# TIGRIS 

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# TIGRIS 

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## CONTENTS

WINTER LEAFLETS .Fouad Rifkah
CHRISTMAS 1968. ..... Yusuf Al-Khal
JEBU .Etel Adnan
CONCRETE POEM FOR FAYROUZ
CONFIGURATION 4. Sargon Boulus
CONFIGURATION ON SKIN, 6
Sargon Boulus
CONFIGURATION ON SKIN, 12Sargon Boulus
SECOND CONTINUATION . . . Mouayad Al-Rawi
NEARNESS OF ILLUSION . . . . Mouayad Al-Rawi
INTENTION OF ADVENTUREMouayad Al-Rawi
THE SEA .Riadh Fakhouri

Sargon Tigris Book English.qxp_Sargon Tigris book 28/09/0022 16:44 Page 4

## WINTER LEAFLETS

## I

O dead beneath the stone
tell us
what earth knows and what the tree-trunk hides

Within us we carry clouds, but we never inhabit the same space in which a fruit grows, we're a voice oblivious, erasing its traces

Tell us
what the passing face sees, o dead beneath the stone

## II

For ever this
gallows, this crowd and the eyes that meet then shrink back, a dagger while defeat resides in the bricks of our houses in the forthcoming season

For ever these cafés, and this wound the tongues that pronounce their core in smoke, watching for something.

In the eyes' masts
in the shivering of hands and in Laurel: in all the mirrors,
For ever your masked face
listening O death,
O prince of the heart
O rider lightning our feast.

Fouad Rifkah

## CHRISTMAS 1968

Master, often we are like the flood and sometimes a black scroll numbered with ten commandments a grave-stone we roll at dawn
a body which we never find, we find a white-clothed Gabriel reciting magic psalms how the eye famishes behind the cheek-hollows, we don't know, we don't know the mystery of death, but yes we do know how our oath was coffined.
O , today Master you were born but where are those who dwelled in the house?
Jerusalem calls you and, here, we've prepared for your coming a chariot of fire. For your welcome, not palm-leaves but swords, crying remember us to him who's coming the name of the free who comes as a guerrilla to wash out our remorses.

Now naked, barefoot and in hunger, Master shall we glimpse a star, hear a voice in the night and run, preceded by a promise unto your birthplace.
And let Herod slaughter every child, for Herod is dead he truly is dead and children, though they die,
shall live with children in the third day in the kingdom of generations.

And let Pilate crucify man for man will live crucified, with men in Palestine, here everywhere.

O Master when
is the time that your Christmas will be other than tents, rivers of blood till when Kiapha east and west, be Kiapha from a thousand years: Kiapha this poison in white in black in a generation like a broken tower which lightning fail but its light, yet, they fail to strangle.

Your Christmas, Master this year and every year is a door we open, we shut facing sorrow.

Yusuf Al-Khal

## JEBU

to the memory of Charles Corn
...And the king and his men went to Jerusalem unto the Jebusites, the inhabitants of the land
...And David said on that day Whosoever getteth up to the gutter and smiteth the Jebusites, and the lame and the blind, that are hated by David's soul, he shall be chief and captain.

The Bible, 2 Samuel
Chap. 5, Parags: $6 \mathcal{E} 8$

The ignoble heart suffering from cold has vomited our destiny on the asphalt of the foreign roads and filled the sky with the mud of our hatred

Jebu awoke
O tender eyes of Paris we have closed you in the agony of the forgetting found again the merciless compassion of a faceless love which acts like an acid on the roots of our vertebrae

Jebu sleeping getting up (they took advantage of his slowness)

He came to cry at the table of the nations
(they will destroy him while he is
still young)
he grew up under the shadow of the black palm tree.

Jebu presides a procession of angels breaks the geraniums which cover his tomb
a smell of the Levant on the world!

He has the eyes of a falcon an airplane in the belly and sleeping snakes in his hair (He is sleeping).

Helicopters which are covered with blood cover your face because the smell of the Arab corpse brings evil

Send us your tracts:
Shalom and Napalm!

Jebu shall return to distribute the land to the land
to conquer the moon
with no armor
of its orbit
and transform the ecliptic
of the human race

Crawl on your belly reach the well drink exhaust swim in the underground petroleum and come back BLACK

# Jebu <br> shaman archetype son of the animal bedu inhabitant of the tree palm tree with a thousand branches 

o dead cities of the XXIst century Beirut and Tel Aviv!

Jebu crawls underground like spring in love with a woman Jebu in love with Arabia counts the wild roses which walk to Palmyra

Jebu:
your nocturnal sexual tenderness has arisen the desert shall bloom!
thunder of those who did not leave loyalty of Chanaan who were here before David who shall be here after Daniel
they chose tents filled with mud children covered with tumors women stricken by fire (there is no exile for a mother)
the ocean is warm
how swift is the sea under the feet
of those who have fled your children Chanaan have remained.

Jebu:
lines of prophets covered you with curses but you live in their memory and you are the worm gnawing at their bones You are coming back after the latest of the last Christ and Mohammad-astronaut carried by the antennas of our radios you shall burn the walls of your own apparitions and there shall be a people more fluid than water more fiery than the coming Hiroshimas
ours.

Jebu:
they let us rot near obscene women castrated our men and sold the pound of their flesh on the markets of London at a laughing price
> we burned candles when we needed a fight and sang ballad in our burning vineyards we felt fear

the figs are covered with locusts the enemy eats anything which moves
o thieves of prayers you came to plant the earth with fresh tombs and we shall burn your ancestors to purify the night

Jebu said:
for us
there is neither heaven nor hell
but planets which
move

He had taken his armies on fields of thorns today he takes them on mine fields and the rain is made of oil.

> the surgery of the oil-business requires it to be taken from the belly of my mother so that we have a new rain: nocturnal birds charred by the sun do not envy our men: napalm made you brothers

I came from a vertical land my ancestors being born at the start of great rivers
we are conquered by falsifiers of History thieves of undergrounds and we have in our own councils a rottenness more dangerous than the sea serpents surrounding Sindbad.
there is a spring under the ground the resurrection not of the dead but of the living

> they have sealed our virgins in jars to make a widower of Malek Alloula

In the order of Jebu:
wrinkles stretch into the sea
machines stop at the sound of horses
hospitals give on a garden of bees
the wind of Aleppo from Rabat announces a storm and the children know the Babylonian Ecclesiastes at birth
o big glass-boat on the red ocean you missed the edge of the world and fell into the infinite

# (He has a black brother <br> The Prophet's first muezzin together they spell Revolution backwards o messengers of the message!) 

