

## KAMILYA JUBRAN

*"My questioning about the components, the relationship between Oud and voice, the atmosphere and the role of the song I sing multiplies and intensifies. In this show, I present some songs I worked on during the last decade,, in an attempt to share the questioning and to keep it alive."*

### **At Le Guess Who? 2023 TRANSLATION OF SONGS PERFORMED**

#### **To the Children (Paul Chaoul)**

These are the ones  
Who die before their age  
Grow after their dead  
Neither years to count nor names  
No moments to narrate for inheritance or status  
They die after their dead  
And join times they do not draw  
They go to hidden places between the earth and sky  
Nothing precedes except what silence inscribes on their skin  
They die not knowing their bodies  
No memory, no tenderness, no moisture, no seasons,  
No twilight, no nightfall  
They close their eyes in order not to see  
What the repudiating heavens do with their fates  
Beasts come out of the bible  
And cross the space that makes room for their bodies  
They cover the light that opens their eyes  
And empty out their coming years  
There is no coming  
Those who grow up after their absence  
No days counted, no condolences and no kindness  
They die after their blood  
Open their wounds  
And without care or kinship  
Join times they do not draw  
Then they draw hidden places between the earth and sky  
And occupy them

#### **MIFTAH AL GHORFA - The Room's Key (Paul Chaoul)**

It's here that he saw after many years, on this chair and in this very café, that there is a piece of estrangement in his nose. And in his hand is a handful of dreams; and from his eyes a drop fell onto his lips, then chin and clothes from a vast place. He saw in this a rearrangement of the alphabet and things.

He did not wish to get up from his chair for getting up is quite often a heavy burden. He did not wish to move anything; a mass sitting on its own. Sitting is an act of fear with an unknown identity, residence, lineage and time.

It hurt him a lot to feel he has aged and it hurt him even more that he does not age alone.  
Everything ages with him; an other with all the others.  
Why don't you age as you are supposed to age? Why can't your ageing be yours alone without any  
infection from the screens, stories or wars?

Why do the things and creatures in this world resemble each other? He mumbled that he is in hell,  
and then realised that nothing in this place resembles him anymore.

**QAWAFEL**- Caravans (Fadhil Al Azzawi)

From the mountain slopes  
Your horse trots leaving behind the marks of his golden hooves  
In the body of the astray cloud  
with its puffed up cotton  
Pulling its long sulfuric tail behind  
Like a plane with eyes gleaming in the dark  
Dark sandy ground rippling  
Down the valley  
Where loneliness with its deserted lighthouses  
Throws its shadow over caravans walking to their labyrinths  
A ground burnt with eyes of embers  
Forever guiding our steps  
We who are going to the future  
With no luggage  
Washing our faces from the soft spring  
Exposing our sacred nakedness

**SUWAR**- Scenes (Salman Masalha)

The street paved with illusions  
like an unraveled dream,  
the sleepers on the bedding of their humiliation  
and the awake on a broken sidewalk.  
The weepers over their bitter fate  
and the seekers of success,  
The hidiers of their prayer in their hearts  
and those who have gone with the wind.  
The boat forgotten beside the river  
in the morning light –  
pictures from the exile that the night  
flung in my path and then departed.

O night that has  
forgotten the dew on my heart,  
take me to a land  
that has garbed itself in death.  
My body  
is a lamentation.

**YOQAL** - They say (Kamilya Jubran)

Crown, ivory  
and crown of glass  
and saj\* crown  
saj, goose flesh  
saj, bread  
bread in the oven

Mould and its rust,  
vibration muffled in its echo,  
rusty echo landing beneath our breath,  
he left us pillowless and our souls bereft of supplication.

Orange, as they say, you're not mine  
you're not mine, staggering beauty  
your sadness on earth has raised generations  
Orange, jam of laziness

No one lied when he said, occupation is disruption, reduction and decay, no one says otherwise, not even opponents.

Mountains cry, hills weep, children wander, bad mood, Bilal sang: stealing is good

You my domain and you my wealth

Your tears are mine, they have betrayed and sold us, their religion is our food, they have deceived us, do you know, this is our heritage.

your tears are ours, your path is safe: a people in revolt with a tender heart will find its freedom.

\* Saj: domed metal bread oven.

**6** (Kamilya Jubran)

No one is safe from sorrow  
A stone cries on the lands  
without voice or even blood  
without a guardian in the universe  
Stone lined, iron ground, tree uprooted, a melted mountain  
Dream deprived, elegy of olives, melancholy planted, a wailing old man.  
Spring poisoned, bread pawned, people stricken, a futile pregnancy.  
Newborn doomed, bone pierced, tumour loaded, a putrid pain.  
Weariness buried, laziness guaranteed, hatred crazed, a kneaded depravity.  
Body wounded, era cursed, anger soaked, a blinding upset.  
Passion forbidden, oppression breastfed, thought interrupted, an exploded king, a grey-hair mule,  
a prince on-the-loose.  
Ignorance friend, parades with eyelashes and eyebrows,  
Absence of conscience, the prevailing trait.  
The tail of the dog can't be straightened even if they press it in a mold.

**KAM** - For so many times (Hassan Najmi)

For so many times we lightly walked in a hurry. For so many times we slowly walked

But we did not arrive. For so many times fear guided our steps. We became thirsty  
But we did not find a well. We became hungry but our food ran out. For so many times  
We threw sand in the wind so that whoever does not trust us would trust us.  
But he has no trust. We have looked around many times from several mountain foots and plains  
but we did not see anything. How we hoped,  
how we despaired and how we...

For so many times we woke up with the first light but we were tempted  
By the warmth of our bedcovers. For so many times we carried our guns  
On our shoulders and they were not loaded. We fired many bullets  
But we did not hit any bird or game. For so many times we filled our skin bags  
With waters and they dripped all the way. We had many brothers in brotherhood  
but we do not remember we ever spoke. So much silence and emptiness were around us and our  
thoughts were not clear

And nothing is in hand. Nothing. I move my hand  
A little then I rise, there's no vein. This is my stop. But it is  
Another line for travel. You dancing waves we easily  
Get dizzy. We are no longer certain of anything. No intentions  
Believe this clarity. We laugh but we do not believe ourselves. We cry  
But we do not know the reasons. We are fed up with talking drums. We are fed up  
With drums of war. Let us empty the body from its collisions  
And lead this night to the path of silence