

ink and stone

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Laure Keyrouz

First edition

2013

ISBN: 978-9953-79-060-2

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(Becharre, Lebanon, 2008)

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Laure Keyrouz



Dedication

I dedicate my first published book "Ink and Stone" to Becharre's Nature engraved in my heart, to my mother Jocelyne, to my father Lichaa, to my sister Yolla who always inspired me, to all the members of my family who encourage me to write and publish, and especially to my beloved husband Christian and my children Laurian and Ilyan.

Preface

*I*nk runs deeper than stone, or is it the other way around?

The experiences of a young poetess and artist coming from the age of war and universal deceit are transformed into battles of thoughts and quietly drifting images, only to set the mind on a visualization and sensation time-bomb. The clashes of imagery harmonized with her expression present a depth that can only be witnessed by the movement of a painter's brush or a sculptor's fingers. Through her multi-artistic vision and multi-cultural background, Laure Keyrouz makes it easier to grasp a certain notion or tone of expression, and so it feels almost like watching art rather than reading it. After all, ink and stone are what the artist within feeds on without really consuming either: these are just transformed and purified of all that withholds the incarnation of a vision. And as their residues withstand time and space and even culture, they have the magic to re-invoke and re-create at any time or place.

If there were one thing that Poetic Art somehow lacks, it would be to overcome the barrier of language as genuine and pure as intended in the thought and feeling of the artist. However, the tune stays almost intact and it is in this musicality – a universal form of art – that poetry still achieves its impact when translated or even when heard in the original language. Free-verse has helped make this a little more tangible and opened the way for further variation in rhythm. Therefore, the experiences of the poetess flow smoothly in the different languages this book was translated to, experiences we easily understand and connect to and moments of contradictory sensations we share and bring forth to light and so we can embrace rather than deny. This is poetry about the human inside each one of us, the quintessential exposure to the truth of feeling and thought and all that makes us who we are.

Edrick

- 1 -

The Silence of the Word

*Inside the stable,
My feet are thrown
Behind the moon,
The night migrates me away,
Leaving the hearth of Arak
Dripping,
Blooming distances of a feverish perfume,
The lock trembles,
Casting the curse of the gods...
I abandon myself,*

*I miss it,
I correspond with it,
Cities washed with the silence of the dead awaken...
I hunger for myself,
I light the torch of clouds for it,
I shake hands with the thunder,
And the melody of bridges
Stranded, in a shoulder
That awakens and falls asleep...
And behind the seas and the mountains
I throw my grandchildren to the lions.*

I and You Ink and Stone

*Within the salty region of the eclipse,
Our autumn path reveals its feet,
Our loaf rises in the veins of yeast,
Our trees staring, slipping with the rain,
Imbuing in water rings,
Colliding with the breath of shells.*

You and I...

*And the sieve is tossed with no intention of mine
Above my winged head;
The naked coal stinging goblets of water,
The fog complaining from the fog
Immersed in crimson hair,
Our imagination leaking together across a gathering of flowers
Squandered with empty seedbeds.*

*I visit the wind,
The thunder awakens in fairytales
The spider weaves the bridal gown
Near a Bedouin tent...
The thirst distance stretches betwixt my green lantern
And fishtails, squirming behind the leaf.*

*We... a funny scribble for the night,
A spear disappearing in the rites of ruin,
Circular gratis,
Abridging the colored bird
Tracking down the tint,
The Chief of Nails walks for us,
Riding the morning horses
The station of ivory and fire;
It drifts, dies and grieves...
We all feel the thunderbolt approaching,
Breeding the news from the slit in the ship;
And in the shrouds a nightingale
Breaking the tale,
Dreaming of firewood coal*

To sew its mouth and burden it with a needle.

I and you...

*Under the weight of the river
Some salt got trapped in the mouth of our village
So we sunk under the weight of the river,
The gray clouds scratching the shady smell of our universe
With an ancient breath;
With a rift drenched with light and dark.
The bed is crazed with nests of silver spoon,
The comb disentangles its gaze
Until our last wrinkled limbs
And the spear plunges its palms within our glaring socks
The whiteness...*

You and I...

*And the seeker of survival
Frowns his moustache,
Plucking the train whistle out of his throat.
The melted ice wounds the flute strings;
And the crowds climb after the wheat*

*Picking up the last grain of wheat
In the pyramids of Egypt.
And the candle grows fainter,
The drug dissolves in the love of the virgin wick
Closing its eyelids,
A tent erect between the lash and the lash,
To stay late awake conversing the last night
Before the full moon becomes complete.*

*I and you ink and stone...
A blind winter knitting our breaths with the scythe...*

*Bouquets of pain jumping to our laps like white lilies
Taking off their coat on a shoulder of alabaster,
Straying our love among the crazed gardens...
Suspending our head above antique archways,
We stand with spider masks,
Valleys blushing at our rumbling,
The prayer kneels amongst us,
A harp buries our bells,
Exploding from a bird's hideaway*