> each man has a double the algerian shamans walk to the Red Sea and hunger makes them eat the toes of their camel
o Palestine o shipwreck one hears at night the moaning of your valleys where even the dead have some tears
you shall drink a big measure of blood and nauseated at heart you are resurrecting continuing the inches of the land with your nails

the land of Chanaan<br>is a crown of thorns

Jebu is a guru
the village idiot and a black horse
he is a sword but also
the grenade which explodes in his own belly
he is a trajectory which at night
goes beyond the moon until
Saturn who is crying
stars we shall invade
you for we can't go back
to our towns
Jebu is the father of the Cyclopes.
shaman archetype son of the animal bedu inhabitant of the tree crawl on your belly come to the well drink swim in the underground petroleum and emerge

## BLACK

Jebu is the homecoming distributing the land telling matter is for all tying the knots reinvesting the Sun-God Ra to the universe
o dead cities of the XXIst century Beirut and Tel Aviv!
these days you should learn to count in order to survive count the tortures of Sarafand
in the geological cliffs of Western Asia vultures thank the sky for the abundance of their food: more dead Arabs than stones on this desert!

We had learned sorrow in Algiers lived a happy moment and now it has to be started again...

Noises...
We shall atomize the mountains so that there shall be no more Revelations truth will emerge from a well

Jebu commands the ghosts that are following him to disappear in the gasoline of our neighborhood drugstores the wind is coming...

Sitting in the humid movie houses we have seen slummy Christ bless electric screens we have loved...

We now have to crucify the Crucified his age-long treason has sickened us

Ra Shamash Marduk the astronauts have invaded the moon so that in the grandeur of your loneliness you have come back alone in your boats o geometric monotheism announced by Jebu

Sun of the Past
hunger
shame
thirst
fear
sickness
isolation
madness

## cargoes of solar boats

in the free zone of Beirut harbor our ships are armored cars
that our men lead on the roads of the sky the sky is an ocean where they drown doom is a jazz trumpet
howling on the Place de Canons

On the return (the Moon-Earth trajectory) in the cosmic railway
Jebu says:

I have seen the earth magnetic mall burn at its edges radioactive primordial solar in a language atomic
electric magnetic
she said:
I am a cosmic vessel and my blood brothers (the primordial bedu) on the mercurial altars where they are slaughtered will be born again they are my essence.

Jebu chanaanite founder of Jerusalem tells the Crucified:
you have suffered three days
I have suffered three millenaries
(the fedayi is a writing glued to the ground and pushing ahead wounded his saliva heals the open earth and in his agony he sees a rain of meteors
in death he forgets that they dried the cisterns so that we eat worms and consider happiness to be a funerary oration
...but we have displaced the sky
they do not know that the wind is a bird which flies)

Darkly our children were drowning in our peaceful rivers the people were in a swamp and we called the liberation
now do I announce:

> napalm
> hunger
> the cunning of the enemy
> the slow flying airplanes the dynamite torture
> and more corpses than larvae in a rotten pond
> we are guilty of innocence
and also:
the backward movement of the dead the guns carried by ghosts plants only growing in winter a tank made of jelly which will break the front and the soldiers of the year two thousand
creative disorder
is our divine stubborness.

> he will mount an attack on the Fifth Ocean give Venus the investiture of his breath inhabit Uranus
the people will come out of their ratty sewers and discover the immensity of the world. Let a single piece of bread feed the tribe. The father will call his son: his brother...

Jebu has millions of roots innumerable heads a proliferation of bodies he is the whole and each one of us since the first break of Time he is the People on the space-time equation

I have seen the women-sounding villages of my generation: Samua Kuneitra Kalkilya

> o rapacious foreigners drinkers of
> bitumen you have in abundance but hatred and on roads where serpents can't feed you forced the women of Jericho to chew diamonds Arabs are but a mirage which persists...

In the beginning Jebu had been killed but his eyes are the Tigris and the Euphrates his belly is Syria his penis is the Jordan River his long leg is the Nile Valley one foot in Marrakech his bleeding heart encased in Mecca his hair is still growing on the Sannine

The X-Ray of his being of the day of Hiroshima like a sweat appeared on the Jerusalem Wall.

I know
the total moon
the slow-motion sadness
the poisoned rainbows
betrayed faces filling newstime screens turned
towards vultures as if there was any other messiah to wait for than the bomber the total exile.

I know
the coffins walking to the mosque
in a city where roses are watered with gasoline
the foreign capitols who like dying bees
secrete lies
and the total moon
closing its claws on the tribe.

The torrid heat of the first king of Jerusalem - astronaut coming back from the moon that he inhabited and on whose craters he left his sacred writings - the heat is still glued on the face of a cosmic snow
drinkers of blood drinkers
of petroleum newcomers
to napalm nouveauxriches
of torture Gilgamesh shall plant his sword
between your eyes
the City covered by the wind by tears by ultraviolet rays is trembling...

Palestine mother of nations is a glorified pestilence with solar tumors on the face and repeated rapes in the belly

Jerusalem is a city founded by the Jebusites and its children packed under tents launch blasphemies which blacken the air: Palestine is sick of cancer
thirteen brothers at the U.N. thirteen cowards castrated by the smell of oil
o planet vomited by the Pleiades o Palestine!

The ignoble heart bleeding for having walked on barbed wires looking for food in bushes an exile which has no end but in the wearing of the people's cells vomits the rape the violent enemy: race of usurers usury is so good a business! mothers do not be ravens squatting on tombs but walk on the mines our homeland has an ancestral thirst
and water has a taste of petroleum
raisin-smelling childhood is breaking down on stones. They came with their shalomized irons and racism broke open our roads...

> stone rose in Hisham's Palace north
> of Jericho you are the radar of our race haggard eye watching on the electrical traces of the feyadeen your celestial double warms the bones of our dead

On an underground river Jebu counts his boats and holding the Queen by the hand together they walk up to Jerusalem
the bitchy moon laughs at racist conquerors
age-old thieves
the poor you would steal its light to an eye getting blind
the poetry of Chanaan is stolen by your kings Akhnaton's Revelation is falsified in your psalms
Hammurabi's code is copied on your Tables
the moon in her disasters has more compassion than your women-soldiers

One burns jungles and they grow back in the conscience of an airplane and in the boots of a rottening soldier but at home there is but perfect visibility so that arab suffering be absolute and its prophecy deserved in full sun
at night under his tents the Palestinian dreams that he is the Milky Way and Babylonian astronomers carry him into vertigoes: cosmic storms are familiar to him. He forgets his fatigue.

Jebu announces:
torture is the revelation of the Spirit torture
links the companions more than desire torture transforms men into interpenetrable phantoms and gives those to have lost it a meaning to destiny

But how to prophesy vengeance when the enemy is prosperous and how to pray God when He is ambivalent and has neither remorse nor antenna and whom to punish when happiness is sinister and to whom speak of evil when people couldn't care...

