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Blood Merchants

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صم (Blood Merchants)

Farouk Goweda

translated by Andy Fogle & Walid Abdallah

Original Arabic:

ي ناوغل رودص قوف نوماني
دي لولا دهع رعش لاب نو كبيو
رمع ءالش أعجاضم لاحتو
دي هشي ركذو م نازحأو
ءامد اياق ب ي كبت سأك ل ي فو
دي غ ساف نأو رطع ضاق نأو
راغص ل سوؤر قوف نوقليو
دي بع ل زبخو ي ناوغل باي ث
ارعش نوعي بي موي لك ي فو
دي دج رصق رعش لى ل عى نبيو
برد لك ي ف رعش ل اب نوريسي
دي رف دازم موي لك ي فو
رصم عوج نم لتاقن اولاعت
دي صقل اولح سانل لى ل ع ي قللنو
بعش مال آحفاصن اولاعت
دي زم نم له نزل اب خرصنو
ضراً عمدم نم ركسنل اولاعت
دي عسل نامزلا اهي ف لات غنو

رصم مال ح أم طحن اولاعت
دي لولا ح ابصل اهي ف ن ف دنو
م أم عم د ي ف رج ات ن اولاعت
دي ه ش ل ا ت اف ر ع ي ب ن اولاعت
ي ل ك ث ن ز ح ن م ر خ س ن ل اولاعت
دي ر ش ب ا ب ش ا ه ي ت ح ا ر ي ل ع
ر م ع ر ا ه ز أ ق ر ح ن ل اولاعت
دي د ج م ل ح د ق ر ي ر ه ز ل ا ي ف ف
ء ا ط ع ل ا ق و س ر ص م ي ف ف اولاعت
دي ز م ل ا ه ي ف و ا ن ح ب ر ا ه ن م و
ي ر ا و ج ل ل ر ط ع ب ع ي ب ن اولاعت
دي ع ق ل ل س أ ي و ر ا غ ص ل ا ع و م د
ا ر ب ص ر ص م ي ل ع ي ق ل ن ل اولاعت
دي ب ت ا م و م ه ا ه ي ف س ر غ ن و
ا د ي د ج ا ر ع ش ب ت ك ن ل ا ي ه و
دي ف ي ا ئ ي ش ر م ع ل ا ي ف د ا ع ا م ف
ا ص ي خ ر ي ح ض أ ح ر ج ل ا ا ذ ل ه آ و
دي ه ز ر ع س ب ا م د ل ا ع ا ب ت
ر م ع ا ل ش أ ع ج ا ض م ل ا ت ح ت و
دي ه ش ل ا ا م د ي ك ب ت س أ ك ل ا ي ف و
ي ن ا و غ ل ا ر و د ص ق و ف ن و ح ي ص ي
ي ل و ل ا د ه ع ر ع ش ل ا ب ن و د ي ع ي

English translation:

Asleep on their mistresses' chests, they profane the age
of Al-Walid.

The dust of our age collects beneath the bed, mingles with a
mother's sadness and a martyr's memory.

Blood-dregs stain the cup.

The ruins of perfume and the breath of young girls hover in the
air.

The merchants toss the young with soiled rags and slave-bread,
they sell poetry and build a new palace.

On all their routes, with all their victims, they use poetry.

Every day is its own auction.

With the hunger of all of Egypt, I am called to fight by giving peo-
ple poetry.

Let me face and hold their pain.

Let me ask, Is there more of this?

*Shall we drink the tears of the earth and burn the roses of good
times?*

*Shall we smash Egypt's dreams and bury the newborn morning?
Maybe hawk the martyr's bones, laugh at a mother who has lost
her son?*

*Let's pawn her very tears, discern the homelessness of the youth
in the wandering lines of her palm.*

*One of their dreams lies gutted beneath roses, but there are more
in the market.*

*We have profited much off Egypt's open hand, and there is more
to make.*

*With the perfume of slaves, we can lull the young to tears, and
keep the crippled crippled.*

*We'll entreat them to have patience, like one tending to a garden
where we planted disillusionment.*

The low-down know: when the wound becomes cheap, so does
blood.

We know dregs darken the cup.

We know dust collects beneath the bed.

We know when there is nothing of value left, we write new
poems.