*Concealing its throat on a wooden board,
And the rain shower fearlessly eating into our past.*

*You and I twilight madness,
Sharing the shells at the sea
Our eyes the lasting captives of the hills
Concluding with a white cloud,
Freezing the snow-lids,
In an empty bottle
Harnessing the void of birds outside the frame of the human
cradle,
Outside the borders of the dream,
We are in love with ash,
We amass old houses before the temples of fire,
The curse of the sun is ashamed of us and so is the wrath of
dust,
Our missing fingers sprint before us
In a haystack,
The tear shines in us,
Bridling the speedboat that awaits the moment to set sail,
The wings of darkness ruffle under the beaches light.*

*The children of flames we are
Stretching out our naked hands,
Falling martyrs along with the bush,
A mist is born in our vacant breaths,
Transforming them into a cluster of diamonds,
Sleeping in silent wilds,
The lantern thrilled with us
The hermit mumbling with a gorge slashing the clan,
Devouring our wires enflamed in the haze,
Titles of a wine running us like a horse,
The roaring sea pulling us, we steal the bones from
The frozen cave,
We crush the brooks,
We drag them from their neck; we grind them to dance with
the shades

The dawn springs from us, despite the kingdom of stone and clay,
Diffusing among the olive leaves,
Carrying neighing waves,
launching us forcefully above the hills;*

*We pile up anew with the fig leaves,
We worship the silence as god,
We climb the east until the red clusters,
We bring the seas closer to flower dreams,
The wing of darkness wallows in a strange butterfly,
Implanted in a borrowed heart,
Hiding every evening in the depth of the urn,
Disturbing the storm...*

*I and you;
And this time the eyes of the stone loathing us!
The flute extremity abandons us!
The Ark of the Covenant smashes us,
We dwell in the shadows of death,
Until the dream erases us and draws us anew!*

My Grandma's Shawl

*I passed through the matchsticks
With the dancing hall of strange eyes,
With one hand sowing the firewood,
Blazing the valley,
With the other,
Suffocating the sunflowers
Immersed in the earth...
The moment I wrapped my grandma's shawl
The clouds dispersed
Into a dough,
Hungry,
Lifting the lid from over the world,*

*Rejoicing at the invisible smoke,
Screaming as it prays,
And the moon stumbles between its lips...
The language of the rising day,
Begging existence,
Hastening at the goodbye kiss,
Touching the mountain first,
Inattentively hurting its hand
On its pointy crest,
And leaves, leaves without regret
Washes its wound in the sea,
Removes the sand cover,
And falls asleep, falls asleep,
In every shell.*

The Bird Dance

*In the wilds suffocating
With salt and alienation,
The foam sweeps away the kebbe mortar,
Grinding it,
Playing by the sun's honey beats...
The steel nail scratches
On the fig tree arm;
Here, here the sun is crucified;
The thumb thrusts
Into the green twig
Its path of disbelief...
The leafy smile dismantled*

*Amidst the wing of rain,
I feel the nakedness of the shirt
The loose dance of birds
Keen that we embrace the torch of time,
It finds me white,
Waving for it to come forth... and we leave together.*

And I Left You Burning

*Amidst a cocoon,
Amidst roots,
Lay above the grass;
Ruminate the seas and the sky!
Tame the oak tree;
The dream in the autumn sounds
Wide-spread the boats!...
The drowsy leaves emigrate...
The press-mills wine
Fall a martyr!*

*You the shriveled grass,
Rub the letters of the flute,
Swallow the fir tree and the cypress,*

*The flower wreaths,
Veins
Falling asleep and awakening
Dancing with the ghosts...*

*And I left you burning
Amidst a cocoon
Amidst roots!
The stars... leafing
And the fire being buried...
In a muddy road
I recall my childhood toddling:
River ashes, tremble!
The scent of the fetus darken the color
Soak in sorrow,
The price of fingers is born by night.
Intend the honey between the corners of the body!
Ye, this mad light
I was walking and between my jaws a prey,
Conspired with the coming era;*

*And I heard the cradle press fingerprints,
Speak and resign.*

*Amidst a cocoon, amidst roots!
The stones have fallen, a stone prison cell,
The travels of the night.
Hedge-plant swings,
A forehead of ice,
Passing ghosts,
A hungry ring.
The stones have fallen!
The savior has planted a branch,
A face sowing the chants,
Kneading the salt
And Jerusalem weeps...*

*And I left you burning!
You the awakening,
The hoarseness of the incense.
The rumble of the torches*

*A glance of a pale coat;
And the silence, the panting of a crime
Shakes off the scattering seeds,
Plants the children onto the trees...*