When the enemy shall have but grasshoppers to eat and the asphalt wells be dry
when the earth will tell the dead about the plots work out by the live
when the tribe will wash in camel's urine and rape the women in the hot air of June
when the visions of the morning will be more numerous than the ones of the afternoon and that a tree will grow in a single day
when the walking trip will link Azemmour to Sarafand and that no one will beg the Invisible nor the guardian dogs of this world
the ancestors will come out of their mirror

The Arabs will go naked
a new morning.

In the Algerian Resistance a people shook its slumber and the double visage of Jebu appeared: alone vulnerable obscure prophet he is all of us since the prehistoric cell and the rivers that followed.
perpetual Revolution is perpetual Prophecy

We came in full light and no one saw us and the mouth of the gun is the opening of Paradise
there is a dry garden and a rose planted in a can
the rotten bourgeoises
pour a perfume from France
on the corpse of a child
from Karameh
in order to protect the erotic night from the indiscreet breeze the heroic assault will liberate the garden
there is a can
a child who is rotting and who came from Karameh the erotic bourgeoises will protect the night against the heroic assault so that the garden and the rose die under their heels from the body of the child we shall make a garden
there is a dry rose
in the garden as narrow as a can the cadaveric bourgeoises pretend they are crying for the dead child from Karameh so that their rachitic night protects their trepanated brain from any compassion the dead child shall lie in death the heroic assault will liberate the garden
in our legends the sun had teeth
Jebu ambulatory sun tremblant in our scarce rains climbing double-roaded hills
says:
Nocturnal tenderness for those who eat thorns the eyes of the bedu-women are tormented bottoms of craters. There are women bodies pounded by an enemy who is still licking the boots of their former executioners. We could not do the same. Palestine is a land planted by eyes who refuse to be closed.

Jerusalem is not the city of David. Jerusalem is the city of Jebu.

There is dust in the wheat and cemetery mornings!
after-an ordeal by lack of memory the hair of the sun is bringing a thirst that a clear water will satisfy... o cosmic protuberances clean out our mountains of sand so that the men of tomorrow walk on pink granite

## drink

the black fountain.
this body pierced with holes burned by sulfur opened by manganese wounds on its mouth and petroleum for its kisses
refugee with no refuge

I bring the ancient gods swimmers of cosmic currents stones where moons shall crawl spirits guardians craftsmen

I bring the new gods made of flesh<br>the future open<br>the resurrection of the poor<br>liberation liberty liberation<br>I am a nomad from a venerable cosmos

(...and we have offered his death so that the sun shall move...)
in our lands of drought the rain for ever is made of bullets.

Etel Adnan





## CONFIGURATION 4

The eye of
a prophet roams
a city in siege tired,
it shivers upon
a minaret, guarding our
blind children beneath
I was born an
obelisk,
laws written all over
my skin
a sandstorm blowing
through my mouth where
bedouins lose their tents
their gods and
fingers,
and snakes arise
like plants from sand

## I

am a garden of hair
in Damascus, where a Sufi lulls
his body of foam to sleep
I am two hands nailed
to the old tower of Allepo

At night I scatter red tattoos from my memory to be read secretly by slaves at dawn
I rummage through my enemy factories of death
here where
the sea is a blind
camera
and man, an empty
bullet.

Sargon Boulus

## CONFIGURATION ON SKIN, 6

but before anything else push aside these borders, this boat prepared for escape, this bridge: from the start of the dream of knowledge, start to explode
to
devour a barbarous feast made out of your heart-vessels, and then you'll ascend slowly till you live in the air of a line, in geometry of blind fire
vertically, and with the gaze of death be the target, be the bullet

Sargon Boulus

## CONFIGURATION ON SKIN, 12

Earth, a skyscraper of nerves.
Inside it's blood boats of revolutionaries pass over, to its blood. Earth a skyscraper of the slaughtered, abusing night drinking milk of ghosts awhile. It emits chill in its fatherly madness and from its shoulders hang lovers with severed tongues. Steam fumes up from its magical twin-breasts, children climb up outside its burnt out mines,
a woman, sleeping, wrapped-up in a flag of barbarians, a woman kept
in sand and crystal.
Peoples eat from a skull
the flesh of their past.
The city: a drunkard's hand, a map of rotten veins. The wild
wolf: approaching.

## SECOND CONTINUATION

White
is the innocence of chance, and while contemplating air, a neck is being uprooted.
Leaning towards things, is white
things gathered into a house; the house of the head venturing in air.
White is this night loaded aboard ships and death is whiter than the cloud of our eyes. A walk in the river, is white and huge flower of fatigue in the hand (a splinter of innocence) caught in the relationship of things.

Mouayad Al-Rawi

## NEARNESS OF ILLUSION

One morning I repeated the names; for they're solid, picking
trees out of their night. The least constitutional power defeats my joy.

One morning I prepared the moon of hot mouths above my baggage of hours and was remote in my dream's notebook. On my table, an intention of betrayal, delayed looking for directions.
The crime then must be set according to the name sculpted
in the image of air, and the voice, erect like a forest.
O names penetrated by silence my identity is a suggestion for the future.

Mouayad Al-Rawi

## INTENTION OF ADVENTURE

Meet whom, O countries growing in saucers of air meet indignation. I might possess my altered image but it might be soiled by those who swim in cities travel?
ships? a captain? an explorer? bird-bones trembling on shores and in spaces.
A meeting to scatter harbors of fish and alligators.
My brain is water, my oars, institutions of ages.
Meet whom O tree-like woman?
While my teeth dwell
within a net of wind
and I'm alone with my mysterious chains.

Mouayad Al-Rawi

## THE SEA

I left the sea
I'll see you, I said, in my grave covered with its thorns
and I roamed my island
I've left this sea
put its treasures
in poems
molded out of its clay
your tiny shells
and wrote upon its water:
'the drowned here, is you'

## Riadh Fakhouri

Sargon Tigris Book English.qxp_Sargon Tigris book 28/09/022 16:45 Page 52

Jebu was written, and published, in French in a private edition. The translation into English was done by the author.

The rest of the poems are by various poets from the Middle East. The translations from the Arabic were done by the editor.

The paintings 'Birds', 'Flute-Player', and 'Shepherd' are by Homero Herrera, Latin American painter and artist who's been working for years in San Francisco, at his studio on the Fifth Avenue.


Sargon Arabic.qxp_Sargon Tigris Arabic 28/09/2022 16:53Page 36

# نص القصيدة المنشورة بـاسم "انكيدو" في مجلة أميروس AMERUS 

ANKIDO

Traveling to a New City*

My closet has been filled
with burned faces
from the leftovers
of Viet-Nam

On the walls of my room
there are men riding
horses,
traveling toward the sun
The sun of him who is the channel
of the center
is balancing the planet, I was in this room
when it was part
of the ocean
I spoke to its inhabitants, I told them, I'm leaving this city, you can question me, but my lips won't tremble an answer
(*) See: Amerus:A Multilingual Lyripolitical Journal of Poetry and Graphics. Edited by Jack Hirschman and Alexander Kohav. San Francisco: Ame-Rus Press, 1979.(Unpaginated ).

