

Al-Karmi, Abd al-Karim (Abu Salma). "The Dispossessed". Damascus, 1950. Translated by *The Palestinian Revolution*, 2016.<sup>1</sup>

O Brother, you are with me on every path  
So carry the wound and march by my side

Our bloody footsteps touch the earth, and  
It blooms with the shiniest grape

If we do not burn, then how would lightning  
Fill the world and guide every procession?

The free blood that united us eternalized history  
In the books of splendor

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Walk with me on the paths of life and tell me:  
As there anyone to defend home or heed the call?

Here are the orphans drenched in their tears  
And the maidens like meteors fall

And the scarfs are stripped of their flowers  
When once they were adorned with love

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Here the elderly carry their heavy years,  
Laden with tribulation's shrapnel

The victims of injustice – do you know them?  
They're my kin and lifelong companions

O Comrades in life, was it friend or foe  
Who scattered you amongst the peoples?

Leaders? They desecrated your history  
Kings? They dispossessed you without cause

And the armies, God forgive them, surrendered  
Your homeland without war

And countries you thought eastern,  
You found their rulers western

The day their flags trembled before death,  
They sentenced a people to dispersion

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O Palestine, how shall we meet?  
After all this distance, will I ever see the holiest soil?

The fragrance of sublimity is in every particle  
And the songs of love reside on every trail

Will I behold its birds chatter?

Will I feel its breeze prophesize glory?

I see my heart on her shore

Spreading its virgin dreams beside me

I see her, dark skinned, dallying with love

Granting light to the eyes of all her lovers

O crying one, does crying avail you

After you have been tossed in every direction?

Dry your tears and march

In a spacious horizon of joyful hope!

In the rejuvenating convoy of red freedom, march!

And on the path we will sprinkle stars

O Brother, we have not lost our homeland;

It is eternal, carried within every heart