*Amidst a cocoon
Amidst roots,
A tree-house shades
That fell
Like snow!*

*Amidst a cocoon
Amidst roots,
Earth-lit wings.
Pebbles in the lake
Daring to vocalize.
Within the amounts,
Within the ocean floor,
The scribbling of your leaves warms me up...
Under the rain spout,*

*And the harvest calamity,
Raining poisoned birds;
The salt towards the sunset
In the city shelters;
Getting off my shoulders,
Running after the tree,
Digging the window path
In my hair tresses,
I chose you my wreath
My soul that's cast amidst the archways.*

*Amidst a cocoon
Amidst roots;
Firewood breaths,
A pathway overflowing with thorns,
Has left many thousands of times
Its eyes mysteries of light...*

*...Amidst a cocoon
Amidst roots,*

Evening arches,
A new stoning;
A waterfall drowned in September promises
Clamored with the womb of salvation,
The spleen of the wing
The scent of lilies;
Striking the bells
Until my moon crumbles
Amidst the narrow passage;
Another forest,
Gypsy verses,
Removing the fog.
The mounds of time,
Throwing the paper plane at the sun.
Our shadow on the outside, spying
Through the hole of the gown...

The Glance of a Hermit

All the eagles hovered

Around a head

Beseeching the wild herds for help;

His ideas falling near the river,

Telling his story near the river,

Telling his story to charcoal...

Yes!

I wrap the swaddles and the shrouds,

I wear the hooves of my mare,

I squeeze the clouds,

I pull my fairy's hair...

The body of the evanescent rose does not reach me,

To plant between my shoulders the rib of existence...

My beard has grown;

I returned to the cave

Drenched with prayers.

I've waited for my ghost my God,

To come to me, and I revisit Earth.

Harvest Era

*Between the cradle and greenness,
The torch of wine,
The day floats;
And the waist is not a carnation
Stuffing the ice...*

*Between the cradle and greenness,
An orphaned hymn
Crouching in the glass,
Winging towards the abandoned hill...*

And the resonance of horses, gasping

*Above the streams of mirrors.
The olden door in pointing style,
The wheat spreads over the ladder,
A windmill coming from afterlife,
Gathering the crops
Amongst bosoms,
Its gurgling
Tames the palms of bees.*

*The eye of the color slumbers,
And the dress grasps the knitting of soggy cheeks
Between the oak tree and the beach,
And the lightning hangs down from the strings of dawn
And the darkness of vines...*

*And you build up as a woman,
The eyelids of the night fall
At the width of the rattle,*

*In the season of silk
And epic shells...
Between the scarves
And the urn, it coughs,
Collecting mercury
Over wrinkled skin...
The foam floats
Amongst the orphans,
And the stones of the temple a butterfly wing
Between the world of vinegar,
And the mud...*

A Dream Nap

*A kiss in absence,
A fountain of an oil flame,
Leaning on the comeback road.
A silky mountain comes out of a chisel thud.
A forest of nails, slumbers
Among the rosebuds,
Escorting the scribbled leaf
Until it grows,
Pelting with mud.
A sail cleaves through the path
A cloud forms on ice surfaces;*

*It stands from afar,
seizes the lake,
Under a woodpile skin.*

*On that night,
A harp abandons the tunes,
Sharpens the silence,
Waits for hours to purchase liquor,
Entreating the moons not to wither,
Submerging the side of the road,
Tilling the days
Sowing them with boredom.
The waterfall hides introverted amongst the luggage,
The fetus spills in the lake,
Its foot gets caught under a course
Of the blue dream,*

And Aphrodite's image falling asleep in an ancient well.

The sand knots take a photo of our dreams.

The moon disappears then

Enjoying the handshake with the spirits,

And extinguishing the sprouts at the spring hearth,

Until the sky is torn asunder

Above each slope

And slope...

The Orange Coat

*You haven't anchored,
You won't understand,
Don't weep,
The sun stroke its eyes
And the orange color
Unwraps between the cloud... and the tongue,
Black leaves oscillating with the silver strings...
Before the torch of light is out...
And the bird goes and comes...
It won't land on the earth,
No, and not on the stone...
There's no olive leaf to come back with*

*Above the limited table of the sea,
The shells are silenced,
The branch leans toward
The claws of winter,
For fearing the sting of spring;
It reprimands eternity
Coughing in the face of time,
My head walks without my consent,
The thirst goes on
Until the green apron,
And the sage meadow.*

My Sister and the Valley

*I run with the specters of the trees
And my youngest sister runs along with me
Before the time arrives
And I return to the valley,
The valley cracked,
The valley split, The valley,
The valley,
The valley...*

*My sister and the valley,
A blanket embroidered with brass has expanded.
And the linden*

*Conceals the hum of the night necklace
Coiled upon a round moon...
It opened the spout to smell the scent of prayer
That which piled up my tears
I sympathized with the color of the sea...
Our feet slide off with the soil
The valley split,
The valley
splintered
The valley,
The valley,
The valley...*

*Towards the old monastery
Midnight,
The children of the valley
And the weft of light...
The lantern climbs*

*Feet foaming the soil,
The firefly hovers,
The stones crackle.
Who is that who runs
Holding her sister's hand?
Who desecrates the night of creations?
I turn around the willows...
Every time I gasp
A new earth particle suspends in my throat.
The valley splintered,
The valley fractured,
The valley,
The valley,
The valley...