ANKIDO is identified as follows: "ANKIDO has been a street-activist poet-café worker of importance to the Palestinian Liberation Movement."
house. It's many months later that I introduced him to Violette Yacoub (or Yacoob), that she found the grant for him, and he quit his job... for a while, I lost track of him, then saw him a few times, then learned he moved to Germany. It's in Germany that he translated a book of mine "There" (Hunaka, in Arabic) that Khaled al Majali [Maali] published. Then, Khaled told me Sargon would translate another book of mine, and that he needed money. So I sent, I remember, 2.000 dollars to Sargon. After a while, Sargon wrote to tell me he didn't translate "Paris, when it's naked" (the book of mine), but used the money to fly to the U.S. where he had an operation. Then one day I learned that he had died. I have been very sorry, and still am when I think of him.

Dear professor, and friend, I hope your work on Sargon goes well. I live in Paris now. with best regards, ETEL
4. He really did translate poems of mine for Shi'ir, and probably Mawaqif also if he said so. Yussef el Khal took him under his protection. He was extremely fond of him.
5. I doubt that he studied comparative literature or sculpture in the U.S.
6. Sargon had told me that in Kirkuk (or Mosul?) where he grew up, he used as an adolescent to go to the American cultural center (The Kennedy Center?) to read BOOKS ABOUT AMERICAN POETRY.

He was so excited that I lived in America. One day, when I used to live in San Rafael, California, in San Francisco's Bay Area, I received a note from him telling me that he was in New York! I was taken by surprise. He told me "I want to come to see you".

He had come to America with the help of the Methodist Church, and had given my name as a sponsor, though he did not tell me in advance. He did not have money for his air ticket New York- San Francisco, so I paid his ticket. When he arrived a friend of mine, Kathy Geiger and myself, we went to the airport to receive him. He slept in my apartment, on the living room couch, for one week, as he was really tired, and with the flu. After that, we drove him to Berkeley, where he wanted to be. I rented a room at the YMCA for him and gave him also some money for his expenses for something like a month. I took him to a guy who was the head of the Iraqi/ Ashuri community, and told him that he had to find some job for Sargon. His family name was, if I remember right, Baba. By the end of the month, he found a job for Sargon and Sargon moved to San Francisco.

It was a very small job: Sargon worked for the famous Bechtel Company, he had to be there by 6 A.M. and distribute the mail in the little boxes of the employees of the company! But he could survive, and pay rent for the room he had rented at some woman's
نص رسـالة اتيل عدنـان المؤرخة في 20/2/2013

Etel Adnan's letter concerning Sargon Boulus
From: Simone Fattal[sifattal@yahoo.com](mailto:sifattal@yahoo.com)
To:The Post-Apollo press < postapollo@earthlink.net> Sent:Wednesday, February 20, 2013 12:33 PM
Subject: Sargon Boulus

Dear Salih Altoma, this is Etel Adnan. I will answer your questions concerning Boulus.

I am extremely happy that you're working on him, as he is one of the very best Arab poets of the XXth century. A very dear friend of mine. I met him at Yussef el Khal's place in Beirut, in the sixties, during the summer. Sargon was very young. He had those wonderful black eyes and big smile, looking so real, so innocent. I liked him immediately.

1. He did not translate Jebu, it's Adonis who translated the sections of Jebu he published. (I have a complete translation of Jebu into Arabic by Nazir el Azmeh, and one by Aicha Arnaout).
2. Sargon has seen the version of Jebu in the Arab Journal published I think in New York, in English, if that's what you're referring to.
3. When Sargon came to San Francisco, I introduced him to Violette Yacoub, an Iraqi 'Ashuri [Assyrian] like him, with the idea that she could help him. Few months later he told me that she was looking for a grant for him, and that he had to show that he was involved in some cultural activity, so he decided to start "Tigris" and he asked me to publish Jebu as the main poem. I didn't ask about who or what organization were giving him the grant. But he did receive the grant and stopped publishing "Tigris" after that.
$\qquad$ "A Stone" MA 10 (1/1977)، 68. rpt. in MA 12-13 (1980-81): 31.
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$\qquad$ ."Dancing before the Queen"Trans. Sargon Boulus and Naomi S. Nye. JL: 207.
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$\qquad$ ."Elsinore, Hamlet's Castle." Banipal 15/16 (Autumn 2002/Spring 2003): 11.
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___. "Nearness of Illusion." Tigris 1.1971
__. "The Procession of March." Banipal 18 (Autumn 2003): 58-59.
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## Sargon Boulus: Bibliography of Translations 1971-2009

## Abbreviations

AB Adonis (Ali Ahmed Said). The Blood of Adonis, Trans. Samuel Hazo. University of Pittsburgh Press, 1971.
AC A Crack in the Wall: New Arab Poetry. Ed. Margaret Obank and Samuel Shimon. London: Saqi Books, 2001, 228-230.
AP Arab Perspectives. Washington, D.C.
JL Salma Khadra Jayyusi, Ed. The Literature of Modern Arabia: An Anthology. London and New York : Kegan Paul International,1988.
JM Salma Khadra Jayyusi, Ed. Modern Arabic Poetry:An Anthology. New York: Columbia University Press, 1987.
MA Mundus Artium. 10.1 (1977) and 12-13 (1980-1981) Athens, Ohio.
KS Sargon Boulus. Knife Sharpener: Selected Poems. London: Banipal Books, 2009.
SBL Selections from al-Babtain's Lexicon of Contemporary Arab Poets (Biographies and Poems of 101 Arab Poets. Reviewed by Abdul-Wahid Lu'lu'ah. Kuwait: The Foundation of Abdulaziz Saud al-Babtain's Prize for Poetic Creativity, 2006

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { سركون على تجنب الاقتران الصريـح بـه. } \\
& \text { 1- للاطلاع على مـا ترجم خلال الفترة المذكورة راجع كتاب المؤلف: الشعر العربي الحديث }
\end{aligned}
$$

> مدرسة الملك فهد العليـا للترجمة، 1993.
> 2- راجع المقال التالي حول جذور صموئيل حزو الاشورية

Stan Shabaz. "Samuel Hazo, Lebanese-Assyrian \& State Poet Laureate of Pennsylvania." Zinda Magazine 14.5 (May 2008). http://zindamagazine.com/html/archives/2008/05.23.08/index _mon.php
3- انظر قول سركون في حواره مع خالد المعالي ردأعلى السؤال: "من أين كنت تعتاش؟"

- من خلال الترجمة والعمل العادي، عدة وظائف هنا وهـا وهناك وفي الوقت نفسه كنت أترجم مـا

 ملاحقًا خيالاتي /2016 ص165.).

