

Creative

Time

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Abstract: This time sequence opens with a soliloquy, or more precisely, a submission to time, in the form of personal lamentations, and is followed by irregular stanzas spanning unidentified episodes of journeying, the intention to do so, or total stasis. Throughout, time is continuously prodded by the intimate journey within one's own time, by its linguistic and haptic promise, through the name and naming, the names passed on from parents to their child. In this sense, the poem queries the inward pact signed in journeying, between the son on the one hand, and the father and mother on the other, constituting the announcement of history through intersecting times of refugeeness, but equally in the context of humanity and inhumanity as a whole. As time is incessantly probed in this poem, so is journeying within it. In particular, time, as it branches out onto subjective (and non-subjective) times, is conveyed initially through the journeying from *I/We* to *They* in the poem, ushering in competing pronouns in an attempt to blur time itself and those inside and outside it. The premise of this poem, or body of poems, is not in any way to locate time with precision, physically or historically, but to repeat a question which seldom finds a place and time; that is, "where is time" to witness the future?

Keywords: time; the body; journeying; dialects; secrets; farness; land; voice; sound; strangers; refugeeness; borders; crops; tomorrow; river; water; incomplete books; psalms

A Soliloquy before Time

I tremble. The hand in the hand, smothered, breathless, air in between.

I tremble. My body is a garment hewn from cut-out fabric cast on the road, never a coincidence, an offer for the coming tense.

Who is it, the one, the only one to see the road amidst severed faces on unknown bodies?

The journey, what is it? A desolate land, a roaring sea, a name of names?

There is nowhere for me. There I killed my father to steal the name, to sail towards the wildest of screams and never return?

My name, they say, is that of a prophet, and my mother's, the silent hand on my shoulder, is holy wood for coffins and ships.

I tremble in the name of the name as I see my eyes trespassing in every void and flesh.

I see them in every road, skinned limbs, a dialect gasping for sense and air.

We walk, so we think, never in the absolute presence of one another, breathing the
blindman's stick.

We walk with feet as heavy as fate, as light as bodies not remembering their bodies.

Each a petrified soul. Each a time.

Time

I

The secret
Creaking of hips while journeying
Faces of sand wrapped in thick cloaks
Dates from the Hereafter sealed in the far end of fruit
A glimpse of something

A blink of an eye
Then resurrection
Things they see with their eyes shut
Things they may recognise with their senses and
Edges
The severity of sleep
As they hallucinate
Then an awakening
It is the time of the tree of the unexpected
Befalling them
Stomping on arid routes like a raging beast
Ravaging the thing guarding all things
In a pale of doubts and amulets
It is far
Farther than the stitch of sound to itself

Is it not, then, the creation of farness?

II

They come
Laps devoid of night
(Perhaps time was absent or
Perhaps it was them in their unworn bodies)
They come or so they say
(When they sought what they desired
When they prodded their shadows to follow them)
They come in seconds
In a time saturated with clarity—a clear time
Now they have come

Let us invite them over
If they agree
We shall walk behind them
Towards their promised cheerfulness and
Land

III

A secret concealing nothing save the time of the road
They walk on a thread of dust
Or water
So as not to forget their intentions in the air
Another secret, it is
Or
Digging
Ploughing
Shoving
Not finding. . .

A sighting without a mirror
Urns of fresh metal and
Time

A voice withers in throats of flesh and
Dies
Time's secret is screaming
Calling
So hasten the slaughter
Hasten it, O stranger
Time is a feast
Feast's a sound hovering in sound
In the sublimity of sound

IV

They say:
We will be just like tomorrow
A river
A just river
In the beginning, as in the end, water
The river we cross with scale
And memory
(Silent was the time then)
Hands ominously gesturing at the symbol and
Nothing
(One nothing)
We shall lend the touch its touch again
The time to the kingdom of the thing

The White Ghoul?
The plain under the river?
Where is the river?
Where is it
Where is the water's witch and
The followers of water?

V

Sounds fall deep in the belly
A hole in the belly
Wreathed by the sun's orbits
The moon as it is, motionless as though devoured
Eyes growing rounder until they see another moon
A moon
The shape of a bead on a stranger's forehead

Sounds fall
They rattle in the belly
Time weds the stranger's intentions and
Leaves

VI

They sit with incomplete books and psalms
With a grip of what they do not know
With an amulet the shape of a place
These are similar-different things
Mysteries in the clarity of mind
Clear, sometimes, in their absence
They say:
Clear, do not be
Nor be time by the sword
A heart is for the stranger
God, find time, never find it
Drag it in full time
If You enter

VII

When will they come those strangers?

To write their return to nothing from nothing

From dusty borders and
Crushed wheat

From yesterday

From their broken veins

When will some of this happen?

Will they return for their

Crops

From the faces that remained

From their still faces

Where is the place?

Where is time?

VIII

Where is time?

And what happened to the wind to take them with her

Where is time at this time?

When it remains

When it dies

When it does not return even after a while

Listen

(They listen)

Listen to what is coming

Beyond what is called silence

Listen

(They listen)

Let time go back to where it was

The journey shall begin

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