My sister and the valley
Sleepiness stole
The path of extensive embrace,*

with breaths of the sun that cowers

Among violet flowers;

The ice veiled me with chains

In agony,

The distant relaxing moons go mad

Behind the hills;

And so my yearning grows...

The valley splintered,

The valley,

The valley,

The valley...

Breaths of childhood, starve me

For the king of silence,

So I dance with the trees in spite of me,

I flood the arches and the beaches

With the fountain of life,

My soul takes leave with a gasp of an ancient mask...

Holding the wings from leaving the shell,

I bow my head and pick up the waves.

But the cloak is grimy,

And the circles perspire the magical boats...

I lead everyone behind the hills

And live for the remaining glory

And the valley split.

The valley,

The valley,

The valley...

Amidst the wind

Above the lake,

I lend the skies my crystal key,

I sewed the dreams with circular leaves,

And the hooves of my mirror collapsed,

*Lashing the light and the grief,
Wallowing the soil,
In the white journey of the age,
And the fire is entombed,
Thrown for the gods of quietude...
And the valley cracked,
The valley,
The valley,
The valley...*

In the Time of Roses

The crumbs of thorn, scattered in the frost

Of roses, pleading love

In the middle of the road,

Embracing the twilight blue,

Sliding off it

Bit by bit,

Rustling along behind

The grief of a scarf...

Outside,

Ethereal wings slumbering within the gurgling of days,

And the crawling of the eve,

*In a symphony, echoed
By the lovers' eyelids,
And the wind scratches the roving question
Groping in the age of loss
And in the fields of sorrow,
Then kneels after a while...
Before the open space of love.*

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Who Is Inside of Me?

An unknown fetus thunder inside of me

Stone quarries,

Cross bosoms,

A straw hat

And the embers shroud the woodlids...

An unknown fetus thunder inside of me,

Expatriation spirit,

A kneading-trough of thought

Written anew...

*Climbing the night,
The door of the mad enclosure...*

*An unknown fetus thunder inside of me,
Wallowing in cotton,
Gasping with my homeland
To come
Waves on shrunken feet,
Swaddled with suffocated chisels,
Lashes entrapped beneath the threshold
Of an ancient monastery door...*

*An unknown fetus thunder inside of me,
The jailbird of the new spirit,
Reaching the full moon,
A pile of clouds
A candle flame,
Shaking the dust towards the shore,*

*Returning the fish into the sea,
Blowing the panpipe
Beatings of a sleepy heart...*

*On what morning?
You fold your head inside of me
You submerge the rock
The light dazzles you
Shining in a drop,
You dream of an eye-spark blue,
Locking up the door of silence
The color child suddenness inside of me,
A baby fastened my hands
Playing with a velvet scarf,
He judges with freedom,
He wraps me with the thunder,
I pass by screaming in the wild
Where to?*

*When do you come back
Tomorrow or the day after?...*

*An unknown fetus thunder inside of me,
Within the shells,
Between the vale and the vale
Towards the new cave.
I ignite the night light...
I smashed the urns...*

*The rings plunged within the storm lavas,
I awaken within your wings
The nostalgia for migration,
Your hair color swelled,
With the passage of the herd...*

*And I clip your nails...
Till they touch the line*

*And you live within me
I, the stray bird
And you, the card game
The straw chair.*

*An unknown fetus thunder inside of me
A sting overcast
With pink colored bandages
Stretching in the whole extent
Re-erasing the azure,
Inhabiting the beach during the heat season.*

*The wind starved,
And I fed it my self
And the river thirsted,
So I washed myself with it...
My clothes and I
And the wooden wardrobe.*

*An unknown fetus thunder inside of me...
Piled up suddenly in the arms of the age of spring.
He searches for the pillars of the next dawn...
He carries the roses,
Twisting them above the mountains
Appealing to the fields...*

*Ye citizens of the wind...
The time has come
To replace the golden wrists
With a scent...
That collapses under the feet of roses.*

The White Chant

The mustard seed ascends:

Flee before it rains...

The white chant

Pierces through the windows,

Dancing around,

Gasping,

Retaliating the cloud,

Spreading the foam,

Pecking the sprinkled grains of wheat.

Wherever your spirit is...

