes the moon by saying:

"Come with your magnificent procession.
O how thirsty the eyes are for you;
The eye without you, O moon, is blind,
And the world is all darkness.
You keep fleeting behind a cloud
That kisses you in tenderness,
And I am fettered to my melancholy,
Thinking of you in my delusion.
Be wherever you are,
I am but one aspiring to the impossible;
I turn to your hallowed world with hope,
And visit your throne through imagination.
I tell myself to be tolerant whenever
It is difficult to break my bonds."

Thirsty for light and purity as he was, Mājī cries out for the moon:

"O moon of hope, O moon,
I am suffering in my agony;
You are the cure hoped for.

App., 20.
0 then outpour your light into my blood,
And spill your eternity into youth,
And clothe my heart with serenity."

On one occasion Ḍaṭū turned to the sea, in which he saw the elements of vigour and a strange garden with its intoxicating perfume. In his loneliness and in his state of boredom, he raised his complaint, asking for a release from his suffering, and waited for a reply. But the sea would not answer his call. Ḍaṭū expressed that conflict in a poem of his called "Khawātir al-Churūb" (Recollections in the Sunset) in which we read:

"I said to the sea when I stood by its shore one evening:
0 how long have I kept standing, listening,
Making of breezes a food for my soul,
Drinking both shadows and the light.
It is as though colours in their variety have made
Of thee, 0 sea, a luxuriant garden,
Whose perfume intoxicated my soul,
And penetrated me at its will.
0 sea, you are formidable indeed, and we are
Torn out and shattered by the war of nights.
You are everlasting, and we are
Like passing foam, floating, then vanishing.
0 how strange that I turn to you;

When weary of life and the human race,
Hoping for consolation with you,
But you never give a reply or answer my call."

This poem of Haji reminds us of another almost similar poem by Byron, who was bored with life around him and strived to make himself as free and as vigorous as the ocean.

"Ye elements! - in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted - can ye not
Accord such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

1. Childe Harold, Canto IV, "Ocean".
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of Man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan."

In some other poems by ḅajī one comes across some striking similes which are essentially borrowed from natural objects, as when he fondly addresses his beloved, saying¹:

"O daughter of the shells, the sea was my father also
Before I was cast by the waves here.
Do then enquire of the depths who dives therein.
I am one to seek their pearls, indeed I am."

Or when a psychological state is likened to a physical natural object²:

"And this desert, bare as it is,
Stretching, suffocating like boredom."

1. ḅajī, op. cit., p.55.
App., 22.
2. Ibid., p.70.
App., 23.
Those are a few examples from Nājī's works to illustrate how natural objects operate on the poet's imaginative creativity, which, for its part, helps to form such pictures.

On the other hand, Nature was a dwelling place for 'Alī M. Tāhā. He always felt gay and free when surrounded by beauty and peace, and sensed maternal love in her kind heart.

'Alī M. Tāhā tells us in his poem "Allāh wa ash-Shāʾir"¹ (God and the Poet) how the poet, in his acute state of alienation and under the burden of the feverish world of Man, has turned to Nature to derive from it beauty and peace.

"The poet was horrified by what he saw,
And wandered on the earth.
Where will he settle down?
And what maze of a valley has he lost himself in?
Till he drew near shades of trees, where grew
A paradise of a garden in a fertile plot.
With flowers smiling to light,
With leaves clapping to the breeze.
There he selected a seat for himself
On a mound beautiful and charming,
On which twilight reflected its golden light,
And where sweet perfumes freely blew."

¹. Ar-Risāla, 23 Jan., 1950, p.95.
App., 24.
The ideal tavern for himself and his fellow poets, "Hanat ash-Shu'ara'"\(^1\), was made of flowers and canes and was situated on a fertile shady stretch of land.

One feels the gaiety felt by Shelley after reading the first part of his poem "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples"\(^2\) the natural beauty awakened in him a tendency to sing freely in rhythmical tones:

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight —
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods' —
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's."

Byron felt happy and in peace before the lovely Lake of Leman, where he sweetly sang\(^3\):

"Clear, placid Leman! Thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

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1. App. 16.
3. *Childe Harold*, Canto VI, "Calm and Storm".
Those two pieces of Shelley and Byron, though of contrasted moods, reveal at least the Romantic poet's satisfaction with the world of Nature.

'Alī M. Tāhā, in a dancing rhythm, has also expressed his joy with the attractive scene of Lake Como\(^1\) in Italy. There he felt free with the mountains, the trees and the flowers around the lake, and he joyfully went on singing the marvels of Nature:

"Prepare the cup and the lute,
That is Como stretching as far as the eye can see.
O my thoughts, be at ease,
No need for travelling anymore,
The Paradise of hope is at hand,
And sweet indeed is to rest."

Then, he went on describing the wonderful pictures as they appeared to him. Shelley did the same thing:

"The lakes and mountains have clad themselves with trees,
Veiled themselves with the clouds,
And exposed themselves with the moon.
The mounts were like a beautiful one
Appearing in her evening dress.
The houses are scattered on their tops,
Like flowers scattered about."

App., 25.
In a thrill of joy he continued:

"To the star we climbed,
And down to the clouds we glided,
Till we reached the peak,
Higher than the peak of ideas,
Her treasures were gaieties indeed,
Preserved for lovers there."

And in wonder he uttered:

"Is it Babel? Or a lake?
Or a castle of rare wonders?"

At times natural objects had certain significance in the imagination of 'Ali M. Tahā. The moon as he once visualised it was not like the moon addressed by Shelley, or the moon to which Nāji raised a complaint. As we have seen, 'Ali M. Tahā personified the moon as a daring invader, ready to attack his sweet one, and he felt jealous of that invader.¹

Moreover, from natural marvels and nothing else, 'Ali M. Tahā prepared his offerings for "at-Timthāl"² (The Statue).

Thus, the rare treasures of Mother Nature were plucked or squeezed by 'Ali M. Tahā to prepare them as offerings for the statue which stands for the symbol of the altar of poetry.

2. App. 15.
Mustafà 'Abd al-Latíf as-Sahartī, who was himself a member of the Apollo Group like Mājī and 'Alī M. Tāhā, has proved to be one of the most zealous and penetrating critics of his day. It is as if he felt it his responsibility to lay the foundation for correct criticism and for directing Arabic poetry to the right track. His was, then, a sustained effort to read all available modern English books devoted to criticism, such as The Nature of Literary Criticism by O. Elton, The English Critic by N. L. Clay, Literary Criticism by Winchester, Principles of Literary Criticism by L. Abercrombie, Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism by C. M. Gayley, Primer of Literary Criticism by G. E. Hollingworth, The Art of Writing by A. Quiller-Couch, Style by Sir Walter Raleigh, Literary Taste by A. Bennett, Art of Poetry by J. Martin, The Poetic Image by C. Day Lewis, The Classical Tradition in Poetry by G. Murray, Rudiments of Criticism by G. Lamborn and Poetry for You by C. Day Lewis, as well as some French critical works.

It is clear from his famous work published in 1948 ash-Shi'r al-Mu'asir 'alā Daw' an-Naqd al-Hadīth (Contemporary Poetry in the Light of Modern Criticism) that there were some Arabic poetic treasures awaiting the talented critic prepared to exploit them.

Such a critic, however, requires much equipment. He says¹: "It is not sufficient for the critic to be intelligent, tenderly sensitive or unbiased; in addition to all these characteristics he must know about the standard

¹. Sahartī, Ash-Shi'r al-Mu'asir, p.4.
principles of artistic and scientific criticism."

According to Sahartî, criticism can be of three kinds: the artistic, the social or realistic and the rhetorical or technical (fiqhî). "Those three attitudes have at all times lived side by side with the major literary currents, which are known as the "ibdâ'î" (creative), "al-waqi'î" (realistic) and "al-ittiba'i" (traditional or imitative)."

Before applying his judgement on works by poetic writers, it was, however, fair of Sahartî to lay the foundation for his criticism. To do that, he started by analysing the nature of the three schools of criticism: artistic, social and technical.

Sahartî says that the artistic school is the one which concerns itself with the work of art in itself; its truth and style without any interest in the subject treated or in its grammatical soundness. Hence, the critic pays attention to the poetic experience, the emotions, the imagination, the music of the poetry and the style of expression.

Critics may differ about those aspects, but the difference between them is not as acute as might happen in the case of subjective criticism, which bases itself on most of our modern criticism.

The realistic school, Sahartî tells us, differs from the artistic school in one thing only, that is in the great attention given by the realistic critic to the theme (mawdu') of the poem. If the poem does not deal with the events of daily life, the sufferings and hopes of the people, it would be considered by the realistic critic as bad art which leads to the dissipation of talents and to the blunting of senses. The aim of such kind of art, Sahartî

1. Ibid., p.11.
remarks, is nothing but to please a small group of people living in luxury.

Saharti pursues this idea by saying that the English critic, Clay, declared that poetry in its essence is a criticism of life and the greatness of a poet essentially depends on how soundly and effectively he is able to apply his ideas.

"Critics of the realistic school evaluate art according to various standards. Art which treats casual events of lasting significance is less important than art which deals with lasting events. The last type of art, as the critics of the realistic school would declare, is an elevated one, particularly if it is delivered in an effective convincing style."

Then Saharti draws our attention to another view on art by saying that Walter Pater considers mature art to be the one which aspires to beauty in itself. However, if it leads to human happiness or helps to awake in Man a tendency to share the feelings of others or tackles a new or an original truth which moves our innermost being and creates a firm relation between us and the world around us, it is indeed great art.

This opinion, as Saharti mentions, is refuted by critics of the realistic school, who say that ideal beauty is lacking in the power of sharing with others in their strife for life. Those critics would put it that beauty is life itself and life on the whole is more rich and varied and more important than any piece of beauty or than a flight into the spheres of dreams.

Saharti elucidates that question further by saying: "Some writers, however, think it would be better to unite both schools, artistic and realistic, into one. In other words, it is to be left to writers and poets to contribute

1. Ibid., p.12.
in accordance with their abilities, poetic creativities and their experiences in life, so long as they are fully devoted to their true art.

Saharti goes on to say: "Perhaps Hafiz was the pioneer in the composition of poetry on social themes. He is one of those who called upon writers to treat their subjects with the spirit of the age and to get rid of archaic poetic traditions such as praise, love themes, satire, elegies and others. He expressed this opinion of his in a true and well delivered poem entitled "ash-Shi'r" (Poetry) in which he addressed poetry, saying:

"You are wasted in the East amongst sleepy people,
Lost in their dream, amongst a lazy nation,
Humiliated by them in the world of boon companionship and cups;
In the world of infatuation by gazelles,
In love themes, praise and satire,
In elegies, enchantments and delusions."

Saharti considers Hafiz a realist because he did not dwell on topics of pleasure, drinking, glamour, delusions and the like, but he exploited patriotic and social themes from practical daily life. Those lines, says Saharti, are an example of good poetry which is welcomed by the realistic critic who searches for a practical theme; and in a way also by the artistic critic who is interested in good style.

1. Ibid., p.13.
Saharti elaborates his argument further, saying: "The critics of the social school might discover what they are after in some of our contemporary poets' contributions, such as ash-Shabbi's "Irada al-Hayat" (The Will to Live), in which he sings:

"If the people one day determined to live,
Fate must fulfill that wish.
Right must vanish
And fetters must break."

Saharti tells us that technical criticism examines poetry in search of grammatical, prosodic and rhetorical devices and expressions, and sometimes looks for ideas. One agrees with Saharti when he says: "It is the kind of criticism pursued by Arab critics for centuries. Many Arab critics still adhere to it. We do not condemn this kind of criticism if it is a component part of either artistic or realistic criticism. But we do condemn it if it stands alone. Contemporary critics are not to be trumpets of ideas held by critics of the distant past, who dealt with the shallow aspects of literature."

It is to a great extent true of Saharti to say, with a quick glance over some ideas of Arab critics, that one realises that their criticism was basically

1. Saharti, op. cit., p.16.
2. App., 27.
4. Ibid., p.21.
rhetorical, lacking in consistent standards. Most of it was subjective or
linguistic or confined to the examination of words or the art of metre, neg-
lecting the philosophical meaning of poetry, the poetic experience and the tech-
nique of expression.

In order to support his opinion, Saharti quotes Mandur, who says¹: "The —
question of artistic expression is not merely a formal one, as some Arab
 critics have thought. It is not a question of metaphors or similes related to
the external aspects of objects used for adding clarity or corroboration to the
meaning. But, the fact is that the artistic expression is the main issue of
artistic creation in its deep psychological truth."

Saharti adds to that, saying²: "If the critics of the past centuries had
accepted that kind of subjective and linguistic attitude, it is certain that
modern critics would have entirely rejected it, because it does not help us to
judge literature correctly or with good taste."

It is true that Arabic criticism could, however, be of great use to poetry
if critics, as Saharti says, combine artistic, social and technical attitudes
into one.

We have met before some Arab critics, such as al-'Aqqad, Nu'ayma, Mandur
and others, talking to us about the meaning and technique of poetry. Neverthe-
less, Saharti devoted some useful pages to the study of poetic art by some
further examination of the various elements needed to perfect the Arabic poem.
He, directing the attention of Arab critics and poets, declares that³: "In

2. Saharti, op. cit., p.22.
order to judge a poetic work, it is not sufficient to look for the poetic experience or the style of expression; it is essential to analyse the emotions, ideas and aims of the poetic experience.

"The judgement on those elements of the poetic work are correct or true if the critic has subtle artistic standards of criticism."

1. THE POETIC EXPERIENCE

Sahartī explains himself on poetic experience by saying: "The poetic experience is the first element we are to look for in a poetic work. In other words, we are to see how vividly, truly and powerfully the poet was able to express his experience. The poetic experience is that state in which the poet is involved and which directs his memory, his mind or his insight to a certain subject or a certain event or a certain scene in life. Hence, the poet is voluntarily or involuntarily moved to express what he sees or contemplates."

An example of that, says Sahartī, is "that situation felt by Abū Shabaka, the Lebanese poet, during sunset. The poet felt quite at ease before the natural scenes. He was then attracted to the "fallāḥ" (peasant) returning home after a hard day's work. Abū Shabaka, says Sahartī, has expressed that experience with all its complexity in a calm melodious tone in his poem "Ushniyat al-Maghīb" (The Song of Sunset):

"Kneel to God, O my soul,
 For the sunset is near.
 Rest from the exertion of thought,"

1. App., 28.
Because it is awful indeed.
Do for a while hide your sufferings
With the smile of the lover.
Tomorrow your sufferings will return,
And tomorrow is quite near.
There is the peasant returning
From the beautiful field,
Carrying in his hands the sickle
And the long spade.
On his shoulder there was
A heavy burden of wheat.
He is exhausted indeed, and in his eyes
Are the effects of fire.
Kneel to God, 0 my soul,
For the sunset is near."

It is subtle of Saharti to point out a vital side in the criticism of poetry by saying 1: "The critic must imagine himself to be in the poet's situation. He must share the poet's feeling and be at home with the poet's experience and see to what extent the poet was able to express himself, because the artistic value of poetry depends, in its essence, on the harmony between the poetic experience and the style of expression. That is to say, the poetic expression has to be apt in order to fit in with the nature of the poetic experience."

It is no wonder that Saharti shows his dissatisfaction with many Arabic poems which are lacking in that quality of harmony between poetic experience and the style of expression. He says: "The defect is to be detected in many Arab poems, both old and new. They are, it will be noticed, overburdened with irrelevant material and declamatory expression, which usually rob the poetic work of its compactness and destroy its unity."

Evidence of that lack of harmony can be discovered, Saharti tells us, in a poem of Muhammad 'Abd al-Mu’ti al-Hamshari entitled "Munajat al-Farasha" (Addressing a Butterfly). The poet has gathered together a variety of nice but disparate ideas which do not compose a complete whole. The poem goes as follows:

"O for ever flying creature,
Are you a glittering star?
Are you a flash of light,
Or are you a throbbing heart?
For ever gay you fly,
Hovering over the flowers."

Saharti goes on to say: "The poet is the one who conveys his theme or experience to our minds in such a manner as to enable us to see what he has seen. He is not merely a describer of scenes or one who tells us about things."

1. Ibid., p.27.
2. App. 29.
To drive home his ideas, Saharti indicates to us various kinds of poetic experience present in works by Arab poets. "There are some lovely poetic experiences to be detected in our contemporary Arabic poetry." Of the lyrical experiences one would mention that of Na'īū in which we read about the end of a love affair. That was tenderly and well expressed in his poem "Rasā'il Muhtariqa" (Burning Letters):

"Her love letters were resting at peace,  
Like a babe, in their dream.  
I took an oath not to let them rest,  
Or enjoy the sweetness of their sleep.  
I put fire to them, a fire  
That eats up their dear remains,  
Devouring the story of our love,  
From its beginning to its end.  
I burnt them all, and threw my heart  
In the midst of their flames,  
And the human ashes wept  
Over the ashes of her love."

This excellent lyrical poem, Saharti declares, was composed by the poet in a captivating mood and narrative medium. It is pregnant with true and active emotion, characterised by a deep flow of muqaddam and strong sense of

1. Ibid., p.29.
unity. No doubt it is an object of pride to our contemporary Arabic poetry.

Of the other poems which attracted the attention of Saharti is the one entitled "Misbah wa Sarîr" (A Lantern and a Bed) by 'Umar Abu Risha. In this poem, as Saharti explains to us, the poet relates the story of his beloved who departed from him for a long time. Then, returning one day to his room, he is taken by surprise on finding her in his bed. Saharti says that: "The reader of this poem is able to live the atmosphere of the poetic experience felt by the poet, and shares the poet's emotions, even if there is some disagreement about the sensual attitude of the poet. One cannot help but admire its artistic expression and forget about the frivolous aspects. One has nothing to do but to read it with admiration."2

"I reached the door - a faint light
Was appearing through the keyhole.
As soon as I had opened it,
A thrill ran through my hair and skin.
Sober and awake as I was,
I saw on my bed
Hind, yes, indeed Hind;
There she was with her naked body;
There she was with her curly hair.
Had she returned after the breaking of our bonds,
After the ending of our love?"

"That poem, says Sahartī, conveys very well the poet's experience. It is in itself an artistic poem, although it would not be considered as of a high standard of art by some other critics who reject sensual themes and declare that such help to deface the beauty of art."

Still, one feels that Sahartī adhered more to social criticism and did not look on that poem as an object of art in itself because he concludes his judgment, saying that though we consider that Abū Risha was quite true to his experience and indeed faithful in conveying it to us; yet we feel sorry for the poetic energy wasted by the poet's sensual attitude.

Those previous examples from Arabic poetry, as Sahartī states, "are a variety of artistic well-expressed experience, but they still vary in their qualities and values, especially if we judge them from a new angle. After all, one thinks that Sahartī was not objective by putting conditions before the artist when he said that: "The poetic experience worthy of high esteem is the one which treats a universal or a humanitarian or a cosmic theme in a masterly style." An example of that, says Sahartī, is "at-Talāsim" (The Riddles) by Ḥiyā Abū Madī. It is a long poem of eighty lines, starting as follows:

"I came, I do not know from where,
But here I am.
I saw a track before me
And I walked on.
I shall continue walking,
Whether I like it or not.

1. Sahartī, op. cit., p.36.
How did I come, how did I see my track?
I do not know."

Though that poem by Abū Mādi is attractive in its subject, it is, however, arguable whether there is harmony between its poetic experience and its way of expression. Indeed, it is noticeable that Abū Mādi has included some irrelevant proverbial material and mental analysis which made of it a scattered work of art rather than a poem with a centripetal artistic force.

Another poem which was highly admired and appreciated by Sahartī in that respect was "as-Sūrī al-Mu‘addhab" (The Tormented Sūrī) by the Sudanese poet, at-Tijānī Yūsuf Bashīr, in which the poet, as Sahartī points out, was trying to penetrate into the depth of the unknown to explore the hidden secrets beyond the atom, expressing his deep belief in God¹:

"How many secrets does this atom carry?
Think of it, and mingle with it in its depth and profundity,
And set yourself to travelling from the biggest atom to the smallest one.
You would indeed realise that the whole Universe
Is never tired of remembering and praising God."

Of the lyrical and impressive poems which won the admiration of Sahartī is "Qalb Rāqīsa" (The Heart of a Dancer)² by Nājī. Sahartī considered it a unique poem which tells, with masterly technique, of a human experience and

1. App., 32.
2. App., 3.
of the mentality of those who patronise dancing clubs.

"Then she disappeared while the crowd was insisting, shouting: 'Come back', showing no sympathy for her. She is the pleasure of beauty demanded, but I could understand her with my soul. By the end of the night I saw her, in the trap of some young men, her brightness overshadowed by sadness, a poor one indeed pretending to laugh. Who are you whose soul is near to mine, and whose tears have spoken to my soul? Your soul has outpoured its tears in my cup, its tears which are the moans of a slain one. O what a wonder! In a moment we could know each other beyond limits. O you whom I met just yesterday, have we ever been two souls mingled in eternity? May I be your ransom in your sadness or fear, for you whom darkness has wrapped in its mantle of twilight?"
In his study, Sahartā was able to put his finger on important elements necessary for poetic composition, which were later notable influences on the poets of the coming generation. He, after discussing the question of the poetic experience, went on to examine the other element he had declared to be important, that is the poetic technique. We are to see to what extent the poet is able to express his experience by examining technique and style.

The most important point about technique, says Sahartā, is that it should be in harmony with the theme of the poem. Sahartā then selects a poem by the Egyptian poet, Muhammad 'Abd al-Ghāni Hasan, as a suitable example of that harmony asked for. The poem is entitled "Iltā Anā" (Except Me). It is, as Sahartā mentions, a unique poem, telling of the experience of the poet who was on a visit to the English town of Reading. Standing all alone by the bank of the River Thames in the early hours of dawn when all was quiet, the poet says

"Silence sleeps over the stretches, dominating all,
And the Universe is lost in dreams, all lost except myself.
The river with its drowsy murmur is like a prayer slowly recited by Christ,
One drowned in dreams, dwelling fast on hope.
The muttering of the breeze along the riverbank
Was like prayers slowly recited by Christ.
The river then came back to life,
And ships were dragged into it from here and there,

App. 33.
And along its bank the people actively walked on,
After a long relaxation during the evening.
I then heard the chatter of life in its water,
And I saw there the civilised world."

Sahartî goes on to say: "There are elements related to poetic technique; these are imagination, music, unity, symmetry and selection of the apt words and expressions as well as the invisible character of the poet playing its rôle in the artistic activity."

3. IMAGINATION

The influence of imagination, as Sahartî shows, is reflected by simile, metaphor, and the like. Those imaginative pictures are what give the poetic work its lovely balance. Moreover, they clothe it with elegance and beauty, provided they are sincerely employed and not far-fetched. One of the best examples of that, as Sahartî says, is a poem by ash-Shābbî called "Salawāt fī Haykal al-Hubb" (Prayers in the Temple of Love). "It is a long poem of about seventy lines, rich with masterly images depicting the enchantment of love." Ash-Shābbî starts his poem by addressing his beloved, saying:

"You are as sweet as childhood, as dreams,
As a tune and as a new morning;

1. Sahartî, op. cit., p.46.
2. App. 34.
As the laughing sky, as the moonlit night,
As roses and as the smiles of a babe.

Whenever my eye falls upon you walking
With steps as rhythmical as a song,
My heart throbs for life and roses,
Blossom in the withered field of my life.
My dismal soul is in an ecstasy with love
And sings like a chirruping skylark."

Then the poet describes his beloved walking:

"Steps drunk with songs,
And a voice like an echo of a flute heard from afar,
And a stature that almost utters melodies.
When you are standing or walking
Everything in you is rhythmical, everything,
Including the turn of the neck and the shake of the bosom."

Discussing still the introduction of new imagery, Saharti says\(^1\): "A group of our contemporary poets were talented indeed in using those images which made their poems colourful works of art, an achievement rarely known amongst their predecessors."

Naji is one of those who were fond of those images. Above all, he was able

\(^1\) Saharti, op. cit., p.48.
to express his ideas in an inspiring style. We listen to him in his poem "al-'Awda" (The Return), telling us the story of the rich home of his beloved which turned into ruins:

"I have seen Ruin with mine own eyes,
With its hands weaving a spider's cobweb."

"Such personifications, Saharti declares, are created only when there is a talented artist."

Nevertheless, some of our poets went too far with their poetic images, which appear quite strange. There are various examples of these strange images and expressions which come in some poems composed by Arab poets. One may mention Mahmūd Hasan Ismā‘īl’s "adlu‘ al-qamar" (the ribs of the moon), or Adīb Nāshīr’s "an-nasīm al-aswad" (the black breeze), or Qabīl Makarzal’s "dam as-suḥūb" (the blood of the clouds) as examples of such expressions.

4. MUSIC

Music, according to Saharti, is not less important than imagination. No work is poetic without it. Sometimes music alone stands as a sufficient element in poetic composition. An example of that is a poem called "ad-Dunya Lana" (The world is for Us) by Riyād al-Ma‘lūf, who sings out:

1. App., 9, I. 11.
3. App., 35.
"This world is for us,
For my beloved and me.
Enjoy it then, O my beloved,
For one hope leads to another.
What is it that you wish,
Which is not within reach?
So long as you are by my side
Everything then is at hand."

"Such musical poems are usually on lyrical or sentimental themes and are short in most cases. But when it comes to long poems, it is advisable to have variations in tone in order to avoid monotony."

Saharti then harps on a tone more or less like that of Mandur, whom we have listened to talking about the importance of music when he highly appreciated "Alma" (My Brother) by Mu'ayma as an example of whispering poetry. Saharti, for his part, says that without the element of music no poetry in the real sense of the word could ever be written. Music helps to stir our emotions and move us. If poetry does not move us with its music, it loses one of its vital factors. It can hardly then be called poetry; it could only be called rhythmical prose. However, most of our contemporary poetry does suffer from the loss of music. This we can detect in most of al-'Aqqad's poetry. We can choose as evidence of this fact a poem of his entitled "al-Hubb"1 (Love), in which he says:

"Love is not one single soul
In the bodies of two embracing each other.

1. App. 36.
Love indeed is two united souls,
Both of which are in two bodies.
Never do they cease to part and come together,
Not for the blinking of an eye."

This kind of rhythmical prose might contain an idea, Saharti says, but one would tend to shrink from it and refuse to call it poetry.¹

Saharti goes on to say: "Still, on many occasions, we do come across some poems rich with ideas and musical in their treatment, as when we listen to Abu Shabake singing²:

"Is it ever your beauty or mine? I really
See in you someone, like myself, endowed with beautiful love.
And that by which I live, is it you or myself?
And that which I desire, is it your shape or mine?
And when I visualise love in my dream,
Is it your phantom that comes to my mind or mine?"

5. POETIC DICTION

Saharti says³: "We now come to another element of the poetic technique, that is to say, poetic diction; words and their significance. It is an important element indeed. Poetry sometimes depends on it alone, without need of

1. Saharti, op. cit., p.54.
2. App., 37.
images or moving music, because words with their sounds, significance, atmosphere and meaning are sufficient to create a lovely poem. An example of that is "al-Ghad" (Tomorrow) by the Syro-American poet, Nadra Haddad. The construction of this poem is wholly dependent on the selection of words and their significance. It sweetly flows like the waves of a clear lake:

"She carried her forehead on her palms,
And leaned on the window, thinking;
A beautiful one who thought that her happiness
Was near and all worries were over,
When she recalled the past, nothing she remembered,
Except the days of play, the days of school,
Aspiring to her future, and when she could see
Its lights she was stirred."

Quoting Sir Walter Raleigh, Sahartî says that: "The fact is that a poem might be distinguished by its significant words, or by its sweetness, tenderness, or the power of inspiration. The aim of the poet is not to be attained by complicated dry words which are like a courtier to the heart and to the mind. They are more influential than the descriptive words. They have for certain a far-reaching effect. Amongst our contemporary Arab poets one meets some who were able to employ inspiring words, and we are to mention in this respect a poem called "al-Āmal" (Hopes) by the Lebanese poet, Yusuf Ghassûb,

1. App., 38.
in which we read:

"I have a fragile house made of hopes,
Always blown off by the breeze when it blows.
I then build another which soon collapses,
And another which is not steadfast.
I spend my life building, destroying.
Indeed, the most stable building erected by Man is the grave."

Saharti remarks on that poem that the last hemistitch contains a suggestion which reverberates with a strong echo in the mind and reveals before us in the end the fact that hopes in reality are mere delusions.

"After all, we have to remember that sweet words alone do not create a lovely style, but help to give it elegance." Then, Saharti talks of simple but deep poetic words, which are employed to give a powerful expression and which can hardly be achieved if Arab poets dwell on rhetoric and declamatory tones. There is a world of difference between one kind of simplicity and another. There is that shallow simplicity which weakens poetry, and there is the other deep simplicity which elevates poetry to a high standard of art, as is the case with "al-Karmal al-Ūla" (The First Vine) by 'Alī M. Tāhā, in which he says:

1. App., 39.
2. Saharti, op. cit., p.64.
3. App., 40.
"The cup and the guitar,
O goddess of beauty,
O goddess of poetry,
Sing with them, O sing,
As a soul, sing with them,
As a soul with divine flashing,
If it should overtake Noah,
We would live without an earth,
We would live like dreams
In the consciousness of the Universe,
In another world
That knows no sorrows."

But, says Saharti, it is apparent that contemporary Arab poets often tend to imitate the conventional style and incline to generalisation, abstraction and exaggeration. This one can see in those poems published in *Adab al-'Uruba* (The Literature of Arabism). Most of them are in my opinion of no value or originality. At the same time, one is not to deny that some Lebanese poets were able to follow a track unlike the conventional one. By so doing, they succeeded in composing poems of more compact expression. It is true that I have given before some examples of Lebanese poets, but I would like to introduce another, one by Tawfiq al-Yaziji, with the title "al-Ghayra" (Jealousy), in which he sings:

1. Saharti, op. cit., p.66.
2. App., 41.
131.

"But all my senses are jealous;
My lips portrayed a puzzled smile,
But my ungovernable jealousy sets me ablaze
And rouses my yearnings, one by one."

6. THE POET'S PERSONALITY

"The other element which affects poetic style, Saharti tells us, is the personality of the poet. This element, though it operates in an invisible way in the shaping of poetry, is vital. It is like the invisible soul in a living organism. This spiritual element, if we may call it so, leaves its marks on the style and discloses the originality and the real personality of the poet. An energetic personality presents us with a lively poem, as is obvious from the poetry of 'Umar Abū Rishā and Muḥammad Mahdī al-Jawāhī. One feels the temperamental nature and vigorous emotion in the active moving style of Ṣājī."

"Accordingly, style does reflect the nature of the poet and it is the mirror of his personality."

