**The Motif of the Land (*al-Arḍ*) in the Poetry of Salem Jubran: A Reading of the *Kalimāt min al-Qalb* Anthology as an Illustration**

**Introduction**

The study aims to explore the motif of land *(al-arḍ)* and the way it is deployed—including its connotative, symbolic, and imagistic implications—in the poems of Salem Jubran (1941–2011). It also aims to define the nature of this motif and the extent to which the poet sought to refine its deployment harmoniously into an effective poetic tool.

The topic of land used to creative particular and recurring aesthetic effects is a seemingly novel area for literary discussion in literature. These thematic recursions and reiterations, whether through forms of expression or ideas, sometimes impose patterns of repetition on the poet designed to embed certain meanings in the mind of the reader, as well as repetition being used as a kind of expressive and meaningful tool that serves to convey this (Boulos 1986, p.82).

This motif is a salient feature of the poetry of Jubran, a member of the second wave of Palestinian poets, a man who suffered much in prison, and a member of the “Maki,” the Communist Party of Israel. He was born on a tide of anger crashing onto bitter realities. This is something we can sense in his 1970 anthology *Kalimāt min al-Qalb* (Words from the Heart), in which the poet directly addresses the Palestinian people in particular and the Arab world in general. His poetry speaks of the nation and of connections with the land. The love of the land is evident in his poems and the content centers on Palestinian national (*waṭanī*) and pan-Arab (*qawmī*) sensibilities. What is preeminent is his advocacy of senses of connection with the land and of belonging to the Arab world immersed in pan-Arab concerns and causes after 1967. The poet’s expressivity on these two topics stemmed from his faith in the power of the people.

Literary critics have discussed Jubran’s poems intensively, especially the prominent social and humanitarian themes in his work. However, I have yet to find a single study on the particular motif of the land in his poems, so it seemed an interesting avenue to pursue.

I have sought through my readings of his poetry to answer one principal question: What is the role of the motif of the land in Salem Jubran’s poetry? That said, questions derive this key one: How is the motif of land presented? What techniques does the poet use?

The study consists of an introduction and then two main chapters. One chapter is theoretical, pursued through a presentation of the poet’s biographical details in which the motif and his conception of it is presented, while there is also a contextual outline of the development of local Palestinian poetry after 1948. The other chapter is practical critique of a large selection of his poems, taken in tandem other relevant matters, that points up the principal significances of the motif of the land for Salem Jubran.

1. **Theory and Background**
   1. *The Life of the Poet Salem Jubran: Preamble*

Salem Jubran was a Palestinian resistance poet born in 1941 in the village of Buqeiʿa (Peke’in in Hebrew) in Al-Jalil al-ʿAla (Upper Galilee). He lived in Nazareth until he died there on December 19, 2011. He received his elementary schooling in Buqeiʿa and graduated from Yanni Yanni High School in the village of Kafr Yasif in 1962. It was at this time that he joined the Maki and began working in journalism, a profession he pursued until 1992 (Mujadala 2011, p.185).

The potency of his poetic expressiveness was evinced at an early age and he wrote his first poem in eighth grade of elementary school. Much of his writing in high school was devoted to the issue of patriotism and most of his poems outlined to the Palestinian people’s tragedy and depicted their suffering. Jubran, one of the second wave who began writing in the early 1960s, was a living witness to the impact of the occupation. He suffered in its shadows, something that inspired him to write very many patriotic poems (Mujadala 2011, p.186).