When you kneel for departure,

*My beautiful garment crosses the river,
Wheezing with the coming season,
I embrace you...
Between the sun and the sun,
The meadow blooms,
Roaring like a waterfall,
Crashing like the lightning,
The letters disarrange.
We run hurriedly
Darkness hurling us...
The gasps of mud oases the stones crackle,
The fence expands
Towards the howling,
The time comes
I return, I return
So runs in my veins,
The chill of drowning.*

*Betwixt the sails,
Swimming between the sun and the sun
Bare feet and nude ears,
Between the thunder
And the wet vessel,
The pulse of the blue atmosphere
Composes the song
And runs against the current...*

The Last Decline of Humanity

An explosion of a heart and an assemblage of countries,

An empty attic

Even of bones.

A fireplace complains

Of the green flames,

The mountain rolls down

Off the wheatear bodies,

They've been buried alive while they've been

Paling in a halo of thorns...

The humanity

A virgin emerging from the depth of the waterfall,

*Slapping the water,
Dancing with the bubbles of life,
Grasping the sound of Golgotha,
Migrating with the first swallow
And the memories of the last shroud riding dry land,
Wrapping her head with creeks of wool...*

*And when she falls,
The salt effigy transforms
Into the shadows of passersby,
Chasing the lengthy street,
Transmitting the rays of the blazing body...*

The Nude

*I got up just one time,
I borrowed the crown of thorns
From my grandchildren...
The moon is bleeding
From the color of light,
The sun rejects its prophecy,
The legs of the rock dangled
From the slope of the valley,
Gathering the tears of the nearby field,*

Promising it the joy of harvest,

For April is a second spirit,

Igniting and going out

In the whole forest.

In the Realm of Thorn and Jasmine

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
The light is deprived of rottenness;
The ewes raced each other;
A new patch gathering
New illusions
Of snakes...*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
I lifted my hands not to die
And sewages stranded, incinerated...*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
The thirst in the first migrant list,
The branches commit the sin.
The field sets,
Another myth in the playgrounds of fear
From destruction...*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
Salute the wrinkled eyelids,
Embrace the last real kiss, the last family loving you
And embark among the morning wafts,
A cluster of sins,
For fear of premature death,
A sting of a frightened smile...*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
The eyelid sat betwixt the maze of the last ah
And the last stone,*

*Incinerated the family,
Battered the hands of childhood with a last pillar,
Between the blue line and the game of fields
That is rinsed with fire.*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
The sealing-wax passed its laundry upon a flat-iron of
electrified scorpions,
The ghost of the road, coming with the air,
Bathed in wine...*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine
If only the wick thread stopped,
And the roof never fell upon the family,
And the wind spreads between sinful drains
Falling with the snow,
Trampling the urns!
We wouldn't escape with the sun,*

The July sun!
And there was no hungry kite
Playing with the crumbles of the throb that whispers to the
waves...

All over again,
We build the house,
We plant the field,
And Qana is stoned to death.
We plant the infants along the space,
We gather the water of the soul,
And in the blink of an eye,
The dragon exits the cave,
Chasing the thunderbolt,
So we run like prisoners,
Assembling our banquets,
The sea comes, the sea always comes
For the children of the phoenix.

*All over again,
We build the house,
We plant the field,
The fingers of the field cringe;
Amidst the war we were born,
The evening split open,
The white banner carries the pain and the madness.*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine
My pain skirts of white lilies,
Burning by the knots of aromatic herbs,
Windmills sheltering the pillowcases;
And I point my house to you,
My house covered by snow
To wallow its head with the ray of freedom.*

*The birds of expatriation
In the shell of the unknown;
The heap of blazing eyelids has drowned,
The torches of light
Cankering with an odd rattle
Those who invaded the torches were incinerated
And the bridges of expatriation were mounted by a new
collection of flags,
We piled up the wood
We preached the influx of vine-mills amongst the hands;
The volcano swings,
And the fissures of brown skin.*

*The birds of expatriation in the shell of the unknown,
A handful of earth,
And another saltiness,
And the washbasins of firewood,
Snatching the bitterness of the dream,
We plant wings far away,*

*Hunting the soaking moon
With a gasp of a baby dead under the ruin
With the spirit of rebel comets.*

*The birds of expatriation in the shell of the unknown,
The bell frowned
The sky glittered with the art of death
The hot summer planes,
The body of pain for a railroad
For the thud of a foot,
Flooded hearts,
Melted within the shelter of the house,
And the stoups of Qana spilled,
Escorting the sea into the waves,
And the flame into the blaze...*

*The birds of expatriation in the shell of the unknown,
The airplanes of the waves,*

*A new alphabet was born,
Molding the chamber of death,
With a miraculous traitor vial.*

*The birds of expatriation in the shell of the unknown,
The embrace of demented ink,
Stepping through the vessel door,
The pen pours the scent of thousands burned houses,
With a stiffened tone
Upon the mummified boat,
Between the dust
And the amber,
The masks deteriorated
Creased
Incinerated by ice.*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine
We entered the boat,*