7. THE POETIC UNITY

"Poetic unity is the dynamism which unites the poetic experience, images, emotions, music and words in a subtle ethereal structure. With this unity poetry reaches artistic perfection and liveliness. This unity starts right at the beginning of the poem and goes on throughout its lines in a logical sequence and harmony delivered in an elegant compact style. Images, in such a

1. Saharti, op. cit., p.68.
case, are important and vital, especially if well employed, to help in the complete whole of the poem. However, if images are inconsistent, there would result discordance and no unity would be attained. There is also quite a difference between obscure images which impair the poetic unity and other expressive ones which make of the poem a throbbing work of art, as is seen in a poem entitled "Hulm" (Dream) by the Lebanese poet Qablan Makarsal, in which he says:

"O my son, I hear the morning songs
Coming through the windows of my prison.
My heart then throbs for the valleys,
The knolls, the camomile flowers,
And yearns for meeting you there,
Playing with the birds and flowers
In a playground whose lights
Used to kiss me when I was a child."

"The unity of the poem, Saharti explains, is not limited to the logical sequence or the lively images or the apt music; poetic words with their variety of tone, concord, flexibility are also of great significance."²

Moreover, we can say that a poem must carry with it shades of meaning or ideas, bearing in mind that ideas comprised are not to be super-imposed in such a manner as to overpower the emotional force, as some poets, such as al-

1. App., 42.
'Aqqād, as well as az-Zahawi or Abu Shadi and 'Abd ar-Rahman Shukri, were inclined to do. We want poetry to help us feel things and think about them.

In order to reach his aim with success, the poet has to have a complete understanding of music. "True music," says Saharti, is the music of emotions and ideas which are in harmony with the poetic theme and fit in well with it. Music is both external and internal. Prosody is the art which governs the first type of music, but the internal music depends on the inner voice of the poet, and is of a deeper significance and of a wider range than the limited scope of metre and rhyme. Most of neo-classical poetry, like that of Hafiz, al-Jarim and others, is characterised by the external type of music. Nevertheless, we do feel the effect of internal music in some poems by Syro-Americans like the ones called "Taniamat az-Sarir" (A Lullaby), in which Nasib 'Arda sings out in a melodious tone:

"The darkness of woe is all-enveloping,
And the trumpet of worries resounds.
Sleep then O son, for never could be happy
Even a rich one with a full stomach.
The darkness of despair has covered us.
Sleep then, no one eye is cast upon us."

Indeed, as Saharti goes on saying, music has to be in harmony with the theme of the poem and serve to give it a rich artistic quality.

1. Ibid., p.109.
2. App., 43.
In the end, Sahartī fosters great hope on the change which had come over Arabic poetry, both in form and content. He said¹: "If the external kind of music was ever a main characteristic of lyrical poetry, it would not always be needed in the case of other types of poetry, such as narrative or dramatic. If poets keep adhering to it they will be restricted by the technique of the monorhyme.

"Consequently, some liberally-minded poets revolted against the fetters of the conventional style and introduced the free technique of blank verse and then of free verse. The pioneers of that new style were Matrān, 'Abd ar-Rahmān Shukrī, Abū Shāhī and other poets in Lebanon, Syria and 'Iraq. No doubt, if our poets go on composing blank verse and free verse, they will be offering a true service to Arabic poetry and will indeed help to enrich it."

At the same time, Sahartī inclines strongly to what he called "al-Madhhab al-Waqī'ī" (Realism) in poetry. He says²: "Realism has been introduced into Arabic poetry. This attitude will play its rôle as an influential force in our society, helping in the progress of the human race. This attitude is a pioneering constructive power in directing members of society and in developing social life. It rejects the introvert attitude of Romanticism and the alienation of the poet from his society. It ridicules the life of the ivory towers and calls upon poets to take a direct and an effective rôle in their society. It treats real problems and characters, not imagined ones, and it tackles themes of constructive human values, such as sufferings, joys, hopes and others."

"This new attitude does mean that our young poets have started to feel and

2. Ibid., p.242.
understand fully their social responsibility and depict their real social life with all the artistic beauty possible.\footnote{1}

One could well say that Saharti was able by those studies of the art of poetry, comprised in his book \textit{ash-Shi‘r al-Mu‘asir ‘ala Daw ‘an-Naqd al-Hadith}, was able to bridge the gap between the past and the present, pursuing those ideas on the meaning and technique of poetry already initiated by the Syro-Americans, the writers of ad-Dīwān School, the Apollo Group and others. At the same time, he can be considered as one of those who prepared the way for a better standard of poetry, detected in the works of the coming generation.

\footnote{1. Ibid., p.246.}
THE YOUNG POETS

A. THE EARLY STAGE

Saharti, as was stated in the previous section, has spoken in general terms about the introduction of "al-waqi'iyaa" (realism) in Arabic poetry and about the shift to the technique of free verse.

However, a closer look into that matter shows that the change was the result of a gradual, active cultural process which has led to the development and reshaping of Arabic poetry.

The Arabic Romantic poetry of the previous era, thanks to both its form and content, occupied the attention of Arab readers till the new movement of free verse was started in 1947. Throughout the previous ten years the young generation of Arab poets were attracted to the Romantic poetry of their predecessors, whether published in collections or conveyed to them through the eminent Arabic magazines, such as ar-Risāla and ath-Thaqāfa of Cairo, or al-Adīb of Lebanon. Works by NaṢīr, 'Alī M. Ṭahā, Mahmūd H. Ismā'īl, Iyās Abū Shabaka and 'Umar Abū Nasha were favoured by the new generation of poets for their "rich imagination, ardour of emotions and sweetness of expression. They inclined to them because they felt in their themes an atmosphere of love and youth, and a colourful world to which they aspired." ¹

Their poetic ambition awakened in them the desire to read the works of English Romantic poets, particularly Keats and Shelley, to whom they were introduced during the period of higher education. They admired their poetry

¹. Abū Sa'd, ash-Shi'r wa-sh-Shu'ara', p.12.
for its sense of beauty, as is the case with Keats, and for its ambitious revolutionary spirit, as is the case with Shelley.

Works in criticism, such as ad-Dīwān by al-'Aqqād and al-Māzīnī, fi Ḳīnān al-Jādīd by Mandūr, ash-Shi'r al-Mu'āṣir 'alā Dīr 'an-Naqḍ al-Hadīth by Sahārtī, were all helpful in directing the new generation of poets and in improving their poetic taste.

The result was that the early works by the generation of Arab poets of the Second World War, such as 'Ashiqat al-Layl (The Lover of the Night) (1947) by Nazīk al-Malā'īka (b.1923), Aṣḥāb al-Dhābiha (Withered Flowers) (1947), Māṣātan (Myths) (1950), Haffār al-Qubūr (The Gravedigger) (1953), al-Aṣlīha wa-atṭātār (The Arms and the Children) (1954) and al-Nūmiṣ al-'Amya (The Blind Prostitute) (1954) by Bādr Shākir as-Sayyāb (b.1926 d.1964), Malā'īka wa Shayātīn (Angels and Devils) (1950) by 'Abd al-Wahhab al-Bayyātī (b.1926) and Wāhdi ma' al-Ayyām (Alone with the Days) (1952) by Fāḏr Tuqān, reflected in greater or lesser degree the dominant features of the previous Arab Romantic attitude of Ḥāfīz, 'Alī M. Tāhā and the others. Like the Romantic poets of the previous ten years, the young generation of poets made use, in their early poetic life, of the technique of multi-rhymes, that is, alternating and internal rhymes, as well as the new poetic diction and imagery. They sang their Romantic agony, idealised their love and expressed their deep feelings for beauty.

But, the poetry in their hands reached a better standard of maturity and vivacity, resulting from a deeper consciousness of poetic structure and a more energetic employment of music and poetic images. Their Romanticism was not of the kind which goes to the Beyond, or which dwells on Nature for consolation, or which pulls the poet into its own subjective whirlpool; it was
a kind of Romanticism which depicts the situation of the poets in relation to social life.

In the coming pages we shall meet those poets depicting various experiences in some poems present in their first collections in order to throw light on the nature of their early poetic contribution.

Nāzik al-Malā'ika introduced her first collection, 'Ashiqat al-Layl, (The Lover of the Night), with the following lines:

"I express what I feel in my life,
And I portray the sensation of my nostalgic soul.
I then weep if the years stab me
With their eternal awful dagger,
And laugh at what was destined by Time
For the strange human frame.
I get angry when feeling is downtrodden,
Or when the raging of the flame is mocked."

She was fond of Keats' poetry and was deeply moved after reading "Ode to a Nightingale". Addressing the English Romantic poet in her poem "Ila Keats" (To Keats), she expressed her state of frustration and disillusionment in a Romantic plaintive tone:

1. App. 44.

App., 45.
"My life and the sufferings of my sad soul,
My bitter withering hopes,
The procession of my passing days,
And the shadows of my coming days
Are all gathered together in a bouquet of perfume,
Behind which stands my mortal soul.
To you I offer it, a dreamy melody,
To your immortal ambitious soul.
O my poet, all my life
Is the life of a dreamy girl,
Of divine soul, but she
On earth is but a handful of mud and water,
Tormented by cries of anguish,
Shaken by the shocks of years;
Without you, she would not have found on earth
Consolation or been attracted by compassion.
Your sweet immortal songs
Are my song, my piping song.
O how many a night in winter
Have I used them to turn back the tumult of the storm,
And recited them to the fire in my stove,
And sung them to the outspread shade.
How many a night have I, beneath them, awakened my allurement
And the fires of my sweeping emotions."
In his poem called "Fil as-Sūq al-Qadīm"\(^1\) (In the Old Market), comprised in his collection Ashār Dhabila (Withered Flowers), as-Sayyāb tells us of his bitter experience in love:

"I have had nothing of her except that we met a year ago
Of an evening; she embraced me under the light of the street,
Then her hands fell away as she whispered, while darkness
Crept in and the sad lanterns in the street went off.
She whispered: 'Would you walk alone in the darkness?
Would you, without a companion, walk while phantoms are standing in the way?'
I then answered her: 'While the wolf howls from afar, from afar,
I will go on searching for her, I will find her there,
In the mirage, and I will build two bowers for us there.'"

"Al-Nūmis al-'Amyā" of as-Sayyāb marks the climax of his Romanticism. In this poem he is attracted to social life rather than to his own personal experiences as we have seen in his previous poem. With his impressive handling of images and masterly choice of words and expression, he portrays the tragedy of a girl who goes blind after the death of her father. She resigns herself to becoming a prostitute out of necessity. But she cannot attract customers because she is blind. In a sensuous moving style, the poet tells the tragedy:\(^2\)

1. al-Basrī, A. D., Badr Shakir as-Sayyāb, p.9.
App., 46.

App., 47.
"The night descends once more and the city imbibes it,
And those passing on their way to the depths are like a sad song.
The street lights blossom like oleander flowers,
And like the eyes of Medusa, hardening every heart with hatred.
The fatigued watchman passes by and the prostitutes are exhausted;
Sleep flutters in their eyes like a caged bird,
And on the lips and foreheads
Smiles and cosmetics reel; bereft, weeping,
They stumble — eyes, steps and chuckles.
The naked breasts are like
The limbs of a dead soldier bedecked with flowers,
Like a flight of stairs leading to desires, crowded with lips,
Till broken-down, or almost — nothing left
But pieces of stone."

Having so filled in the background, as-Sayyāb leads us gently to the
prostitute herself:

"She feels blood running from somewhere in her blindness,
Like water from the timbers of a ship,
Or like pus from the graves.
She feels tears streaming from her eyesockets,
Like ants on the rocks,
Or like the grains of sand scattered in her blindness,
Falling from it
Into the depth of her heart, a moan after a moan."
The poet then depicts the wretched one, waiting in vain for a customer:

"She feels choked sorrow for herself;
Why should she be for all?
The cat sleeps on the sofa near her;
Why should she be for all?
Replete it sleeps,
And she, hungry indeed, picks from the winds
The echoes of drunkards' chuckles
In the lane, and of barks.
She counts the footfalls here and there:
'Ah, here is a customer.
He is coming.' She looks up;
He nearly touched.....
But he has gone away.
Then, in one of the houses, a clock chimes;
Why should she be for all?
Time is coming to an end,
And the customers are departing;
Why should she be for all?
Why should she be for all?"

With Rayyātī the tone of the complaint and revolt is heightened and the images are notably intensified, creating a dramatic atmosphere of the nature of that present in "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley. In some lines from "Malāʾika
"Why is that space too narrow for me,
And have I burnt my wings on its peaks?
And on the locks of its night recline
My dead dreams and my grave?
Why do the depths keep weeping, why sobs
My storm in its icy silence?
And why do despair and slow death,
With its claws, tear out my imaginings?
And nights, why do they descend on me so thick,
And why does the horizon vanish in its sepulchre,
And the winds, why do they growl and howl
In the empty heart of the night? Why do they rage?
Why is my hand cold upon the sepulchre?
Why does sweat ooze upon my forehead?
Why should I keep waiting without a dream,
And my tomorrow be deprived of dreams?
And why do I keep looking around while
The horizon is ablaze and bleeding, the twilight dying behind it?
And the graves of my tragedy are wide-open,
With fate howling over their shrouds.
They revolted against the chains of yesterday,
And took refuge in a detached corner where they wait."


App., 48.
It is consistent with this state of frustration that Bayyātī should search for love and kindness like a child. Addressing his beloved, he said:¹

"I love you, I do not know why;
Is it because I discovered the portrait of myself,
Or is it because I was deprived of my mother's kindness?
So, in despair, I turned to you for tenderness."

Lonely, frustrated and restless in her own society, Fadwa Tuqān of Palestine and Jordan has expressed her state of loneliness in her first collection, Wahdā ma' al-Ayyām (Alone with the Days). The poems of that collection, on the whole, are of sweet, touching music and are of simple, telling images, sincerely and carefully selected by the poetess to tell of her poetic experience in various situations. They are imbued with a Romantic aspiration to release from fetters. Fadwa sings out in her poem "Hayāt" (Life):²

"My life is tears,
A passionate heart,
A longing, a collection of poetry and a lute.
My life, all my life is suffering;
If its shadow should disappear tomorrow,
There would remain of it an echo on earth,

1. Ibid., p.55.
App., 49.

2. Tuqān, F., Wahdā ma' al-Ayyām, p.49.
App., 50.
Reverberating my voice, singing:

"My life is tears,
A passionate heart,
A longing, a collection of poetry and a lute."

The state of agony makes the poetess cry out:

"In the night of sadness,
In the depth of silence,
There pass before me like a night's dream,
The shadows of my buried loved ones.
They rouse my fire under the ashes,
And the flood of tears then swamps my pillow;
The tears of yearning
For those who departed,
They have gone forever
Into the darkness of graves."

Fadwa continues, saying:

"And this is my youth:
Prostrate hopes;
A youth watered by sorrow
When called by life and its yearnings.
A thousand fetters pull it down
And a thousand humiliating neckrings ring it.
A youth of suffering,
A captive of nostalgia,
Its perfume wasted in its bonds.

Her state of restlessness and frustration gets deeper when she feels herself in a world of gloom and sterility. Fadwa expressed that experience in her poem "Kharīf wa Masā'" (Autumn and Evening), which is a cry of mortal agony and of fear of the unknown:

"The stern autumn and the wind and the sadnesses of sunset,
And the birds' farewell to the light and the dismal gardens
All portray in myself a symbol of my end,
A symbol of an age collapsing, on its way to death.
Only a while and then the curtains of sunset will wrap up my life.
The garden will return to brightness and rich fertility.
Light will return glittering with the tender dawn.
But when I wither away, and so do my flowers,
How will I be resurrected from my withered state and my eternal extinction?"

Then, in a scene of horror, the poetess addresses death:

1. Ibid., p.15.
App., 51.
"O death! What are you? Cruel are you or kind? With a smiling face or a stern one? Faithful or treacherous are you? Out of what quarter of the horizon will you swoop on me? Or what will be the cup which you will offer me? Speak, explain. What colour is it? What taste? What will it be?"

She then portrays a fearful image of death:

"That is my body on which the days and nights are feeding, And tomorrow its dear remains will be thrown to the grave. Alas! It is as if I see worms clustering round my corpse, Swarming on a wreck which was once a part of myself, Toying with the rotten skeleton. O what a wretched end mine is!"

B. IDEAS OF SOME WRITERS

The previous section is meant to give an idea about the nature of the early poetic contributions by Mazik al-Malai'ika, Badr Shakir as-Sayyab, 'Abd al-Wahhab al-Bayyat and Fadwa Tuqan, who are truly the pioneers of contemporary Arabic poetry.

Ideas of some writers would, however, help to cast further light on the question. In a chapter entitled "al-Ittijah adh-Dhati ar-Rumantiqi" (The Subjective Romantic Attitude), the 'Iraqi, Ahmad Abu Sa'd wrote: "That

1. Abu Sa'd, op. cit., p.27.
attitude was started by the end of the Second World War. It was the characteristic which dominated poetry in 'Iraq from 1941 till 1948, when some poets, such as al-Bayyātī and as-Sayyāb, succeeded in avoiding the inherited influence of that disease, and followed the line of realism and the technique of "ash-shī' r al-hurr" (free verse), whereas some others, such as Nāzik, continued to compose poetry in accordance with their subjective experiences and their introvert attitude, drawing inspiration from Romantic, existentialist and surrealist poetry, although they took to the form of free verse. Nāzik and those who shared her attitude followed the track of the past generation of poets who lived during the war. These poets, who opened their eyes to see nothing pleasing, realised that they were living in a world of stagnation, suffering, restrictions and fanaticism; a world of pressure and emotional suppression. Those poets experienced, at that time, all the aspiration to love and all the desire to enjoy a full life. But they lived in despair of fulfilling their wishes or of gaining what they hoped for. The result was that they turned into introverts and escaped from that life with which they did not feel in harmony, living alone, shattered between pessimism and yearning. They lived in a state of nostalgia with shadows and darkness around them, dreaming of their return to childhood or seeking consolation in nature, composing songs full of moans, sighs, disappointments, tears, suppressed sexual desire, complaint about Fate, despair and moreover, calling upon death to save them from the wretchedness of living; viz. most of Nāzik's poetry, particularly that of 'Ashiqat al-Layl.'

The writer concludes his chapter by saying: "No one would doubt that that despair, in its quintessence, is a revolt. But, it is not a productive one because it does not aim at a change, and because it springs from the inner-
most part of one's being and flows back into it."

Then he tries to bolster his argument by saying: "That opinion of ours does not mean that we deny the poet the right to his individuality or stand against his subjective experience. It is never so! For, subjectivity in poetry is an important element, and it is what gives poetry a special characteristic. But, we hope that the poet will be able to live his own experience in the light of the wide range of human reality and, by so doing, the poet's scope will widen, his ideas will be richer, his influence will be stronger, and thus he will avert the attack of those who say that he is a poet of decadence or an escapist."

Nāfī 'Allūsh, a writer from 'Iraq, wrote about the Romanticism of as-Sayyāb, saying: "The poems of that period were often love themes or poems of yearning. Those poems do not show that he was influenced by any particular Arab Romantic poet because his Romanticism is of a unique quality and because Arab Romanticism was essentially of luxury and had reached its climax and was starting to lose its importance by the time Badr began to compose poetry. He was a poet in a crisis and he has suffered this crisis in search of ideals and according to his own individual existence. Arab Romanticism was dreamy, dissipating itself in sensual imaginations; that was what created the barrier between Badr and Arab Romantic poets. Still, it seems, he was fond of 'Alī M. Tāḥā, to whom Badr one day sent a long poem entitled "ar-Rūḥ wa-l-Jasād" (The Soul and the Body), asking him to write an introduction for it. But 'Alī M. Tāḥā died before fulfilling Badr's wish. The poem starts with the line:"

2. App. 52.
"I desire the beauties of your submissive body,
And a love whose pleasures are mixed with sin."

The influence of 'Ali M. Tāhā on Badr can be felt from the use of sensual images and of luxurious, sensual epithets, as is obvious in the following lines:

"Hopes which rouse my senses in a merry trance,
An ecstasy of languid ranges and drowsy scents,
The warm diffused perfume blow rhythmically,
Made drunk by the moonlight in the dewy plain."

'Allūsh goes on to say: "Badr did not come under the influence of Arab Romanticism because he gained access to foreign literature, English literature in particular, while he was studying in the Higher Teachers' Training Institute in Baghdād, from which he graduated in 1948. His studies acquainted him with English literature, which had a strong influence on him. This was particularly true of Shelley and Keats, as can be detected in some of his poems."

Finally, 'Allūsh says: "But, as-Sayyāb did not imitate anyone, either among the Arab or among the English Romantics. He was aspiring to a blasting revolt that would help to give him love and freedom."

An opinion on some of the early poetry of al-Bayyātī came from Dr. Ihsān 'Abbās. He says: "There we come across dreams of death and of the grave; icy

1. App., 53.
2. 'Abbās, I., op. cit., p. 54.
silence and slow death; the tomb of the night and the cold hand; the death of twilight behind the horizon; the open graves of a tragedy. Darknesses accumulating on top of each other; darknesses of pessimism, fear, ennui and the expectation of horrid death.

"For that reason he kept on yearning for childhood. That yearning made a child of him, as is obvious from his first collection, Malā'ika wa Shayātin."

Dr. Nasir ad-Dīn al-Asad from Jordan, who seems to be an admirer of Fadwa, says: "The psychological atmosphere which dominates the poetry of Fadwa in general is of a complexity of elements all related to one main source, which shows itself in the bubbling state of restlessness resulting from driving emotional hunger, a sentimental thrust, frustration and sterility, all leading to perplexity, anxiety and a state of yearning. That conflict, which swarms in Fadwa's innermost self and mind, is essentially a struggle between captivity and the strong desire for freedom."

Al-Asad goes on to say: "How many a time do we have a captive waiting submissively owing to his unconsciousness of being in fetters. One of that type would, in the course of time, take to that state of captivity and would not think of changing. But, when the self is awakened and when the senses become subtle, when sentiment is set free and when the mind is stirred, then the self goes ahead with its great struggle for self-realisation. On this basis, one can say that Fadwa's restlessness was a positive, valid one, as is obvious from her revolt against social restrictions. She did so without falling into the abyss of despair or into the darkness of pessimism or the gloom of submission. She consciously lives her situation and consciously aspires to a

change. She tells of her restlessness in a clear, original style, without far-fetched, absurd, linguistic images. She does not use obscure symbols which turn poetry into riddles or a kind of fairy-tale. Fadwa, in her suffering from social fetters and in her struggle against frustration, gave us true poetry free of diversion or abnormality in both form and content.

Those were then some of the striking characteristics of that Romantic attitude which were reflected in those early works of the Arab Romantic pioneer poets. These works, as we have witnessed, contain various poetic experiences handled differently by each poet or poetess, with respect to the employment of images, expressions or other devices of poetic diction. However, they are all characterised by a dominant atmosphere of restlessness, frustration and ennui in the various situations met. One visualises those poets in their state of tension, strongly aspiring to love and freedom.

Fadwa Tuqan, as one would detect, has neither entered into deep experiences, nor has she acquired the deep mastery of expression, like Nāzik, as-Sayyāb and al-Bayyāthī. Still, one feels that she is to be included with them if we think of the historical development of Arab Romanticism. Furthermore, she and Nāzik, as we shall see, were the two poetesses who persisted in the attitude of Romanticism.

Hitherto, of all these Arab Romantic poets, as-Sayyāb has shown a wider range of content, consciously reflecting some social phenomena, such as the blind prostitute. Moreover, he was able to embody his experiences in more impressive, compact and real images, which add a strong artistic force to his poetic contribution.
ASH-SHI'R AL-HURR (FREE VERSE)

The years which followed the end of the Second World War were obviously of great importance in Arab poetic life. The fact is that Western works, particularly English ones, other than those of the Romantics, had reached the hands of the young generation of Arab poets. Those works essentially belonged to the English poets of the new school of poetry, such as T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and others.

Arab critics, who were concerned with or interested in Western culture, had played a part in directing the young poets to the new artistic values present in the poetic contributions of the new English school.

Louis 'Awad wrote some articles about T. S. Eliot and his poetry in al-Kātib al-Miṣrī (The Egyptian Writer) in the year 1945. Sahartī in his book ash-Shi'ir al-Mu'aṣir 'ala Daw'an Naqd al-Hadith (Contemporary Poetry in the Light of Modern Criticism) (1948) wrote on some of the artistic qualities of some poems, such as "Refugees in Blues" by W. H. Auden.

Ihsan 'Abbās drew attention to the nature of the new school with some observations on Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. He translated and interpreted some cantos from the "Waste Land" by Eliot.

In addition, there were contributions by other writers, which appeared in magazines such as al-Adīb (The Man of Letters), al-Kātib (The Writer), al-Adāb (Literature) and Shi'ir (Poetry) of Lebanon.

2. 'Abbās, I., Fān ash-Shi'ir, p. 167.
The young Arab poets then began extensive and intensive readings of those English poetic works, trying at all times to squeeze the juice of ideas expressed or the artistic devices presented. T. S. Eliot, in his "Waste Land" and "The Hollow Men", was the most admired amongst the majority of the young Arab poets, most probably because he has conveyed to them with his masterly, compelling style an experience felt by them in their own societies: the experience of sterility, frustration, ennui and the disintegration of values.

Those serious studies in the new English poetry made the young Arab poets think anew about the quality and truth of their earlier poetry, and, in course of time, opened their eyes to a new and vital change about poetic structure. That, in turn, directed them to the use of an entirely new form of expression, which they called "ash-shi'ir al-hurr" (free verse).

A. THE METRES OF FREE VERSE

Nazik elaborated her view of the metres of free verse. She said1: "Free verse can be composed according to two types of metre out of the sixteen metres already known in Arabic prosody. These are: "al-buhur as-Safiya" (pure metres), the two hemistiches of which contain similar feet repeated six times. These metres are: al-Kamil (Mutafa'ilun); ar-Ramal (Fa'ilatun); al-Hasaj (Mafai'ilun); and ar-Rajaz (Mustaf'ilun).

"And the two hemistiches there are four similar taf'ilas. These two are: al-Mutaqarib (Fa'ilun) and al-Khabab (Fa'ilun or Fa'ilun)."

1. al-Malā'ika, N., Dādāyā, p.65.
Again Mazik mentions another kind of metre to be employed in free verse; these are called "al-buhūr al-muzdawija" (compound metres). They are the ones which have more than one kind of foot in each hemistich, such as: as-Sarī' (Mustaf'īlun, mustaf'īlun, fa'ilun); and al-Wāfir (Mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun, fa'ūlun).

Mazik carries on interpreting her method by saying: "Composing poetry on the pure metres is an easy task because all that the poet does is to repeat the similar taf'īlas in every line as many times as necessary to express the meaning required (bearing in mind that the number of the taf'īlas is not to exceed the reasonable limits acceptable to Arab and musical taste). Mistakes in the case of the pure metres are not many because they have similar taf'īlas, whereas major ones are likely to occur when using compound metres. A poem in al-Wāfir metre, for example, may run as follows:

"Mufā'alatun, fa'ūlun,
Mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun, fa'ūlun,
Mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun, fa'ūlun,
Mufā'alatun, fa'ūlun."

"The variation must only occur", in Mazik's opinion, "in the similar taf'īlas (Mufā'alatun), but each shatr (line) (N. B., shatr, though considered by Mazik as one line of poetry, stands according to conventional Arabic prosody for one hemistich) has to end with the taf'īla, fa'ūlun, because it is separate in the original hemistich of al-Wāfir metre. The poet is not to say, for example:

"Mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun, mufā'alatun."
That is the basis of the metrical method formulated by Hāzik for the composition of free verse, and which she thought to be the main correct form for poetry.

But, one is inclined not to agree with Hāzik's attitude because it restricts the poet, who wants to free himself from symmetrically shaped structure. Contemporaries of Hāzik, such as as-Sayyāb, al-Bayyālī and Fadwā, admired the technique of free verse for the great possibility it offered them, making use of musical arrangements necessary for expression. The poetry of those poets, on the whole, shows that they were not limited to employing only one metre in a poem or arranging taf'īlas in the way Hāzik stated in her method. They have, at the same time, used metres other than those prescribed by Hāzik, such as at-Tawīl (Fa'īlun, Maqīlun), or al-Basīt (Maṣrīlun, Fa'īlun). Under the sub-heading "al-Masāya al-Mudallila fī-shīr al-Jurr" (Misleading Characteristics of Free Verse), she bitterly criticised some poems by her contemporaries for that attitude of theirs which she considered an artistic failure. She then mounted an attack on them, saying that most mistakes committed by young poets (here meaning her contemporaries) are to be detected in their poems which are basically composed in metres ending with a separate taf'īla (e.g. al-Wafir and as-Sarī'). These poets diverge from the correct rules and forget to preserve the separate taf'īla. That kind of mistake is obviously widespread in free verse.

Hāzik elaborates her argument with a decisive declaration, stating that the

1. Ibid., p.26.
2. Ibid., p.66.
other metres which she has not included in her method, such as at-Tawil and al-Basit, are not at all useful for free verse because they are formed of various tāf'ilas, a thing which makes it difficult for the poet when it comes to splitting those various tāf'ilas between lines.

Nevertheless, Nasik introduces other additional classifications in metrical arrangement, which one feels, if followed, can lead to further restriction and deprive poets of the freedom of thought.

After years of almost complete silence since the appearance of free verse in Arabic poetry, Dr. Muhammad an-Nwayhi published in 1964 his book Qadiyyat ash-Shi'r al-Jadid (The Question of the New Poetry), which proved that he is an ardent admirer of the new form and quality of Arabic free verse. In that book Nwayhi devoted a whole chapter discussing Nasik's ideas on the question of the new poetry. Discontented with her views, he said that with all the admiration we hold for that innovating poetess, we feel sorry to declare that some critical ideas in her book Questions of Contemporary Poetry do carry with them great mistakes and can cause great harm to the new poetry if left without correction.

Perhaps the most attractive side in Nwayhi's criticism raised against Nasik's metrical method is his complete disagreement with the idea of restricting free verse to specified sets of rules, borrowed from conventional Arabic prosody, without a realisation of the free nature of free verse.

1. Ibid., pp.77, 80, 89, 99.
2. an-Nwayhi, M., Qadiyyat ash-Shi'r al-Jadid, p.161.
3. Ibid., pp.162, 163.
Muwayhī drives home his idea by saying that Nazik is obviously trying by that attempt of hers to enforce our other contemporary poets to accept rules appealing only to her. She did not hesitate in attacking her colleagues by saying that their poetry was full of mistakes, not knowing that their attitude to the new form and the possibilities of developing it differed from hers. For, it is clear from her method that the poet is only allowed to use taf'ilas in he may include in a line; and he quotes her as saying; quantity. She expounds her method by declaring that\(^1\): "We have to remember that free verse is not to be against the original rules of Arabic prosody and it has to appeal to the Arab ear....Any poem which does not follow the rules of conventional Arabic prosody - which are peculiar to our Arabic poetry - will indeed be lacking in harmony. Hence, it will be rejected by the true Arab, even if he knows nothing about the art of Arabic prosody."

Nazik's tendency, Muwayhī notices, is obviously restricting, and if followed, can lead to a set-back and block the way before creative poets who are interested in going ahead with the new form.

In reply to Nazik, Muwayhī refers her to pages 54 and 55 of her book *Questions of Contemporary Poetry*, where she enthusiastically calls for the development of Arabic prosody. She wrote\(^2\): "The form of Arabic poetry has developed to such an extent that it is practically futile to use conventional rules of Arabic prosody while discussing questions of the new poetic technique of our day. It is thus necessary to develop Arabic prosody so that it conforms with the new poetry. It is indeed natural that artistic objects come first,

1. Ibid., p.164.
2. Ibid., p.165.
then come the rules by which we criticise those objects."

"Then comes," says Nuwayhī, "her marvellous remark: 'That is because the object of art is a creation by an artist inspired by the spirit of the age. But rules of criticism are conscious deductions.'"

