

ميرىلا

سامبا برازيلية ... ضحكته، ورمية الشعر على الأكتاف
فنجانان واسعتان عيناها، من بن برازيلي أعد وعلى نار هادئة فوق
...مرتفعات بيروت وتحت أرز الله
ميس الريم مشيتها، تطأ الروح ولا تلامسها تهطل أنسا مثل هتون
..المطر

ميرا يوم السبت في دهاليز ليوبليانا تترجم لي مفاهيم فن الضوء
وعلومه وتترجمني من ست لغات أبعثرها في كذبي وتلمها في الذاكرة
وتعيد صياغة الحدث، تسييني صدقي وخرافتي ودرس السينما والضوء
..والصوت والحضور المشاغب للجمال
تفتح ميرا عدساتها لتلتقط للنور صورة وتصحح الميلان الداخلي في
صورتى وتسقط الصوت على قلبي لحنا خفيا لبقايا النهار

MIRELA

Brazilska samba ... njen smeh, brazilska samba ... ko po ramenih plešejo njeni lasje. Njene oči so široke skodelice za brazilsko kavo, pripravljeno na zmernem ognju v bejrutskem višavju pod libanonskimi cedrami. Gracilno stopa kot antilopa, stopa na dušo, a se je ne dotakne, iz nje prši družabnost kot blagodejen dež ...

Mira, v soboto mi je po ljubljanskih ulicah prevajala koncept umetnosti in znanosti svetlobe, prevajala je iz šestih jezikov, ki sem jih raztresel z lažjo, ona pa jih je zbrala v spominu in na novo poustvarila dogodek. Z njo sem pozabil na resnico, pravljico, na nauk o kinematografiji, svetlobi in zvoku, na razposajeno prisotnost lepote.

Mira odpre svoj objektiv, da zajame sliko svetlobe, da popravi notranji naklon moje fotografije in projicira zvok na moje srce kot skrivni napev za preostali del dneva.

Brazilian samba ... Her laughter and the laying
of hair on her shoulders.

Her eyes are two large cups of a Brazilian
coffee set on a low fire over the heights of
Beirut and under the Cedar of God ...

Her walk like a flaunting addax, she approaches
the spirit but does not touch, flowing cordiality
like the falling rain ...

Mira on Saturdays in Ljubljana passageways,
translating to me the concepts of the art of
light and its sciences and translating me from
six languages, scattered in my lies and she
recollects in memory and re-shapes the
event, she makes me forget my sincerity, my
legend, and the lessons of cinema, light and
sound and the mischievous presence of beauty.
Mira opens her lens to take a shot for the light
and correct the inner deviation in my image,
and makes the sound fall on my heart, a
hidden melody for the remnants of the day.

ييترا

بيترا

لا شيء فيها ، ولكن إذا عبرت في ممرات مبنى اللاجئين في كوتنيكوفنا
يصبح هذا المكان وطننا

لا شيء فيها، ولكن عندما تمطر في الصباح البارد يصبح قلبي دافئا
ورطبنا

لا شيء فيها، ولكن ذات يوم مرت في التيفولي بارك فصارت الأشجار
تنتج عطرها وتسقي الأرض

... لا شيء فيها ولكن إذا مشيت فطواويس الأرض تمشي في أثرها
وكل شيء فيها... هي الماء والهواء... هي براء الأطفال

PETRA

Na njej ni nič posebnega, toda ko hodi po hodnikih azilnega centra na Kotnikovi, se prostor spremeni v dom.

Na njej ni nič posebnega, toda ko dežuje v mrzlem jutru, postane moje srce toplo in voljno.

Na njej ni nič posebnega, toda nekega dne, ko je hodila po parku Tivoli, so drevesa širila njene dišave in z njimi napajala zemljo.

Na njej ni nič posebnega, toda ko hodi, ji sledijo pavi sveta.

V njej je vse ... ona je voda in zrak ... in otroška nedolžnost.

There's nothing special about her, but when she walks down the corridors of asylum centre on Kotnikova, the place turns into a home.

There is nothing special about it, but when it rains in the cold morning, my heart becomes warm and willing.

There's nothing special about her, but one day when wandering around Tivoli, the trees were spreading her perfume, giving energy to the Earth.

Nothing special about her, but when she walks, peacocks of the world follow her. In her is everything ... water and air ... and childish innocence.