*We lost the tune and the nerve,
We filled the urns with daisies,
And the ants gathered round the table,
Munching through the seasons of white saltiness.*

*In the realm of thorn and jasmine,
We entered the boat,
We came together...
The journey of white tears,
The bits of snow...
And the white hills.*

*Take me back where my house never falls upon
The mouth of love,
Where the arches never fall
Amongst the rustle of vessels
And the winged passengers.*

I walk, and the eve of sunset,

*Repelling the stones off me,
And death falls all along the path.*

*Do not leave,
Shovels abandoning the field;
The lavas of salvation,
Color tablets gathering their debris,
And the shadows of the tale;
The sea exterminated the childhood memory;
Stupid history
The street always quakes
Sifting the apple trees
With a red summer...*

*Do not leave;
The rhythm of the fiesta hill
Among the leaves of sleepiness;*

*Dancing lowly erased
Rusted and the sunrays
Washing the dusk...
And the letter and the rain flow.*

Do not leave the realm of thorn and jasmine...

And the evening nightingale didn't fret;

Above the family grave,

Ever-oozing wine.

And the war dies,

Passes away,

We crucify the lilac rope,

Scythes,

And the word suffocates,

The temple of the cave,

With broken ribs...

Do not leave with the vessel,

But dwell with me the blue

*Horizon,
An elder
Flew in a sky
With no stars
And cast anchor within sidewalks without
Harbors.
We starve the rain,
And the cheeks of children rise with the tune and the lily.*

Durand de la Penne, July 17, 2006

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The Last Tune...

*The amphibious paintings grieving out of fondness for the
clouds,*

Nightingale of color

I awaited you... and it's enough...

The light will swim

In the depth

Of the dream...

I and you,

And the night smacks the offering fastened

To the orbit of the sky,

*The eye trembles
In the tear-duct of the sun,
Snatching the swing from the worn-out
Cage,
The meadow blooms
Between the blue cloud
And the black mountain,
The vase of beauty blows us
And so does the moon of giving.
But the wind...
The wind will irrigate the arch...
And the leaf witness of the remaining tune...*

Stay... How Could You Leave?

An eye that hasn't opened yet...

I felt cold...

All the vines recoil under the moon wing,

The leg walking,

The ship departed forlorn,

Displaying in its nectar

Hysterical flowers,

Chasing the peeled line...

I asked the spider threads:

How does the sea hunger

For the worshippers of the stars?

Steals the sadness from eyes

*That set behind the ancient oak tree
Twirled with a thousand rustles?*

Sewn

*In the womb of existence
By the lame,
Spread amongst the gravel...*

*In your velveteen eyes...
The wheat cracks emerged,
And you're unaware;
You want to leave faster,
You chase
The murder of pearls...
And the grains of madness...
You wrapped with your wings,
You flew farther,
Your arm honey wax,
The rain sliding off of it,*

*Warmed up by an elderly hearth,
Dwelling with the blue butterfly,
Kneading my palms...
The distances hunger,
Shining,
Lighting the hills
Frequenting every face
For the sun child,
And the bird aching,
Suffocated by her lover
As it drew near to sing love,
And flew away
To applaud the tune of eternity.*

The wind burned

*The wind burned,
With the rotten cage,
The drowning hollowed distances of childhood skin,
The spirit of darkness is splintering,
At the sides of evening tale,
Disappointed,
From the mute snowflake,
And the arch of salt,
Trading with the drowning of rings...
The space of roads is locked,
The light unbalanced,*

*Enchanted by the blanket of the past.
Between the chisel rattle,
And the boisterous spider web,
And the meadows of drought, bitter
The illusions of yesterday wrapped up, vanquished,
Colonized by yellow leaves.*

Would you allow me

*Would you allow me, you the lurking behind the shrines of
darkness*

That I steal the blue heart from you?

We bolt after the morning mirage,

And we walk

We walk

Walk...

In the skin

I knead you again with wine and alabaster;

I awaken the ardor;

I touch your hair,

I lean on you,

I squeeze you face,

And my eyes slumber among the features of your love

I bend my looks upon you,

I stop for you...

I glue my lips to the windowpane.

And I walk

I walk

Walk...

I jump for your eyes from within the clouds,

I deprive the jasmine of air,

I gather the hazel color

Upon the clothes-line;

I tie it to the border of the sky;

Above the lighthouse near the hermitage.

Transform my kisses into a barbarian spirit

Restore to them the oriental stupor,

And so I walk

I walk

Walk...

*Take me back to my sky,
To my solitude among the hills,
My hands stream parturition and radiance,
I glue your lips to my pillow,
I hear the veins of firewood
And I rain, I rain, I rain...
And the salt ends,
The valley holds me,
Tosses me,
Squeezes me,
Salts me...
And the tune shivers,
The bibles disjoint,
It pours down wheat,
And I walk,
I walk,
Walk...*

Make my wrists repent upon the ashes of a mad wheatear

In love with the river,

I plant a widow for a thousand children.