Consequently, Nuwayhī asks: "Why then did Maṣik forget that sentence of hers so soon? And since she once said that sentence, which is the only correct one in all she says, why does she go on in her criticism? Why does she go on applying rules not essentially deduced from the nature of the works of her colleagues, who are offering something new?"

One also agrees with Nuwayhī in defending some contemporaries, such as Fadwā and Mizār Qābbānī, whom Maṣik attacked for using varieties of metres in one poem. Nuwayhī says¹: They might have deliberately used varieties of metres to free themselves from the restrictions of the conventional style. When Maṣik admitted that they have subtle poetic sense and that they can compose poetry without mistakes according to the conventional form, she ought to have realised that that tendency which she calls mistakes can virtually be considered as voluntary correct innovation in harmony with the flexible free nature of the new form."

Moreover, Nuwayhī explains how the new form can allow for wider ranges of innovation, and he reveals as well mistakes concerning some additional metrical arrangements formulated by Maṣik.²

To avoid restrictions of a new form based on the rules of the conventional system of tafīlas, Nuwayhī suggested introducing what he called "an-nabr"

1. Ibid., p.166.
2. Ibid., p.167.
(accentuation), which depends on the musical nature of the Arabic syllables, short or long\(^1\), as is the case with rhythmical beats in English or Western poetry.

One believes that if contemporary Arab poets follow that new experiment of Nuwayhī, they can develop Arabic free verse further and free themselves from restrictions that would prevent them from expressing their poetic experiences.

Nuwayhī thinks that it is entirely wrong to call the new poetry "ash-shi'ir al-hurr" because that means that the new is wholly free from metre, and that is not true because the new poetry is composed according to metres and to the prosodic taf'īlas, although it does not limit itself to the number of the conventional taf'īlas. Nuwayhī also considers the title "ash-Shi'r al-Hurr" wrong because, as he states\(^2\), it might have been wrongly based on the English "Free Verse" or the French "Vers Libre". But, he goes on: "The Westerners have given those names to poetry which is totally free from any rhythmical system, like the one we call in Arabic "ash-Shi'r al-Manthur"\(^3\) (Prose Poetry). Instead, Nuwayhī suggests an acceptable name, "ash-Shi'r al-Muntaliq", because he explains it follows rules of metre and rhythmical flow. It does not limit itself to a certain number of taf'īlas in every line and it is not fixed to the rules of conventional prosody, but sets itself free, using varieties of rhythms whenever these are felt to be necessary for

1. Ibid., p.151.
2. Ibid., p.269.
3. Ibid., p.270.
expressing ideas and emotions. Still, that freedom does not mean releasing it from metrical systems. Therefore, it does not mean chaos or rejection of all rules of prosody."

From *Qādīyā ash-Shīr al-Mu'āṣir* (Questions of Contemporary Poetry) by Māzik, published in 1962, one can collect further information about the movement of free verse. In that book Māzik says: "The movement of "Free Verse" started in 1947 in 'Iraq, particularly in Baghdad. Then it crept on until it overwhelmed all the Arab world. Owing to the strong enthusiasm of its admirers, that movement was almost strong enough to sweep all the other conventional poetic styles off their feet."

Then Māzik states an important historical fact, saying: "The first poem in free verse was one of mine published in the magazine *al-'Urubā* (Arabism) with the title "Kulira" (Cholera)."

In a footnote, Māzik writes: "I composed that poem on 27th. October, 1947, and then I sent it to Bayrut where it was published in *al-'Urubā* with a commentary. I composed that poem to express my feelings towards Egypt during the days of the cholera epidemic. I tried in that poem to describe the beating of horses' hoofs as they pulled the carts carrying the dead victims. The need to depict that atmosphere created in me a desire which led to the discovery of the new technique of free verse."

The poem is in the al-Mutadārak (al-Khabab) metre, based on the foot

"fa'ilun". The poem goes as follows:

"The dawn has dawned,
Listen to the beating of the steps
In the silence of dawn. Listen, behold the procession of the mourners,
Ten dead, twenty.
Do not count; listen to the mourners,
Listen to the voice of the poor child;
Dead, dead, the number is lost;
Dead, dead, nothing.
In every place there is a dead person dearly mourned by a sad person,
No chance of repose, no silence,
That is what has been done by the hand of death;
Death, death, death.
The human voice is complaining, complaining of what death is causing."

After this, Nāzik tells us of another fact, saying: "In the second half of October the first collection by Badr Shakir as-Sayyāb was published with the title Asār Dhābila (Withered Flowers) comprising a poem called "Hal Kān Hubban" (Was It Ever Love?), which was composed on an-Ramal metre based on the foot fa‘ilātun. Here is an example from that poem:

1. App. 54.
2. App., 55."
"Is it love that I have become a slave to, hoping,
Or is it the abandonment of hopes
And the meeting of lips, then entirely forgetting life,
Or each eye losing itself in the other in ecstasy,
Like a flow ending with a roar,
Or like shade by a brook?"

"But," says Nāzik, "the appearance of those two poems did not attract the attention of the Arab readers. The only comment about the shift to the new style was that of al-‘Urūba magazine on my poem "Kūlīra" (Cholera). Then two years passed during which nothing was heard about free verse. In the summer of 1949 I published my second collection Shazāya wa Ramād (Sparks and Ashes), which included some poems in free verse which I talked about in the introduction of that collection, pointing out the new elements of the new style and showing the difference between it and the verses consisting of two hemistiches. Then, I gave an example of the arrangement of taf‘īlas.....The movement of free verse developed and spread, and, in 1950, there appeared Bayyātī’s Mala‘ika wa Shavāţin (Angels and Devils), comprising some poems composed in free verse. After this another collection, called al-Wassā‘ al-Akhir (The Last Evening) by Shādhiel Taqā, was published in 1950; then followed Badr Shākir as-Sayyāb’s collection, Asātīr (Myths) in 1950. After that other collections were published and the movement of free verse got so much stronger that some poets entirely deserted the style of the two hemistiches in order to use the new style of free verse."

The introduction written by as-Sayyāb to his collection Asātīr (Myths),
published in 1950, reveals to us to a great extent the movement of Arabic free verse and how it came into being. In that introduction he says\(^1\): "Many a poet in every Arab country has revolted against that monotonous music which left its influence on Arabic poetry. The revolt in its first stage began against the monorhyme, then against the metres. Many of the innovators deserted the long metres and used short ones instead, except in those poems which tackled narrative or epic themes.

A call for whispering poetry was also started by the famous writer Muhammad Mandūr. Another group of poets revolted against the unity of metres. One of those was the late eminent poet Ilyās Abū Shabaka in his collection *Achānī al-Firdaws* (The Songs of Paradise) and Khalīl Shaybūb in his poems "al-Qasr al-Qādim" (The Old Castle) and "al-Hādīqa al-Mahjūra" (The Deserted Garden), as well as other poets."

As-Sayyāb follows on, saying: "But the fact is that the shift from one metre to another often brings with it some jerky effect in the music, which is unacceptable to the sensitive ear. Mustafā 'Abd al-Latīf as-Sahāri, for his part, has an interesting study about music in modern poetry in his valuable book *Ash-Shīr al-Mu'asir 'alā Daw' an-Naqd al-Maṣīth* (Contemporary Poetry in the Light of Modern Criticism). We hope that the reader will go through it."

As-Sayyāb then comes to the core of the question and says: "I have noticed from my readings in English poetry that there is ad-darbā (the beat) or the 'syllable', which stands as an equivalent to the tafšīla in Arabic poetry, bearing in mind the difference concerning the nature of each poetry."

1. al-Basrī, *op. cit.*, p.36.
I have also noticed that al-satr or al-bayt (the line) is composed of beats similar to those in the other lines, although the number of beats will not always be equal to each other in all the lines in some of the poems."

In addition, as-Sayyāb says: "I have felt that it could be possible to preserve the musical harmony in a poem despite the musical difference in the lines. That could be attained by the use of metres of similar taf'īlas, though the number of the taf'īlas vary from one line to another."

When he tackled the question of rhyme, he said:¹ "And the true revolt against rhyme is the one that goes in harmony with the revolt against the system of the 'line'. The modern poet is aspiring to make of the poem one unit with all its parts fully held together; if there occurs a change in the arrangement of its lines, the poem will be shaky or will, at least, lose much of its effect. Can the modern poet suffer all that, allowing the rhyme to stand as a stumbling-block in his way?"

It is true that Māzik published her second collection Shazava wa Ramad (Sparks and Ashes) in 1949, that is to say, a year before the publication of as-Sayyāb's Asatir. She also wrote an introduction to her collection, discussing the question of the new technique of free verse. But, unlike as-Sayyāb, she did not show us how her studies of English poetry directed her to the idea of that new form. She, however, went further with the explanation of the experiment, strongly advocating the newly-born method and giving practical examples to elucidate it.

In that introduction, Māzik said²: "Many would agree with me that Arabic

1. Ibid., p.88.
poetry has failed to stand on its feet after a long sleep during the past centuries. We, in general, are still captives to those rules formulated by our ancestors in the pre-Islamic period and afterwards. We still go on panting while composing our poems and go on dragging our emotions, which are fettered by the chains of the old metres, and by cracking the dead words and expressions. In vain do some of us try to depart from the conventional rules. If ever they do so, a thousand enthusiastic linguists and prosodists wage a severe war against them, and try to prove that the rules to be followed are those laid down by that old person who realised what would harmonise with his time. The result was that all that was offered by al-Khalīl b. Ahmad stagnated and was accepted as an everlasting basis for all Arabic poetry."

Nāzik pursues her idea by saying: "Arab poets have for centuries been expressing their emotions in conventional style until it became tasteless and colourless. Life has entered from one phase to another. With the tempo of time, there came quite a change in pictures, colours and sensations. But Arabic poetry is still a reflection of "Qifā Habbā" (Let us stop for a while and weep) (by Imrī al-Qays) and "Banat Su‘ād" (Su‘ād has appeared) (by Ka‘b b. Zuhayr). The metres and the rhymes are the very same archaic ones and the meanings are almost the same conventional ones.

"The truth is that Arabic language has not yet acquired that power of imagination which would make it an apt medium to express the conflicts of restlessness and nostalgia which swarm in ourselves nowadays.

"Arabic language suffered damage at the hands of those who are clever enough in creating mere statues. They, out of its linguistic capacity, have formed works which are really nothing but copies and mere imitation of past contributions. They have totally forgotten that one single poet can offer to
a language more than can be offered by a thousand prosodists or a thousand linguists, because the poet, with his subtle sensation and his musical, linguistic ear, can add new meaning to his works and reject a certain rule when his artistic senses drive him to do so. By so doing, he does not blaspheme against the language, but helps it to grow. The poet or the man of letters is in truth the one who helps the language to develop, but the prosodists or the linguists have essentially nothing to do with the quintessence of the language. Prosodists and linguists have practically one important duty, that is, the duty of observation and deduction of general rules from the compositions of the sensitive writers and poets."

After giving her opinion about Arabic poetry, Nazik tackles the theory of free verse, saying¹: "There is in this collection a slight diversion from the known rules of prosody, which can be noticed in some poems such as "Jāmi'at az-Zilāl" (The Collector of Shades), "Linakun Asdiqā'" (Let us be friends), "Marthiyyat Yawm Tafih" (An Epitaph for a Trivial Day) and "Ughniyat al-Hawiya" (The Songs of the Abyss) and others. I have felt that this new style of arranging the three taf'īlas of al-Khāli would liberate the poet from thousands of chains. Therefore, here I shall try to explain the characteristic of the new method and how it is preferable to that of al-Khālī.

"The following lines are composed according to the metre known as al-Mutāqārīb, which is based on the foot Fa'ūlun²:

1. Ibid., p.10.
2. App., 56.
"Your hands are created to touch the stars,
To weave the clouds.
Your hands are created to collect the shades,
To build a Utopia in the sands."

Nāsīk then asks the question: "Could it have been possible for me to express my ideas so compactly and easily if I had used the style of al-Khalīl? The answer will definitely be in the negative because I would have been forced to compose a line of two hemistiches, and in such a case, against my wish, I should have had to add more ideas and words in order to fill the space. The first line of the previous stanza could then take the shape of the following one:

"Your hands are created to touch the shining stars,
And to weave the clouds all over the sky."

"The previous picture," as Nāsīk says, "has to a great extent been hampered by the system of the two hemistiches. Have we not been forced to add 'wida' (shining) to star without any need for it except to complete the first hemistich? Have we not been compelled to turn that poetic word 'ghuyum' (clouds) into 'ghamā'im', which does not give the shade of meaning aspired to? We did that of course in order to complete the space created by the four taf'ilas of the second hemistich. Again, there is that useless expression 'mil' 'as-samā' (allover the sky) with which we patched the meaning. All that

1. App., 57.
happens if we use the mutaqārīnīb metre - faʿūlun - but, if we are to choose
the at-Tawālī metre (faʿūlun, mafāʿīlun), the problem would be more bitter and
more complicated. We shall, as a result, be forced to use a lot of patches,
which, in the end, lead to a terrible shrinkage in the meaning, as when we
say1:

"Your hands are created to touch the sky or to weave a cloud,
Carried by the wind to every direction."

"Here," continues Māzik, "the reader will notice how the expression
became a crude one and how the meaning became shrunken. There is indeed quite
a difference between the line above and the first stanza which we gave as an
example for the new technique of free verse:

"Your hands are created to touch the stars,
To weave the clouds..."

Then Māzik said: "We must realise that that new form is not basically a
repudiation of al-Khalīl's style, but it is a modification of it; a necessary
modification to fit in with the nature of evolution in meanings and style of
the past ages, which has created a wide gap between the time of al-Khalīl and
ours. According to the rules of al-Khalīl, the metre of al-Kāmil, for example,
has to be:

1. App., 58.
"Mutafā'īlun, mutafā'īlun, mutafā'īlun,
Mutafā'īlun, mutafā'īlun, mutafā'īlun.

For example:

"The palms of my hands are shaking; where is my peace?
My lips are quivering; where is my ease?"

"That is to say, in accordance with the taf'īla 'mutafā'īlun', which the past Arab poets used to repeat three times in each of the two hemistiches of one line.

"All that we are going to do is to alter the number of the taf'īlas and their arrangement. If a poem of al-Kāmil metre - mutafā'īlun - , such as my poem "Jufān wa Zilāl" (Walls and Shades), a stanza might go as follows:

"There in the depths, there is a lifeless thing,
Its apathy has parted evening from morning.
A thing it is awful and cold,
Behind the curtain,
A thing called a wall.
Oh, if ever that wall were smashed!"

The arrangement of the taf'īlas will, therefore, be as follows:

1. App., 59.
2. App., 60.
"Mutafa'ilun, mutafa'ilun, mutafa'ilun,
Mutafa'ilun, mutafa'ilun, mutafa'ilat,
Mutafa'ilun, mutafa'il,
Mutafa'ilat, mutafa'ilat,
Mutafa'ilat, mutafa'ilat."

Hāzik elaborates her argument by saying: "The advantage of that medium is that it liberates the poet from the restrictions of the two hemistiches, because, by adhering to the conventional method of prosody, a line of six taf'īlas will compel the poet to fill the space starting from the first taf'īla until the sixth one, even if the meaning which he wants to express ends with the fourth taf'īla, whereas the style of free verse makes it possible for the poet to stop wherever he wants."

Discussing the question of rhyme, Hāzik said: "It is that heavy stone of the conventional technique which acts as a barrier in every line of poetry. Some say that Arabic is a rich, fertile language, and the evidence for that is that it is the only language which has preserved the monorhyme in its poetry. Those who say this have practically forgotten that any language, however fertile or rich it is, can hardly help a poet to compose a whole epic on the technique of the monorhyme. They did not notice that the monorhyme was one of the causes which made it difficult for Arab poets to compose epics, as did the poets in the neighbouring countries, such as Persia or Greece.

"In truth, the monorhyme has suffocated great emotions felt by a great number of Arab poets and has wasted away numberless meanings and ideas."
1. THE NEW LANGUAGE

The movement of Arabic Free Verse brought with it some new features of expression. The question of a new language was one of the major issues which occupied the attention of the new poets. To them Free Verse is not a shift from the conventional metres or rhyme to the new form of taf'ila, but it is a change from the conventional poetic structure, with all its characteristics of poetic diction, to another energetic one capable of meeting their needs for depicting their contemporary experiences.

A new language, with its poetic diction unlike the old one, had to be employed side by side with the new technique. That language has to have the characteristics of flexibility and simplicity, which can help in telling of life in a sincere, expressive medium, because the contemporary poets’ task in the first place is to tell of his experiences, not to dwell, as of old, on highly stylistic or declamatory expressions.

Relating her experience about the question, Nāzīk makes a remark which one can consider an echo of what was said by T. S. Eliot in his article "The Music of Poetry". She says: "The task of a sensitive man of letters will not be limited to his changing a certain rule or his adding a certain idea, but his is a more subtle one, determined by the nature of evolution in active human languages. The man of letters will then find it necessary to introduce a basic change into the vocabulary of current use in his age. He will tend to lay aside some words and expressions which were of use during the past century.

1. al-Malā’ika, N., introduction to Shazaya wa Ramād, p. 9.
He will instead introduce new ones because words and expressions follow the rule of change like any other thing in this ever-changing life. In the course of time, they get stagnant owing to repetition and gradually lose their shade of meaning and become of limited significance, whereby they curb the writer who sets forth to express himself freely."

Māzik then reveals another important side to the question by saying: "There is also another cause which makes it necessary to eliminate overused words and expressions; it is that human nature usually becomes bored with commonplace images and repetitive sounds, and in such a case words lose their previous meaning and vitality. The best example of this," says Māzik, "is that we nowadays tend to shrink from some words, such as "*anbar* (ambergris), *kafur* (camphor), *ghusn bān* (a branch of bān), *qadd* (statue), *hilāl* (crescent moon), *tūd* (stick), *najris* (narcissi) and *lu'lu'* (pearls), which were considered delicate and poetic in past ages.

"I have noticed in my study of contemporary Arabic literature," says Māzik, "a very interesting thing; it is that nowadays we tend to forget about the special significance of the word "*badr*" (full moon); we almost neglect it entirely and prefer the word "al-qa'amar" (the moon) to it. Rarely do some of the contemporary Arab poets use the word "*badr*". I admit that I find it difficult on many occasions to use it."

Māzik then shifts to a vital point concerning the vitality of language, saying¹: "The Arabic language has not yet acquired the power of inspiration because the Arab poets and writers have not tried to exploit fully the powers

1. Ibid., p.13.
inherent in words. Throughout the centuries of the past, stagnant, dark era, Arabic letters were just used with their commonplace meanings. Perhaps that is the reason why Arab readers are strongly inclined to read poetic works, as is the case with the contributors of the Symbolistic and Surrealistic schools."

Hāzik's argument about a new language for poetry is acceptable to the contemporary Arab reader, who expects to feel something in harmony with the spirit of the present age. But, one is sometimes surprised to discover that Hāzik, in all she wrote, was not able to release herself from the Romantic attitude which set her forming far-fetched images in elaborate style, unlike the one believed to be the right medium for the poetry of today.

Also has something to say

Huwayhi, for his part, helps to tell us about the new language aspired to. He says: "When our Arab poets released themselves from the conventional form and its restricting limits, they were able to direct their attention to our real active life, selecting a reasonable number of its lively sounds, rich colourful images and experiences. They started to feel and share the daily experiences with the simple people."

As evidence of what he said, Huwayhi quotes some lines by the Egyptian poet Salah 'Abd as-Sabūr:

"When the evening approaches, streets become empty,

Darkness indeed is a trial to a stranger -

The group of friends stands up, their night's chat is ended.

'Farewell', and all of us departed, 'We shall meet tomorrow.'

2. App.61.
The Rock is dead. 'Take care, Checkmate!'

No stratagem saved it. I am definitely a dangerous player.

'Farewell', and we departed, 'We shall meet tomorrow.'

To elucidate his idea further, Nuwayhib remarks on the previous lines by saying: 'That is a true story expressed in ordinary spoken language, set in correct grammar. It is a style unique with its short sentences, parenthetical expressions and quick overlappings, which all go in accordance with the change of thought and flow of emotion.'

Then Nuwayhib draws our attention to other characteristics of the new style by saying that the first line of that poem quoted above is indeed expressive, through its rhythm, tone, suggestions and sense of action. "It is difficult to compose this kind of poetry", says Nuwayhib, "if we adhere to the conventional form of the monorhyme with its counted number of taf'ilas and its two symmetrical hemistiches."

2. MYTHS

Readings of poetic works by T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell and others have drawn the attention of some contemporary Arab poets, such as as-Sayyab, al-Bayyathi and Salah 'Abd as-Sabur, to the important elements of myths and folklore. Directed by the experiences of English poets, those Arab poets felt it essential to introduce into their poems myths, tales and proverbs from inside

2. Ibid., p.115.
or outside the Arab world, because they realised that those elements can act as a vital artistic force in their works.

As-Sayyab, more than all the others, used myths as an essential active factor in poetry and explains to us why he inclined to do so. He says¹: "What drives us to use myths in poetry is that words in the human societies of our day have lost their original significance. But myths remain at all times new and original. After all, using myths is not a new thing to Arabic poetry. Perhaps our famous Arab poet, Abū Tammām, was the first Arab amongst other poets in the world to use myths in poetry. If Arab poets after Abū Tammām had followed his poetic practice, there would have been amongst us today Arab poets to vie with T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell and others, who, with success, employed myths in their poetry."

That is what was said by as-Sayyab about the question of myths in poetry. It certainly reveals his deep understanding of the elements necessary for enriching Arabic poetry and at the same time shows as-Sayyab's ambitious attitude to reach the standard of great poets such as T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell and others. The fact is that as-Sayyab was, as will later be revealed, one of the rare contemporary Arab poets who were able to use myths and other elements of folklore, such as tales and proverbs, as dynamic, component parts of the poetic process, leading to vivacity, truth and realism.

At the same time, Ihsan 'Abbās, writing about al-Bayyātī, said²: "There is no doubt that the relation between al-Bayyātī and Eliot, either direct or indirect, is a strong one. It is obvious that the general method of Eliot's poem leaves its effect in the composition of al-Bayyātī's poetry, particularly with

1. al-`Asrī, op. cit., p.38.
177.

respect to that poetic texture depending on ample usage of myths and quotations stored in the memory, all employed in the formation of the poem as vital, harmonious ingredients of the poetic structure as a whole. That is because such a poetic method depends on association of ideas which helps to recall some past patches of knowledge obtained from reading newspapers or during schooldays, as when al-Bayyātā says: "Abadān 'alā ashkāliha taqa' at-tuyūr" (birds of a feather flock together); or influenced by endings of tales in the Arabian Nights, as when he says: "Sakatat wa adrakāhā as-sabah"; or under the influence of al-Mutanabbi, when he says: "Lā yaslam ash-sharaf ar-rafa' min al-adhā hattā yaraq 'alā jawānibihī ad-ālah" (Noble honour will not be safe until blood is shed on its flanks); or quoting from the Bible: "Da' al-Mawtā yadhīmūn Hātāhūm" (Let the dead bury their dead) and others.

Then Ihsān 'Abbas says: "In his poetic method, Eliot quotes from the Bible, Dante's poetry and others. Not only does the psychological method, inclining to realism, allow quoting from others, but he considers it an essential part of his method because quoting is of the nature of common talk and one of the complementary elements of the association of ideas. In its general sense, experience is not limited to what is heard or seen, but all that is stored in the memory as a result of reading will definitely act as a part of the experience. Eliot advocates that amalgamation of experience by saying: "When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience. The ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love or reads Spinoza, and these

1. Ibid., p.25.
two experiences have nothing to do with each other or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes."

3. ACTIVE ORGANIC UNITY

We have witnessed in Part 2 of Chapter II how continuous efforts were made during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, by poets such as Sulaymān al-Bustānī, Nasīf al-Yaṣījī, Ahmad Fāris ash-Shidyāq, to experiment with varieties of rhymes to enable the poet to express his emotions and ideas freely.

Husayn Rızqallah, who tried to introduce blank verse in his versification of the eighteenth Book of Job, has, however, as it was noted, opened new fields of freer expression. It was also clear that Jamīl Sidqī az-Zahawī, who declared his rejection of the monorhyme, did not reach the success expected through the style of blank verse because he failed to liberate the Arabic poem from the end-stopped line and the declamatory and sonorous expressions and tones.

The results attained by Khaḍīl Matran, the poets of ad-Dīwān School and the Apollo Group, side by side with the Syro-Americans, were all successful and influential, leading the Arabic poem through blank verse, alternating and internal rhymes and a better handling of imagery towards fertile grounds of poetic achievement. But the poem as a whole with all its artistic elements united was, as al-‘Aqqād said: "a wave merging into a wave"; and the organically arranged poem, as advocated by Sahartī, with its artistic ingredients, external and internal, well held together in sequel, was not successfully
handled until the contemporary Arab poets started composing poetry through the technique of free verse, which gave poets great possibilities of expression.

Nuwayhi, who hopes as we have said to free "Free Verse" altogether from the restrictions of the conventional symmetry of taf'īlas, through his method of "an-nabr" (accentuation), says¹: "That concentration for its part has enabled our contemporary Arab poets to offer us some rich poetic images, flowing with active, warm experiences. They are indeed rich in their variety, but they are united by an organic unity impossible for us to attain through the conventional form....It is an achievement which classical Arab poets did not search for. We are, therefore, not to blame them because their poetry is void of unity. But we now do look for and insist upon it."

Then, talking about conventional poetry, he goes on remarking: "So long as they follow the conventional form they will only think of external, formal poetic aspects and do not tend to develop internal unity. By putting aside the technique of the formal aspects, contemporary Arab poets have realised the importance of internal unity."

That judgement by Nuwayhi, who stands as a strong advocate for "Free Verse", is to some extent an echo of what was said either by al-'Aqqād or Sahartī, but the striking remark about the organic unity in Nuwayhi's mind was what he said while speaking about Salāḥ 'Abd as-Sabūr's poetry²: "That colourful, throbbing world is well selected and depicted by the poet in subtle concentration in great variety of tone, leading to active organic unity, which almost puts the reader under the influence of an electric force generating from life in its totality and with all its varied objects."

1. Nuwayhi, op. cit., p.117.
2. Ibid., p.119.
In a sub-heading entitled "an-`Izzu' ilā al-Waqi" (Tendency to Reality), Nazik says that metres of free verse give the contemporary poet a chance to liberate himself from the atmosphere of Romanticism to Reality. She elucidates that idea by saying: "Restrictions limiting the ranges of conventional metres appear to the contemporary individual as mere irrelevance and a waste of mental ability in formalities not necessary in an age where attention is directed towards creativeness and to involvement in contemporary affairs. The individual dislikes wasting his efforts in constructing complicated poetic structures of highly stylistic rhetoric, undigestible to him. Super-imposed rhetorical style can sometimes be repulsive to an active mind striving to compose, because it restricts the process of action. The contemporary poet, however, wants to set himself in action and leap further. Contemporary problems call upon him to take part. Therefore, he has no time to waste on the restrictions of highly rhetorical style and the monorhyme. Moreover, the present conditions of practical, constructive life drive the poet to search for a freer, simpler style. In such a case, he is to a great extent like a peasant who does not feel at ease wearing elegant clothes while at work because what he needs is but simple clothes that help him to work actively and freely. Thus, the contemporary poet set himself free and discovered the simple technique of "Free Verse".

That argument by Nazik, which appeared in her book Qadaya ash-Shi'r al-Mu'āsir (Questions of Contemporary Poetry), published in 1962, means that one of Nazik's main objectives when she first wrote her poem "Cholera" in 1947 was
to free herself from the atmosphere of Romanticism and to go into a world of practical, real life in order to help in the solution of contemporary problems and to take part in constructing society.

But after reading both her second collection Shazaya wa Ramad (Sparks and Ashes), published in 1949, comprising her poem "Cholera", and her third collection Qararat al-Mawla (The Trough of the Wave), published in 1957, one is certain that Mazik throughout her poetic career remained true to Romanticism and did not occupy her attention with any problems except her own. Free verse in her hand did not, as will be shown, change her Romantic attitude which she wrote about in 1949, saying¹: "To say that an Arab tends by nature to shrink from symbols and fails to realise their meanings is a matter which I personally do not believe at all. That is because the human self in general is wrapped up in thousands of mantles. It can happen that the self inclines to express itself through twisted mediums related to thousands of stagnant memories lurking in the sub-conscious mind for years."

That is indeed the true clue which enables the reader to know about Mazik's Romantic attitude, which is, in its essence, subjective, emotional forces powerfully streaming on, relating to us those memories stored in her innermost self in moving elegant Romantic style characterised by far-fetched images.

When Mazik published the first collection 'Ashigat al-Levl (The Lover of the Night) in 1947, she introduced it with the following lines²:

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2. App., 44.
"I express what I feel in my life,
And I portray the sensation of my nostalgic soul.
I then weep if years stopped me
With their awful, immortal dagger,
And laugh at what was destined by Time
For the strange human frame.
I get angry when feeling is downtrodden,
Or when the bubbling of the flame is mocked."

Those lines would also be suitable as an introduction to either her
collection Shazya wa Ramadan (Sparks and Ashes) (1949), or her third collection
Qurarat al-Masik (The Trough of the Wave) (1957), because in her three
collections Masik was devoted to her Romantic attitude already explained.

In Masik's three collections it is possible to feel the sting of agony for
love and the subtle sense of beauty which reminds us of Keats' poetry and the
atmosphere of the "Waste Land" by T. S. Eliot. Nevertheless, Romantic agony
with Masik is greatly intensified and sometimes leads to a feeling of horror,
a flight into the Beyond to an extent that makes us feel that Masik has but
slight interest in the actual world, a tendency which mostly results from a
strong admiration of Edgar Allen Poe's poetry, which deeply influenced her
when she was in the United States of America.

Similarly, Fadwa, through her two collections Wajadtuha (I discovered it)
(1957) and Al-Tim Hubban (Give Us Love) (1960), pursues the same Romantic
theme depicted in her first collection Wahd ma' al-Ayyam (Alone with the

In the last two collections we also read about frustration, restlessness, nostalgia, agony and search for love and fear of the unknown.

One is inclined to say that both Musaik and Fadwa meet in one Romantic attitude which stems from personal experiences. Still, one is attracted by a striking tone of spiritual communion with Nature like that of the Syro-Americans, colouring the poetry of both poetesses, though more emphatic in Fadwa's.

It is obvious as well that the technique of free verse has enabled both of them to sing more freely about their Romantic agony and love than we have witnessed in their early poetry.