4- Amerus: A Multilingual Lyripolitical Journal of Poetry and Graphics. Edited by Jack Hirschman and Alexander Kohav. San Francisco: Ame-Rus Press, 1979.
مع العلم بـأنه لم يظهر من هذه الهجلة غير عدد واحد.
العربي ان كانت حقاً مترجمة:
״خزانتي قد امتلأت بوجوه محترقة من بقايـا فيتنـام
رجالى يمتطون جدران غرفتي

خيولا
منطلقين نحو الشمس

كنت في هذه الغرفة
عندمـا كانت جزءاً من المحيط(البحر)

لعلني لا أعدو الصواب إذا قلت بـان اختيـار الاسم المستعار-ان كان حقـاً لسركون بولص- يرجع الى التوجه المـاركسي للشاعر هيرشمـان ولمجلة وهرص American-Russian=Ame-Rus وهـو اخـتزال لـعبـارة Amerus

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { وقد تكلمت الى ساكنيهـا } \\
& \text { قـائلا: } \\
& \text { سأترك هذه المينة } \\
& \text { ولكم ان تسألوني (عن السر) } \\
& \text { غير ان شفتيّ لن تبوحا } \\
& \text { بجواب " }
\end{aligned}
$$

Literature of Modern Arabia الانطولوجيا الأخرى أدب الجزيرة العربية (1988) شارك فيها بترجمة اريع وثلاثين قصيدة لثمـانية عشر شاعرا من اليمن والمملكة العربية السعودية والبحرين والكويت وفقاً للطريقة المذكورة في اعلاه (عبد الرحمن ابراهيم-عبد الله البردوني-محمد سعيد جرادة-سعد الحميدان-عبد الكريم الرازحي-عبد الراهـي الرحمن محمد رفيع -علي السبتي احمد الشـامـي-محمد الشرفي-شفيـق شوقي-عبده عثمـانــمحمد حسن عواد-عبد الكريم الـودة-عبد الرحمن فخري-محمد حسن فقي-غازي القصيبي-اسمـاعيل الوريث- خليفة الوقيـان).
6. قيـام سركون بترجمة مجموعة شعرية لمواطن سوري-امريكي شادي الخوري بعنوان "جذور وورود".Roots and Roses دمشق: دار سلام،1995 عندما كان الشاعر في الرابع عشر من عمره. تضم المجموعة 24 اريعاً
 اية إشارة الى قيام سركون بترجمة المجموعة المذكورة في كتابـاته او مـا

 الى الكتب الاخرى التي ترجمها كمترجم مهني ولا يهتم بذكرهـا "لأنها غير مهــة بل كانت مجرد أعمـال".3 الالـي
لا شك في ان لسركون بولص ترجمات أخرى منشورة او غير منشورة كمـا يفهم من بعض تصريحـاته اومـا يرد في برامج قراءاته الشعريـة في عدد من الجامعات الامريكية أذكر منهـا برنـامج قراءته في جـي (1982/3/3) حيث ترد إشثارة الى ظهور ترجمـاته في Mundus Artium المذكورة في أعلاه / وفي مجلتي Invisible City و Amerus غير إلـا أوفق الى الوقوف الا على ترجمة واحدة نشرهـا بـاسمه الصريح عـام 1972 في أولى المجلتين وكانت ترجمة جزئية لقصيدة الونيس الوني "قبر من أجل نيويورك". أمـا Amerus فلا نجد فيها إشـارة الى اسمـه بل الى أنكيدو وهو كمـا قـال محرر المجلة جـاك هيرشمـان- اسم مستعار لعامل مقهى وشاعـاعر شوارع-ناشط ذي أهمية بـالنسبة الى حركة تحرير فلسطين . علمـاً بـأن
 الى مدينة جديدة"او لغتهـا وصورهــا او تلميحهـا الى موقفـه من حرب فيتنام كمـا تدل ترجمتي التقريبية لبعض مقاطعها بـالنظر لعدم وقوفي على نصها

كما قلت آنفاً بل على مـا عرف عنه كمترجم مبدع علماً بـان المشرف على العدد المذكور كان الأستاذ صدوئيل حزو Samuel Hazo من أعلام الشعر

3. مشثاركته بـالتعاون مع الفنان بلاطة في اصدار كتاب مهم تاريخيا عن Fayrouz" فيروز بمناسبة جولتها عام 1981 بعنوان فيروز اسطورة وتران الاري ويبدو أن دوره الاساسي اقتصر على ترجمته لسيرة
 من الفنان كمال بلاطة (26 فبراير-شباط 2013).
4. اسهامه في اصدار مجموعته الشعرية الاولى المنشورة بالإنكاليزية تحت عنوان "الوصول الى مدينة أين"؟ Arrival in Where - City الا عام 1982. 198 وقد

 حيدر-ميرين غصين-أدمير كوريه) بالإضافة الى تصيدة له بـا باللفة العربية
 بلاطة" (وظهرت منشورة فيما بعد /انظر الاعمال الشعرية الجزء الثاني صـ صا253-254) علمـا بأن ميرين غصين كانـ المان المسؤولة عن تحرير المجموعة وكان الفنان المعروف كمـال بلاطة مسؤولا عن إخراجها الفني.
5 ـ مشاركته في انطولوجيتين من اعداد الدكتورة سلمى الخضرا الجيوسي: الأولى الشعر العربي الحديث Modern Arabic Poetry (1987) وذلك في ترجمة بعض تصائده وقصائد أخرى لأحد عشر شاعرا (شوقي ابي شقرا - عبد الوهـاب
 أبو القاسم الشابي- شفيق الكمالي - عصام محفوظ - ميخائيل نعيمة - سعدي يوسف) وقد تم ذلك بالتعاون مع بعض الشعراء الناطقي بـين بالانكليزية مثل أليستير إليوت، صمويل حزو، كريستوفر ميدلتون، نعومي شهاب ني وييتر بورتر.
Alistair Eliot, Samuel Hazo, Christopher Middleton, Naomi Shihab Nye, Peter Porter
 الناطقين بالإنكليزية(استراليا-أمريكا-بريطانيا- كندا)

## ملحق أ

## ترجمات سر كون بولص من الشعر العربي الخديث

ان حياة سركون غير المنظمة والظروف الصعبة التي واجهها في أمريكا بعد وصوله عـام 1969 لم تحد من مواصلته الابداع بغزارة نـادرة او فريدة في مجالي الشعر والترجمة المزدوجة (من العربية واليها في محاولات عدة) خلال السبعينيـات والثمـانينيـات من القرن المـاضي. فقد ترجم مثلا في فترة قصيرة (1971-1988) أكثر من مـائة قصيدة من قصـائده وقصـائد شعراء

 أكاديمية. وقد ظهرت ترجمـاته في مـا يلي من المطبوعـات: مجلة TIGRIS التي أصدرهـا عـام 1971 وهي في الحقيقة مجموعة شعريـة تضم قصـائد لستة شعراء ترجمها سركون بـاستثنـاء قصيدة اتيل عدنان وقد وردت وفقًا للترتيب التالي:
 مقاطعها الخمسة الأصلية كمـا وردت في نصها المنشور في مجلة "شعر"
(40/ خريف 1968).