Curl my palms in the evening nights

Garnished with yellow freckles.

Find me a fishing-net,

A pen that writes with water and perfume;

And I follow you!

Find me a shade calming down,

And I believe in you, only you

Who shed a tear for me out of the oriental eye...

And I walk,

I walk,

Walk...

Dress my wounds with the winter mud,

With a drop of red brick,

*Behind the broken shells,
I blaspheme out of wandering,*

*At the time of prayer,
The slumber of that sleeping in the burrow of the night and
the evening wreath,
And I walk,
I walk,
Walk...*

*Allow me to stride a deliberate pace,
I kiss your forehead,
We walk by the feet of wind
Towards the sun,
Towards the winged jasmine and the strange butterflies
we release in the wilds,
The fog draws near,
I bury your hands
Amidst the blanket of drowsiness*

*We walk together onto the rustle of the star,
We pile it near the edge of the valley,
We seek shade in the grass embrace,
The twig wipes the jewels in my eyes
I hang between the vine leaf and the leaves of the sun...*

*Why ask for permission,
When the door is ajar for every stray stranger?
The frantic rain climbs the hills
We lay down upon the first wings...*

*Don't hesitate!
And your image converts into a language of colored nails,
The pickaxe concludes carving the icon and the coffin
altogether...*

*Opening the pit on a delegation of birds;
I won't seek September upon the threshing grounds,
Unless your hand in mine,
We spark the ancient wick*

*In the shade of the walnut and poplar trees,
We sow the dawn between mount and vale,
And the spirit dives in the petals of an innocent white flower.*

*I awaited you and no window to show from behind in the
company of the moon,*

Are you still listening?

I hurled you in without knowing...

Within the answer for my prayer,

So I consulted your god while you played the harp,

And in your green eyes the pasture grows,

And the sky-locks

Oscillate right and left...

So I hurry

And hold the butterfly

And so I roam over the sick in the battlefield

And I walk,

I walk,

Walk...

The Bride of Embers

It stopped, the purling stopped,

The purling the burning,

The guardian from the exile...

Murmurs slighting the welded mud...

Come forth!

Proceed in the windmills orbit,

Ferment in the dialect of smoldered light,

The reading of a weeping palm,

*Leaking,
The splitting of a breadcrumb,
Mouths walking in the dark,
Just before exile returns from the land of night...*

*A crown of barrenness
Enveloped with the moment of passage,
A generation of birds
Pecking the grains of pearl,
Rotten skirts stranded in the mirage,
The scale of sand particles plunged
Into the distant seas,
Followed the archways
With yearning soles,
Inhaling the firewood.*

Come back!

Lightning ribbons, return!

Ring of stones,

Coarseness of the jungle,

Praise stiffened badges.

Shells recurring,

Facades of barrenness veil the deranged moon,

Expanding with the board.

The weaved waters departed

By the palm of a flute...

The bride of embers,

The gap of the hanged dream,

A nailed apple tree...

The last god has died,

Its eyes shined a still tree

Digging, digging viciously...

It stopped, the purling stopped,

And the gray staring at the rain,

Burying the mummified ember,

Excavating amidst the wheat baskets,

For the age of air

Discharged from the pit.

*On a Piece of Wood
behind the Window...*

There was the evening...

And there was the rain

Invading and blazing

Then screaming out of regret...

There was the evening,

And there was the rain,

Cracking the walls,

In the dream of the Earth...

*I float on a piece of wood,
I release withered flowers,
With the breathing of a bird,
So that the trees die drowning...
The fish swim above the eyelids...
And Moses shouts:
“I shall split the sea all over again...!”*

The Death of a Fetus . . .

*Between the waist,
And the dance of clouds,
A musical hill creeps every day,
Kissing the wrist,
Wrapping the black scarf,
Drawing out the scythe,
A vine-strand
Scorching its neck
Craving the throne of the sky.*

And the fondness springs from the valley,

*Shaking the green,
Dropping the bird from the head,
The grain of wheat awakens,
The skies flow,
Blasting the streamlets...*

*Darkness swathes back the world
Water fills the cavity of hands
Piercing through dismantled bones,
Forgotten alive under the soil...*

*The birth bursts into flames,
The womb fills up with the fetus,
The iron breaks...*

*Emerging with its ears towards a hand that gently touched it,
It hears the dispute of deserts,
The whoop of wars,
And the strident rustle...
It hides its naked body,*

*It won't come out farther from the water...
It won't swim deeper than the flower nectar
The thunderbolt will snatch it out!
It has dreamt of a hand that awaits it,
But it is the fruit of a wanton waist;
It will kill
So it won't be born.
And the heavens burst
Between a millstone
And the death of angels.*

With the Coming Season

*Among the veils that swim between the sun and the sun,
I admit it is I who diverted the graveyard road
Towards the ancient house...
I wash my hands,
Of every sin I have committed,
I hang the stupid fig tree,
And I remain on the top of the mountain,
Barefoot and naked ears,
The rope tying around my neck
And my fingers and my roots,*

And people die by the thousands.