1. ROMANTIC AGONY

Sensitive as they were, like other Romantic poets, Musaik and Fadwa were alienated. In the case of both poetesses the effect of social restrictions was deeper than that experienced by Maji or Ali M. Tek, because as is known the chance of freedom offered to the man in Arab society is greater than that given to the woman. That state of suppression has left deep marks on the lives of Musaik and Fadwa, which can be witnessed from that acute agony felt when hopes for self-realisation were frustrated or lost. That state of affairs can lead to a fearful sense of extinction. Hopes turn into mere fallacies, and life is a waste land, and Man is but a collector of shades, as Musaik tells us in her poem "Jami'at as-Zilâl" (Collector of Shades)¹:

¹ al-Malik, N., op. cit., p.84.
App., 62.
"At last I touched life,
And realised what it is, what a heavy emptiness it is.
At last I discovered the secret of its bubbles; O what a disappointment.
I realised that I wasted a long time
Collecting shades, walking haphazardly in the thick darkness of the unknown,
Collecting shades and nothing but shades."

In a cry of despair she says:

"Is this then what they called life?
Mere lines which we continue drawing on the surface of the water;
Echoes of a coarse song that touches her lips.
And this is then the secret of existence?
Torn-out nights which never return,
And our footprints on the track of dumb time
Over which the hand of the storm passes,
Wiping them without emotion,
Consigning them to oblivion.
And we are victims here,
Our puzzled souls getting hungry and thirsty,
And we think that hope
Will one day enrich our suppressed feelings.
We forget that we go around
With delusion in circles,
Dissecting our declining days
Into memories
And keep waiting tomorrow behind ages,
And forget that graves
Are stretching their cold arms to us,
And forget that curtains are hiding a monstrous hand."

That state of ennui, which made Nazik feel that life is mere shades, has become a strange obsession, a fear that that unknown hand which lurks behind the curtains may be expected to give a blow at any time. Nazik’s poem “al-Uf’uwan” (The Serpent)¹ is a true dramatisation of that state of feeling:

"Where shall I go? I am weary of all ways,
And bored with all meadows,
And the mysterious, persistent enemy
Is still tracing my steps. Where to escape them?
The pathways and tracks
Dispersing songs to every strange horizon.
The ways of life,
The corridors into the thick darkness of night,
And the bends of the sterile day,
I have trodden them all, and my mysterious, stubborn enemy
Is still as constant as the mountains of ice."

¹. Ibid., p.60.

App. 63.
We see her then caught up by strange feelings of horror when she visualises that enemy:

"And behind the transparent clouds
There is that horrid serpent,
That ogre, how can I be rescued
From the shades of his hands upon my cold forehead?
Where can I escape to while his rancorous eyelashes
Are casting in my way an unbearable dead tomorrow?"

To her, tomorrow is dead because that ogre is for ever blocking the way before her, grabbing all chances of happiness. That terrible conflict made her think that joy is never tasted in the actual world. The only escape from that ugly ogre presiding over the world of Man is in some far imaginary land where she can enjoy sweet life with the murmuring springs, the melting beams and with the multicoloured rocks, as in her "Utūbya fī-l-Jabal" (Utopia in the Mountains)¹:

"Burst out, 0 springs, flow
With water, with melting beams,
Flow on with light, with colours over the pale village
In that valley enveloped by darkness and silence;
Flow on with tunes over the plain stretched between the hills,
In the bend where shades undulate

¹. Ibid., p.135.
App. 64.
Below the stretching branches;
Flow on with beauty
And establish a Utopia in the mountains;
A Utopia of mountain shrubs,
Of the murmur of the water,
A Utopia out of a tune,
Throbbing with life.
Flow on, flow on the bends of the rocks
Where butterflies hover
In ecstasy, in flutter.
Flow on where birds sleep
In a paradise of perfumes."

After that deep joy felt in the splendours of Nature, which recall to mind that state of ecstasy depicted by 'Alī M. Ṭāḥā in his poem "Como"¹, the poetess adds another tone, which is the keynote of her Romantic attitude²:

"Flow on in the morning,
Flow on sweeping like winds;
Flow on at sunset
And establish a Utopia from hearts,
From every heart not touched by rancours,
Or defiled by the hands of stagnancy;

1. App. 25.
From every delicate, poetic heart,
Not bedraggled with the sins of existence;
From every sensitive heart,
Forever lost in its dreams,
If it goes up again into a wide-ranging dream,
A dream without limits,
A dream defying tomorrow;
Of every heart that does not bear dormancy
Or the clatter of chains.

With bitter agony she moves into a dark world of cynicism:

"Flow on, 0 waters,
Flow on the graves of the human race;
Flow on onto the rocks
And record the tragedy of this life
On the forehead of Fate."

One realises that that joy felt at the start in her Utopia was but transient. Soon it was forgotten when the deeply-rooted, painful experiences started to show their effect. The result was agony, despair and a strong belief that life is sterile and that the human race is destined to live in a tragedy.

Näzik, as her poetry reveals, was not able to release herself from that sense of oblivion. We can see that same attitude in her third collection Qararat al-Mawja (The Trough of the Wave) (1957). Here the state of agony and
cynicism comes to its climax. The human being turns into a ghost in a world of shadows. The new year is not to be welcomed because there are no hopes of joy or of a change for the better. Nasik depicts that painful state in her poem "al-'Im al-Jadid" (The New Year), which is a picture of frustration, despair and fear of the unknown. Though she in this poem talks in the plural, it must not be mistaken as a portrayal of Arab society, rather her own personal experience after a lost love.

"O year, do not come near to our homes, we are but phantoms here,
In the world of shadows, not recognised by the human race.
Night and the past escape from us and Fate ignores us.
Hovering phantoms, we live,
We are the ones who keep walking without memory,
Without dreams, without dawning loves, without hope,
The horizons of our eyes are but ashes,
Those stagnant lakes in the silent faces,
Silent brows are ours,
Without throbbing, without flame.
We are the ones without feeling, with faded lips;
The ones escaping from time to oblivion,
Ignoring the sadness of repentance."

The poem takes the tone of a dirge when the poetess gives us an image of complete collapse:

1. al-Malah'ika, N., Qararat, p.35

App. 66.
"O year, walk on, that is the way,
Twisting your steps. In vain do we hope to recover consciousness.
We are the ones whose veins are of cane,
White or green; without feeling we are,
Sadness we are ignorant about, and about anger we are also ignorant.
How do they say that consciences may be roused?
We wish, if we were to die, to be rejected by the graves."

The tone and the atmosphere of those lines are very much in the nature of
"The Hollow Men" by T. S. Eliot, which goes as follows:

"We are the hollow men,
We are the stuffed men,
Leaning together,
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together,
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar,
Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion."

1. Faber, _Selected Poems_, p.75.
But, it is obvious that one is attracted to Eliot's lines by their force of satire embodied in expressive images. In Nazik's poem one is not adrift before emotions with the current of Romanticism. That in itself, one tends to think, is what has intensified the dismal effect over the lines and carried the poetess far away, beating her wings in despair and agony.

Fadwa, like Nazik, has told us about her Romantic agony in various situations. In her poem "Wajadtuha" (I discovered it), which appeared in 1957 in her second collection bearing the same title as that poem, the poetess tells us about the sufferings and agony of yesterday:

"I discovered it. O tempests, blow on
And veil with the clouds the sky's face
As much as you like.
O days, turn on and on,
As I am fated to, shining, laughing,
Or dark and horrid,
My lights will never be extinguished.
And all that was shadow
Stretching upon my life,
Wrapping it up in night after night,
Has for ever departed, for ever gone into the abyss of yesterday,
When I discovered myself."

1. al-Asad, op. cit., p.242.

App. 67.
Thus, with the attitude of a Romantic, Fadwa tried to convince herself that she could be at ease and that the black shade stretching over her life had forever vanished into the abyss of yesterday. But, we shall discover that that joy was a mere passing shadow and was just a delusion, because Fadwa's state of agony is a result of a strong conflict between her innermost self and the external world with its restrictions and fetters standing in the way of happiness. Fadwa's fit of joy expressed in the previous lines is much in the manner of the joy felt by Nasik when she at first felt gay and free in her Utopia in the mountains. But soon that ecstasy faded away like a passing dream when she came back to herself.

We have seen how Nasik expressed deep agony in her poem "Utubya fi-l-Jibal" (Utopia in the Mountains), because she felt she was living in a world without feeling, without kindness; a world of envy and stagnancy. Fadwa's agony, in its essence, comes from a tendency similar to that of Nasik. Her bitter agony came about when her feelings were not shared by the lover. With a poet such as Maji, we have witnessed a case of Romantic agony for a lost love, told in Maji's poem "Ras'al Muhtariqa" (Burning Letters)\(^1\). In that poem we saw an unhappy lover setting fire to letters of a lost love.

With Fadwa, such an experience can be felt more deeply because it rises to the level of resentment. That we can read about in her poem "Tilka l-Qasida" (That Poem)\(^2\), in which the poetess tells a new lover about a bitter story of false love:

1. App. 4.

App. 63.
"You embrace my collection of poetry
And you read to me out of a love-poem
The stupidities of which I wrote concerning someone else,
That was not love; it was but
Foolishness about something I had fancied true;
A thing I detested when I discovered that it was mere delusion,
And I detested that poem.
And you still keep assuring me that that poem
Is the best of all my poetry.
I then curse myself
And curse my rashness and mistake of yesterday,
And curse that poem."

Her revolt reaches its climax when she says:

"I then resolve to tear that poem into pieces.
I wish that poem would turn into
Fine dust, blown by the hands of winds.
I wish that poem was something
That died and was buried in the depth of a grave."

Agony is sometimes suffered in times of loneliness when nobody is there to
share the poetess's feelings. On such an occasion, everything becomes dark
and as sterile and empty as a desert, and as silent as a waste land. She,
addressing an absent lover, says:

1. Saharti, an-Naqd al-Adabi, p. 66.
App. 69.
"You called out from the other side,
And I was afar,
Roaming in search of the shores of my innermost self,
Roaming afar, with nothing except the loneliness of the night in my closet.
And around me in the house was the emptiness of deserts
And the silence of wastelands.
And I was alone,
Spending my life without expectation,
Without emotion stirred."

Padwa is always sad when she is alone, and loneliness is usually a cause of terrible frustration and anxiety which arouses sad memories about dear ones who have gone forever. She conveys to us that painful experience in a moving, melodious poem called "Fi Layla Matira" (On a Rainy Night)\(^1\):

"Why does sadness wrap up my heart in the nights of rain? Why, if the winds of winter blow into the trees,
Do the phantoms of my dear ones come to me from beyond the graves?
Is it that their souls, with the wind, frequent the house?
Their souls wrapped in extinction, but memories still stream on.
Still memories stream on;
Still memories stream on."

---

1. \(\text{Adaba, March, 1965, p.17.}\)

\App. 70.\
Being in such need of the company of those dearest ones, Fadwa feels them to be actually living with her. In moving lines she expresses that sense of proximity:

"My dear ones are under the winds and under the rain;
I listen to their footfalls in the passage,
Their laughs come through the porch of darkness,
And in my eyes live some of their likenesses.
I keep kissing this forehead, stroking that hair,
Touching the sleeve of a warm shirt, smelling a tie.
I watch their eyes glittering with hopes, going deep behind the horizon.
And I hear those ambitious hearts throbbing with the expected,
That which they planned for a morrow which shall never come."

The memory of the dear ones has added more agony to Fadwa in her solitude because the ambitious hearts with their great expectations have been buried forever beneath the earth.

Living with a frustrated, agonised heart, Fadwa continued to sing in sad tunes. One can feel how deeply agonised she always is after reading her recent poem "Ru’ya Henri" (The Vision of Henry). She composed that poem after seeing a portrait by the American artist William Faulkner. It goes on like a prayer:


App. 71.
"O ye eyes,
A mirror of which world are you?
What torch is it that lights in your depth?
Extend the cords of your unique light
That we may weave a ladder from the cords
To help us reach
The spaciousness of that peaceful harbour.
We are the perplexed ones who have gone astray.
We are the orphans feeling afraid.
The corners of our earth have collapsed
And its innocence is soiled with mud. No purity.
No love, no serenity.
Enrich the heart of our earth, O ye eyes."

2. ROMANTIC LOVE

Love in the life of Māzik and Fadwa is not only idealised as it was with Mājī and 'Ālī M. Tānā, but it is like the elixir of all being. Without love life is dead; with love everything is clad with all that is beautiful. Memories of a once dead love can give a thrill of great joy, though temporary. For that reason, love is always deeply aspired to. If it ever comes it is never to be wasted. If the loved one does not help to preserve it, memories can be a compensation, even if bitter. Still, they are to be treasured and constantly cared for. Māzik in "Dhikrayāt" (Memories), one of her sweetest poems, draws an impressive image of herself wandering in the depth of the night under the
influence of those memories:1

"It was a night in which stars were an unsolved riddle.
In my soul there was something brought about by the wearying silence;
In my sense there was numbness and fading consciousness;
In the night there was an unbearable stagnancy.

Darkness was secrets shed.

Alone I was, none to follow my steps but my shadow.
Alone am I, alone with the wintry night and my shadow.
I was not dreaming, but there was something in my eyes;
I was not smiling, but there was a light in my soul;
I was not weeping, but there was a burden in my self.
There passed by me a memory of something unlimited;
Something which has neither a past nor a future;
It might have been imagination brought about by mind and the night.
I looked around but I saw nothing but my shadow."

In her frustration, she continues saying sadly:

"Around me was a stagnant silence like the silence of eternity.
The birds have died or sleep in some hidden nests.
Silence that gave voice not even to human desires,
Except for a voice which resounded in my ear, then melted away
For a moment, then I did not know even where it went.

1. al-Malā'īka, M., Shagawi, p.150.

App. 72.
Oh, If I knew whom I might meet in this boring silence,
Could it be that I was not walking alone with my shadow?"

Memories, though sweet, are painful indeed, particularly when the poetess realises that they are mere delusions:

"Darkness was stretching towards the strange horizon,
Everything was drowned in it, like my heart, like my paleness.
Darkness stretching like delusion, like awful death,
Except for a quick light that passed my eye,
Just for a moment; my eye could not see what that thing was.
It was a light the colour of which was the colour of a fading imagination.
In a flash it passed by me, then left me alone with my shadow."

With great expectation, the lover aspires to see the loved one. To her he is the joy and pleasure of the meeting. All the others gathering together cannot create the emotional atmosphere aspired to. The only one who can is the expected one to whom the lover’s attention is wholly directed, even in a numerous company. If that lover does not come, the meeting withers and the conversation gets dry as if none of all the others present can give life to the place.

Nasik depicts that experience in a poem entitled "az-Za’ir al-Ladhi Lam Yaji’¹ (The Visitor Who Did Not Come):

¹. al-Ma’lū’ika, N., Qararat, p.118

App. 73.
"The evening passed and the forehead of the morn had almost disappeared,
And we were about to bid farewell to the hours of another evening,
And see how happiness walks to the abyss.
And you did not come; you got lost with the other hopes,
And you left your chair behind,
Chiding our empty meeting.
And it continues furiously complaining, enquiring about a visitor who
did not come.
I did not know that, when you disappeared behind the years,
You would leave your shadow behind, in every word, in every meaning,
In every angle of my vision, in every bend.
I did not know that you would be stronger than those present,
And that hundreds of visitors would fade away in a moment of tenderness,
Ebbing and flowing in yearning for a visitor who did not come."

The state of anxiety grows more tense when time elapses and the expected
dearest one does not turn up. In perplexity, the poetess relates:

"If you had come and we had sat with the others,
And conversation had gone in circles and friends had split into groups,
Would you not have been like those present? And evening
Passed while we, puzzled, went on turning our eyes this way and that,
Questioning even the emptiness of chairs
About those away behind the evening,
And we cry out that we have amongst us a visitor who did not come."
That deep yearning for the lover who did not come can at times turn into furious detestation and revolt when a woman is deceived and when she feels that she was presenting her heart to another not worthy of love.

Māzik's revolt reaches such a climax. We can see her in a melodramatic scene, drunk with revenge and hatred, heaping curses on the memories of deceptive emotions. She has but to snatch herself from the horrid dark relationship and determine to set out and bury its memory in the abyss of oblivion in order to recover and to feel once more as pure as the dew of the morning.

Her poem "'Indați Qatalta Rubbi" (When You Murdered My Love) is full of powerful, expressive images to convey her experience to us. She starts her poem by addressing the man concerned, saying:

"I hate you; nothing remains but my detestation for me to address,
To give it the blood of my tomorrow to drink and drown my present life in it,
And feed it with the flames of curses, revolt and vengeance,
And make it listen to the shrieks of rancour in a horrid song.
And from that sleep of the dead I will nourish it,
And scatter around it the shadows and the darkness."

Her revolt grows more and more:

1. Ibid., p.129.

App. 74.
"And I detest you, cursed name, the echoes and the shadow.
I hate the colour, the tone, the rhythm and form,
And those detestable, coarse, cruel memories
Have fallen and rotted, and disappeared in a moment,
And I once more turned into a merry poem of dawn,
And said: 'Yesterday was no more than a word'."

But the poetess added:

"And I became victorious, and you, statue as you were, have fallen into the abyss.
And I came to bury the torn-out pieces beneath the dismal Sarwa tree,
The spade in my palm speedily split the ground.
It then touched in the earth an awful body with a cold foot.
Elated as I was, I set forth dragging it towards the light.
Who was it?
The remains of the corpse of Regret!"

The agonising moment comes when she realises the bare truth:

"Light was a mirror, in it I saw my hatred.
The dead one was there, but I failed to discover my real self."

Then, addressing him she says:
"It so happened that I killed you that time in my cup,
And I was slowly taking the murdered one towards the grave.
With the colour of despair on my face, I realised that
I had not killed anyone but myself."

Indeed, there is a melodramatic poem of a horrid, fearful Romantic situation, as Fadwa herself wanted it to be.

Fadwa has composed poems about her love. It is obvious that she has not suffered as much in her love as Nazik did. It can be felt that she has enjoyed some sweet moments of love. One of her genuine and attractive poems on that theme is the one called "Liqa" (A Meeting), in which she tells of her philosophy and experiences in love. In a sweet, lyrical tune she says:

"Two years have passed, and love was still a strange dream,
Uniting two though at a distance, a lover to a lover.
Distance kept them apart, two separate bodies,
And love united them: everywhere two souls in one.
At last together united by the force of a love that never weakens,
A force stronger than distance or the walls of prisons,
A force that smashes locks and doors, that twists chains,
A force that overwhelms the prison guard and brings near what is far."

She then tells us about those meetings with her lover with warmth and devotion:


App. 75.
"Their meetings along the bank were not mere delusions or imagination;
Their meeting was not a mere vision on the horizon of the nights.
Here they are by the great, eternal river,
Two beings united, mingled into one."

Then, the poetess harps on another tune to tell of a love situation
between her and her lover. She does that with tender, selected images, in
harmony with the situation:

"With pleasure she fixed her eyes on his serious brown face.
He said; and in his whisper there was the quiver of happiness
And the hint of tender love:
'Is it true that time has generously accorded me this meeting?
Is it true that we are here together, side by side?'
Then he went on passing a tender hand
On her cheek with infatuation and love;
And in her he embraced the blaze of youth,
And the kindling of life."

With subtle sensation, Fadwa goes on visualising love, selecting the
beautiful, natural objects to perfect a scene:

"And April around them along the bank was breathing out
A perfume of far-reaching scent.
The shades in the place had come to rest,"
And slept on the cradle of light.
And there was a flower-bud shooting out,
And on it sat a butterfly,
And on that bud the butterfly stretched two wings,
Two fretting, fluttering wings;
Scenes indeed on which the eyes of the two lovers
Rested through the light.
There appeared before the picture of their two selves,
Opening out to love and happiness."

Those tender touches, which remind us of Keats' poetry, prepare the way
for another scene of love. This time the beloved, after a long departure,
hears the voice of her lover. All of a sudden, her life brightens and merrily
she sings the song "Haddatatem Dhat Nas"1 (You Talked to Me One Evening):

"Your call resounded across the distances,
Knocking at the door of my introversion,
Streaming on with the spring of life in my earth,
Touching the depth of my sky.
O what tenderness;
The tenderness of your voice in my ear.
O what gentleness;
The gentleness of your dear words,
You colouring them with reproach, with a hint of infatuation,


App. 76.
And I kept listening, and with every word
A rose opens
In my heart, and a star shines."

With tender feeling, Fadwa portrays that lovely scene until she says:

"And I was still listening, dreaming that I was
Flying to you, soaring high,
And my way was perfume and shade,
A way of fluttering silk
And the laugh of a shining sun.
Tomorrow we meet."

After that, she was satisfied with that lovely, ethereal exchange with her lover, and she says:

"I rested my cheek on the arm of satisfaction
And slept on the dream of the lilies."

A picture the opposite of that attractive, lovely one can sometimes be drawn by Fadwa when she discovers she is living in a world void of feeling, kindness and love; or, above all, when she realises that she is a prey to false love. On such occasions, the tender, sweet touches felt in the two previous poems become hard and cruel and the poetess, like a wounded tiger, sets out to attack the invader with all her might.
By so doing, the woman in love feels that she can avenge her humiliated self and can rescue herself from the fetters of an unhappy occurrence in her life. Feeling free again, she aspires to another love that will help her entirely to forget about the bitter experience of the past. Once that is attained, she tends to draw two juxtaposed pictures; one about her sweet, rosy present, and the other about the ugly past, a relation which is hated and detested. The second unpleasant picture is well portrayed in Fadwa’s poem “Tilka 1-Qasida”¹ (That Poem). The poem of which she speaks about was once a love-song, but now it is looked upon as a symbol of horrid memories, detestable indeed:

"And I detested that poem
And you still keep assuring me that that poem
Is the best of all my poetry.
I then curse myself
And curse my rashness and the mistake of years,
And curse that poem.
I then resolve to tear that poem into pieces².
I wish that poem would turn into
Fine dust, blown by the hands of winds.
I wish that that poem was something
That dies and is buried in the abyss of graves."

Yet, Fadwa’s revolt against the invader can hardly be as wild and as fearful as has already been seen in Mzik’s poetry.

1. App. 68, 11.7 - 12.
The call for Realism in literature was raised during the early years following the end of the Second World War. Some Arab writers, such as Salāma Mūsā and Muhammad Mandūr, started to draw attention to the importance of a literature which treats events and characters from real life. Salāma Mūsā expressed his deep admiration and strong enthusiasm for G. B. Shaw’s plays of ideas, for novels by H. G. Wells and J. Galsworthy, and for the poetry of W. H. Auden. Those, in the eyes of Salāma Mūsā, were the ideal authors who, by their true contributions, took an active part in reforming and reconstructing society.

Muhammad Mandūr, though not as zealous about the idea at that time as Salāma Mūsā, showed a great appreciation for Ḥidā’ al-Majbūl (The Call of the Unknown), a novel by Mahmūd Taymūr, and considered its author a true, talented Realist because he was attracted by some of the characters selected by Mahmūd Taymūr from actual life.

In 1948 Saharti expressed his deep concern for “al-madhhab al-waqī‘ī” (Realism) in poetry. He was not in harmony with the poetry of “the ivory towers”, which encourages in the poet the tendency to alienate himself from society and to fly into the Beyond. To Saharti’s mind Realism then is the right and ideal attitude to be followed, because it usually plays a pioneering role in establishing a constructive society, and through it the poet can feel his responsibility towards society and directly share the hopes, joy and

1. Mūsā, S., Ḥizb al-Adab al-Injilī, pp. 57, 65, 78, 82, 87, 100 & 129.
suffering which his fellow-countrymen feel. Hence, Saharti called upon poets to follow the attitude of Realism in order to help in social reform and progress. Saharti's selections from English poetry show that he was in favour of poetic works like those of W. H. Auden, particularly "Refugees in Blues".

All these teachings, as well as other studies, which appeared in famous Arab magazines such as ar-Risāla and al-Adab, directed the young generation of Arab poets to search for other fields of poetry than Romanticism and, at the same time, schooled them to compose poetry treating themes selected from actual social life with the intention of leading their societies towards the gates of progress and happiness.

The change from Romanticism to Realism was not an easy one because the young Arab poets were deeply absorbed in Romantic poetry, either Arabic or English. They felt at an early stage at home with Romanticism and their first contributions were basically Romantic.

After the middle of the twentieth century various attempts were made by Arab writers to give more rational explanations to what they meant by Realism.

In order to show the importance of literature in society, Mandūr said¹: "No doubt literature throughout history has played a very great rôle in people's revolutions and movements of independence and social life. That is because, although there might be a strong relation between the moral and the material elements in life, yet that relation cannot be realised or felt by all unless it becomes an actual matter. Great persons might aspire to that which is called independence or freedom for its own sake, but the host of common

¹ Mandūr, M., Fi-l-Adab, p.36.
people has to be directed in order to realise the meaning of independence and freedom. The relation between the meaning of these things and daily actualities has to be explained in order to help stir up the feelings of the people for those moral issues. Such is the case with social movements. Material wretchedness in itself does not stir the people until they are cured of it."

Mandūr then concludes his argument by saying: "From those two essential facts, that is to say, realising the relation between the moral and material elements in life, as well as one's awareness of his wretched condition, from those two essential facts the social message of literature is generated. In such a way literature becomes a force which stirs the will of the people."

Talking about Realism and Realists, Mandūr said: "Unlike Romantics, Realists are clever enough to detect the secrets of things around them; careful indeed to record actual life as it really appears and keen to criticise it bitterly. They habitually incline to pessimism, caution and prejudice because they, in most cases, hold a cynical idea about the human race and about all the cosmic order."

That is the tendency of Realism as Mandūr knew from reading novels by French writers such as Balsac, Maupassant and Zola.

Still, in an article entitled "al-Waqi'iyya fī-l-Adab" (Realism in Literature), Mandūr adds something to what he has already said about French Realism. He concludes his article by saying: "We notice that Western Realism did

1. Ibid., p.117.
3. Ibid., p.40.
not select its themes from the social life of one class only. The many novels written by Balzac, with his pessimistic Realism, really comprised themes about all classes and environments in the country and the city. Balzac’s idea was that evil is essentially a dominant element in Man’s nature. In contrast, socialist Realism devotes its attention to the common people, an attitude which is in harmony with its general political criterion, which concerns itself with the life and problems of the common classes and gives its members special attention and care. According to the political criterion, the common class is considered as the main pillar and the productive power of the nation. Hence, the aim is to cultivate in the common people the sense of confidence and faith in rebuilding and mastering society, and in leading it towards happiness."

Mandur offers a sound judgement on those two attitudes of Realism and lays the foundation for the genuine one to be followed by Arab writers. He says: "Those are the main differences between the Realism of the West and the Realism of the East (Socialist). To our minds, to adhere to either of them will undoubtedly be extravagance. It is true that criticism is important, but not the criticism that leads to the tendency to despair and pessimism. Still, we cannot presume that evil can be finally defeated. Unfortunately, evil is a crucial fact in the life of all classes. If it is always so, it does not do us any good to neglect its effect, because we cannot rescue ourselves from it by neglecting its influence. It is good for us to treat it and to disclose its nature before all. By so doing we can lessen its destructive consequences."

It is clear from the previous argument that Mandur has truly and logically revealed the defect of both the French attitude and the attitude of the Eastern bloc; French Realists are not wholly justified in looking one life with morbid
pessimism. Nor is it sound of Eastern Realists to devote most of their attention to the lower classes and to suppose that they are the pillars of the nation and the true source of power just because it is stated in the socialist political criterion that priority is to be given to the lower classes.

Realism in its true sense has to embrace all aspects of life and must not be limited in its field or purpose.

Another opinion expressed by Saharti can greatly help us to know about the nature of Realism in Arabic poetry. He said1: "Striking changes and upheavals took place after the Second World War, which had great effects on the life of all societies, in their social criteria, in their attitudes of mind, in their ethical and political understanding.

"In consequence, those changes left their mark on the nature and attitude, theory, aim and style of Arabic poetry.

"The glitter of "art for art's sake", which makes of poetry a means of pleasure, has faded away. Poetry which follows that mode can hardly be relished in our day.

"The didactic poetic way has likewise become outdated. Arabic poetry adhering to it is rejected by contemporary Arab readers."

Saharti pursues his argument by saying: "The Arab poetic theory of today, in addition to the artistic pleasure and benefit which it gives, does serve to criticise, direct and reform Arab society and the world around.

"That theory has influenced Arab poetic attitudes. Poets became strongly inclined to follow Realism in its broad sense with its optimistic and constructive attitude. The poetic stage has then witnessed striking political and

1. Saharti, Shi'ir al-Yawm, p.15.
social scenes rarely offered by the poets of the past generations.

"With the change of poetic theory and attitudes, themes and ideas were changed and remoulded. A new form was necessary to fit in with the new themes and the spirit of the age. Nowadays, the majority of Arab readers find it difficult to digest poetry in the conventional form, which concerns itself with high stylistic and rhetorical expressions. Romanticism, with its decorations and flowery expressions and far imaginative flight, is no longer acceptable. The scientific, ambitious and progressive spirit of the age has directed attention to a new, simple, easy-going, poetic expression. Images have become more real, not like the winged, foggy ones used by poets in the past....."

Realism in the new Arabic poetry, as Sahartā has noticed, is not limited to one field or devoted to one aspect of life. The Arab poet with his tendency to Realism goes directly into actual life and treats all its phenomena in artistic, simple, easy-going style. Poetic experiences are embodied in expressive images borrowed from life itself and not from the spheres of the Beyond. It is a Realism which gives artistic satisfaction and also criticises social abuses, directs and reforms society.

The poetry of T. S. Eliot, who influenced many Arab poets and writers with his poetic themes and technique and ideas of criticism, can be considered a true example of Realism, as Nuway̱̱ has observed. He said: "The poetic movement led by Eliot was indeed a revolt against the attitude of affectation and pretence which dominated English poetry at the end of the nineteenth century. By that time, the Romantic school had ended its rôle, completed its message and had exhausted all the poetic genius it had had. In the course of time,

Romantic language and images turned into mere traditional, false forms, detached from the procession of life and unfit to satisfy the needs of the resulting change which took place in the culture, in the problems of living, in people's feelings and in their style of conversation."

Nuwayhī elucidated his idea by saying: "T. S. Eliot used a language quite free of Romantic symbols and sounds. He employed the actual spoken, daily language. He went on innovating new metres and forms, employing active tones borrowed from people's talk.

"His themes are about actual situations in the crowded, contemporary, automated life in England in particular, and in Europe in general, with all its complexity, its mental restlessness, its psychological split and its lack of faith.

"By so doing Eliot was able to free his poetry from those Romantic, imaginative and delicate spheres, full of dreams and visions, flooded with phantoms and shadows and clad with roses and dew. Many of the Romantic imitators, who were fond of those Romantic spheres at that time and at the present in our Arab world, got completely attracted to them, leaving behind the bustle of actual life. They, drunk as they were with the magic nectar of Romanticism, have finally stretched themselves on its easy, smooth beds, lost in their dreams and visions. What Eliot did was to snatch those Romantics violently away from their charming paradises and compelled them to face life, with its true problems, restlessness and worry. He shocked their ears with a language quite free from those sweetened tones which they used to relish and enjoy and by which they were numbed."

On the basis of that argument, Nuwayhī defended the new Arabic poetry which departed from the flowery spheres of Romanticism and entered into the
bustling daily life, depicting its various situations in a captivating style.