*1.2. Prison and House Arrest*

Research on Jubran has notably depicted his arrest and imprisonment in 1967 as an important period in his life that had significant impact on his poetry, so it seemed appropriate to dedicate a section to it. Jubran’s arrest and imprisonment in 1967 was due to his political activity and his subsequent placement under house arrest meant that he was prevented from leaving the city during the day and from leaving his house at night for two years. Jubran’s bitter taste of jail spurred his patriotic poetry onward to denounce the occupation’s injustice and the Palestinian people’s grim lot. It was such bitter experiences that led to his 1970 anthology *Qaṣāʾid Laysat Muḥaddidat al-Iqāma* (Poems of Undetermined Residence). The themes of love and yearning for the homeland is evinced in most of its poems, as he described the 1967 Six-Day War and its aftermath from the perspective of the Palestinian people day-to-day tragic existence (Mujadala 2011, p.204). All of this inspired Jubran’s understanding of the meaning of revolution and resistance manifest in the imagery he conjures up of his love for the land. Habib Boulos describes him as the land and resistance, as

a foundational figure in the committed poetry of national resistance and one of those who armed themselves with Marxist scientific theory to crystallize their ideas, stances, courses, and writing. He is a teacher and intellectual leader, whose writing, poetry, and opinion-making refined our character. We have learned so much from him so that his fingerprints are impressed on an entire generation (http://www.odabasham.net/%D9%86%D9%82%D8%AF-)

*1.3. Jubran’s Poetic Artistry*

What is distinct about Jubran’s poetry is distinct for its expressivity of real lived experience, expressing his pain and suffering to his own people, their sufferings being the same harsh experience he had endured in prison. He says:

I do not determine the length or meter of my poems before I write them. I live my reality and garner from it the imagery and intensities of personally and communally endured experiences. I engage with what I amass and try to digest it intellectually and emotionally... My commitment is to one thing: That what I write is honest not only about myself but with life in general... It is important to me that there is something new in my poetry’ new revelations; this is what I strive for. Whether poems are long or short does not matter to me, because, after all, I’m not selling cloth. (Al-Jadid, p. 41).

My reading of an extensive selection of Jubran’s poems indicates that the most significant topics and features are as follows:

(a) Repetition of words and expressions.

(b) Themes recurring across and recursive within poems, especially those related to matters of the homeland.

(c) The storytelling style of certain poems, with narrative evinced through character, dialogue, plot, time, and place.

(d) The simple, smooth, and spontaneous language.

(e) The use of many colloquial words and expressions.

(f) The use of Christian vocabulary projected onto Palestinian realities.

*1.4. Career*

Jubran edited the *Al-Jadid* and *Al-Ittihad* magazines, then became editor-in-chief of *Al-Ghad*, the communist youth periodical. In 1990, he was appointed editor-in-chief of *Al-Ittihad* daily, then himself founded and headed the editorial board of *Al-Thaqafa* magazine. He was secretary of Al-Jabha al-Dimuqratiya lil-Salam wal-Musawa (Democratic Front for Peace and Equality, known as “Al-Jabha” or by its Hebrew acronym Hadash) that had split from the Maki. Jubran resigned from *Al-Ittihad* in 1993 over ideological differences. He died in 2011.

*1.5. Publications*

Jubran published three poetry collections:

*Kalimāt min al-Qalb* (Words from the Heart; 1971)

*Qaṣāʾid Laysat Muḥaddidat al-Iqāma* (Poems of Undetermined Residence;

1972)

*Rifāq al-Shams* (Companions of the Sun; 1975)

His poems also appear in the 1968-published *Dīwān Al-Waṭan al-Muḥtall* (Anthology of the Occupied Homeland).

**2. Land and Other Motifs in Jubran’s and Other Palestinian Poetry**

*2.1. Introduction*

In this section, I explain the general conception of “motif” and the particular motif of the land used by indigenous Palestinian poets, given that Jubran is one of their number. Jubran devoted most of his poetry to resisting the occupation and exposing its methods and practices, so discussing his poetry means talking about resistance, a major theme in much of his three anthologies published between 1967 and 1975.

There is no resistance without love, so for a poet to be a resist, he must willingly experience love. Love of the homeland, love of the people, and love of the land are the wellspring of resistance poetry and, truth be told, Jubran’s deep love for his homeland, his people, and his land reaches verges on veneration. In an early work, Jubran summarized that love in a wonderful and simple poem called “Ḥubb” (Love) which, despite its simplicity, has an enchanting beauty and a delicacy of feeling about it that portends the emergence of a great poet:

*Kamā tuḥibb al-umm ṭafla-hā al-mashawaha*

*Uḥibbu-hā*

*Ḥabībtī bilādī*”

[As a mother loves her disfigured child

I love her

My beloved country].