ايغول

ايغول

صغيرة وناعمة مثل كل شيء جميل... كالقلب في الجسد أحيانا
وتعطيه كل الحياة وأحيانا كالعقل في الرأس ... وتقود إلى ما تريد
وأحيانا ناعمة كموج البحر في الصيف تطفو على المكان بسحرها
القادم من بعيد من بلادها .. ورغم السنين في الغرب لم يغادرها
... ولم تغادره
نزقة كفرس شاردة على هضاب التبت وفي المساء هي أم اللاجئین
(ووطنهم وحببتهم وأم المكان و الزمان و) الروغ

AIGUL

Majhna in nežna kot vsaka lepa stvar. Včasih kot srce v telesu, ki daje življenje, včasih kot pamet v glavi, ki jo vodi, kamor si želi.

Včasih, nežna kot poletni morski val, zapolni prostor s svojo čarobnostjo, ki prihaja od daleč, iz njene domovine. Kljub vsem letom na zahodu je ni nikoli zapustila.

Vihrava kot divja kobila na tibetanskih planotah, zvečer prebežnikom ljubeča mati, njihov dom. Mati prostora in časa (in Roga).

Small and gentle as every beautiful thing.
Sometimes like the heart in a body that gives
life, other times like a mind in the head, that
leads her wherever. Sometimes, gentle as
summer's ocean wave, she fills up the space
with her magic, coming from far, from her
homeland. Despite all the years in the West, it
hasn't left her yet.

Stormy like a wild mare on the Tibetan
plateau, at night refugees caring mother, their
home. Mother of space and time (and Rog).

Mohamed hrani sliko iz sedemdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja. V stanovanju družine al Munem v Alepu je njegov oče Sulejman gostil šest intelektualcev. V sredini je, kot bi bil na piedestalu, sedel Mahmud Darviš. Nosil je temen suknjič in belo srajco z dolgim ovratnikom, na nosu je imel očala z debelimi črnimi okvirji, lasje, na rahlo počesani v desno, so se nadaljevali v krepke zalizce. V desni roki je držal cigareto, levo je z iztegnjenim kazalcem in palcem pokrčil. Komolec je imel naslonjen na opornik fotelja. Kot bi z vrtenjem podlakti skušal razložiti nekaj, kar se ne da pojasniti le z besedami. Preostalih šest parov oči je bilo uprtih vanj. Kolegom je pripovedoval o modernih literarnih smernicah. In o idejah, ki jih je nameraval vpeljati v svoje pesmi.

Mohamed je bil star deset let. Pritekel je v sobo, malo vlekel na ušesa in občutil Darviševo karizmo, ki je kasneje naredila tako močan vtis nanj, da se je še oblačil kot veliki palestinski pesnik upora in ljubezni. To je bil eden njegovih prvih stikov s poezijo. Kasneje mu jo je približal oče, pravnik in pisatelj. Ko je odrasel, je slavnega pesnika redno srečeval in mu recitiral nekaj svojih pesmi. »Pesništvo ne bo izumrlo,« ga je pohvalil Darviš.

Mohamed je prebral vse pesniške zbirke in prozna dela svojega duhovnega očeta. Nosil jih je

s seboj skozi vihravo odraščanje, ko se je na začetku osemdesetih poln idealov, temelječih na Marxovi politični misli, podal v libanonsko vojno. Od blizu je videl intrige, ki so ga hitro odvrnile od politike. Spoznal je, da hoče življenje posvetiti kulturi. Po dokončanem študiju ekonomije je družinsko tiskarno želel nadgraditi z založbo. Odšel je na delo v Libijo in se domov vrnil z dovolj sredstvi, da je na začetku devetdesetih let uresničil svoj sen. Ustanovil je založbo z imenom Al Qabas (Žerjavica) po kuvajtskem časopisu, ker je v njem zgodbe lika Handale risal palestinski umetnik Naji al Ali. Izdajal je dela številnih arabskih in drugih avtorjev, kot so Hannah Arendt, Maha Hassan, Juan Goytisolo, Henry Miller, Mohamadov stari prijatelj iz Alepa Khaled Khalifa ... Al Qabas je deloval, vse dokler vojna ni postala preveč nevarna.