The 'Irāqī writer, Ahmad Abū Sa'd, whom we met in the first part of chapter 3 waging a bitter attack on Ḍāzīk's Romanticism, has for his part given a reasonable exposition of Realism. He said¹: "Subjectivity in poetry is an important element. It is what gives poetry its special characteristic. But, we hope that the poet can realise his own experience in the light of human reality. By so doing, the poet's scope will grow wider; his ideas richer; his influence stronger; and thus he will avoid the attack of others who might say that he is a decadent poet of escapism, treating poetic experience emotionally and subjectively, wholly detached from the historical events which take place in society and showing none of the characteristics of the age."

Abū Sa'd continues, saying: "The scope of poetry is not limited to either the external world or the world of the subconscious, but it includes both worlds fully united in a single whole. That is the artistic tendency present in the works of those 'Irāqī poets who followed the attitude of Realism after the year 1950."

Moreover, Abū Sa'd continues²: "A Realist poet does not express his poetic experience in blunt statements as do the conventional poets, but he absorbs it, lives it with all his innermost self till it becomes just part of the self. At the same time, it will not satisfy a Realist to describe life or escape from it, as the Romantic poets do, but he embraces life, interprets it, helps to criticise and reform it with a strong belief in the ideals which encourage in Man love of the human race....."

2. Ibid., p.32.
"That is the type of modern Realism," says Abū Sa'īd, "that we feel in the poetry of as-Sayyāb, al-Bayḍā'ī and others who followed the same track."

As-Sayyāb, who is one of the few Arab poets to realise the true message of poetic art, contributed some ideas which reveal his attitude towards Realism. He said¹: "If we are to read the marvels of literature which stand the test of time, such as The Odyssey, The Aeneid, The Divine Comedy, Macbeth, Faust and Paradise Lost, which are six works by the six poets unanimously agreed to be the greatest of all, we discover that their themes are basically the conflict between Man and the powers of evil. The fact is that the message of the marvellous works of literature was and still is the portrayal of that conflict."

As-Sayyāb adds to that argument: "Still, the writer is not a mere neutral observer while portraying that conflict, because he is a human being after all, involved in a fight between Man and evil. Indeed, literature, past and present, is a weapon used by Man to cut his way through towards a better life."

As-Sayyāb's Realism then takes us away from the local society to the wider ranges of human existence, and this opens before the artist fertile grounds of poetic experiences.

Nevertheless, it is not an imposed kind of Realism which robs the poet of free expression. As-Sayyāb, in that respect, says frankly²: "I am one of those who believes that the artist has much to pay to his wretched society. But I will not accept making the artist, particularly the poet, a slave to that theory. If the poet is sincere in depicting experiences felt by him in his journey through life, he will, of his own accord, express the hopes and

2. Ibid., p.86.
suffering of his society without being directed to do so."

Those previous interpretations give us an idea about the Realism embraced by some of the new Arab poets. It is clearly an artistic attitude which sets the poet analysing with his penetrating vision all social phenomena. In that way his will be a true contribution to the body of art.

New Arab poets who followed the attitude of Realism are fully aware of their artistic responsibility as the facts show.

While talking about Realism, as-Sayyîb could not help criticising satirically a shallow kind of writing, wrongly related to Realism. He said¹: "As for that part of our literary contribution which is sometimes called Realism or the literature of commitment, in most cases it is void of art or quite apart from the correct meaning of Realism or commitment. The fact is that our magazines, bookshops and broadcasting services are flooded with poems and stories about political themes, worthy indeed to occupy spaces for leading articles in newspapers."

That artistic responsibility has awakened in the new Arab poets a strong tendency to go into wide and intensive reading of poetic contributions both old and new as well as studying the Qur'ân, the Bible, the Gospels, mythology and history with the deep intention of intensifying their knowledge of poetic art and of being able to contribute something really new.

Works by poets of the new English school of poetry, such as Eliot, Sitwell, Auden, Spender and others, were attractive indeed, because they to a notable degree fulfil the demands of Realism. The poetic contributions of those English

¹. Ḥādîb, March, 1966, p.92.
poets, particularly T. S. Eliot, were and still are of great importance to the new Arab poets. To them they always refer to learn how to enrich their new poetry with masterly technique and depth of poetic insight.

During the years following 1950, three famous collections by three pioneers of Realism reached the hands of Arab readers. In 1954 al-Bayyatî published his collection Aḥārīq Mubashshama (Smashed Jugs), which attracted many Arab readers to the new poetry. The name of Salah 'Abd as-Sabur, the Egyptian poet, became widely known in Arab literary circles after the publication of his first collection al-Masāf fi Bilādī (People in My Country) in 1957. As-Sayyāb was able to gain the respect and admiration of Arab critics and readers when he presented his collection Unshūţat al-Matar (The Song of the Rain) in 1960.

The appearance of those three collections gave full recognition to the new poetry. Many Arab intellectuals realised that it is a movement well grounded, able to present mature and original poetic achievements, comprising varieties of genuine and impressive experiences.

Al-Bayyatî said about his poetic experience: "I left the countryside in 1944 to enter the Higher Teachers' Training Institute in Baghdad. My shock was great when I realised the truth about the city. To me it was an unreal, forged city imposed on us. It was like an acrobat or a clown decorating his dress with every colour or with every patch available. I felt that the true city, which once lived on the banks of the river Tigris and which witnessed a great civilisation, had vanished forever. Nor was I in favour of it, and if it were to appear again I hope that it will acquire the quality of a river which starts its journey from its original source, flows towards the big sea, and at last

embraces it and mingle with its water. Hence, our revolt was not against the external forms of the city, or else was not a result of emotional rejection; indeed it was the germ of rebellion deeply rooted in our souls."

As-Sayyāb and Salāḥ 'Abd as-Sabūr, as evidence shows, had the same feelings towards the city as al-Bayyātī did. All three poets were essentially the offspring of the country. After completing their secondary school period, they steered a course towards the big cities, which were looked upon as the major centres of progress of art and learning. The city with its rush and bustle and its forged life contrasted with the innocent life of the country turned out to be a world of thunder without rain, causing tension in those poets, stunning them with its rumbling sound and breeding a strange feeling of boredom and disgust and sometimes fear.

To them the world of the city was like the words of T. S. Eliot's "Waste Land", with its clutching roots and dead branches over the strange rubbish; with its dead trees which give no shelter and with its dry stones that give no sound of water. In the city they saw death in a handful of dust.

Baghdād in the eyes of as-Sayyāb and al-Bayyātī and Cairo in the eyes of Salāḥ 'Abd as-Sabūr proved to be in their general characteristics like the London of T. S. Eliot:

"Unreal city,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.

1. Faber, op. cit., p.51.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eye before his feet,
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying:
'Stetsen!
'You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
'That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
'Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
'Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?'

Or, even more, the three poets in the heart of the city felt as hollow as
"The Hollow Men":

"Leaning together,
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!"

Even more, the city, on many occasions, tossed them about and set them panting like tramps along its roads in a state of bitter restlessness and frustration, with hearts fully awakened with revolt against all the fallacies of the forged life.

There is, however, a dominant attitude traceable in the collections of all those three poets. To them the life of the city and, on occasions, the

1. Ibid., p.75.
life of the oppressed village was more or less a kind of wasteland or a centre of the dead. They have indeed felt that they were surrounded by a huge "jidār" or "sūr" (wall). We can behold them doing their best to break through that huge wall in order to enter the land of the living, whereby they could see the shining light.

In *Smashed Jugs* by al-Bayyātī, *People in My Country* by Salah 'Abd as-Sabūr and *The Song of the Rain* by as-Sayyāb we read of those experiences felt by the three poets in their exciting journey into the bustling cities. We also listen to them singing their sweet melodies, songs to their homes of childhood in the country which is always remembered with love, admiration and sympathy.

1. THE BLACK CAT

Al-Bayyātī depicts a striking portrait in his poem "al-Layl wa-l-Madīna wa-as-Sull" (The Night, the City and Consumption), revealing the horrors of life in the city. The depths of the city as al-Bayyātī drew them are like a black cat that feeds its kittens and then eats them up. The black cat here is a symbol of cruelty and horror which leads to destruction. The people in the quarters of the city are born dead, as undone as those many ones flowing up the hill and down King William Street. The quarters of the city spit them out on the dusty, agonising pavements. In the night of the city, in its cafés, the wretched millions are subjected to terrible consumption. Its black quarters, its cafés, its ugly yellow trees breed fear and crime. According to al-Bayyātī


App. 77.
there is nothing pleasing in the city, even its songs are sad and painful. It is a sterile wasteland of fear and death, a wild black cat that devours its kittens.

"In the nights of death and creation, in the depths,
The depths of the city,
Which are like a black cat,
Like a sad mother,
That breeds its young ones
In silence, and the depths of the city
Spits the dead on the dusty, agonising pavements.
In the arm of the night,
The night of consumption, like the sad mother,
The city goes on spitting out thousands of wretched ones,
In its cafés, in its black, cursed quarters,
And on its ugly yellow trees fear is bred,
As well as crime in its underground depths.
Its old cafés,
Its painful songs,
The wretched ones, the night of consumption and the black, cruel visions,
Still like a black cat
The depths of the city are,
Like a black cat,
Feeding its young ones from the breast of motherhood."
With that satirical line, al-Bayyātī brings his poem to a subtle close because it is already known that the breast of that black cat will not in any case offer the milk of a mother, but will certainly give poison, leading to the death of the young ones.

With the critical eye of a Realist, al-Bayyātī goes into the village market to select squalid, ugly objects, as Eliot in many of his poems did, to spin them all with subtle, satirical proverbs and a talented sense of characterisation to give in the end an attractive picture full of meaning, like the one we see in his poem "Ṣūq al-Qarya"¹ (The Village Market):

"The sun, the emaciated donkeys, the flies,
And a soldier’s old shoe
Carried from one hand to the other,
And a peasant gazing into space:
‘By the beginning of the new year
My hands will definitely be full of money
And I will buy that shoe.'
And the crowing of a cock which escaped from a cage,
And a young "saint":
‘Ma hādka jildak nāthl dhufrik’
Nothing can scratch your skin as well as your own finger-nail.
Wa at-taqā ilā al-jahīm min jannat al-Firdaws aqrab
And the way to Hell is nearer than Paradise.

¹. Ibid., p.285.

App. 78.
And the fatigued harvesters have sown the seeds
And we did not eat.
And we sow the seeds in humiliation and they eat."

And those returning from the city:

"O what a blind monster the city is!
Its victims are our dead ones, the women's bodies
And the innocent dreamers,
And the mooing cows, and the seller of bracelets and perfume,
Creeping like a beetle:
'0 my dear lark, 0 Sadūm!
The perfumes can never set right that which was spoilt by oppressive age.'

And black rifles, a plough and a fire,
Fading, and a blacksmith with his sleepy bloodshot eyelids.
Birds of a feather flock together,
And the sea cannot help washing away sins and tears.
And the sun in the centre of the sky,
And the sellers of vines, collecting the baskets:
'The eyes of my beloved are two planets,
And the roses of spring are her breast.'
The market empties, the small shops and the flies
Are hunted by the children, and the far horizon
And the yawning of the cottages in the palm-groves."
With that anti-climax, al-Bayyātī brings down the curtain, leaving us visualising the scene of the village market with its active chaos and attractive characters. We could also feel an undercurrent of revolt streaming on through those fragments of proverbs, very well combined with the satirical remarks of the characters.

Sometimes life in the village is depicted not as a normal scene but with the sting of satire. In such a case, the poet tends to dramatise the situation and his revolt is expressed in a sharper tone. In "al-Qarya al-Mal'ūna" (The Cursed Village) the poet discloses the state of tension between two forces. These are the peasants, whom the poet backs and representing the oppressed, and the 'Umda (the headman), who is looked upon as the symbol of cruelty. To intensify the effect, the poet describes the scene through subtle images, making use of all the particularities of actual life. Moreover, his sense of satire adds more power to the effect:

"In the lost horizon, they said:
'Tomorrow we will occupy the attention of the slaves
Working on the neglected farm.'
The blood and the earth have submitted their offerings!
Where are then the bread and the gods?
The yoke, the plough, the wounded bull on the snow,
Lost in deep dreaming about the water-wheels and the pastures,
And the field is hidden by the snow

1. Ibid., p.286.
2. Ibid., p.79.
From the sad grower of the roses,
Except for an ambuscade
Still awaiting the foxes and the hungry thieves,
And the oak is still on the road of the passers-by,
Quite awake, with some vagabond cushioning his head on its decayed trunk.
The oak and the ice,
Which covered the village's road dyed with blood and the ambuscade
Still waiting for the hungry thieves
Across the road.
Human beings there are, losing themselves in sleep, coming back from it;
Human beings indeed, sleeping side by side with the cattle,
So long as with the riches, enjoys
The son of the Heavens
The awful 'Mayor', and the old bread
- The dream of the hungry millions of slaves;
Why then sob?
The bread is ripened by the whips printing their marks in blood.
Why then sob?
And why is there wailing?
Tomorrow is the departure!
From this wicked earth - the curse of the humiliated living -
Which has fallen upon generation after generation."
For a time, the idea of departure was looked upon by al-Bayyāṭī as a way of escape when all around him was cruel and horrid. In his poem "Musafir Bilā Haqā'iq" (A Traveller without Bags), we see him walking like a tramp, raising a painful complaint, muttering like the lady in "A Portrait of a Lady" by T. S. Eliot, and repeating himself in complete frustration:

"From nowhere,
No face have I, no history, from nowhere
Under the sky and in the wailing of the wind, I hear it calling me:
'Come here.'
No face, no history, I hear it calling me: 'Come here.'
I shall be! Without hope; I shall always remain from nowhere.
No face have I, no history, from nowhere.....
And on the wall
The light of day
Sucks my years and spits them in blood; the light of day;
Never at all for me was that day.
The door is locked, never at all was that day;
Never at all for me was that day.
I shall be! Without hope; I shall always remain from nowhere;
No face have I, no history; from nowhere."

The wall, as is clear from that poem, stands for a barrier separating the kingdom of the dead from life. That wall, as it were, was standing as an

1. Ibid., p.276.
App. 30.
obstacle, preventing the poet from entering into true life. Without face, without history, he feels dead, although living. His feeling of frustration becomes deeper when he realises that the door that brings light and hope is locked. Like a tramp he is entering into the journey of the unknown.

Departure can sometimes be given another significance. We see the poet sailing into the far seas with the mother calling on him to come back. Messages are the only way of contact, and they do not quench the thirst of either the mother or the son. Still, in the end, there is a sign of some hope that spring might come. That experience is set before us in "ar-Rahil al-Awwal"1 (The First Departure):

"She said: 'Our garden! Will it remain without flowers in the spring?'
I said: 'Be at ease, after the spring,
Alone and astray, I shall be in the far seas,
The dwelling of riches for charming women,
Wine, blood and tears;
The guide of my daring sailing-boat
Is two green eyes. The breaths of life
Blow on me at night from my far field
Where the withered candles are
In my deserted closet, awaiting the flame;
And the fretting, weeping, dismal shadow of my mother
Gesturing me to come back;

1. 'Abbas, op. cit., p.114.

App. 81."
And to the steps of the postman
She listens and listens: 'There is nothing new in the world.'
Even the messages cannot return what has been lost.....
Pray for me, O mother, in my far home.
And she keeps kissing it, as if its cover was my dismal face.
And there my young brothers, questioning
When I will return.
The night elapses and the day
And I, alone I wander
Across the seas during twilight,
And the guide of my merry sailing-boat
Is two green eyes - the gods of spring
From the world of the "dead" they look at me,
From the horizon of tears.
If my yesterday is lost, waiting for you, O happy star,
Tomorrow, with the waves, my belief will return
By you, O happy star."

Al-Bayyātī at times dwells on memories of childhood in order to break
through the wall or keep the door of light wide open. We gather that from his
poem "Dḥikrayāt at-Tufūla" (Memories of Childhood), in which he says:

"Yesterday we were - Alas for this "were" and for a yesterday that shall
be

1. Ibid., p.111.
App. 82.
Running after our shadows.....

Not fearing the silence brought by the phantoms of twilight
Upon the gardens and roads;
Not fearing the wall from behind which comes the light.
And perhaps light has died and did not return, and we say:
'It has come back!'

At our will, we used to talk,
Even the stars.
We used to say that they were eyes
Looking at the earth in charm.
Even the stars!
Eyes they were.
We did not know "the small thing".
We did not believe what was said,
And so it remains;
We did not know the small thing,
And we did not believe what was said.
And perhaps we used to gaze into space and not sleep,
And in the darkness
— The refuge of serpents and of huge devils —
Our new cities were established in our minds;
Our new cities in the darkness were
More like the houses of the dead, or the new villages
Of ants.....in the darkness
Our new cities were established.
And in the darkness we used to gaze into space, and not sleep,
Except to the sounds of our collapsing world, and the slaves
Idling about, and once more
There a new despot they meet.
And our wooden, lame horses we used on the wall
With charcoal to draw, and around it we drew a field and a house;
A field and a house.
And we chased the thin cats in the lanes with stones."

The poem then leads to the core of his aim:

"Then revolt the rancours of years,
We again go on searching for life in the remains of memories.
Yesterday has died!
Yesterday has died!
Nothing remains around the children’s city except what we wish;
Except for the sky,
Hollow, empty, with smoke petrified into its eyes;
Nothing but the remains of the wall and the beggar asking for charity
and the feet of time;
Except for the old women on the dismal roads
Asking for us; those going to and fro,
Perhaps they recall those memories again and again;
The "wall", the "beggar" and the "child" who died yesterday."

It is, however, obvious that the memories of childhood turned at last into
rancour when the poet came back from the dream of memories and when he saw
again before him the pictures of the wall, the beggar and the grave of the golden days of childhood.

In other poems, al-Bayyātī faces the situation directly by laying bare the abuses of social life in the East. Then he sings the praises of his beloved who shared with him the fight to reform the old society and to build a new one.

In that attitude the poet seems to be more confident than in the early days. He is no longer the one who dwells on the memories of childhood for a solution or who sets out on a journey across far seas or the one who uses satire to ridicule an unacceptable phenomenon. Instead, the undercurrent of revolt against the past comes to the surface through a new medium.

He frames his poem "al-Hārım" (The Harem) in a paradoxical love scene, very much like that of Romeo and Juliet. But it is not at all romantic. The lover, standing under the balcony, is not addressing his beloved and is not singing of her beauty, but he is using another language devoted to the love of the village and the peasants. At the same time, his Shahrazād is a modern girl sharing his cause with him.

"Your lips are a wound, still bleeding
On our cushion throughout the night, O my bird,
A wound bleeding."

And her cavalier goes on singing under her balcony:

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App. 83.
"Throughout the night thousands of women
Are born, then die at dawn,
Except you, O my beautiful dream!
On our cushion throughout the night, O my beautiful dream!
And green turbans, and the hunters of flies
Try to recite a famous poem, blaming time,
And the graves of their dead, the taverns of the city, the domes,
The clouds of opium and the ancient East
Is still playing with the pebbles and sand,
The enslaved lackeys are still
Drawing off the blood of the wretched ones, the sad ones, the drudges.
On cushions of perfumes
Still going ahead with the commerce of forged talk and slaves,
Still, there is Hulagu and Hārūn ar-Rashīd,
The poor of Mecca are still on the road.....
The caravans of merchants, the cavaliers, the blood and the harem
Are born, then they die at dawn in the arms of Hārūn ar-Rashīd."

Her cavalier continues, saying:

"O Shahrazād, you are no longer
The food of the moment;
No longer a body offered for auction in the market of the city;
No longer a body to be bought.
O you, O my bird, O Shahrazād!"
Then, again, her cavalier goes on singing under her balcony:

"My life, Shahrazād!
Like the life of others was like contentment in the air,
Till with me you carried the arms,
The arms of our revolt against the ancient East,
And you destroyed the walls of the harem."

His revolt reaches its climax when he emphatically calls for an immediate change in the order of things present in his society. That he does in his celebrated poem "Abarāq Muhashshama"¹ (Smashed Jugs), in which we hear him say:

"God, the bright horizon and the slaves
Touching their chains
Established your cities this morning,
Near the volcano of Vesuvius, "and never be contented
With anything below the stars"².
Let vigorous love enflame
The fire and the deep joy in your heart."

After that emphatic utterance, he wages his attack on those who sell their "eagles", i.e. their consciences, by saying:

App. 84.
2. N.B. quoted from al-Mutanabbi.
"And those selling their "eagles" are
Starving, and those mere resemblances of men,
The one-eyed ones,
Are bewildered there at the bifurcation of the new roads.
The bat must have night,
Though the morn may rise;
And the sheep will not recognise the face of its old shepherd;
And against the father the son will rage;
And the bread moistened with tears,
The bread with the taste of ashes, and a glass eye
In the head of a pigmy refusing to acknowledge the free light;
And widows following those resembling me only in shape,
Under the sky, without a morrow, without "graves";
And God, the bright horizon and the slaves
Touching their chains."

Then, the poet trumpets his message:

"A new water spring,
A spring which has flown into our sterile world.
A new spring.
Let the dead bury their dead;
Let the floods wipe out
Those ugly jugs, those drums;
Let the doors open wide for the bright sun, for the spring."
Salāh 'Abd as-Sabūr, another son of the countryside, has in his own way and with his subtle sense of satirical humour, expressed his revolt against the city, "the Blind Monster", and sung his sweet songs to his village and its innocent people whom he loved and of whom he was proud.

Life in the city, as Salāh portrays it in his poem "Rihla fī-l-Layl" (A Journey in the Night), is a kind of nightmare leading to frustration, ennui, sadness and despair. In quick, rhythmical beats the poet tells his story to his girl-friend:

"O my friend, without conscience night repulses me
And lets loose suspicions in my small bed,
And burdens the heart with blackness,
And the journey of frustration in the sea of mourning,
And when evening approaches, streets become empty;
Darkness, indeed, is a trial to a stranger.
The group of friends stands up; their night's chat is ended.
'Farewell' — and all of us depart — 'We shall meet tomorrow.'
'The Ress is taken — beware — 'Checkmate!'
No stratagem saved it; I am definitely a dangerous player.
'Farewell' — and we departed — 'We shall meet tomorrow.'"

1. 'Abd as-Sabūr, an-Nas fī Bilādī, p.37.

App. 85.
The poet by that scene gives us an idea about the futility of life in the city with its boring occupations, because those games of ours seem to be an essential repeated activity, which is dwelt upon every evening so long as life according to the poet is void of other interests, void of any deep meaning, just like the life of the lady in the scene of "A Game of Chess" in the "Waste Land" by Eliot, who left a strong effect on Salah. The lady in that scene felt that all about her was futile and void of meaning. She then went on saying:

"My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
I never know what you are thinking. Think.
I think we are in rat's alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.
'What is that noise?'
The wind under the door.
'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'
Nothing again nothing."

Everything in that scene reflects the idea that life has lost its meaning in the eye of that lady. The game of chess depicted by Salah likewise shows that time in the city is mostly spent in useless occupation because nothing actually important in life keeps them busy. After that game of chess, the poet in his

1. Faber, op. cit., p.53.
state of frustration has nothing to do but to return to his room and there he tells us of another side of life in the city:

"O my friend, I return to my small house,
And in my bed suspicions deprive me of sleep.
Along the road still there are insignificant ones, limping,
Three of them, their voices penetrate the whirlpool of silence, as if weeping:
- 'Nothing is as beautiful as women in winter.'
- 'And wine rends secrets.'
- 'And wrenches the veil and clothing.'
And they give out a laugh without peaks.
And then the road empties of the moaning of those ones."

In the city the poet feels sad. His sadness is a strange kind of sadness that deprives him of enjoying life as he tells his friend:

"O my friend, the unknown visitor is a veiled, harmful one;
His eyes are two daggers immersed in poisons;
The face under the veil is the face of an owl,
But his coarse voice splits the evening.
'To destiny' - And destiny is an abyss that frightens suspicions.
At our last meeting, O my friend, you promised me
An outing on the mountain.
I wish to live in order to smell the exhalation of the mountain,
But that harmful visitor at my small door
Has stretched of his thick shoulders a sterile trunk of a palm-tree.

And my promise is destiny.....

And destiny is an abyss which frightens suspicions.”

The poet sometimes tries to escape that effect of sadness by setting out on an imaginary journey like that of Sindbad, but he discovers that he can hardly do that:

"By the end of the evening my cushion is filled with papers, like the face of a dead mouse are the riddles of the lines. My forehead then sweats. Smoke writhes like an octopus. By the end of the evening there was Sindbad returning to anchor the ship. And in the morning the boon companions meet in the session of repentance in order to listen to the story of engulfment in the sea of oblivion. Sindbad: O do you not relate to the colleagues about the dangers of the road. If you tell the sane that you got exulted, He would ask you how. (He, Sindbad, is like a whirlwind. He dies if calm!) The boon companions: It is impossible, Sindbad, that you wander in the lands. Here we sleep with women And we plant the vine
And we squeeze wine for winter
And we read the Book in the morning and in the evening.
And when you return towards the assembly of repentance, we run,
To tell us the story of engulfment in the sea of oblivion."

The same story of the boring daily life goes on and on:

"'Farewell' - and all of us departed - 'We shall meet tomorrow evening
To complete the challenge on the board of blackness and whiteness.
And after tomorrow! And after tomorrow!
We shall forever meet!'"

The poet's expression becomes sharper when he falls prey to that terrible
sadness felt in the frustrating life of the city. In his poem "al-Husn"\(^1\)
(Sadness) he goes deep into the heart of the subject:

"O my friend, I am indeed sad.
Morning appeared, but I did not smile and it did not brighten my face,
And I came out of the depth of the city to earn what living is available
And in the water of frugality I dipped the scanty bread of my days.
I then returned in the afternoon with some piastres in my pocket.
On the way I had tea
And patched my shoe
And played dice with a friend,

1. Ibid., p.88.
App. 86.
You might say for an hour or two,
A turn of ten or two tens.
And I laughed at a stupid myth repeated by the friend,
And at the tears of an impudent beggar.

After those satirical touches the poet pursues his story of sadness:

"Then evening came.
In my room evening toddled,
And sadness is born in the evening because it is a blind one,
A silent sadness,
And silence does not mean that one is contented that some hope is dying
And that days are passing
And that our elbow has become weak
And that a wind of rottenness
Has touched life so that all that it contains
Has become detestable.
A sadness stretched in the city,
Like a thief in the depth of quietness,
Like a serpent without hissing.
Sadness has defeated all fortresses and captured the treasures,
And stationed tyrant rulers.
Sadness has scooped the eyes;
Sadness has knitted the brows."
Sadness in the city plucks peace from the heart and turns us into a jungle when love aspired to is not fulfilled because the poet in his wretchedness can hardly think of exchanging emotions with a beautiful, rich neighbour. Then he tells of that bitter experience in his poem "Lehn"¹ (A Tune):

"From the balcony my neighbour stretched a rope of a melody,
A cruel tune, in slow beats, with a depth bleeding,
A tune like fire,
A tune that plucks peace from my heart,
A tune that blooms with a sad jungle in myself.
A deep sea, O my neighbour, separates us.
A sea of impotence, awful and deep, separates us.
And I am not a corsair....And have never sailed in a ship.
Seven deserts, O my neighbour, separate us.
And I have never left the village since I was a lad.
Chains were fixed to my leg since I was a lad.
You sleep tightly in the fortress on a bed of silk
And defend yourself against boredom
With the mirrors, the pearls and the perfumes,
And the expectation of the blond cavalier
In the last hours of the night."

Then, in an ironical way, he addresses the sweet neighbour in a style

1. Ibid., p.92.

App. 37.
reminiscent of T. S. Eliot's:

"O my neighbour! I am not a prince,
No, and I am not the merry clown in the prince's palace.
I shall show you wonder in the light of day.
I am indeed hollow, filled with straw and dust.
I do not even own a handful of food.
And on your cheeks are apples and sugar, signs of prosperity.
Well then, laugh, 0 my neighbour, for the wretched
Tune your voice in every space.
And if ever in the dark a unique lantern is born,
Do, then, remember that
Its oil is the light of my eyes and the eyes of my companions,
And my companions are wretched;
Each of them might not own a mouthful,
And they pass by the world as light as breezes
And as gentle as the chicks of a dove,
And on their shoulders is a big, unique burden,
The burden of giving birth to a single lantern in the midst of darkness."

The memory of those companions is the power that gives him some hope in a change that might take place, a change that might lead to better conditions, lead to comfort and peace, because our poet was at all times aspiring to a world of light and peace; things which he could not attain in the world of the "Blind Monster", "The Abyss of Destiny", the city. A life of frustration and
boredom in the city has always stood like a "jidār" (wall) in his way, as we understand from his poem "as-Salām"¹ (Peace):

"A band of wretched ones were on the road,
Tormented like gods,
By books, thoughts, smoke and the horrid time.
We talked for a long time.....The evening passed in disputes.....We talked for a long time.
The face of the night got moistened with dew,
Boredom crept to us and sleep to our eyes;
Our feet stretched on our way to the houses,
And there, to the "wall", there was still a human being dying,
Coughing, life getting dry in his eyes, a human being dying.
And the mountains of books and thoughts were still blocking
The face of the road;
The face of the road which leads to peace."

That idea of the "wall" is the same one we read about in al-Bayyātī's poetry. It is an idea which one comes across in some poems by T. S. Eliot, such as "The Hollow Men", or "The Four Quartets". To those young Arab poets, sterile, frustrating life is an enslaving power which fetters them to the kingdom of the dead where men are hollow, filled with straw and living a life without meaning. They really would be living if they were to break through

¹. Ibid., p.68.

App. 88.
that "wall" and step into the kingdom of the living men where there is light, fertility and peace.

On some occasions the poet turns to love for peace or for self-realisation. But still we see him frustrated because in his life's journey he did not acquire a pearl to present to his sweet one, as he mentions in his poem "Ughniyat Hubb" (A Song Of Love). Instead, he offers her his heart, hoping that it will be accepted as a precious pearl:

"My beloved's face is a tent of light.
I have hung my destiny upon a thin string of light.
I made a ship of smoke, ink and paper,
Its pilot is the most talented one to sail a ship on the sea,
And at the top of the ship there flies the flag.
My beloved's face is a tent of light.
My beloved's face is my flying flag.
I wandered into the nights, searching in their depth for a pearl.
I then returned with some shells in my wallet
And a heap of pebbles and a handful of embers.
And I did not find the pearl.
O my lady, to you is my heart.....Pardon me, it is as white as a pearl
And as good as a pearl
And as bright as a pearl,
A present of the wretched one.

1. Ibid., p.82.

App. 89.
It might be that you see it fit to decorate your small nest."

The village, with its innocent people, its customs and its simplicity, can sometimes have a strong effect on the subconscious and be a source from which the poet derives occasional peace and comfort.

Failing in reality to break through the wall surrounding him in city life, Salāh is sometimes helped to do that through dreams, by which he is free, flying into a world quite dear to him. In his poem "Risāla ilā Sadīqa"¹ (A Message to a Girlfriend), the poet tells of a dream he had during a time of suffering. That dream in itself reveals the poet's tendency to yearn for a world of purity and peace which he failed to feel in the rush of the feverish life of the city. The character of the Shaykh in the coming poem is a symbol of purity and peace hoped for:

"Yesterday, in my sleep, I saw Shaykh Muhyī 'd-Dīn,

The old favoured one of my lane.