This great love for his country makes him feel every blow struck upon it and every violation it undergoes, thus recording all the hardships his people and nation have gone through since 1948 (Boulos 1986).

*2.2. The Term and Concept of the Motif*

Motifs are repeated textual features in literary works designed to draw the reader’s attention to them. They take the form of a repeated idea or theme across and within writers’ texts in ways that contribute to the overall meaning (Wahba 1974, p. 333).

When an idea is repeated to the point of it becoming a motif, it indicates its importance to the poet. The difference between motifs and refrains is that the latter is repeated consciously and often only for formal reasons, while motifs place poets’ salient conceptions to the fore without necessarily formal considerations and conscious considerations at play (Wahba 1974, p. 343).

Motifs stylistically aid our understanding of literary texts. They are mere repetition of expressions in poetic contexts, but engender emotions within the audience and, thus, reflect psychological and emotional aspects of the scenario depicted (Taha, p. 120). Taha adds that motifs’ most important role is in conveying the main textual ideas.

*2.3. The Land Motif in Palestinian Poetry*

What distinguishes Palestinian poetry generally and resistance poetry as a genre is that it revolves around basic national issues of protecting, preserving, and remaining within the homeland. Palestinian identity cannot be realized without the land. If Palestinians lose the longstanding homeland of their forebears, they lose their sense of identity and selfhood (Mawasi 2017, p. 32).

It is natural that the idea of the land is a preeminent one in Palestinian poetry, given that the struggle of Palestinian identity to emerge cannot divorce itself from the meanings and contours of the national terrain. The land as a fundamental and salient motif has appeared in all Palestinian poets’ works since the first generation of them emerged after 1948 (Mawasi 2017, p. 36). This powerful and particular relationship between Palestinian poets and the land makes them insist persistent and steadfast in their all-encompassing determination to remain and to resist any endeavors to uproot and displace them in any way they can. Jubran was a founding figure in this regard.

*2.4. Local Palestinian Poetry*

After 1948, Palestinians inside became a minority subject to state control under military rule until 1956. The Israeli authorities took control of education and established new policies within it consistent with their aims. This restricted opportunities to write in a way that contravene those policy strictures and even to familiarize oneself with output from the Arab world. Jubran was one of the poets of resistance.

After 1967, indigenous poets within Israel became exposed to Arab world influences through their political leanings and these influences flooded their poems. This led to the concept and use of the term resistance and Palestinian “resistance poetry” is particularly associated with Mahmud Darwish (1941–2008), but also Tawfiq Zayyad (1929–94), Samih al-Qasim (1939–2014), and Salem Jubran (Mawasi 2017, p. 12).

Mawasi states that the application of the term “resistance” to Palestinian was confined to political literature in Israel, with the Arabs in Galilee (*al-Jalil*), the Triangle (*al-Muthallath*) that lies adjacent to the “Green Line,” the south desert/semi-desert Negev (al-Naqab) region, and the mixed-community cities living in their own particular conditions, with lands confiscated from residents and a new type of expropriation in settlement building (2017, p. 32). Mawasi says that Ghassan Kanafani (1936–72) was the first to use the term “resistance literature” for those artists living under oppression and in cultural captivity as a historic exemplar for a determined and steadfast resistance culture. Kanafani himself stated:

What distinguishes resistance literature in occupied Palestine from 1948 to 1968 is its harsh and extremely ferocious conditions that it challenged and lived, and it was the furnace in which its artistic production was baked day after day (1966, p. 34).