Z odprtjem založbe so se za Mohameda začela plodna leta na kulturnem in poslovnem področju, a vedno ga je spremljal kanec nevarnosti. V enem od številnih intervjujev, ki sva jih imela o njegovem življenju, je dejal: »Sem proti mnogim politikam in politikom. A nisem proti nobeni kulturi. Poslanstvo mene kot založnika je, da knjigo izdam, ne glede na to, koliko strahu bi me to stalo.« Tiskal je knjige, ki jih je Asadov sistem odobril, in tudi tiste, ki jih ni. Zato je večkrat trepetal pred policijskimi preiskavami in enkrat

pristal v zaporu. Zaradi cenzure je pesniška zbirka *Enaindvajset žensk iz Ljubljane* njegovo prvo objavljeno delo. Sistem mu ni dovolil izdati zbirke *Jutranji rez*, ker je bil v njej kritičen do nekdanjega sirskega predsednika Hafeza al Asada.

Ko je januarja 2016 zapustil Alep, je ženi Aber izročil dva zgoščenki. Rekel ji je, naj ju čuva skupaj s svojim življenjem in življenjem njunih štirih otrok. Po 22 mesecih jih je Mohamed z 22 vrtnicami pričakal na brniškem letališču. Aber je v stranskem žepu torbice s seboj prinesla zgoščenki. Poleg *Jutranjega reza* je Mohamed v roke spet dobil svoj roman, ki tematizira življenje al Munemovih od leta 1948, ko je tako očetovo kot mamino družino iz Palestine v Sirijo pregnala *nakba*, do leta 1982, ko se je Mohamad bojeval v Libanonu. Na zgoščenkah so še dela vseh avtorjev, ki so izšli v njegovi založbi, in načrti za izdajanje časopisa *Suriyya Sabah*, *Jutranja Sirija*. Vse je bilo pripravljeno za tisk prve številke. Le še Asadov režim bi moral pasti, pa bi časopis začel izhajati. Mohamed je še vedno prepričan, da bo ugledal luč. Ne ve le, kdaj.

Proti Evropi se je napotil, da bi se nekoč vrnil na drugačen način, kot je njegova družina prišla v Sirijo, kjer se je rodil v begunskem taborišču. Prestal je surovo pot, preživel je tudi brodolom

v Egejskem morju. Sledilo je še več negotovosti, ko je v Sloveniji leto in tri mesece čakal na begunski status. V tem času je bil aktiven in ustvarjalen. Recitiral je na raznih prireditvah ter spoznal nemalo kulturnikov in drugih intelektualcev. S cigaretним smehom, ki ga spremlja v vseh življenjskih situacijah, se je hitro vključil v družbo in postal prepoznaven obraz v migrant-ski skupnosti Ambasada Rog.

Vse odkar je prišel v svojo tretjo domovino, rad hodi po Ljubljani – pravi ji moja gospa – in občuduje Ljubljanico, tržnico, parke, grad, ne pretirano glasne ulice ... Spoznal je Plečnika, Cankarja in Prešerna. V Prešernu in Juliji je videl Darviša in Rito. V Ljubljani je spet začel pisati. Končal je zbirko *Senca begunca*. V njej je viden vpliv Mahmuda Darviša, posvetil mu je pesem Mojemu očetu. Končal je še *Haiku brez meja* in prvi del trilogije romanov, v katerem se je ukvarjal s svojo potjo iz Alepa v Ljubljano. Ta dela še niso bila objavljena.

Čeprav je Mohamad že drugič begunec, ga na to opominja le potni list. Ljubljana je postala njegov dom. Večkrat poudari, da zato, ker je spoznal ljudi, ki so postali njegovi prijatelji in mu dali občutek varnosti. V njem zdaj tli želja, da bi izdal še druga svoja dela in povezal kulturi. V Siriji bi tiskal slovenske knjige, v Sloveniji pa arabske.

In želi si, kar si želi vsak Palestinec v izgnanstvu – vsaj enkrat stopiti na okupirano ozemlje.
Družinska hiša v Hajfi morda še vedno stoji.

Andraž Rožman

Mohamad keeps a photograph from the 1970's. His father Suleiman hosted six intellectuals in the apartment of the al Monaem family in Aleppo. Sitting in the middle, as if on a pedestal, was Mahmoud Darwish. He wore a dark jacket and white shirt with long collar, glasses with thick black frames, his hair, slightly parted to the right, ending in prominent sideburns. He held a cigarette in his right hand, bending his left hand with outstretched index finger and thumb. His elbow was leaning on the armrest. As if he was rotating his forearm to explain something that cannot be expressed in words alone. The remaining six pairs of eyes were fixed on him. He was telling his colleagues about modern literary trends. And about the ideas that he planned to introduce in his poetry.

