

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

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## 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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