2- يوسف الخال قصيدة "ميلاد 1968" "شعر" (40/ خريف 1968).
3- اتيل عدنان قصيدة "يبوس Jebu" (وقد احتلت معظم صفحات المجوعة
(43-10
4- وثلاث قصـائد لكل من سركون بولص ومؤيد الراوي وقصيدة واحدة لريـاض فـاخوري.

مجلة عالم الفن Mundus Artium عـام 1977(عدد خـاص) حيث ساهم بترجـمـة قصـائد لأربـــة عشر شـاعرا عربيـا (عبد الـوهـاب البيـاتي-جبرا ابراهيم جبرا-أنسي الحاج-بلند الحيدري-يوسف الخـال- فؤاد رفقة- بدر شـاكر السيـاب-توفيق صـايـغ- صـلاح عبد الصبور-سميح القاسم-نزار قباني- محمد المـاغوط-عصـام محفوظ- سعدي يوسف). ومن الواضح ان مساهمة سركون ني هذا العدد الخاص لم تكن مبنية على أي انتمـاء أكاديمي

والترجمـة الـعربيـة الكـاملـة: يبوس وقصــائد أخرى. ترجمة أوديت خليفة. بيروت: دار التنوير 2016.
6- انظر الفهرس العالمي حيث يرد ذكر المكتبات التالية: مكتبة سان فرانسيسكو العامة - مكتبة جامعة كاليفورنيا- فروع ثلاثة بيركلي ريفرسايد - لوس انجلس/ مكتبة اتلنتك يونين مـاساتشوستس - هـارفردمكتبة نيويورك العامة - جامعة ولاية اوهـايو - جـامعة مينيسوتا.

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7- حسن نجمي. "مـع سركون بولص في سان فرانسيسكو" تـاريخ المقابلة 2002/5/15 وقد أعيد نشرهـا في موقع جهة الشعر وفي مجلة البيت المغربية العدد المزدوج 16/15 شتاء 2010 ص ص 33-59 8 - راجع مقال د. روبين بيت شموئيل "سركون بولص كائن عراقي عاش 6157 سنة"
Church of Beth Kokheh Journal. 4 (2016) 1-12
حيث يرد قوله "لم يفلح سركون بتخطي الخـامس الثانوي الأمر الذي عجل في تركه مدينته المحببة كركوك وانتقاله عـام 1964 إلى بغداد." ص 4

1- صـالح جواد الطعمة. "سركون بولص: من معـالم حياته الأمريكية". كيكا مجلة الأدب العالمي 1 (صيف 2013). ص ص 222-233

Salih J. Altoma. Iraq's Modern Arabic Literature: A Guide to English Translations since 1950. Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press Inc, 2010.

2- 2- سركون بـولص. الأعمـال الشعريـة. عنكـاوا: وزارة الثقـافـة والشبـاب. 2011 3- الجمل 2016

قد يكون من المفيد التنويه بـانه كمترجم مهنيا ترجم مجموعة شعريـة Roots and"لمواطن سوري-امريكي شادي الخوري بعنوان "جذور وورود دمششق: دار سلام،1995 عندمـا كان الشاعر في الرابع عشر من عمره. تضم المجموعة 24 اربعاً وعشرين قصيدة في العربية وترجمتها
 المجموعة المذكورة في كتابـاته او مـا كتب عنه او في أي نقد او تـريف الـا خاص بـالمجموعة. ولعلها من الكتب المترجمة المنشورة التي لا يذكرهـا لأنها -كمـا قـال-غير مهمة بل كانت مجرد أعمـال. 4- انظر الحوار مـع مـارغريت أويـانك تحت عنوان:
"It Just Grabbed me, this magic of Words, of Music", pp8-18, Banipal 1, February 1998.

5- منذ قيام سركون بنشر يبوس ني مجلة دجلة 1971 ظهرت محاولات أخرى ني العربية والانكليزية بينها النص الكامل المنشور في كتاب اتيل عدنـان (2014)

Etel Adnan. To Look at the Sea Is to BecomeWhat One Is. Volume 1.
Edited by Thom Donovan \& Brandon Shimoda. Brooklyn \&
Callicoon, New York: Nightboat Books, 2014. 21-37.

ليس من اليسير الكشف عنه إذ لا نجد في مـا ينسب إلى سركون من تعليقات بيـنًا واضحًا عن إصداره مجلة دجلة ومـا كان يهدف إليه حتى في الحوار التـالي مـع صديقه المقرب إليه الشاعر النـاشر خالد المعالي: "- هذا الثخص كان في العراق... وراح إلى أميركا وترك الشعر وأصدر مجلة اسمها دجلة

- (سركون): صحيح في الانكليزيـة.
- لا أحد يعرف أنها بـالانكليزيـة إذن من قرأهـا؟ ريمـا لم يرهـا أحد لكن الكل يتحدثون عنها.."(سافرت ملاحقًا خيالاتي ص 105).
وفي موضع آخر من الحوار يكتفي سركون بـالإشارة إلى أن صديقته أو عشيقته "صـارت سكرتيرتي في مجلة دجلة وكانت تدرس الأدب المقارن وفيما بعد أصبحت برفسورة في جامعة (المصدر نفسه 107). ويقـال الشيء نفسه عن نتيجة الرجوع إلى مصـادر أمريكية مختلفة (بمـا فيهـا الصحف المحلية) إذ إننا لا نعثر على أية إشارة إلى صدور مجلة دجلة وأخص بـالذكر منها مراجع تعنى بـالدراسات العربية علمَـا بـأن جامعة كاليفورنيـا/بيركلي (حيث درس سركون كمـا يقول) كانت مركزًا مهمًا منذ الستينيـات يضم أمثال الأستاذ منح عبد الله خوري المعروف بريـادته فـر فـي ترجمة الشعر العربي الحديث بـالإضـافة إلى زميله الشالـاعر الفلسطيني الأستا الزائر توفيق صـائن قبل وفـاته 1971.
أغلب الظن ليس هناك تفسير أفضل ممـا ذكرته الشاعرة الفنانة الكبيرة اتيل عـدنـان في رسـالـة شخصيـة 2013/2/20 فـــد ذكرت أن سركون أصـدر المجلة للحصول على منحة وكان من شروطها أن يكون له اهتمـام أو منجز ثقافي أو أدبي، مستعينًا بنشر قصيدة يبوس Jebu المـادة الأساسية التي احتلت معظم صفحات العدد. وقد أشارت الى ان سركون توقف عن اصدار المجلة بعد حصوله على المنحة. ومن الجدير بـالذكر أن سركون لم يكن في حينه يحمل حتى شهادة الثانوية العراقية8.