After 1967, indigenous resistance poetry shifted toward poetry of the nation as a fundamental axis, expressed in different ways by different poets. They addressed the 1948 *nakba*, wrote longingly of their families, depicted the tragedy of the refugees, and resisted both displacement and military diktats. They wrote in defense of and out of love for the homeland, protested confiscation of property, and arllied around Palestinian identity (Mawasi 2017, p. 44). Although critics differ on what the concept of “resistance literature” is, most who have written on our indigenous poetry agreed on dubbing it that, since it was poetry produced under the pressure of peculiar circumstances of occupation, in every sense that word conveys.

Our poets watched events unfold, observing and interacting with them and translating them into poems that defied the painful realities imposed: Injustice, occupation, and discrimination. They graphically depicted the community’s wounds and raised loud voices against the occupiers and their methods. Our poets’ pens spelled out all their schemes for suppression and displacement, while any who looks at the issues from one remove, far above the pain, ambitions, and hopes of their people, is spurned and cut off from the masses. Because our poets who have lived here have lived through those trials and tasted their bitterness, their poetry has taken on distinctive features that shared much with progressive poetry worldwide. However, it has also differed from it in its steadfast preservation of its local particularisms and special Palestinian overtones. Our poetry has been a progressive, revolutionary one that built on great poetic heritage prevalent before the *nakba*. Our poets have adopted these visions because they are familiar with what was produced by the pens of progressive writers in the Arab and international worlds, through what was published in the newspapers and magazines of the Maki during a dark period of scarce sources and a lack of accessible progressive books (Boulos 1986).

In the 1980s, magazines and newspapers began to appear that published resistance poetry, including *Al-Anba* (1968–85), *Al-Sharq* (1970–), the Hebrew/Arabic *Liqa* magazine (1964–88), *Al-Aswar* (1988–), *Mashaweer* (1978–80), *Al-Mawakeb* (1983–2003), *Mawaqif* (1993–), and *Masharif* (1995–97), as well as the University of Haifa–Al-Karmal’s academic magazine (1980–).

In the 1990s, Palestinian female poets who wrote about national concerns began to appear on the literary scene, such as Nidaa Khoury (1959–), Mona Zaher (1975–), Rita Odeh (1960–), and Amal Radwan.

Mawasi adds that anyone who looks at the indigenous progress of Palestinian poetry will observe a recent ebb in the nationalist wave and in the motivation to struggle for a Palestinian state, as well as in participating in national events that most poets had hitherto been keen to attend. This was due to the effect of the Oslo Accords, the partial return home of Palestinians, and the preoccupation of people within the country with local issues (2017, p. 56). Consequently, a few of the first-generation poets of continued on their poetic journey but with less revolutionary spirit about their work. Mawasi attributes this to the first-generation poets in the 1960s and 1970s being those who attracted the most critical attention and readership, as if those figures who illuminated the paths of poetry at one time had become obscured, or at least overshadowed and diffused in power (2017, p. 56). This discussion of indigenous Palestinian poetry, with all its splendors and peculiar resonances, leads us to talking about a leading poet who played a major role in raising the standing of our poetry and imbuing it with progressive, revolutionary hues: Salem Jubran (Boulos, 2016).

**3. Practical Critique**

*3.1. Preamble*

Many of the poems of Jubran that I read for this study diffuse a spirit of resistance and most of their content are the nexus of two principal axes: the nationalist (*al-waṭanī*) and the pan-Arab (*al-qawmī*). The nationalist axis is evinced in his expressions of love for and cherishing of his Palestinian homeland that seek to re-awaken the Palestinian popular nationalist sensibility and endow it with the spirit of resistance. The pan-Arab axis is expressed in his identification with the wider Arab world and immersion in its issues and activities, expressing, his solidarity and sense of belonging to the wider Arab world through his poems.

Jubran deployed the land motif in his poetry consistency, whether through repeated, in variable patterns and forms, words, phrases, and meanings. His usage of it is striking and intriguing and I will go on to show here how he did so and how this was all predicated on his political vision.