Mohamad was ten years old. He ran into the room, eavesdropped for a while and got a feel of Darwish's charisma that later made such a strong impression on him that he even dressed like the great Palestinian poet of rebellion and love. This was one of his first contacts with poetry. Later he warmed up to it with the help of his father, writer and lawyer. When he grew up, he regularly met the famous poet and recited some of his own poems to him. "Poetry will not die," said Darwish in praise.

Mohamad read all poetry collections and fiction works of his spiritual father. He carried them inside

him through the tempestuous times of growing up, when he fought in the Lebanon war in the early 1980's, full of ideals based on Marx's political thought. He closely experienced intrigues that quickly discouraged him from politics. He realised that he wanted to dedicate his life to culture. After graduating from economics, Mohamad wanted to add a publishing house to the family printing shop. He went to Libya to work and returned home with enough capital to make his dream come true in the early 1990's. He opened a publishing house named *Al Qabas* (Embers) after a Kuwaiti newspaper, where Palestinian caricaturist Naji Al-Ali published stories about character Handala. He published works of numerous Arab and other authors such as Hannah Arendt, Maha Hassan, Juan Goytisolo, Henry Miller, Khaled Khalifa - Mohamad's old friend from Aleppo ... *Al Qabas* was active until the war got too dangerous.

Although the opening of the publishing house marked the beginning of Mohamad's prolific years in the cultural and business fields, there was always a tinge of danger involved. In one of numerous interviews we made about his life, he said: "I am against many policies and politicians. But I am not against any culture. My mission as a publisher is to publish a book no matter how much fear this can cost me." He printed books that were approved by Assad's regime as well as those that were not.

Therefore he often feared police investigations and once even ended up in jail. The poetry collection *Twenty-One Women*, published in Ljubljana, is therefore his first published book. The regime did not allow the publication of collection *Morning Cut* because it was critical towards the former Syrian president Hafez Al-Assad.

When he left Aleppo in January 2016, he gave his wife Aber two compact discs. He told her to guard them as closely as her own life and the lives of their four children. After 22 months, Mohamad welcomed them at the Ljubljana airport with 22 roses. Aber brought the CDs in the side pocket of her handbag. Besides *Morning Cut*, Mohamad got back his novel that depicts the life of the al Monaem family from 1948, when both his father's and his mother's family were driven to Syria from Palestine by *naqba*, until 1982, when Mohamad fought in Lebanon. The CD's also contain the works of all authors published by his publishing house, and the plans for the publication of newspaper *Suryja Sabah*, Morning Syria. Everything was ready for the printing of the first issue. The publication of the newspaper only required the collapse of Assad's regime. He is still convinced that it will see the light of day. He just does not know when.

He set off for Europe to be able to return one day, differently from his family that came to Syria,

where he was born in a refugee camp. His trip was harsh, he even survived a shipwreck in the Aegean Sea. This was followed by further uncertainty, when he waited for a refugee status in Slovenia for a year and three months. During this period, he was active and creative. He recited his poetry at different events and met many cultural workers and other intellectuals. His cigarette-hued laughter that accompanies him in every life situation soon brought him friends and he became a recognisable face in the Ambasada Rog migrant community.

Ever since the arrival to his third homeland, he likes walking around Ljubljana - he calls it my lady - and admires the Ljubljana, the market place, the castle, the streets that are not too bustling ... He got acquainted with Plečnik, Cankar and Prešeren. In Prešeren and Julija, he saw Darwish and Rita. In Ljubljana, he started writing again. He finished poetry collection *A Refugee's Shadow*. It shows a visible influence of Mahmoud Darwish, to whom he dedicated the poem *To My Father*. He also finished *Haiku without Borders* and the first part of the trilogy of novels that deals with his travel from Aleppo to Ljubljana. These works have not been published yet.

Although he is a refugee for a second time, his passport is the only reminder of this fact. Ljubljana has become his home. As he often stresses, this is

because he met people who became his friends and made him feel safe. He is now fostering a desire to publish his other works and connect the two cultures. He wants to print Slovenian books in Syria and Arab books in Slovenia. And he wants what each Palestinian in exile wants - to step on the occupied territory at least once in his lifetime. The family home in Haifa may still stand.

Andraž Rožman