 حياته) ليتفرغ إلى الشعر في مختلف عصوره وأوطانه: ليعيش الشعر كمـا قـال وقد وفق في مساعيه إلى أبعد الحدود.

بأرقام 4 و6 و12، ولم أستطع الوقوف على نصوصها Configuration العربية بخلاف عناوين قصائد الراوي "الاستمرار الثاني"، "اقتراب الوهم" و"نية للمغادرة". وعنوان قصيدة رياض فاخوري "البحر".
قد تكون قصائد سركون المذكورة بين القصـائد التي كتبها سركون قبل هذا التاريخ 1971 ولم تدرج في مجموعاته الشعرية المطبوعة حتى الان وقد راجعتها بمـا فيها "الأعمال الشعرية" التي طبعت في أربيل بجرئ بئين عام

 حيث يرد قول سركون:

- "وأنكر أيضًا بإعداد مقابلات طويلة مـع شعراء هذه المنطقة. وقد قابلت عددًا منهم وتشاجرت معهم، وترجمت بعض قصـائديا ألدي إلى الانكليزية. ويدأت

 اللغة، وكذلك قصة اسمها "الصحراء" وهي عن مهرب على الحي الحدود العراقية، وريما ترجمتها عن الانكليزية إلى العربية (من رسالة إلى وديع سعادة 1971). (انظر النص المنشور في ايلاف 8 نوفمبر 2007).

وتضم المحتويات كذلك قصيدة من "الشعر الملموس" بعنوان Poncrete بثكل سمكة متكونة من حروف اسم فيروز (ف ير ر و ز) المنفصلة تحمل تاريخ آب 1971. ولعل اختياره يرجع إلى افتـان سركون بمفهومه للشاعر كصياد يبحث عن "السمكة الحقيقية" وليس أي
 يقول مشيرًا أحيانًا إلى العجوز سانتيغو في "الشيخ والبحر" لهمنغواي (انظر
 "أن يصطاد سمكة الأبدية".
وقد يكون من المفيد التذكير بأن أول قصيدة كتبها سركون وهو في الثانية عشرة من عمره ألمحت إلى فكرة الصيد والسمكة.

و أخيرًا لا بد من التساؤل عن سزّ إقدام سركون على إصدار TIGRIS أيـام كان متنقلًا من عمل إلى آخر.

أصدقـاء سركون أمثال مؤيد الراوي ويوسف الخـال واتيل عدنـان وفؤاد رفقة وآخرين"، أو أنه "أصدر مجلة بـالانكليزيـة في بيركلي بـاسم تـايغريز (أي دجلة) ونشر فيها ترجمات من شعر فؤاد رفقة ويوسف الخـال وغيرهمـا واستقبلتهـا الصحـافـة الـعريـيـة يـومهـا بـالترحـاب" (حسين قبيسي الشروق

الإمـاراتية حزيران 1992 نقلًا عن سافرت ملاحقًا خيالاتي (341).
لم يصدر من المجلة في الحقيقة إلا عدد واحد وقد صدر عـام 1971 - كمـا أعلمتني شخصيـًا الأستاذة فيوليت يعقوب رئيسة منتدى الفنون والثقافة العالمية (سان فرانسيسكو) ثم توقفت عن الصدور لأسباب مـالية أو غير مـالية دون ان تترك أثراً في الكتابـات التي تعنى بـالعراق او الشرق الأوسط او الدراسـات العربية.

إن العدد الوحيد الذي وقفت عليه يقع في 50 (خمسين) صفحة تقريباًغير مرقمة ويشير إلى عنوان المجلة في سان فرانسيسكو وسركون كمحررهـا والأستاذة جوانا سميث كمساعدة لـه ولكنه لا يشير إلى تـاريـخ صدوره أو دار نشره أو مكانه سوى العنوان وقد زين غلافه بثلاث لوحات فنية (طيور لاعب الناي -الراعي) لفنان من أمريكا اللاتينية كان لـانـي اله ستوديو في سان فرانسيسكو مـ العلم بـأن فهارس المكتبات التي تقتني المجلة لا تشير إلى تـاريخ صدورهـا، وقد اخترت 1971 للسبب المذكور في أعلاه. أمـا محتويـات العدد فهي تدل بوضوح أن "دجلة" كانت مجموعة شعرية إذ انه لا يضم إلا قصـائد لستة شعراء ترجمها سركون بـاستثناء قصيدة اتيل عدنـان وقد وردت وفقًا للترتيب التالي:
1- فـؤاد رفـقـة قصـيـدة "أوراق الشـتــاء" وقـد ترجم سركون مقطعين مـن مقاطعها الخمسة الأصلية كمـا وردت في نصها المنشور في مجلة "شعر" (40/ خريف 1968).

2- يوسف الخال قصيدة "ميلاد 1968" "شعر" (40/ خريف 1968).
3- اتيل عدنـان قصيدة "يبوس Jebu" (وقد احتلت معظم صفحات العدد (43-10

4- وثلاث قصـائد لكل من سركون بولص ومؤيد الراوي وقصيدة واحدة لريـاض فـاخوري.
لـقـد اخـتـار سـركـون لـقصــائده ثـلاثـة عـنـاويـن تحمـل كلـــة "تشكـيـل"

ولـهـذا يـعـد إتـدامـه عـلـى مشـروع مجلـة دجلــة -وهـو في بـدايـة هـجـرتـهـ حياته. القلقة-منجزًا إيجابيًا وإن لم يُكتب لـه أن يحقق الاستقرار والأمـان في