*Yes the lion hungered,
While on an unfamiliar promenade
It is not its nature to fish,
Or stand with folded arms
Waiting its turn to buy the meat.
We dwell in fairy cages,
Our fangs pointed towards the skies,
And our children grazing in the nearby field...*

*The wind resided
Between the sun and the sun...
The necklace loosened above a chest sighing,
From the tightness of the dress...*

*The quantity of the dream returned
Hunting people,
Pecking the sprinkled grains of wheat*

Wherever they are...

*Promise me,
Promise me ye bulbul of the valley,
And ye blackbird of the morning,
That your soul will not forsake me...*

*Your gazes feel sorry for my dress,
Crucifying its head upside down...
And it endured so much,
Until the river expelled it, towards the source,
And it acknowledged it as the secret of all secrets...*

*Come back and don't mind,
To the earth that burned
To the sun that set
To the eyes that vanished...
And do not gasp with the coming season!*

*For there will be no threshed fruits
But frogs and jewels...*

*And you scream some more...
Pluck out your eyes
So I can show my beauty,
And you feel ashamed some more,
I trust you with my hidden treasure;
And you tell me some more,
And when I'm done with you,
I return you to the street,
And resume coloring my braids,
And washing my clothes in the river,
And hanging the sorrow and the grief...*

*All along the hills...
between the sun and the sun,
At the roundness of the full moon*

Those who died are dead...
And the bird is pregnant
With a new season of hunters...
We drifted behind the candles in the wood
We plant the splinters of solitude,
We pay the lady and throw her out nude with the mirror.
And as soon as the path uncurls
We bite our nails,
We swing the darkness
Until it falls,
And sinks amongst the torn branches...

Let me dress with the wind,
And I and my rock commit suicide...
Forget all my ancient ambitions,
And my ancient clothes...
Plant them so they never sprout again
And I won't have to wear them.

*Do not seek my hands
Nor my purse
I lost them all at the slope,
I wanted to bid you farewell
But your room was locked,
And the moon was mewling within like a little baby
So I didn't want to disturb you while you were screaming...
Every night I climbed your funny window
I memorized the changing colors of your skin
Under the lantern-light and amongst the sun-folds!*

Biography

Laure Keyrouz,

Born on April 6th, 1979 in Becharre, Lebanon.

She received a Diploma in Arabic Literature from the Department of Literature and Human Sciences at the Lebanese University in 2002, a Diploma of Superior Studies in Arabic Literature from the Institute of Literature at the USEK University Kaslik, Lebanon in 2003 and a Diploma in “Art & Painting” from the Institute of Fine Arts at the Lebanese University in 2005. In the same year she received a scholarship from the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Cultural Italian Institute, for a Masters Degree in Italian Language at the University of Udine. After that she received a Diploma in Superior Studies of Art & Painting at Accademia di Belle Arti di Venice in 2008.

In Italy, she founded a magazine for Art, Poetry and Philosophy “Ink & Stone – Inchiostro e pietra” in 2009 and also an association, “Front of Art,” with Katia Baraldi in 2011. She travels between Italy and Lebanon to present contemporary art exhibitions and lectures in poetry.

List of some of these exhibitions in Italy:

❑ Human Rights International Contemporary Art, (Lecce-Trento, 2012)

❑ “Fruit”, self publishing exhibition (Bologna, 2012)

❑ My Detour-Taccuini da viaggio, (Venice, Foundation Bevilacqua-LaMasa, 2012)

❑ Asolo Film Festival “Art Shift: Two points” (Asolo-MoCA Taipei, 2011)

❑ Creation of “Front of Art-public art experiences” (Nervesa, 2011)

❑ “Arcadia: armonia e inquietudine”, (museum Giorgione, 2010)

❑ Opera 2009, artist of studio Bevilacqua LaMasa (Via Farini DOCVA, Milano, 2010)

❑ 93th exhibition, (Foundation Bevilacqua-LaMasa, Venice, 2010)

❑ “Disagi. Immagini dal Manicomio di San Servolo”, curated by Angela Vettese (Foundation Bevilacqua-LaMasa, 2009)

❑ 92th exhibition at (Foundation Bevilacqua-LaMasa, Venice, 2008)

❑ “Devozioni domestiche. Recent works of Venice Fine Arts Academy” (Contemporary gallery in Mestre-Venice, 2008)

List of currently active websites:

○ www.laurekeyrouzarts.com

○ www.frontofart.org

○ www.inchiostroepietra.org

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