During his life he aspired to see God.

Imagine! And His light,

And he said to me: 'And we shall keep awake tonight,

Travelling in the garden of purity.

Let be what might be in the assemblies of night chat.

Hope for the good, and do not ask me about anything;

And love ties the tongue....He errs who tells the secret.

And die in anger....0 highwayman.'

And in the year of the epidemic, our old favoured one died.

¹ Ibid., p.104.

App. 90.
And believe me, when he died a nice smell exhaled
From his deprived body,
And his coffin flew, and the women were loud with invocations and with sobs,
For with his death were loosened the bonds of serenity
Between my impertinate heart and Heaven.
He, yesterday, visited me, and his plump face
Becoming round like a gold dinár,
His eyes were sweet.....Two jars of honey they were,
Deep with joy.
The whiteness of his robe almost dazzles the eyes.
Then he said to me – and his deep voice was like a tune –:
"O my friend, you are my follower.
Come with me!
Obey my rule!
The order in the dīwan1 is "Get up".
- O Shaykh Muhyī d-dīn, I am broken.
- The wing, O man, is never broken,
And the disease of Man's heart is forgetfulness.
- O Shaykh Muhyī d-dīn, I am small.
- All of us are small. "The beloved" alone is great."

Then the poet brings the account of his dream to an end:

1. A religious book comprising prayers.
"I did not know how he disappeared; 
Surely not through the door. 
I listened but I did not hear his steps touching the earth."

Then he continues addressing his girlfriend:

"Your delicate letter was like the shirt between the eyes of Jacob; 
Like the breath of Christ, giving life to the dust, 
Giving a leg to the crippled; 
An eye to the blind; 
Serenity of heart to the afflicted."

That delicate letter sent by his girlfriend saved him from that terrible state of frustration. He completes his message by saying:

"Oh, the crippled, frustrated, lost ones are in joy, 
Like me when I received your letter, O my little Christling."

In his poem "Abī" (My Father), Salah shifts to the heart of the village where we share with him the mourning of his father's death. The simple life of the village with its innocence serves as a suitable background for the tragic occasion and intensifies the effect of the tragedy. The frustrated condition of the poet added to the painful event and the particularities of daily situations intensify the scene.

1. Ibid., p.53.

App. 91.
A dawn deep in solitude;
Rain falling heavily, cold and fog,
Rumbling thunder,
A cat crying aloud from the terror of the rain,
And dogs howling at each other.
Rain falling heavily, cold and fog.
We brought a container made of stone
And filled it with earth and wood,
And sat down,
Eating the toasted bread,
And we laughed at a joke
Uttered by my old grandfather.
And stealthily came
A promise from the light of the sun.
Hopeful we felt and greeted the morning,
And with steps dragging the shoes,
Beating the earth in repulsive clutters,
They knocked at our door.
And my father's death was announced
When I bade my father farewell
A long time ago.
My tears were deep in my eyes;
My lips uttering the small sound:
'O father!'
Sometimes suffocated by tears
Not easily melting
In the void of oblivion.
Then I collected my life together,
And it is some part of my father.
What is it that keeps you apart from me?
What calls you to the big sea?
What invites you to the deceptive road?
Why do you shun your bed?
Why does death appear in our house,
A destiny that never misses the target?"

The poet awakes in us a deep, sad feeling when he says:

"The wind goes mad on my window
In my evening.
Then I remembered my father.
My mother complained of her disease
One dawn.
Then I remembered my father.
The dog biting my brother
When he was in the field leading the cattle.
Then we wept
Then he called out:
'O father!'
We are strangers in the wide wasteland.
We are oppressed; our soul is oppressed.
The flock....!
Its shepherd has departed and long is his absence,
And he is in a wasteland without shade."

With the insight of a villager sincere to his village and its inhabitants
and with the spirit of one brought up in that environment which sang the mawwal,
Salāh sweetly and melodiously sings for us "an-Nas fī Bilādī"1 (People in My Country):

"People in my country are as predatory as hawks;
Their singing is like the shiver of winter in the tufts of the trees;
Their laughter wheezes, like flames in the cottonstalks;
Their steps tend to sink in the earth;
And they kill, steal, drink and belch,
But they are human beings
And good at heart when they own two handfuls of money;
And they believe in Fate."

Out of all the inhabitants, the poet selects the attractive character of
uncle "Mustafā", who more or less represents the character of the reciter or
hakawātī, and through the personality of uncle Mustafā some main features of
village life are presented in masterly fashion.

"And at the door of my village uncle Mustafā sits.
He loves the Chosen One.

1. Ibid., p.59.
An hour between dusk and darkness he spends,
And around him the men sat in silence,
While he related to them a tale—...The experience of life,
A tale that stirs in the soul the anguish of nothingness
And sets the men sobbing,
And they bow their heads,
And gaze into the silence,
In the tumult of deep terror, and emptiness, and silence.
Why does Man face hardships? What is the end of life?
O God!!
The sun, the 'crescent' is your revelation,
And those immovable mountains are your well-established throne.
Effective is your judgement.
O God!!
So-and-So has built, surpassed the others and erected fortresses,
And forty rooms were filled with glittering gold.
And to him came Azraël during an evening of faint echoes,
Carrying between his two fingers a small note-book.
In it the first name was of that man.
Azraël then stretched his stick
By the secret of the two letters (be),
By the secret of the word (was),
And to Hell So-and-So's soul was rolled....."

After that story, typical of so many didactic others told or recited by
significant characters such as uncle Mustafa in the village, the poet shocks
us in the end with sad news, as sad as the villagers themselves:

"Yesterday I visited my village....Uncle Mustafā has died.
They cushioned his head on the earth,
Fortresses he did not build,
(Of sun-dried bricks his cottage was)
And behind his old coffin walked
Those who, like him, wore an old linen garment.
They did not remember God or Asrāēl or the letters of (was).
The year was a year of hunger."

3. CHRIST AFTER CRUCIFIXION

As-Sayyāb, like al-Bayyātī and Salah, left the village to go to the city.
He left behind him the green land of his birthplace, Jīkūr, and his beloved river, Buwayb, to experience a dramatic life in Baghdād or Basra, a life which led him to bitter tragedy.

In the city as-Sayyāb felt a stranger. The city appeared to him like a jungle of cement, steel and electricity. Poor as he was he realised that he could not cut his way through its serpentine roads. He then discovered the wide difference between his free, happy village, Jīkūr, and the suffocating life of the city, and with frustrated hopes he sang his song "Jīkūr wa-l-Madīna"\(^1\) (Jīkūr and the City):

1. al-Basrī, op. cit., p.17.
App. 93.
"Around me wind the roads of the city,
Ropes of mud chewing my heart,
And in return for an ember in it they offer a piece of mud."

The poet, the symbol of the countryside, losing ambition in the city, goes on to express his dismay, saying:

"Ropes of fire, lashing the nakedness of the sad fields,
Burning ḥāmar in the depth of my soul,
And planting in it the ashes of rancour."

That agony of dismay made him feel that he was in a grave, and from his grave as-Sayyāb kept calling out, sending a message to the world around him, conveying the pain of the bleeding heart in his dirge-like song "Risāla min Qabr"¹ (A Message from a Grave):

"From the depth of my grave I cry out,
Till, indeed, the graves moan.
From the echo of my voice which is sand and wind,
From a world which rests in my pit;
On its two sides castles are heaped,
A world that contains what is in other worlds,
Except for the throbbing of life.

¹. Abū Sa'īd, op. cit., p.256.
App. 94.
Even the songs in it, even the flowers
And the sun, but it does not rotate.
There in that tomb worms are eating up all;
From that world in my grave, I cry out:
'\(^{Do not despair of birth or resurrection.}\)'
Light here, whether it be of mud or glass,
Is a padlock on the gate in a wall;
Light in my grave is darkness without light.
Light is glass through the window of my house.
How many a time from behind it have eyes gazed at me;
As black as shame they were
With their eyelashes wounding my secrets.
Today, indeed, my house is no longer mine."

That horrible sense of gloom and fear made him leave his own country to
live for a time in Kuwait. But, there he still felt quite wretched and nost-
algie because he was not able to fit in with the new world. A stranger in pain
as he was, we see him sitting by the shore moaning, singing his doleful song
"Charīb 'alā al-Khalīj" (A Stranger in the Gulf)\(^1\):

"The wind pants in the noontide like a nightmare in the evening,
Looking on the sails as they are folded or spread out for departure.
With them have crowded the gulf, hard-working men, wanderers of the seas,

\(^1\) \(al-Bāṣrī, \) op. cit., p.37.

App. 95.
Bare-footed, half-naked each of them was,
And on the sands, on the gulf,
Sat the stranger stretching his puzzled eyes into the gulf,
Pulling down the pillars of light
With what the Heavens were sighing,
Louder than the torrent bubbling with foam,
Louder than the clamour,
A voice which has burst in to the depth of myself: 'Iraq,
Like the tide it rises, like the cloud,
Like tears to the eyes.
The wind shrieks at me: 'Iraq.
And the waves wail at me: 'Iraq, 'Iraq.
Nothing but 'Iraq."

And to 'Iraq he directs his song:

"Your beloved earth I sang,
With me I carried it, for I am
The Christ dragging his cross in exile."

Rain is the symbol of fertility. It is the power that stirs the dull roots and turns the sterile land into a green field. For that reason, the hero of the "Waste Land" by T. S. Eliot kept on yearning for water:

1. Faber, op. cit., p. 62.
"If there were water

And no rock.
If there were rock
And also water.
And water,
A spring,
A pool among the rock.
If there were the sound of water only,
Not the cicada
And the dry grass singing,
But the sound of water over rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees,
Drip drop, drip drop drop drop drop drop."

As-Sayyāb, who was greatly influenced by the "Waste Land", has for his part looked upon rain as the source of power that awakens his land from its deep sleep and sets all its elements in action, in order to give birth to a new spring that gives happiness to the wretched and helps the children to sing merrily in the bowers of vines.

From his exile in Kuwait he sang "The Song of the Rain" as he waited to see it falling in his country, 'Iraq. He started by addressing his beloved, saying:


App. 96.
"Your eyes are two groves of palm-trees
During the hour of dawn.
Or two balconies from which
The moon has started to depart.
When you smile your eyes like the vines bloom
And lights dance like moons in a river
Gently shaken by the ear during early morn,
As if in their depths stars were throbbing,
And drowning in a fog of transparent sadness,
Like the sea over which evening has stretched its two hands.
In it there is the warmth of winter and the trembling of autumn."

After those lines, which create an atmosphere almost similar to the one created by the first canto of the "Waste Land" entitled "The Burial of the Dead"\textsuperscript{1}, with its "winter that kept us warm.....", as-Sayyāb pursues his song of the rain:

"As if the bows of the clouds were drinking the clouds,
And drop by drop melted into rain.
And with laughter the children roared in the bowers of vines,
And the song of the rain tickled the silence of the birds on the trees.
Rain, rain, rain."

\textsuperscript{1} Faber, op. cit., p.49.
The song then develops from those calm tones into sharper ones, revealing the great expectation of the poet who, with his penetrating vision, went on to tell us about the future:

"I almost hear 'Iraq hoarding thunders, Storing lightning in the plains and in the mountains. Once the men unseal it Never will the winds leave behind Any trace of Thamūd in the valley. I almost hear the villages moaning, and the emigrants Fighting with the oars and the sails Against the storms of the gulf and the thunders, singing:

Rain.....
Rain.....
Rain.....

And in 'Iraq there is hunger, While in it the season of the harvest scatters the grains To satisfy the hunger of the cows and the locusts. And millstones grinding the flints and the stone Are millstones turning in the fields, with human beings around them.

Rain.....
Rain.....
Rain.....

0 how many tears we have shed during the night of parting. Then, in order not to be blamed, we made rain the excuse.

Rain.....
Rain.....
Rain.....
Rain......
And since we were young the sky used
To cloud over during the winter,
And rain fell,
And every year we got hungry when the earth became grassy.
Never a year has passed without hunger in 'Irāq.

Rain......
Rain......

The thunder and lightning stored in 'Irāq were then set in action, roaring
with the call: "Rain, Rain, Rain." Then the voice of the rain was heard high
and loud answering the call. Rain fell in order to wash the sins of Babel
('Irāq) to give fertility to the sterile land and happiness to the wretched and
joy to the children who were always interested in merry play in the bowers of
vines.

As-Sayyāb welcomed the voice of the rain, like an innocent child pleased
with a beautiful toy. He sang out confidently at the end of his poem "Madīna
bilā Matar" (A City Without Rain):

"In an eternity of listening, between a thunder and a thunder,
We have heard, not the rustling of palm-trees under a passing cloud,
pouring,
Or what was whispered by the wind, where

1. al-Basārī, op. cit., p. 45.

App. 97.
The large and lofty trees got wet.
But the throbbing of the steps and the hands,
The loud laughter and the sigh of a small one,
Holding in her right hand
A moon, like a butterfly fluttering,
Or holding a star,
Or a donation from the cloud,
Or shivers of water, drops whispered by the breeze,
To know that Babel will be washed of its sins."

But soon after the poet forgot about his gay song when he saw that the water of the rain had suddenly turned into floods, devastating the land, and the sound of thunder was every now and then heard throwing fear into the heart.

Our poet, the Sindbad, returning from his wanderings in the land, was indeed shocked and disappointed to see his city in ruin, to see the fields turned into black stretches, to see death in a handful of dust. His song "Madinat as-Sindibād" (The City of Sindbad) came bitter and sad. In that state of agony he again addressed the rain, recalling the days of the past:

"Hungry in the grave without food,
Naked in the snow without clothing.
I cried out in winter:
'O rain, roughly shake

1. Ibid., p.14.

App. 98.
The resting-places of bones, snows and dust,  
Of stones,  
And set the seeds growing,  
And open the flowers.  
Burn the sterile threshing floors with lightning,  
Set the veins in action,  
And burden the trees."

That was the poet when he was calling out from his grave, awaiting the fall of the rain to pull down the "sûr" (wall) in order to enable the wretched ones like himself to enter the kingdom of the living men, to enjoy their shining light and to sow the seeds in the fertile earth.

The rain answered the call and brought water, but the expected spring all of a sudden proved to be a destructive power, burning the land, spreading gloom, sterility and darkness.

When the city of Sindbad was once more a wasteland, he, in an agony of despair, cried out:

"Is this Adonis, this inanition,  
This paleness, this sterility?  
Is this Adonis? Where is the light.....?  
Where is the harvest?  
Scythes that do not harvest  
Black, waterless fields;  
Death in the streets,  
Sterility in the farms,  
And all that we love is dying."
Terror was dominating the land of Sindbad; blood and not water was watering the earth; Judas and not Christ was reigning supreme, releasing his dogs to attack the cradles of Sindbad's brothers.

We can see Sindbad, horror-stricken, raising a painful cry that pierces the dull night's ear:

"Is this my city? These ruins,
On which were written: 'Long live life.'
With the blood of its murdered ones?
No god it has, no water and no fields.
Is this my city? These pits
And these bones?
Darkness peeps through its houses
And blood is dyed with darkness.
Is this my city? With wounded domes;
There Judas in red clothes,
Instigating the dogs
Against the cradles of my young brothers and the houses,
Eating their flesh."

Astarte, the goddess of fertility, is herself suffering from thirst. There she is wandering in the devastated villages without a crown of flowers on her forehead, carrying a basket full of stones and not fruit:

"And in the villages, dying,
Is Astarte, thirsty, without
Flowers on her forehead;
In her hands is a basket,
The fruit of which is stones,
With which every wife is pelted,
And the palm-trees
On the river-bank are wailing."

The city of Sindbad has thus turned into a wasteland of terror and blood. He again felt chained to the world of the dead men, with the adamant "wall" shutting him up in the dark, depriving him of light beaming from the world of the living.

We have heard in the past the coming of the rain, crying out from the bottom of his grave: "Do not despair of birth or resurrection", though he was conscious of the eyelashes wounding his secrets. But after the fall of the ruinous rain, he lost the last glimpse of hope in the appearance of Adonis, the symbol of the spring, or Astarte, the goddess of fertility, in her green attire and with her forehead crowned with flowers.

The deep effect of the tragedy created in as-Sayyāb a strong tendency to enter into another world of eternal reality. He, like Phēbus of the "Waste Land"\(^1\):

"Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth,
Entering the whirlpool."

\(^1\) Faber, op. cit., p.61.
To the whirlpool of Buwayb, his beloved river, he turned feverishly, singing "an-Nahr wa-l-Mawt" (The River and Death):

"Buwayb.....
Buwayb.....
Bells of a tower lost in the depth of the sea.
Water is in the jars, and the sunset in the trees,
And the jars ooze out bells of rain,
Its crystals melt in mourning:
'Buwayb.....0 Buwayb!'
I then feel intensely nostalgic in my blood,
For you, O Buwayb, O my sad river, like the rain,
I wish that I could run in the darkness,
Clenching my fists, carrying the yearning of a year
In every finger, as if I carried offerings
To you of wheat and of flowers.
I wish that I could peep through the beds of the hills,
To glimpse the moon,
Wading between your banks, planting the shades,
Filling the baskets
With water, fishes and flowers.
I wish that I could wade in you, following the moon,
Listening to the pebbles clattering in your depth,

App. 99.
Like thousands of birds on the trees.
A forest of tears are you or a river?
And the fishes awake throughout the night, do they sleep at dawn?
And those stars, do they keep waiting
To feed with silk thousands of needles?
And you, O Buwayb.....
I wish that I could drown in you, picking up the shells
To build a house from them,
Bright with the green of the water and the trees,
As long as the stars and the moon come out,
And in you at dawn, with the tide, I go to the sea."

It is obvious that as-Sayyāb has felt that the ultimate truth is in the
eternal world of Buwayb and not in the city, the centre of death where every-
thing is disfigured and devastated and where Judas presides, instigating his
dogs against the cradles of Sindbad’s young brothers.

The depth of the River Buwayb, as as-Sayyāb saw it, is the only power that
gives him the chance to break through the wall that kept him a captive in the
kingdom of the dead men. With the shells he can build a house, bright with the
green of the water and the trees, a thing which he failed to achieve in the
land of blood and woe.

Above all, his compensation comes from his belief that he was another
example of "al-Mashīḥ ba’d as-Salb"¹ (Christ After Crucifixion). As as-Sayyāb

¹. Ibid., p.270.

App. 100.
tells us, his memory will forever remain sweet, throbbing with life for
generations to come:

"After they took me down I heard the winds
In long meaning, strongly blowing on the palm-trees,
And the steps departing. Therefore, the wounds
And the cross to which they nailed me
Throughout the evening
Did not kill me. And I listened. There was wailing
Crossing the plain between me and the city,
Like a rope pulling a ship,
As it sank to the bottom. There was wailing
Like a thread of light between the morning
And the night in the sad winter sky.
Then the city sleeps on what it feels,
When the mulberries and the orange blossom,
When Jā'ār stretches till the limits of imagination,
When it becomes green with grass that sings its fragrance,
And the suns that fed it with its light,
When even its darkness becomes green,
Warmth then touches my heart
And my blood flows in its earth.
My heart is the sun, when the sun throbs with light,
My heart is the earth throbbing with wheat, flowers and sweet water,
My heart is the water, my heart is the ears of wheat."

Then we know how eternal life can be:
"I died by the fire which burned the darkness of my mud.
Then the god remained.
It was a beginning, and in the beginning
There was the poor one.
I died in order he might eat bread in my name,
In order that they may sow me in the season.
Oh, how many lives shall I live,
Because in every pit
A future I became,
A seed I became,
A generation of people I became.
In every heart is blood of mine –
A drop or less than a drop.
So, I returned and Judas grew pale
When he saw me....."
The influence of modern English writers on Arab poets during the past twenty years, from 1939 to 1960, has led to a remarkable development in Arabic poetry, both in form and content. It made it possible for Arab poets to make new poetic contributions, genuinely conforming with the whole body of world literature.

Till the time of Hāfiz and Shawqi, Arab poets had for a long time been limited to a conventional technique of which the salient features were the monorhyme, declamatory expressions and sonorous tones. Themes most favoured were those of praise, satire, elegies, love, patriotism and the like.

Limited by these conventions, the Arabic poem was more or less a collection of various self-contained lines, conveying patches of subjects irrelevant to the main theme. One's ear was stunned by the clamorous expression resounding every now and then with some aphorism declaimed by the orator well versed in rhetoric.

Shawqi and Hāfiz, though they tried to introduce some new expressions or images after gaining some literary knowledge from reading French works, were unable to achieve anything really new. They seemed not to have understood poetry as a branch of true art; they thought of it rather as a vehicle to be employed in conveying a message in well-selected words.

It is true that Shawqi and particularly Hāfiz, compared to al-Barūdī, could be said to have succeeded in writing poetry in a simpler style. Yet, they were not able to develop the Arabic poem further owing to the fact that they remained true adherents of the conventional technique which limited them to the monorhyme and the end-stopped line.
Besides, they had the feeling that they were the true voices of the age and the advocates of the Islamic world, a feeling which made them incline to use all the artifices of rhetoric to turn poetry into a compelling utterance, intended to impress their audience. That attitude in itself has done more harm than good to Arabic poetry because it retained the declamatory features of the conventional technique and exhibited the "poet" as an orator exercising the magic of words or playing on the feelings of his audience.

As we have seen, the first evolutionary steps were taken by Syrians during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Sulayman al-Bustami, Nashif al-Yaziji, AhmadFaris ash-Shidyaq realised after reading Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and other Western writers the importance of blank verse in the process of artistic expression. It must be admitted that the introduction of the technique of multi-rhymes in the form of the muwashshah or otherwise opened the way for Arabic poetry to enter wider fields of expression as it rescued poets from the restrictions of the conventional style of the monorhyme, which was usually a handicap to them while expressing their ideas or emotions.

The hope of a better poetic achievement became possible when other poets and writers, such as Rizqallah Husayn, Nulas Shaha, Jamil Sidqi az-Zahawi, Khalil Matran, 'Abbâs Mahmud al-'Aqâd, 'Abd ar-Rahman Shukri, Ibrahim 'Abd al-Qadir al-Masini and Ahmad Zaki Abu Shadî defended the technique of blank verse employed in poetic composition.

The translation movement which flourished during the first quarter of the twentieth century and which aimed at conveying the works of those English Romantics in Arabic, together with critical studies elucidating their poetic qualities, were all useful in correcting the taste of the Arab poets and opening their eyes to new poetic themes and devices.
In the hands of the Syro-Americans, such as Mkhâ'îl Mu'ayma and Jibrân Khalîl Jibrân, who, like the poets of ad-Dîwân School and the Apollo Group, were influenced by Romantic English and Western poetry, blank verse has proved to be a useful medium of expression. Moreover, the Syro-American poets, with their liberal attitude, were able to enrich Arabic poetry with new imagery and expression gained from their reading of Western poetry, deep understanding of Biblical literature, and their full assimilation of liturgical hymns and vernacular songs. That yielded fruitful poetic results unknown to Arab poets in the past.

In truth, al-*Aqqâd did a great service to Arabic poetry by drawing attention in his introduction of Mu'ayma's al-Ghurbâl (The Sieve) to those poetic values achieved by the Syro-American poets. Their literary message was imbued with a deep understanding of human nature.

Later, Muhammad Mandûr revealed a remarkable quality in Syro-American poetry which he called "al-Hams" (Whispering) - a quality which made those poets real artists, conscious of their responsibility to art. It meant that they made it possible for us to hear their inner voices through subtle poetic expressions. They had, in fact, abandoned the acrobatic displays of rhetoric as they realised that such were not of the nature of true art.

The continuous search by Syro-Americans, Khalîl Matrân, the poets of ad-Dîwân and the Apollo Group for a new interpretation of poetry has in fact snatched the Arab poet from a static position and opened before him wide scopes of expression.

By the persistent schooling of those Arab poets who were strongly influenced by Western Romantic poets, Arab poets were helped to depart from the restricting field of conventional poetry, to employ their powers of imagination and creativity in order to exploit the hidden secrets of the Beyond. In other words,
that new interpretation has taught the Arab poet to be an artist, depending on his creative power to depict his subjective experiences.

All those energetic literary activities culminated before the Second World War in the Arab Romantic school of poetry, well represented by both Ibrahim Najī and 'Alī Māhūd Tāhā.

These two poets fully understood the works of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Byron.

The comparison between poems by Najī and 'Alī M. Tāhā and poems by the English Romantics shows that Arab Romantic poetry was in close affinity with English Romanticism, whether it be in agony expressed or in love and beauty idealised or in turning to the bosom of Mother Nature for consolation.

Najī and 'Alī M. Tāhā truly enriched Arabic poetry with new Romantic poetic elements, not unlike those of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth or Byron. Colourful Romantic elements of smiling or weeping flowers, singing or moaning birds, dancing butterflies or laughing beams, infatuated moons or days as yellow as autumn, elements of silvery planets or of ruin weaving with its hands the cobwebs of the spider and others. Romantic pictures they were; winged, abstract and sometimes vague though they were, they nevertheless added something new and artistic to the body of Arabic literature.

Furthermore, the technique of multi-rhymes, used by Najī and 'Alī M. Tāhā, gave them a new technical facility by which they were able to express themselves more freely than the conventional poets. Nevertheless, they were sometimes trapped by the end-stopped line, which deprived them of the free flow of the run-on which was not yet enjoyed by them as it was by their fellow English poets.

Despite all their achievements, it was not possible for either Najī or 'Alī M. Tāhā to compose poems with lines "like a wave merging into another wave", as al-'Aqqād once hoped, because the Arabic poetic technique was still
suffering from shortcomings that usually impaired the musical flow, and because the Romantic images employed were themselves of an abstract nature. Maji and Ali M. Tahā's success was limited to liberating Arabic poetry from the conventional restrictions of declamatory expressions, sonorous tones and padding.

A critical work by Mustafā 'Abd al-Latif as-Sahartī, ash-Shi'ir al-Mu'āṣir al-Daw' an-Naqd al-Hadith (Contemporary Poetry in the Light of Modern Criticism), published in 1948, added more force to the Arabic poetic movement. Sahartī is fully acquainted with works by modern English writers and this has made him an ardent critic evaluating works by veteran and young Arab poets with a penetrating insight. He above all encouraged the technique of blank verse and free verse and expressed his great admiration for Realism, preferring it to the attitude of art for art's sake.

Those studies by Sahartī, those by Louis 'Awad about T. S. Eliot, published in the journal al-Katib al-Hisrī (The Egyptian Writer) during 1945, other critical interpretations of T. S. Eliot and other poets of the new English school of poetry, comprised in Fann ash-Shi'ir (The Art of Poetry) by Ihsān 'Abbās and other appreciations of modern English and French poetry which appeared in famous Arab magazines have all played a significant rôle in disseminating valuable ideas about the art of poetry and widening the scope of Arab poets. Thirsty as they were for any new springs, those poets delved deep into the works of the new English school, such as the "Waste Land" and "The Hollow Men" by T. S. Eliot in particular.

Obviously it was not easy for those young Arab poets to depart entirely from the attitude of Romanticism, which was reigning supreme during the early years of the second half of the twentieth century. But their Romanticism in
their early works, unlike that of Mājī or 'Alī M. Tāhā, took a new line of revolt against social restrictions and abuses. They were no longer so interested as they had been in the flights to the Beyond, but were concerned with their own experiences in relation to what was going on around them in their societies.

Themes and images became more real and the structure of the Arabic poem became more compact and pruned. In fact, it was the discovery of "ash-Shi'r al-Hurr" (Free Verse) by both Badr Shākir as-Sayyāb and Māzik al-Malā'ika in 1947 which added much more technical force to the Arabic poem and opened before the young Arab poets wide fields of poetic expression.

By the technique of free verse the Arab poets were able to express themselves more freely. Still, Arab poets could hardly enjoy the full benefit of the technique of free verse if they were to restrict themselves to the method formulated by Māzik. She wanted to limit the range of the new technique to some six metres and to compel poets to abide by the conventional system of taf'īlas as laid down by al-Khalīl. Moreover, according to her a poet is not to use more than one metre in each poem.

Muhammad Nuwayhī attacked Māzik’s method because, as he pointed out, it is a restricting one and it only deals with the quantity and not the quality of taf'īlas employed.

In my opinion, Arab poets can achieve better results if they make full use of the new theory of Nuwayhī to which he gave the name "an-Nabr" (Accentuation), because it serves to liberate them from the fixation of the end-stopped line.

The medium of the daily spoken language, colloquial proverbs and myths which were all elements brought in with the movement of Free Verse can all act as vital artistic forces, enriching the Arabic poem.
With such energetic components in the process of artistic creation, it became possible for some Arab poets to compose poems endowed with the active organic unity hoped for.

However, it is clear that both نازك and فدوى طقان employed, with a certain degree of success, the technique of free verse, but were not inclined to use the daily spoken language, colloquial proverbs or myths. Indeed, they remained faithful to their Romantic way of expression, flying with winged images in most of their poems into the spheres of Romantic agony and love.

Both poetesses, it is true, sing on one stage; it is nevertheless noticeable that نازك is capable of deeper experience and is more powerful in imagery and expression than فدوى.

On the other hand, أباريق مهاسشام (Smashed Jugs) by 알-باييتي، الماء في بلدي (People in My Country) by سالم عبد الصبور and عشادت الأمل (The Song of the Rain) by العيساب are all rich with the technique of free verse, the use of the daily spoken language, proverbs, folklore and myths.

The three poets with their attitude of Realism plunged themselves sincerely into the events of actual social life, depicting their various experiences in vivid, real images and simple yet energetic and captivating style.

The poetry of these three poets is material evidence that the new poetry has entered the stage of literature as an active, artistic force, equipped with dynamic implements.

As-سأيّب was probably the one who was most capable of fully employing the new technique to present us with mature and subtle poetic expression rare amongst Arab poets, and apt to fit in with the whole body of world literature.