والسبب الآخر الذي يبرر إعادة نشر العدد المذكور مـا لـه من قيمة تـاريخية
 (يبوس) وهي تعد من أهم قصـائد المقاومة Jebu -(2021-1925) الفلسطينيـة التـي كتبت بـعد هزيمة حزيران 1967 في مـواجهـة الـدووان الإسرائيلي ومسـانديـه في الغرب أو الولايـات المتحدة، وكانت اتيل قد كتبتهـا أصـلا بـالفرنسية وقـام أدونيس بترجمة مقاطع منهـا تحت عنوان "سيكون المطر رصـاصـًا إلى الأبد" (مواقف/ تموز - آب 1970 ص ص 76-81). لقد نشرهـا سركون عام 1971حين كـان يعيش في مرحلة صعبة من حياته كمهاجر ينتظر تقرير مصيره أو مستقبله في أمريكا قبل أن يعيد نشرهـا الأستاذ الفنان كمـال بـلاطة في كتابـه "نساء الهلال الخصيب" عـام 1978 وقبل ان تتواصل حتى الآن محاولات أخرى لنشرهـا أو اختيار مقتطفـات منها وترجمتها إلى العربية في سنوات مختلفة". وهناك أمر ثالث يبرر في اعتقادي إعادة نشر مجلة دجلة خدمة لقراء سركون بولص والباحثين وأقصد بـه عدم توافرهـا في المكتبات العربية، وهي غير متوافرة في الولايـات المتحدة إلا في مكتبات جامعية أو عامة محدودة (تسع مكتبـات وفقًا للفهرس العالمي WorldCat)'.
أقول هذا وأنـا على علم بمـا يرد من الإشـارات المتفـائلـة او المبـالغـات في بعض الكتابـات العربية حول سعة انتشار المجلة وتوزيعها أو قيـام سركون بولص الصا بإرسـالها إلى بعض القراء في حينه، واستقبـال الصحافة العربيـة بـالترحاب كالقول مثلًا:
"ثم واصل بعد سنوات إمعانه في الغريـة، ففي عـام 1969 غادر إلى الولايـات المتحدة، وأحب سان فرانسيسكو ليلبث فيها فـأصدر من هناك مجلة دجلة وكان ينفق عليها من جيبه ويرسلها إلينا على عنوانـاتنا في العراق أو مصر أو لبنان!" (عبد الإله الصـائن "سركون بولص واستحضـنـار هموم المبدع العراقي المغترب" الذور 12/11/12007). 12 الان أو القول بـأنها "مجلة للأدب والفنون التصويرية ضمت أعمـالًا لعدد كبير من

نوعُا من الأمـان والاستقرار والنظام في حيـاته. قد اعترف سركون نفسه أنه في مرحلة قصيرة بقوله الذي أصبح كاللازمة يكررهـا في كثير من حواراته "عشت بضـع مغـامرات وزاولت مهنًا عديدة" دون تخصيص. (الأعمـال الشعرية/ الجزء الثاني 2011 ص 259)²
 تعتاش؟"

- من خلال الترجمة والعمل العادي، عدة وظائف هنا وهناك وفي الوقت


 خيـالاتي /2016 ص(1653)³
لم يكن لدى سركون من هم كمـا يبدو ولم يخطر ببـاله أن يسعى إلى مهنـة
 ومترجمُا، فهو - كمـا قـال في إحدى مقـابـلاته - لم يتبع الطرق المعتـادة التي يتبعها الشعراء الآخرون "لأن حياتي كانت مضطربـة بشكل مهول وأنـا لم أعش الحياة الجيدة اللطيفة الثابتة التي عاشها الانـا أغلب الشعراء بـد التخرج من الجامعات وإصدار مجموعة شعرية منظمة والتعامل مـع الناشرين. فأنا عشت الشعر... وأجد أن الشعر بـالنسبة لي حاجة عظيمة ومخيفة وسحر... " (مقابلة مـع صلاح عواد/نزوى أبريل 1996). أو كمـا قـال في حواره المطول مـع خـالد المعالي: "وهذا هو معنى سفري الحقيقي ليس للاستشفاء ولا للاغتناء ولا للدراسة وإنما لسبر جوهر أحلامك والنزول إلى تلك الأمـاكن التي حلقت إليها في أحلامك السابقة" (سركون بولص. سافرت ملاحقًا خيالاتي /2016 ص

وقد اعترف سركون في موضع آخر، بـأن اختيـاره لهذا المنحى غير الثابت أو المنظم من الحياة خيّب ظن من ساعده على الهجرة إلى أمريكا، وأعني بـه الشاعر يوسف الخـال الذي كان يتصور - على حد قول سركون - أنه ذاهب
 وطنه (حوار بـالانكليزية مـ مـارغريت اوبـانك 1998)

## مقدمة

## صـالح جواد الطعمة

من الشائع في العالم العربي ان سركون بولص أصدر أو نشر عام 1971 (أي بعد وصوله الى أمريكا بسنتين) "مجلة" باللفة الانكليزية يحمل عنوانـانـا

 الهطبوع، وأن سركون نفسه كان يدرك بحكم نشأته الأدبية عاملألا أو ناشثرًا في عدد من الهجلات العريبة أن مـا اصدره لم يكن سوى محاولة ألما أولى (وأخيرة) لنشر مجموعة صغيرة من قصـائده وقصائد بعض أصدقائه من
الشعراء المقربين اليه.

وبـالرغم من ذلك شاع استعمال "دجلة TIGRIS " كمجلة أصدرهـا سركون بولص، وهو ما نلتزم به في هذه المقدمة.
لقد سبق لي أن أشرت الى مجلة دجلة TIGRIS و تناولتها في موضعين (2013/2010)
 وذلك لعدة أسباب.

أولها أن مجلة TIGRIS تمثل منجزًا إيجابيًا مهمًا في بدء حياة بونا بولص الأمريكية، يوحي بالاستقرار والاستمرار دون أن يحققهما، لأننا نـا نـلم بـأنه منذ بدء هجرته(1969) إلى سان فرانسيسكو - مدينة الحلم الثالثة بالثة بعد بغداد
 الغاضب "البيتنكس" التي كان يعجب بها وهو في الاني بيروت وقطع فيها شيا شوطـا
 ومايكل مكلور (وكان قد ترجم لهم في بيروت قبل الالتقاء بهم)، غير أنه
 أمريكا وهي لا تخلو من قسوة أو صرامة وقد عاشها عا عامـا بعض الشركات أو المؤسسات كما ذكرت الشاعرة والفـانـانة الكبيرة اتيل عدنان في رسالة شخصية (2013/2/24) ولكن دون أن يضمن لنفسه

Sargon Arabic.qxp_Sargon Tigris Arabic 28/09/2022 16:52 Page 6

Sargon Arabic.qxp_Sargon Tigris Arabic 28/09/2022 16:52_Page 5

## الفهرس

مقدمة.

ترجمـات سركون بولص من الشعر العربي الحديث.
ببليوغرافية بما ترجم سركون بولص من قصـائده وقصـائد شعراء آخرين.

نص رسالة اتيل عدنان المؤرخة في 2013/20.20.

Sargon Arabic.qxp_Sargon Tigris Arabic 28/09/2022 16:52_Page 4

# TIGRIS دجلة 



# تقديم <br> صـالح جواد الطعدة 

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طبعة منقحة

## 

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2022

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مجلة سركون بولص