Despite his early death, the appearance of new talents and the continued
efforts of such critics as Nuwayhid bridging Arab and Western culture, give hope of further development and greater maturity.
ولا في غير ذا الوطن الجميل
بهذا العصر والآت النبيل
وحسى حسهم ابدا جميل
وعرافى الى الوطن الخليل
ولا الآيات للغرب الكافل
ولست اعيش في زمن تقض
ولكي الناس قدر عيش
وتفاجى ما يصبح بيان قوي
وشيء كثعب يعمر
وان لم أهسنا لعرب

٢
لموت الغني خير له من معيشة
يكون بها عشها غليلا على الناس
وأنك من موصاحب الناس عالما
يرى جاهلا في العز وهو حاير
الخ...الخ

٣
ويلح عودى ليس برحابها
وأما بريفي ينفها
في فتية نصبها لبا شرك
سكونا تتكلف الضحكا
ثم اختفت والجمع يرغبها
هي منعمة للحسن يطلبها
ورأيتها في آخر الليل
يعلو سناها الحزن كالظل
من أنت يا من وجدتها اقتربت
صبه في كأس وما سقت
حبها لما في لحظة صرتا
يا من لقيتك أسهل كا
أضحك باكية وجاورة

تسأل كيف تغيرت
روحنا إذا أنت يظهرها

كالظل في أحلامها
ذاعت شهي طامها
عن في عزيم حطامها
من بدكها لختامها
في ضميم ضرامها
على رماد غرامها

هدأت رسائل حبيها
فحلفت لا رقت ولا
أعلنت فيها النار تر
تختال قصة حبنا
أحرقتها ورمت قلي
وبكر اليماد الآدئ

فبتت تذكر الظلال الغامض
وحليق عن السوار صائم
وحنفة الحلم في محاجر نائم

ان وجد في الهد صيران هائم
رحمة يا سماه ان في جفت
غاض نبع الغض ولم يبق حتى
من شيخ تحت النجى عابر
سواء بين الناس بالشاعر
يا للسيد من عليه الناظر
شكية الخلق الا الخالق
ما أنا الا آدم شقي
فافقر لبعض الناس المحتاط
أنت الجميل الصغير جم الحنان
وهلك يا رب أخذت الأمان
فنبت أنت حبي لطف القدر
لا تفرقى يا أرض لا تفرقى
ما هو الا آدم شقي
طقس السما الداوى على سوته
ما بين الدهر في خفية
لا تحدثى يا رب في محنى
طردتني بالأس من جنتى
حنانك اللهم لا تغضب
ما كنت في شكاي بالذنب
أقيمت عمرى في الأمس الخالد

ل وما زلت فارثا في شجونك
و للسهم دوابات جغونك
في ارتعاش تمر فوق جبينك
سلا رأسك الحزين الى الفك
أيما الشاعر الكبير ضي الله
و لمسك البراع وأخرى
و لم تنشب به حر أنفا
لم تصفى لماصي الود في الليل
قد تمشى خلال غفتك المد
لا يزدهرك في الأعياق
وابى الشاعر يلخ ود في الليل
قيد شاعر غرفك المد
بوب الكلمات في الإعاق
بوب يغادر عليك من إشراق
يجب ابتكر الحياة في الأراض
و يقايا الليلان في الليل الذي
شما الكوكب الغضب
وجائى الراق بالوض
عين النرجس الغضب
بدم غيمر مرفض

279.

اذًا ما طاف بالأرض
اذًا ما أتى النهيج
اذًا ما فتح الفجر
بكيت لزهرة تبكي

من الارض طلعت نفح
لأنت جذج بين ظلانيين
فناك في نفح؟
ووار ستاك في نفح

زواها الدهر لم تسعد
على جذج بين ظلانيين
أو بني الثور ملء قف
أو نخير الدنيا

هذه الكمية كامثافها
والظلمين صباحا وصا
كم سجينا وعذينا الحسن فيها كيف بالله رجمنا غري؟

دار أحلامي وحنى لقيتنا
في جود مثلا تثقي الجيد
نحننا وهي كانت أن كنتا
يضحك النور اليها من بعيده

رفع الذر بعينى كالذهبي
وأنا أنوى يا قلب انتد
فيجهل الدموع دو-images the image.
لم عدننا؟ ليت أنا لم تعد
لم عدننا؟ ليت تكو النمام
ولنعيدنا نصين وسلام
وانتهينا لفراغ كالعدد

9
لا يرى الآخر معنى للسما،
تائبات كرية الصحراء

أيها الوكر إذا طار الأليف
وبري الأيام سفرا كالخرير

... 

وبداء عسنان جه المتكوثر
كل شيء فيه حي لا يموت

وطلقي أن لا أري طريد
فادا عدت ظلنجوي أعز

10
ما شئت يا ليلاء لا ما أري
دأبت لي جرى بيجو جديد
ظلم برل يا ليل هذا الحجاب
يا ليل اني لشت سعيد

يا شطر نفس وغرام الوحيد
يا من رأى حزني الحزين الجميل
هستى من روحي خفي النقاب
حتى مست كاك فوق العذاب

وكل أيام الموارى افتولت
عمر سراب في بقايا سراب
قال يوم يا ليلاء طاب الة
في ذلك الرحب الجميل الجديد

11
وتقلبت طلا على طل
عرفت فيه مطالع الأمل

حتى لقيتك ذات أسامة

...
ما ان ضبت الضعر فانبجتا

قد كانت الأحزان فلسفي
وجبت أفاردها على شقيق

انت لطير حائر باك
ذابت حنانا يوم لقياك

أنتو الى الصباح غام شماعيا
وكأنما ريح هناك حبيسة
وكأن راهبة هناك سجينة
ظلت تقيم على الشيوخ صلاتها

وامتد نحو النفس ظل جنبها
تطير وترسب في خطوط حياتها
مغضرة بدمعها وذبابة
حتى تلمس النور في محابها

كالناظرين وراءً لجّ تأثر خرسان في ظلّ الجمال الساحر
وعطاق أحباب وعود مسافر

ما من هواي ولا هواك مناص
أو كان ذنبا فالتابقص

أنبت بالحبّ القويّ وحثته
ان كان داء بالشماء دواه

إذا ما طاف بالشريعة هوّ الفجر النفسي
ورتق عليك مثل الحلم أو اشارة المعنى
وأبت على فراش الطهر كالزنبقة الوسني،
فَضَّلَ جَسَدُهَا العَرَى وَصَوَى ذَلِكَ الحَسَنَاً
أَغَارَ عَلَيْهِ مَن سَائَ قَانَ لَجَوْهَ لَحَنَا
عَدَّ لَهُ جَلَبَ الْحُورَ أَشْوَاقًا إِذَا غَيِّبَ
رَقَقَ الْلَّسَنَ اعْتَقِدَ بِكَلّ مِلَّى يَتَهَمَّنَ
جَرِّىٰ أن دُعَاءَ الشَّوقَ أَن يَبْخَمَ الحَسَنَاً

بين كأس يشتهى الكرم خمره وحبيب يشتهى الكأس شعره
الْقَطُّ عَنْهُ بِأَوْلٍ مَهْرٍ
فَتَحَتَّ الحَبَّ مِنْ أَوْلِ نِظَرَهُ

أُفِّلَ اللَّيْلَ وَاْتَخَذَتْ طَرَيقَةٌ
وَتَوَارَى الْبَيْتُ خَلفَ سَتَارٍ
كَسْرَاعٌ فِي لَجَّةٍ مِنْ عَشَقٍ
هو مَثْلُ حَيْرَانٍ يَفْرِبُ فِي اللَّيْلَ وَيَجْتَازُ كَلّ وَادٍ سَحيقٍ
وَلَكَ لْوَرَكَ فِي طَرِيقٍ

أَهْبَى الْبَيْتُ هَاتَ نَظَاكَ لَأَنْتَاكَ فِي السَكِينَ المَمِيقَ
حَامِلٌ مِنْ غَرَابِ الْبَيْرِ وَالْبَيْرُ وَمِنْ كُلّ مَهْدٍ وَعَريِّقٍ
ذَلِكَ صَبِيُّ الَذِّي أَعْرِضَ بِهِ لِيَلَا وَأَخْضُعُ إِلَيْهِ عَنْهَ...
جَهَّتْ أَنْتَ دِيْكَ بِهِ قَدْ مَكِبَ الْأَا
فَعَادَةً مِنْهُ حُوَلَ رَأْسِكَ نَابِجاً
وَوَشَاحَا لَغَدِّ الشَّوَاقَ...
وغريرة حولاً كالقمر
أو تلك حانته تفاجئاً
ومن الخيال أهل وئامها
في موكب يبتسم الطرية
وبدلاً من سحر واغراق
متعلقة بهدف حسانها
يشلون غريب أزياء

يرتقبون مناظر الباب
يسرى على رتب أقواب
عنشاق فن أهل آداب

جلسوا نشاوي فيما قد موا
يبتاسمون وهمسهم تخم
أن تطل الخمار قال همو

اكتب لوجه الغن لا تعدل به
وامضهم الأم الطبيعة وحدها
الشعر ملكة وأنت أميرها

عرض الحياة ولا الحظام الثاني
كم في الطبيعة من سرى معان
ما حاجة الشعراء للمتيجان

كاد في ظلال الليل تأثقل
بقية من بناتاً الحمر تاهت
تطفو وتسب أو تحلو تعلق
أبصرت أم على المنورة الشفق؟

يا قلب أنا لقينا اليوم موجزة
طلت أسأل نفسى كيف تقصفها
وهاها وفوق دامة
ولم أدر حين تيبدت لي إذا شفق

لي تحدى ولدى السحر والمعيق
يا جنة من جنان الله أعبيدها
أجل يعلم الحب أني لظاهم
وأتى بدوت لثأ في الظلام
وبين ذراعي سر الحياة
دنها خطوة ثم عادت إلى
وعمكما بين السنين والظلماء
وفي صدرها ليلة للحناقة

لا أشهب وثبات الحب
ستلقين تابا اليك يبب
ونظا الخول بهذا المطب

كان اللحظ قد حم من سباق
فرحة رحيق تعالى و ثما
إذا ما ابتذنا احترقا مما

ما أظنا الأحباب لك
عماء والدنيا هليك
تحتو عليك وتلكه
بخواطر أتوصيهما
الا محتى بهما حال الفنان
وأترعر عرفك بالسياح
عرج الفلك على الأفسى

أقل لموهيك الأطر
اللهين بعدك يا قار
تفي وراء محببة
وأنا زين كابدة
كن حيث كنتما أنا
أنمو لندسمك بالسما
وقل صبرا كلما

إلى بهم سمع
فاسكب ضيافتك في مي
واطع على ضياء الصفا

قصر الأمان يا ق이며
أنت النذير المتاخر
افرغ خلودك في الشباك
ولدت للبحر إذ وقفت ساء،
وجعلت النسيم زادا لريي,
وكان الألوان مختلفة,
مرّ بي عطرها فأسرك نفس

انت عات ونحن حرب الليالي،
أنت باق ونحن كالزبد الذا،
وعمّيج اليوت يبحث ويبه،
أزين عندك التأمل وما تدم

طبل أن يلقى من السم،
 أنا صياد لأشبها أنا،

فهذه الصحراء مباينة

وهام في الأرض على وجهه،
أين نرى يا أرض بليئي عصاه
فَنِّ رِوْنَةٍ غَنَاً رَيْاً الأَدَمِ
وَسَقّتْ أَوْرَاقُهَا لِلنَّسَمِ
فِي رَوْنَةٍ فَاتِتَةٍ سَاحِرَةٍ
وُنَاسِمُهَا النَّفْعَةُ المَعَاطِرَةُ

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هَيْكَ الْكَأسٌ وَالْوَتْرٌ
وَاصْدِعِيْ بِياَخْواتِريَّ
وَدَنْتَ جَنَّةَ النَّهَى

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تَوْحِيْنَ الْبِحْرِاتِ وَالْجِبَالِ
وَتَتَقَنِّيْ بِالْمَنْهاجِ
وَلِيْسَتْ حَلَّةُ الْمِهْرِ
وَكَآَ بَنُرُ الزِّمْرِ

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وَإِلَى السَّحْبِ مَطْلُوبٌ
وَكَآَ بَنُرُ النَّجْمِ مَرْتَقِيَّ
وَحَلِلْنَا بِقَهَةٍ
بِجِّي فِي كَوْزَهَا
بَيْلَةٌ؟ أَمْ بِحِيْرةٍ؟
لم يفيقا وامة مكشّل
وغرام لحبها وغزال
ورثا وفجعة ودلال

هاد عملك بين أسى وكأس
ونسيب وحجة وهجاء

فلا بد أن يشجب القدر
ولا بد للقيد أن ينكسر

إذا الشعب يبدأ اراد الحياة
ولا بد للهدى أن ينجل

أَسْجِدُ لَلّهِ بِنَفْسِي
وأستريح من عناك الفكر
واسترى الأمان حينا
ففجأ يرجع الهواء
هو ذا الفلاح قد عاد
في يديه الجبل الحاد
وعلى كفاه حبل
هو عيان وفي عينيه
أَسْجِدُ لِلّهِ بِنَفْسِي

هل أنت تلمع نعوم
أم أنت تلبب بخاف
فوق الزهور عاف
يا طائرا لا يكفر
الض��ي ينتبه بيدو
اذاش الكرد والجلد
ولا في طابق سهد
هند أجل هند
وذلك شعرها الجعد
عذانا واسع الود

بلغت الباب والضوء
وما طبته حتى
رأيت وليس بين سكر
رأيت على سهري قد غفت
ذلك قدما المارى
أعادت بعدما فصمت

جئت لا أعلم من أين و لكي أتهي
و لكن أبصى قدما طريقته فشبت
وسابقة ذاجيا أن شئت هذا أم ابيت
كيف جئت؟ كيف أبصى طريق؟
لست ادري

هذه الذرة كم تحل في العالم سرا
فديها وامتزج في ذاتها عطا و غورا
وتظل بين كيرى في الذرى و صغيرى
تي كل الكون لايفتر تسبيحا و ذكرى
نام السكن على البطاح وحيساً
و الكون في أحلامي إلا أنا
و النهر وستان الخير كأنه
غرقان في الاحلام غاف فيها
وكان نمي النسمه يطرد
سورة برزها الصبح موعدها
النهر عاد إلى الحياة وجرجرت
فه السفائن من هناك ومن هنا
ومشت بشطه الجموع نشيطة
من بعدما مالت ساء للورع
وشهدت شروخ الحياة بعده
ورأيت فيه العالم المتدنا

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لبينك كالأصلح الجدير
كالوريد كابسام حولك
كالسماء الضحوك كالليلة القراء

كما ابرز بك عيني تضنين
خفق القلب للحياة ورفق
وانتهت روحي الكبيرة بالحب

........
خطوات سكاننة بالانانيت
وقوم يغاز ينطاق بالاهان
كل شيء موقع فيه حتى

هذه الدنيا لنا
لحبى لي أنا
فتصبح يا حبي
فالذى تقف المشى
أي شيء تنتبه
لم تلهبنا؟
طالما أنك يكي
كل شيء هامنا

ما الحب بروح واحد
حب روحا مما
ما انتهى من فرصة

أرى فيه أنساننا جملة البشرى على
وأي هذا الذي أهواه شكلا أم شكلا؟
أظل بجري في ضمري أم ظلى؟
وحين أرى في الحلم للحب سورة
حتى 살و الشباك تفكر
وانتا أنتها وانتظري الكر
الزمان التعب واللمع
أشخاص هاجت من الطرب

ولى بيت من الآلال واه
فانتي غيره بيتا فيه
فانتي العمر ببينا نا وهما

الكأس والقيثار يا ربة الحسن
يا ربة الأشجار غنى بباغض
غنى بها روحا غريبة العيس
لأدركت نوح يا عتانا بلا أرض
عشت كآلام في خاطر الأكوان
في عالم كان لا يعرف إلاحزان

يرس مشت شفاها بسمة غيبرى
غيران كد جواحي غيبرى
غيران تلبيني جواحي غيبرى
أبقى أسمع من كرى
فكيف للوداع نؤدي
بهوى لكنا هناك
في طبع انواره كانت

وبعدهم قد ننه
بغير بات شبحانا
كنا لا حين توانت

ظلم الودع قد جن
فم يا طوف لا بينا
قتام الباس غطانا

 أهم عما تمس حياتي
وأرسم أحساس برى الغريب
فأبكي إذا صمت في السنين
بينجرها الأبدي الرهيب
وأخشك من قطاف الزمان
على الهيل العزيز الحبيب
وأقضب حين يبأس الشعر
ويسخر من نوران اللهيب
حياتي و آلام رحى الحنين
и أحلام المرأة الجذابة
и و جو كأس الزاهبات
и أطياف أياس الآتيه
تجمع في بعثة من عبير
وثت خلفها رحى الفانيه
и وأهدتها نخما حالما
لإ جو كشوة الحرة الباقية

حياتي يا داهية كنت
حياة فتاة من الحالين
البيضة البريج لكنت
على الأرض حقيقة ماه وطنين
تعد بها صراعات الأدبي
وعوضها صدمات السنين
ولولاك ما وجدت في الربى
عزاء ولم يجذب بها الحنين

أما شهدك الخالدات الحذاب
نشيدي و أغنيك البارى
فكم ليلة من ليالي الشتاء
 دفعت بها ضحيت العاصفة
وأمعنتها النار في موقدى
وعظيمها ظلّة الوارى
وأيقظت في ظالَّها فنتنئ
و نار عواطف الجار

ما كان له مثبًا سوى أنا البقية منذ عام
عند الساء وطوقتي تحت أضواء الطريق
ثم ارخت عليه يدها وهي تمسـ... والظلام
يجبو وتهتفه الصابح الحزائى و الطريق
· أسير وودك في الظلم ؟
· أسير والضاحيا تمر المسبيل بلا رقيق ؟
فأجيئها · والذئب يسمى من بعيد من بعيد
أنا سوى أبيض ياحتها عنها سألتها هناك
عند السراب و سوف أبقى مددن لنا هناك ....

الليل يطرق مرة أخرى فتشربه الدنيا
والمحاربون إلى القارة ... مثل أغوله حزائى
وتحت كأثر الدهق صاحب الطريق
كمين ميدوزا تحتر كئب بالذئب فيه

الحارس المكدود يعبر ويغلي وتها متلثئب
النوم في أحد اتين يرف كالطير السجين
وطى الشفاه أو الجبين
تسرد البسمات والأصوات ثلك باكيات
منعمٍّرات بالعينين وبالختى والنبئات
وكان عارية المدور
أو صال جنديٍّ تتلعّب كلّها بالزهور
وأتها دحى إلى الشّشوات تزعمه القّذور
حتى يهدى أو يكد ... سوى بئاها من صخر

وتحسّ بالدم وهو ينزف من مكان في عيامه
كاملٌ من خشب السفينة والخديد من الجبور
وبأضعّ من مظفيّها كالرمال على الصخور
أو مثل حبب الرمال مبئرات في عبدها
يمهون على البئرة تببها آما أهابا

.......

.......

وتحسّ بالأسف الكفّيم لنفسها لم تستباح
البرّ نام على الأريكة قبها ... لم تستباح؟
شيمان أنف وهي جائحة ثمّ من الرّياح
أعدّ قبة السكرى في الأريقة والتّساح
وتعاد يقع خطى هنا وهناك ما هذا زون
هذا يعى ... وتشرب ... وكاد يمس ... ثمّ راح
وعيد في أحد المنازل ساعة ... لم تستباح؟
الوقت آدن بانسها والزبائن يرحلون
لم تستباح على الطّوي لم تستباح؟
إجوان اجرت لينحتى
إحلام الموق ومتبرى
في صمت الليل عاصفي
اظفاره ينثأ ذليل
ويبه في ثابته الافق
في ظل الما وتنطلق
على جسم ينفض الحرق

ما للظاء يفقق الوعى
وعلى غدارة ليله اضطعت
وتيك انغوار وانتخت
واليأس والموت البطل على
والليل ما لم ينطق
وعدم الارباح عاونية
وبدى على الثوابت باردة

.......

فهم انظارية دونا حلم
وتلقي ما الافق مضطروم
وقبور أسات مقحمة
نقضت قيود الاس وانتبت

أنا أهوى لست ادرى لماذا
( أم لأني حرفت من هفظ أمي)

حيلات دمع
وقلب ولون
وشوق وديوان شعر وعود
حياتي حياتي أس تلاشى
فلا ما تلالىٍٔ ٍظلُّها
سبيقة على الأرض منه صدى
يرة، صوتها هنا مندعا
حياتي دمع
قلب ولون
وشق وديوان شعر ووعود

قبل النجوم
وصع السكون
تعم أمامي كلم سرى
طيب أوحيائي تحت الريش
فتوح ناري خلف الريش
ويقع Sele الدمع وسادي
دموع الرحمن
إلى راحلين
مغوا وطواحم ظلام اللحود

ووهذا شباب
اهم كراى
شباب سفاه عني ويزاه
إذا ما دعته الله الحب
واشوانها في الف عسل
وطقة الف طوق ذل.
شئاب عذاب
ربيع افتراش
يضيع شظاء بأسر الذي

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الخريف الجهم و الريح و أشجان الخروب
ورداع الطير للنور وللروض الكليب
كما تشق في نفس ريز لا تنتبه
ربز عبر يتجاوي غارها نحو الغابة
فترة ثم تلك العصر أستر الغريب

سيجود الروض للنشرة والخصب الشوير
سيجود النور ورفاها مع الدفء المذري
غير أن حينما أذروت وذروى زهراتي

كيف بعنى من نبولي والنظائر الأبدى؟

أه يا يوم ترى ما أنت ناس أم حنين
أبوضعي أنت أم جهم؟ وفي أم خلف؟
يا ترى مان أو دافع وفقك؟
يا ترى ما كله كأس سوف تزيجها الله؟
قل أيها ما يكون ما لذلك؟ كيف تكون؟

ذاك جسدي تأكل الأيام منه و الحوات
ودعا تلقى الى النهر بقاتان الشوا لي
وي كأني أضج الدود وقَدْ غَشِي رفَاتي
ساحيا فوق حطام كان بينا بعض ذئبي
عائيثا في الهملك الشاهر يا نمس مأنى
أمه مفاتن جسمه المستسلم
وهو لذائه مزج بعَام

أصوات رُغِفت حمي باقا، طروب
واشتاء، فائر الأدم، نصان الطير
الأديب الداني، المنخاج منغوم الهواء
أسركه الليلة القمراء في سهل رطيب

طَلَعُ الفِجر
أصمع إلى وقت خشى الماءين
في صمت الفجر أصمع أنثر ركب الياكين
عشرة أبواب عشرونا
لا أصمع أصعِل الياكينا
إسمع صوت الطفول السكن
امتن موتى ضاع العدد
امتن موتى لم نبق منه
في كل مكان جسد يندى محسون
لا لحظة اخلاق، لا صمت
هذا ما فعلت كل الموت
أنت الموت الموت
شكك البشرية تشكك ما يرتكب الموت

هل يكون الحب
بعت عدا للمتع
أم هو الحب أطروح الأشياء
والقوة الخير بالفكر ونسان الحياة
 واختفاء الدين في الدين انتباة
كاذب عاد يخذ في ضياء
أو كاذب في غدير

يداك للمس النجوم
ونسج الخيوص
يداك لجمع الظلاء
وتشبه يومها في السماه

يداك للمس النجوم الوضاء
ونسج الخيوص عل السماه
بدَأَ للمس أو نسج غيمة

بيُسرها الأعصار في كل مشرق

كتاب تزئيشان ابن سكينى؟

هناك في الأعاصير شيء، جاد
حجزت بلاده الساها عن التهام
شيء رهيب بارد
خلف الستار
بدعى جدار
أوام لو هدم الجدار

فمن يقبل الساء يقع الطريق والظلماء محنة الغريب
يبث ثلة الرفاق في مجلس السمر
"ألي اللقاء" و افترقتا – "نلتقي ساء غد".
"الرغمات – فاقتشر الناه مات
لم ينجب الدهر بها إلى لعب خطيأ
"ألي اللقاء" و افترقتا – "نلتقي ساء غد".
أخيرا لست الحياة
وأدرك ما هي أي فراق تقبل
أخيرا تهيمن مر الفراق تقبل
وأدرك ما هي أضحت زمانا طويل
ألم الظلال وأخيت في عقفة المستحيل
ألم الظلال ولا شيء غير الظلال

هذا اذن هو ما لقيته الحياة
خطوط نزل تخاططها فوق وجه الحياة؟
وأعد، أذن أغلقت فذا لا تسأل الشفاه؟
وهذا اذن هو سر الوجود؟
ليال سرقة لا تعود?
وآثار أذا ما في طريق الزمان الأصم
تعر على بيد العاصفة
لفكها درمنا عاطفنا
وسلما للعدم
ونحن ضحايا هنا
تجمع وتعتلي أورونا الجائر
ونحسب أن المشن
ستملي بأبين مشاعرا الحاضرة
وتنبه أنا تدور
مع الهم في حلقات
نجزيءِ ماضنا الآفادات
الي ذكريات
وتنظر الخدع خلف المصير
وجبل أن المبرر
تدام النشأة بزدتها الباهضة

أين آشي ؟ ملئت البدوب
وسمت المرج
والعذو الخفي اللعجي
لم ينزل يثبت خطواتي فأين البدوب؟
أسرى وأميتها الطيبات
بالأغاني إلى كل أفق غريب
ودروب الحياة
والدهاليز في ظلال الدجى الحالات
وزوايا النهار الجميل
جبهتها كلها وحدوى الخفي المنية
صاد كجبال الجلية

وراء الخينا الشفيف
ذلك الأسوار الخفيف
ذلك الخلل أي انتقال
من ظلال يديه على جمهري الباهضة
أين أنجو وأهداها الحافزة
في طريق نصب قد ميّزا لا طلاق؟
تفجّر في المنحدرات الصخور حين يُطير الغراب في نشوة وارتباط تفجّر حتى تنام الطيور في جلّة من عطور

تفجّر في الصباح تفجّر جارفة كالرياح
تفجري في الغروب
وشدة يوتويا من قلوب
من كل قلب لم تطأ الحقود
وعلما عدت أنه أفك الركوب
من كل قلب شاعر عصيق
لم يسرع بخطايا الوجود
من كل قلب رقيق
مستخرق في حلمه لا يفيق
الأ على حلم بحيد الدوى
ليه له من حدود
حلم تحدى النادي
من كل قلب لا يطيق الجسد
ولا صير القيود

تفجري يا سياء
تفجري فوق قبور البشر
تفجري في الصخر
وسجّل مأساة هذى الحياة
 فوق جبين القهر

يا عام لا تقرب ساكنا فنحن هنا طيوف
من عالم الأشباح يحركنا البشر
ويفر من الليل والضياء ويجعلنا القهر
ويعيش أشياء تطوى
نحن الذين نشعر لا نعرف لنا
لا حلم لا أشفاق تشرك لا مشاكل أعيننا برداء
تلك البحيرات الرواكة في الوجه الصامتة
ولنا الجهاء الساكنة
لا نشعر فيها لا انذاك
نحن الحناء من الشعر ذو النفوذ الشفاه الباهتة
الزمان من الزمان إلى الهدم
الجاهلون أسي الندم

يا عم سر هوا طرقي
بلوي خطاك، سدى تؤتي ان نفق
نحن الذين نفهم عرق من قصباً
بذل أو خطاً، نحن بلا شعور
أذري تجاهي وتجعل ما الغضب
ما قليلهم ان الضائر قد تثور
وودٍ لمننا فترفضنا القبر

وجدتها... يا عاطفات حميزة
وقل بالسبح وجه السماء
ما شئت
يا أيام دروي كما
قدّر لي
مشتركة عامة
أو جبحة حالكة
فان أنواري لا تنفعي
وكل ما تقدم كان من ذات
يهمد صوتها على عيني
بلد لي لي على لها
مضى تحت في رحّة الأسد
يوم أضننت نفسى إلى نفسى

وتحسن ديوان شعرى يداك
وثقت لي من قصيدة حب
كتب سختانها في سواك
وما كان حباً ولكنه
حماقات شىء توهمنه
وجين انجلى الهمب ابضنثه

وأنت تظل تؤكد لي أن
اجمل شعرى تلك القصيدة
فالفن نفسى
والفن طليق القديم وعظمة اس
والفن تلك القصيدة

........
اهم بخليق تلك القصيدة
اوقد لو ان القصيدة تسم
همب زده ادس الريح
اوقد لو ان القصيدة شت
يؤيه ويفشر في قاع رقص

هتفت من الجانب الآخر
وكت بعيده
أهيم وراء شواطي، ذات
أهيم بعيدا وليس مع
سو وحشة النيل في مقدع
وفي الدار حول فرغ الصحاري
وصفت القفار
وكتب بعيده
أعيش حياتي بخير انتظار
بخير نفعال مثار

لماذا يخلف نفسنا الى في ليالي المطر
لماذا انا عصفت في الشجر
براح الشتاء المت طرى احبيبي من وراء الحفر
أدورهم في الراح تعود الديار؟
وتشرد الدنيا
الريح تحت الرياح وتحت الطرير
وأنصني إلى وقته اقصبها في العين
وعبر ضحكات من رؤاهم الظلماء إلى وتحيا
بحينى ضحي مسر
أرى هذا الحبيب وأصبح ذاك الشعر
وأنسي كي قضاء دافع، أتم ببطء عنق
والم أحديهم بالامام أبقى تغزل خلف الأفق
وأسمع تلك الطريقة تتبين بالمنتظر
بما خططوا لندن لن يجيء.

بي هذا العين
مرأة أى عالم ترك
أى مشعل يضيء في قرارك
عذى لنا خيبوت غوثك الغيد
نسج لنا من الخيوط سلما
يفضى إلى
رحاب هذا المرأة الأمين
نحن الخيام الفائدون
نحن البيتين الخائفين
تقولت اركان ارضنا ولونت
براءة الأرض وحول لا نقاه
لا حب لا صفا
يعرض قلب ارضنا يا هذه العيون

كان ليلنا كانت الأسماء لغزنا لا يحل
كان في روحي شيء صافع الصمت الملبلبل
كان في حمى تخدع روحي مضحك
كان في الليل جمود لا نطق
كانت الظلام أسرارا تراق
كنت وحيدا لم يقبل خطوى غير ظلني
أنا وحيدا أنا والليل الشتائي ... وظلني

لم أكن أحلم لكن كان في عيني شيء
لم أكن أسمع لكن كان في روحي ضوء
لم أكن أبكي ولكن كان في نفسي نوى
مرى في ذكرى شيء لا يهد
بعض شيء ما له قبل وبعد
ربما كان خياولا صاغه فكري وليلي
وثفت ولكن لم أقابل غير ظلني

كان صمت راكد حولي كصمت الأبدية
مات الأطباء أو نامت بأحساء خفية
لم يكن ينطق حتى الزيارات الآدية
غير صوت بن في سمى وذابا
لحظة لم أدر حتى أين غلبا
أه لو أدركت من أليفه في الصمت العليل
أتيني لم أكن أرى أنا وحدي وظلي؟
كانت النظمة تسعد إلى الأفق الغريب
كل شيء مغمق فيما كليك كحبوس
ظلمة ممدة كالوهم كالموت الرهيب
غير ضوء خاطف مر يحشي
لحظة لم تدر ماذا كان عيني
كان ضوء لونه لون خيال مضحك
مر بين انها وأبحث أنا وحدي وظلي

ومر السماء وكاد يجيب جبين القمر
وكنا نأش ساعات أمسية ثانية
وشهد كيف تسير السعادة للساحين
 ولم تأت انت ... ومضت مع الأشياء الأخرى
وأبقى كرسيد الخاليا
يشتغل مجلسنا الداعيا
ويهوى يفج ويسأل عن زائر لم يجي.

وما كت أعلم أنت أنه ان غبت خلف السنين
توقف ذلك في كل افتظ وغي كل معان
وفي كل زاوية من باص وغي كل معنى
وأما كنت أعلم أنك أقوى من الحاضرين
وأنّ طبّاء من الزائرين
يضحكون في حظّة من حنين
بعدّ ويجزز شوقنا إلى زائر لم يجي.

ولو كنت جئت... وكنا جلستنا مع الآخرين
وبدار الحديث درائر وانشدنا الأصدقاء؟
أما كنت تصبح كالحاضرين؟ وكان الساء
يعرّ ونحن نظّم أعيننا حائرين
وإناس حتى فراغ الكراسي
عن النافرين وأراهم الأammers
وتصنّ أنّ لنا بينهم زائرا لم يجي؟

وأبلغت هكذا لبيه سوى مقت أنتوته
وأشفي ذمّه فأخصّ حاضري فيه
وأطلته لظل اللعنة والبهجة والنشوة
وأسعد صراح الحقد في أفنية جهيه
ومن انغقبة الوحي أذنه
وأثر حوله الأشجار والظلماء
وأبضخت اسمه الطعم والاصداه والظلا
كينت اللون والنخسة والابناع والشكلا
وحلق الذكريات الخفيفة السرعة السرّة
هوت وتأخذ وثقت وأتى مع الآباد في لحظته
وحظت قصيدة فجيّة جذلى
وفقت الأمس ما عاد سوى لفظه

وتم النصر لي وهوت تمالا إلى الشهوة
وجفت للأفان الأملا تحت كابّة السراء
وراح الرفيق في كما يشيك الارض في نهم
فلات في الشهرة جسدًا رهيبًا يارد القدم
ورحت أجرة للفرّاء مذهبة
فِي كَان؟
بنايا جنّة القدم

وكان الليل مرآة فأصرت بها كرهي
وأسى البيت لتكّيّ لآشر على كهبي
وككت قطعته الساعه في ليلي وفي كأس
وككت أشیة المحتوى في بلك إلى الرس
فالدكت ولون اليأس في وجهي
بأتي قط لم أظل سوى نفسٍ

مرّ عمان وما زال الهوي حلمًا غريب
 يصل اثنين على نأى حببا بحبب
الذي اقامة جسمان لا ينقيان
و الهوي ضمها وروحان في كل مكان

وأخيرا جمعت بينهما قوة حب لا تلين
قوة اقوى من الهدوء وجداران السجون
تحطم الامبالات والأبواب على بالغاء
تشترب السجان على نحوها كل بيد
لم تكن لقياًها في الشط وهما وخيال
لم تكن لقياًها رؤيا على افق الليالي
ها هما الآن على النهر الكبير الخالد
كائنان اتحدا وامزجا في واحد
وفي غيظة سمرت من غيظهما
وهل الشرام الطرى
اختلفا هنا نحن جنب يا لبيب؟
on خدها بافتتان وحب
وعائق فيها اشتمال الشباب
ونيمنا ولهمما ينتظرو
وقد سكنت في المكان الظلال واضطخت فوق مهد الضياء

وكان هناك يوم ذهير
يوقع قرت عليه فرائه
وهدت عليه جناحين تحرور
سكينهما راجعة وارتمائه
مشاهد حين استمرت عليها عيون الحبيبين عبر الضياء
بدت لتبا صورة لتلتقي نفسهما للنهاي و البهاء

وين هتفك عبر السفارات
يطرق باب انطوائي
في صمت ونعمت المدينة
تبقى الموتى على الأرضة الغير السخية
في ذراع الليل
ليلة السلم كالألام الحزينة
لم تزل تبقى ألا على الساكين المدينة
في مئاتها وفي حاراتها السود الليلية
وعلى أنيابها الصغر الدمشية
يولد الخوف كما تولد في أحاسها السقي الجريحة
ومئاتها القديمة
وأنابها الأنيقة
والسلاكن وليل السلم والأجيل السود النقيمة

لم تزل كالجرة السوداء
أعمال المدينة
ترفع الأحياء من عمي الأمهات

السماح والهمر البسيطة والذباب
وهدى جندي قديم
يداول الأيدي وفلاح يحترق في الفراق
في مطلع العام الجديد
يداي مطلتان حتما بالنقود
وسأئى هذا الحذاء
وصباح ديك فر من قفص وقائي صغير
ما حاك جلدك مثل ظفرك و"الطريق إلى الجميم"
من جَنَّةِ الفَزْرُوس أَقَرِبَّ وَالذَّبَابِ
والسَّاحَبِينَ المَتمَمُّينَ
"زَرُّوا وَلَمْ نَأَكِلَّ
ونَزَعَ صَاغِينَ فَأَكَلَّمُنَّ.
وَالحَادِينَ من الدَّينِ يَا لَهَا وَحَتَّى ضَرِير
صَرِيحُ برَتَانَا وَأَجْسَادُ النَّاسِ
وَالحَالِمُونَ الطَّيِّبُونَ
وَخَوارُ أَبقَارُ وَبَائِقَةُ الأَسَاسِرِ وَالْمَطْرُ
كَالخَنْضَاءِ عَدْبَ "نَفْرُ العَزْزَاةِ يَا سَدُومُ
 لن يَلَحَّ الْمَطْرُ ما أَقَدَ أَنْدَرَهَا الْحَذامُ
وَبَنَادِقُ سَوَدُ وَمَعَارِلُ وَنَار
تَخَيَّبُ وَخَضُدُ يَا وَادِ جَفْنِهَا الدَّامِي النَّهَاسِ
"أَبُدُّا عَلَى أَشْكَالِهَا تَقْعُ الطَّيْبُ
وَالْبَحْرُ لَا يَقْبَلُ عَلَى غَلِبِ الخطَايَا وَالْدَمْعَ
وَالشَّمَسُ فِي كَأِنِّ السَّمَاءِ
وَبَيْنَاتُ الكَرَمِ يَجَمَّعُهُمُ السَّلاَلِ
"عِينَا حَبِيبِي كَوْيَانَ
وَصَدِرْهُ وَرِدَ الْحُبُّ
وَالسَّوقُ يَقُرُّ وَالحَوَانَيْتُ الصَّغِيرةُ وَالذَّبَابِ
يَصْطَدِدهَا الأَطْلَالُ وَالأَفْقُ الْبَحِيرُ
وَنَثَأْرُ الأَروَاحِ فِي غَابِ النَّخِيلِ

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بالأخِق المَمْتَوتَ قَالَوا "غَداً نَلْيِتُ رَقِيقَ الْخَيْيَةِ الْتاَيِّبَةِ
الدَّمِّ وَالأَرْضُ بَقِيَانًا جَادَّتْ فَأَلْيَنَ الخَيْيَةِ وَالْأَلْبَهَ
الذبى والمحرات والثير الجريح على الفجى
يخفى لحلم السواقي والصوادق
والملح أخفته الفجى
من زروع الورد الحزين
الأ كمين
ما زال ينتظر الشمابل والخصوص الجائعين
والسديانة ما زال على طريق المابين
يفتئ فوّد جذعها المنخوّب أفق طراد السديانة والجليد ...
فلما طريق القربة المصبوغ بالدم والكمن
ما زال ينتظر الخصوص الجائعين
عبر الطريق
بشر ينام ويستفيق
بشر ينام مع الدواب ذاتهات على سواه
ما دام ينام بالأراة
ابن الصما
"المعايدة " المهرج و الخيز المخز
حلم الملايين الجائع من الرقيق
ولم الشهيب؟
الخيز تنفقه السياط الداميات لم الشهيب؟
ولم الهجول؟
غدا الرحل
من هذه الأرض الخبيثة - لعنهم المعيش الذاهب -
حقّته بجيل بعد جيل
من لا مكان
لا وجه لا تاريخ لى من لا مكان
تعم السما وغرى الصيحة أسمها تنادي ي تعال...
لا وجه لا تاريخ... أسمها تنادي تعال...

سأكون لا جدوى سأبقى دائما من لا مكان
لا وجه لا تاريخ لى من لا مكان

ضوء النهار
يمضى أوعى وينتقل دما ضوء النهار
أبدا لأقبل لم يكن هذا النهار

سأكون لا جدوى سأبقى دائما من لا مكان
لا وجه لا تاريخ لى من لا مكان

قالت حديثي أتيت في النهار بلا زمرد
ثبت امتدت بعيد النهار
سأهيم وحيد في البحار التأنيات
منفى النسا السحرات
والماء والدم والدموع
ودليل مركب السور
عينان خضراءان... أنفاس الحياة
ليلا تبهر على من حوى البحير
حيث الشيوخ الجلوفات
في ساحة المهجور تنتظر البحير
وخيال أمي الباطن الكيبي
يغوص إلى بأن أ ואת
والى خطي ساق biom
تصغى وتصغى - "امي في الدنيا جديده".
حتى الرسائل لا تمعدي ....
على لا جلي أنت يا أمي من وقتي البعيد.
وتظل تشمل كأن خلافها وجهب الكيبي
حيث الاغوات الصغير
يشتاقون "متى أمي؟"
وليل يبيض النهر
وأنا أنا وحيد أجدب
عرض البحر مع الضروب
ودليل مركبي الطروب
عينان خضراوان - آلهة البريج
من عالم البحير تظل على من أفق الدهر
وأنا أصيب في انتظار أمي النجم السعيد
فندى على الأمواج اهانة يعود
بلة أمي النجم السعيد

بالايسك كا - آه من كا ومن اس يكون.
نعدو وراء ظلالنا ونرام - كا ومن اس يكون.
لا نرهب الصمت الذي تشفيه أشباح الخروب
فوق الحدائق والدروب
لا نرهب السرع الذي من خلفه يأتي الضياء
ولريما مات الضياء ولم يعد ونقول جاء
كما نقول كما ننام
حتى النجوم
كما نقول بأنها - كانت - عيون
الأرض تتظر في فتوت
حتى النجوم
كانت عيون
لا نعرف - الشيء الصغير - ولا نصدق ما يقال
ولا نزال
لا نعرف الشيء الصغير ولا نصدق ما يقال
ولريما كنا نشهد في الغزق ولا ننام
وفي الظلام
- مأوى الألفاف والمنافقين الضخم -
كانت مهدتنا الجديدة في خواطرنا عظام
كانت مهدتنا الجديدة في الظلام
بينازل الاموات أشبه أو قريب
النيل..... الجديدة في الظلام
كانت مهدتنا عظام
وفي الظلام
كنا نشهد في الغزق ولا ننام
الآ على أصوات عاليا الطوقين والعمدة
يشكرون ومن جديد
يستقبلون هناك طفافة جديد
وخيوننا الخشبية الحمراء كنا في الجدار
بالغم نرسمها ونرسم حولها حقول ودار
حقلا ودار
وتحاور الخطط الهزيلة في الازقة بالحجاع

وثير احتفال السنين
ضمن نفح في بقايا الذكريات عن الحياة
الأسماء
الأسماء
لم بيق حول "مدينة الأطفال" إلا ما نشاء
الأسماء
جوالا فارغة تحجر في مآتيبنا الدخان
الأسماء
الaska البر و الشجاعة يستجدي وأعداء الزمان
الأسماء
الأمجاز في الدرج الموحدات
يسألن عنها الغديات الرائعة
ولبما مرت بهم... بهم هذه الذكريات
"الساى" و "الشجاعة" و "الظل الذي بالاسماء"
يخصّون "قصيدة عصاء" في زمن الزمان
وقبر موتاه وحائط المدينة والقباب
وسحايب الأغنياء وشرق القديم
ما زال يلعب بالحسي والريلما زال التنازلة العميقة
يسترنون دم المساكين الحزائي الكادحين
على وسائط من عبر
ويزولون تجارة القول المزيف والرقيق
ما زال "مولا كور" و"هارون الرشيد"
ولم يؤزل "فتراً مكة" في الطريق ...
ومتى أنصار الفرسان والدم وتموم
يولدند ثم يمتل عند الفجر في ألحان "هارون الرشيد"

ويزول فارسها يُذى "لم تعودي شهرزاد ...
_ زاد الجماد _
جماً بأبواب المدينة في المزاوية
_ جماً بفاغ _
يا أنت يا عصورة يا شهرزاد ...
_

ويزول فارسها يُذى تحت شرفتها "حباتي شهرزاد...
كمية بآله الناس كانت كالقهوة في الدهم"
حتى حطت معي السلاح
سلاح قوة على الشرق القديم
وهدمت أسوار الحرم .
الله والافق المنير والهيدي
يتغرسون قبرهم
سيّب مدامتك الخداة
بالقرب من يركن فيزوف ولا تقع
بما دون النجوم
ويلضّر الحب العنيف
في شبك النيران والفرح العصيق
والبائمون نسواهم يضرون
جوا وأشياء الرجال
عبر العينين
في مفرق الطرق الجديدة حائرين
لا بد للهเกษيش
من ليل وان طلع الصباح
وتشا تتسي وجه راعيها العجوز
وعلى أبيه الاين والخز السائل بالدمع
طعم الرواد له وعين من زجاج
في رأس قرم تشكر الضوء الطليق
ويراما يتبعن أشياء الرجال
تحت السماء بلا غد ولا قيل
والله والافق المنير والهيدي
يتغرسون قبرهم
"نبع جديد
نبع تفجير في موات حياتنا
نبع جديد"
الليل يا صديقي ينفضي بلا ضمير
ويطق الظلون في فراشي الصغير
ويتم المؤدا بالسماو
ووحله الظلام في بحر الحداد
فحين يقبل النسا يقترب الطريق... والظلام محدة الخريب
يذهب تلة الرفقاء فس مجلس السمر
"الي اللقاء..." واقترنا "نتلقى ساء" غد
"الرح مات... فامحترس... الشاء مات
لم يفحك التدمير انا لايع خفي""الي اللقاء..." واقترنا "نتلقى ساء" غد
"أعود يا صديقي لنؤل الصغير
وفي فراشي الصغير لم تدع جملي ينام
ما زال في عرض الطريق تائشن يظلعون
ثلاثة أسوانهم تنباج في دوامة السكون
كأنهم يبكون
"لا لاشي" في الدنيا جميل كالنساء في الشتاء
"السمار" تبتثق السرار
"وتفضح الإشراق
"والشمار... والدثار"
وينضكون ضحكة بلا تأخير.
ويطرد الطريق من ثناها هؤلاء.

الطريق المجهول يا صديقي طالما شرير
مناه خنجران سنين بالسموم
والوجه من تحت اللثام وجه بوم
لكن عوته الأجنح يدخ الساء

إلى النصر... والنصر حواء نروع الظنون
وقد في قلنتا الأخبار يا صديقي وعدتي بنزعة على الجبل
أريد أن أعشى كأس نقاء الجبل
لكن هذا الطريق الشرير فوق يأس الصغير
قد هدٌ من أكاذيب الغلاط جذوب نخلة عقيم
ويوجد النصر... والنصر حواء نروع الظنون

في آخر الساء، يغني الوجد باللاعير.
كوجه فأر ميت طلاسم الخطوط.
ويفض الجبين بالعرق.
ويثني الدخان أطوطع.
في آخر الساء، عاد السندباد

ليرمي السفن، غليبه.
وفي الصباح يحقد المدناء/ النقد.
لبنيموا حكاية الضياع في بحر العدم.

السندباد
لا بحث للرفق عن مخاطر الطريق.
إن تلك للصاحي انتشيت قال كيف؟
(السندباد كالعصار ان يبدأ يعت)
النداء
هذا حال سندباد أن نجيب في البلاد
فنا نضاجع النساء
ونغرس الكروم
ونعصر النبيذ للشياض
ونقرأ (الكتاب) في الصباح والساء
وجينما نعود نحنو نحو مجلس الندم
تحكي لنا حكايته الصباح في بحر الحدم

. . . .

"الي اللقاء - و افترقنا - " نلتقي مساء غد
لتكمل النزال فوق رقمة السود والبياض
وبعد غد وبعد غد
سنلتقي إلى الأبد

يا صاحبى ابني حزين
طلعت الصباح فها ابقت ولم يمر وجيبي الصباح
وخرجت من جوفي المدينة أطلت الرزق المناج
وغست في ماء القحة خبز أيام الكاف
ورجعت بعد الظهير في جيبي قروش
وشيت شياها في الطريق
ووقت نحنى
ولمبت بالنداء المزعج بين كلي وصديق
لما ساعة أو ساعتين
لما عشرة أو عشرتين
وضحك من أسطورة حكاية، زدها الصديق
ومعن شلاح صفيق
وأمي الصفا
في غرفتي دلف الصفا
والحزن يولد في الصفا لأنه حزن ضرير

حزن صموت
والصمت لا يعني الرضا، بأن أطية ثبوت
وأنا أباما تقوى
وأنا مرتفع وحن
وأنا رعبا من عفن
مس الحياة فأصبحت وجميع ما فيها مقتت

حزن تهدد في المدينة
كالنفح في جوف السكينة
كالأفعوان بلا فعج
الحزن قد قهر الفقاع جميعا ومسى الكوز
وأقام حكام طناه
الحزن قد سل العيون
الحزن قد عقد الجبهة
جاري قطع من الشرفة حلا من نخم
نخم قاس رتب الضرب منفوف القرار
نخم كالنار
نخم يقمع من قلب السكينة
نخم يرجع في نفس أدخال جذبه
بيننا يا جارقي بحر عميق
بيننا بحر من الجزر وهم وعميق
وأنا لست بقر صان .. ولم اركب سفينه
بيننا يا جارقي سبع صحاري
وأنا لم أمح القرية دخى كت صبا
برعت في رجل الاصفاذ دخى كت صبا
أنت في اللحمة تنغفين على فرش الحرير
وعزودين عن النفس السأله
بالمرأيا والكمى والمطور
وانتظار الغارس الأشقر في الليل الأغثر

..............................

جاري قطع لست أميراً
لا وست الضحك السراج في قصر الأمير
سألك الحجاب المجبب في خس النبار
انتي خازى ومنى بهبى وغبار
أنا لا halk ما بعلا كفي طعاما
وبيدكي من النحلة تلاح وسكر
فاضحك يا جارقي للتحمساء
نخى صوتك في كل قضاء
وإذا بَلَد في العشة صباح فريد
فالكَرِئ
بيته نور عيون وعيون الرفقة
ورفاقاً تعسًاء
ربما لا يطلق الواحد منهم حشو فم
وفي أعين الدنيا خفاً كالنسم
وهذين كأخاذ حماه
على كاهلهم عَب الكب وفير
عب، أن بُلَد في العشة صباح وحيد

كما على ظهر الطريق عصبة من أنقية
معذبين كلاله
بالكب والافكار والدمآن والزمن المقيب
طال الكلام ... مفي السماء لجابة ... طال الكلام
وأيّش وجه الله بالأنداء
وشت إلى النذير الملائكة والنحاس إلى الحيين
واستادت الأقدام تلقت الطريق إلى البيت
وهناك في ظل الجدار يظلّ إنسان يموت
ويظلّ يسمى و الحياة تجف في عينيه إنسان يموت
و الكب والافكار ما زالت تصد جبالها وجه الطريق
وجه الطريق إلى السلام
وجه حبيبي خيمة من نور
علقت أقدارى على خيط رقيق من ضباب
صنعت مركباً من الدخان و العداد و الورق
ريانها أمير من قاد سفيننا في خضم
وفوق قمة السفين يقف العلم
وجه حبيبي خيمة من نور
وجه حبيبي يبرق المنشور
جمعت الليالي باحثة في جوفها عن لؤلؤه
وجدت في الجباب بضعة من الحبار
وكية من الحصى وقيدة من الجمار
و ما وجدت اللؤلؤه
سيدتي اليك تقى و اغفر لي 000 أبيض كاللؤلؤه
وظيب كاللؤلؤه
ولا مع كاللؤلؤه
هدية الغدير
و قد ترنيه يزين عنك الصغير 000

بالأس سى نموذ جرير الشيخ حبيبي الدين
مذوب حاري الحبوز
و كان في حياته هماين الإله
تصورى ويجلي سناه
وقال لي: "وبنهر الساء"
مشاهدين في حديقة الصفا
يكون ما يكون في مجال السمر
فَظَنَّ خيراً لَّا تُؤدَّى عن خبر
ويعقَد الوردّ اللسان... من يصح يضُحُّ
رفعت مثنيها... قاطع الطريق..."
وات شيخنا العجوز في عام الولاء
وصدقي حين مات فُحَرب ريح طيب
من جسمه السليب
وطار نعشه وخفّت النسا بالدعاء والنجيب
بكية فقد تصرّبت بوته أواصر الصفا
ما بين قليل اللحج والسما
بالأس زارق ووجوه السمين يستدير
مثل دينار ذهب
ومستاه صلواتان... جزتان من عمل
عينتان بالسرير
بيض ثوبه يقذف يخطم الأحجار
وقال لي: "وصوته العريق كالنخم-
"يا صاحب أنت نابي
فقم معى
ردّ شرقيٍّ
"فالتام في (الديوان): "ثم"
يا شيخ محي الدين ائتي كبير
لا يكسر الجناح يا انسان والإنسان دا ظهير النساء
يا شيخ محي الدين ائتي صغير
بل كلنا صغار... الحبيب وحده هو الكبير
لم أدر كيف غاب
لا من خلال باب
أنصت لم اسمع خطاء تلص النراب

خطابك الرقيق كالقيس بين ملتي بعقب
أنفاس عميق تصنع الحياة في النراب
الساق للكسح
العين للضمر
حِلَاء التفاؤل للمكرور
القدمين الشايينين التأكدين يثيرون
كأنما فلمت بالخطاب يا صمي الصغير

كان فجرًا سلما في وحشته
مطر بِهِب وبرد وحباء
وجود تائهه
فلك من هول المطر
وكلاب تناواو
مطر بِهِب وبرد وحباء
وأتينا بغاء حجري
وملأتها اتراة وخشبة
وجلسنا
ناكل الخصر الهدى
وضحكا لفكاهم
قالوا جدي المجيز
فمضجل
من ضياء الشمس
نفتضننا وحنينا الصباح
وبأقدام تجر الأحذية
وبرق الأزرق في وقع ضئل
طاروا الباب علينا
وأتى نعى أبي

حين ودعت أبي
من زمن
كان دمعي غائرا في طلقي
وعناشي تنطقي الحروف الصغير
بأ أبي
مرة ببخشت الدم ورأي
أن يذوب
في فراش الحدم
ثم جمعت حياتي
وهي بعض من أبي
ما الذي يقصده على
ما الذي يدروك للبحر الكبير
ما الذي يدروك للسرب الحبل
لم تغفر ضعفك
لم يبدو العين في منزلنا
قدرا لا يخطئ؟

.......
الناس في بلادى جارجون كالصقر
غاناؤه كرجهة الشتاء في ذروة الشجر
وضحكه يظهر كاللهب في الحطب
خطاه تبهد أن تسوء فت النراب
ويتلون بسرقون بيضون بيشوشون
لكم بشر
وطبيون حين يملكون قبضتي نقود
ووقعون بالقدر

وعند باب طريق يجلس مي (مصطفى)
وهو يحب المصطفى
وهو يقضي ساعة بين الأصل والساء
وحول الرجال واجيرون
يمكن لهم حكاية تجربة الحياة
حكاية تشير في النفس لوعة العدم
وتجلر الرجال ينشلون
وبطلون
يعتدون في السكون
في لجة الربوب الحميق والغزغ والسكن
ما غاية الإنسان من أحمابه؟ ما غاية الحياة؟
يا أبا الامام

السماق مبتلتك... والبهلال مفرج الجبين
وهذه الجبال الباسيات عرشك المكين
وأنت نافذ القضاء... أبا الامام
بني (فلان) وعتلى وشي القلاع
وأربعون غرفة قد مائت بالذهب الساع
وفي ساء واهن الأضاء جاه عزيز
يحل بيننا اغصبه دفترا صغير
وأول اسم فيه ذلك الفلان
وهو عزيز عصاة
بسر حرف (كان) بسر لغز (كان)
وفي الحجم دحرجة ريح فلان...

........
بالآسي زروت قريش ... قد مات عي مصطفى
وسدده في النزاب
لم يبقون القلاع ( كان كوكه من اللبن )
رأت خلف نحشة القديم
من بيلكون مثله جلباب كان قديم
لم يذكروا الألاة أو عزلة أو حروف ( كان )
فالهام عام جمع

وتتف حولي دروب المدينة
حيلام من الطين يستقع قلي
ويحطين عن جمرة فيه طيته

سلامن النصار يجلدن على الجهل الحزينة
ويحرون جيرون في قاع روحي
ويجهرون فيها وراء الضغينة

من قاع نبوي أصيح
حتى لقن القبور
من رفع صوتي وهو يدق ويربي
من عالم في حفرتي يستغيث
مركمة في جانبيه القصور
وفي ما في سواه
الدبيب الحياء
حتى الآفاق فيه حتى الزهور
والنساء إلا أنها لتدور
والنور نختار بها في ضريح
من عالم غير قتار قيرى أصيح
"لا تيأسوا من مولد أورشور"

النور من طين هنا أو زجاج
تقل على بال سور
النور في قرى دجن دون تعد
النور من شباك داري زجاج
كم حدّدت في شلع من عيون
سوداء كالحبار
يبحرون بالأهداب أسراري
فالنور داري لم تعد داري

الريح تهب بالهجيرة كالجناة على الأصل
وعلى القرو تظلّ تطوى أو تنثر للريح
زحم الخياج يبن مكحون جوابو بحار
من كل حاف نصف عاري
وعلى الرمال على الخليج
جليس الغريب يسحر البصر العبر في الخليج
ويهدد أعداء الدنيا بما يصدد من الشرير
أعلى من المباه يهدد رغوة ومن الضجيج
صوت تجبر في قرارة نفس الكثكى عراق
كاند يCEED كالسحاية كالدمعى إلى الهيبين
الريح تصرى بى عراق
و الحج يمول بى عراق لعى السوى عراق

غنينا ترثنك الحبيبة
وحلبتها أنا السحى بجر في المناى عليه

عيناك غابتى تخيل ساعة السحر
أو شرفنا راح بتأى عنهما القمر
عيناك حين تلمىتن توى الكروم
وتونس الأزوى كالأهداف في نهر
يوجه للحدود وهنا ساعة السحر
كان تلبيش في هرابها النجوم
و تفرقت في ضباب من أمى شفيف
كالبحر سحى اليدين فوقه الساء
ربى الشتا فيه ارتعاش الخريف
كأن „أقواس السحاب” تشرب الفيوم
وقطرة فضفاضة دزوب في العطر
وكرك الأطفال فى عراش الكروم
وذينغت صوت الصافير على الراجع
أنشد الطر
مطر مطر
مطر مطر
اكاد اسمع العراق يذكر البعيد
ويذخى البرق في السهول والجبال
حتى إذا ما pense عنها ختمًا الرجال
لم تترك الرياح من شهوت
في الواد من أثر
اكاد اسمع النخيل يشرب الحطر
واسمع الهران جن والمهاجرين
يجارين بالنجليف بالضوء
عاصفة الخليج ووجود مشهد بين
مطر...
مطر...
مطر...
وفي العراق جوع
وينشر الخلال فيه موسم الحصاد
لتنجع الغريبان والجراء
وتلفن الشوان والحجر
رحى عثر في الحقول حولها بشر
مطر...
مطر...
مطر...
وكم ذوفنا ليلة الرحيل من دموع
ثم انتظروا - خوف أن تلام بالحطر
مطر...
مطر...
ومنه ان كنا صغارا كانت السما
تسقى في الشتاء.
ويحمل العطر
وكل عام - حين يحمب العود - نجوع
ما مر عام ليس في العراق نجوع
عطر...
عطر...

وفي أبد من الأصفاء بين الرعد والبرد
سماحنا لا حفيف نخيل تحت المعارض الملاح
أو ما وسعته الرياح حيث ابتلت الأدوار.
ولكن خففة الأقدام والأيدي
وكرة وآية صغيرة قبضت بينها.
على نفر يرفف كالفراغة أو على نجم
على هبة من الفحة.
على رشات ما ؟ قطرة هست بها نسمة.
لتعلم أن بابل سوى نخل من خطابها.

جوانا في القبر بلا غدا.
عيان في الجل بلا ردا.
صرخت في الشتا.
أفن يا عطر.
مضاجع المعمام والشجع والبهاء.
مضاجع الحجر.
وأنبت البذور ولنتفَّق الزهور
وألقَّ البديع العقيم بالبريق
وفيّر العروق
وأغفل الشجر

أهذا أدنين هذا الخوار؟
وهذا الشحوب وهذا الجفاف؟
أهذا أدنين؟ أين الشيا؟
وأين القطاف؟
مناجل لا تحمد

مزايع سوداء من غير ماء.
الموت في الشوارع
والحقم في المزارع
وكان ما نحن به بوت
أهذا مينى ؟ لأذى الطلول
خط عليها "عاشت الحياة".
من دم قتلها ؛ فلا اله
فيها ولا لها ولا حقول

أهذا مينى أهذا الحفر
وهذه المظلم ؟
يثال من بوتها الظلم
وتصح الدما بالقتل
أهذا مينى ؟ جريحة القواب
فيها يمدوّا أحمر الشباب
يسلط الكلاب
على مهد اخواتي الصنار والبيت
تأكل من حومهم. وفي القرى تموت
عشتار عطشى ليس في جبينها زهر
ويديبها سلة شارها حجر
تريد كل زوجة به. وللنخيل
في شطها عويل

0000

أجراس بيج ضاع في قرارة البحر
الما في الجرار والخروب في الشجر
وتتضح الجرار أجراسا من المطر
بلورها يذوب في أتيين
"0000 يا بوبب"
فيدلهم في دمي حنين
البيك يا بوبب
"يا نهرى الحزين كالاطر
أود لو عودت في الظلام
أبد فشيط تحملن شوق عام
في كل أصبع كأنى أحل النذور
البيك من قف وحن زهر
أود لو أطل من أسرة التلال
لألح القر

99
يخوض بين ضفتيك يزعج الظلال
وبهلال السلال
بالنهاة والأسماك والزهر
أوّل لى أخذت فيك أثوب القمر
وأسمع الحقيقة يضيء ضالي في القرار
صاغ المُوسيقى النافورة على الشجر
أناقة من النوف تأنيت أم نهر؟
والسماح الساهم هل ينام في البحر؟
وهل هذه النجوم هل توخّت في جدار
تطعم بالحمر كلاها من الابرة؟
ولنت يا بوبب....
أوّل لى غرخت فيك أثوب السحار
أخيد منه دار
بيني، منها خضراء المياه والشجر
ما تنحص النجوم والقمر
وأتدى فيك مع جبرز إلى البحر

بعدد أثرت، سمعت الرياح
في نواح طويل تسح النخيل
والخليط وهي تتأيّ، إننا فالجراح
والمليب الذي سمعنا عليه طوال الأصل
لم نستنى - وأنصت كان العويل
يمر السهل بيني وبين المدينة
مثل حبل يشد السفينة
وهي تهوى إلى القاع - كان النّواح
مثل خيط من النور بين الصباح
والهدي في سباق الخنشاء الحزينه
ثم تخفّ على ما تحسّ الجنة

حينما يزهر الزهر والبرتقالي
حين تحته "جباير" حتى حدود الخيال
حين تخصر عشباً يختر شذاها
والشمس التي أرضعتها سنةا
حين يخضر حتى دجاها
بُلس الدفيّ تلقب فيهى دم في شراها
تلمي الشمس ان تتضح الشمس نوراً
تلمي الأرض تتيض تجها وزهراً وماء نبيراً
تلمي الهواء تلمي هو المنيل

متّ بالنار أحرقته ظلماً طيّيّ فظلات الله
كشف بداى وفي البعد كان الخبير
متّ كي يؤكل الخبز باسم لكي يزوجوني مع الموسم
كم حياة ساهياً ففي كل حفره
صرت مستقبلاً صرت بذرها
صرت عيالا من الناس في كل قلب دمي
قطرة منه أو بعض قطراً

هكذا عدت فاصفاً لما رأيت بهدوأ...


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