*3.2. The Nationalist Axis*

The national axis is the most prevalent in Jubran’s poems, with most of his poetry having a revolutionary character to them. In the poem “Al-Qarīya al-Madhbūḥa” (The Slaughtered Village), the poet describes brutal scenes:

*Damm damm damm ka-anna al-arḍ lā tunbit aʿshāban bi-lā dimāʾ*

*Al-laḥm fawq al-laḥm wal-dammār yazīd jawʿ al-waḥsh lil-dammār*

*Wal-sighār yamshawn marʿūbīn bayn al-nār wal-ghibār*

[Blood, blood, blood, as if the land does not sprout unbloodied grass

Flesh upon flesh and the destruction swells the beast’s craving for destruction

And the little ones walk terrified between hellfire and dust (p. 62)]

Tears do not solve the problem, and weeping recovers neither the lost territory nor the homeland. Begging for resolution no longer serves a purpose and waiting for reprieve from others no longer serves a purpose either. The solution lies in unity and resistance, for Palestinians to take matters into their own hands. The solution lies not in individual measures but popular revolution, so let us rip everything up, even our certificates and testimonials, and take up weapons in defense of the homeland:

*Kull al-shahādāt ilā al-mirḥāḍ*

*Kull kutub al-dirāsa*

*Taʿallum al-tayāsa*

*Fal-taʿallum al-jibāl anna thāʾiran jadīdan*

*Ātin*

*Li-kay yashum fī taḥrīr arḍ al-shams*

*Aw yahruq fī miḥrāb-hā infās-uh*

[All certificates down the toilet

All the schoolbooks

Learn to be politicized

Let the mountains know that a new revolutionary

Is coming

To join in the liberation of the land of the sun

Or have his breath inspire its sanctuary (p.32).]

Jubran’s poems simultaneously convey revolution and hope, as he says in the *Kalimāt min al-Qalb* collection:

*Sajjil ismī fīl qāʾima al-sūdāʾ s*

*Sajjil ism abī, ummī, ikhwatī*

*Fa-anā lan atanāzil ʿan arḍī al-ṭayyiba al-muʿaṭāʾ*

*Lan aʿmal jāsūsan lil-ajhiza al-sūdāʾ*

[Register my name on the blacklist as S.

Register the names of my father, my mother, my siblings.

For I will not relinquish my beautiful, bounteous land.

I will not spy for the black apparatus (1971, p.55).]

We can see from these verses that Jubran wants to reveal the practices and methods they use in an attempt to win him over to their ranks. We also sense the steadfastness of his refusal that he wants the Palestinian people to adopt too. In the poem “Lā Tusāfir” (Do Not Travel) from the same anthology, the poet urges Palestinians remain on their lands because the love of the homeland is a powerful reason to stay:

*Qif hunā lā tatruk al-arḍ qif hunā inna dhiʾāb al-layl*

*Tarjū an tusāfir li-tarā arḍ-ak ʿuzalāʾ ḥazīnatan*

*Baʿd an kān bi-hā raḍwān yaḥmī-hā*

*Wa-yasqī zajaʿ-hā an kānat maṣūnatan*

[Stay here, do not leave the land; stay here, for the wolves of the night

Hope you depart only to see your land sorrowfully sequestered

After it had had goodwill to protect it

And water its crops, having been protected (1971, p.20).]

In the poem “Ughniya” (Song), Jubran glorifies the people, those who have endured all the shocks that have befallen them, have healed their wounds and walk over the thorns in pursuit of Spring. He also insists that he and his people will remain on their home soil, for neither will the homeland endure without its people, nor its people with their homeland. Therefore, Jubran asks his people to stand together and unite in the battle for survival:

*Ka-l-sindiyān hunā sa-nabqā*

*Ka-l-ṣukhūr*

*Ka-ʿarāʾis al-zaytūn fawq rabā bilādī*

*Ka-l-nuhūr k-al-ḥamāʾim al-barriya al-khaḍarāʾ*

*Anā sawfa nakhfiq fawq arḍ-ik*

*Yā bilādī*

*Ka-l-nusūr*

[Like the oak trees, here we will stay,

Like the rocks,

Like the burgeoning olive trees high above the hills of my country,

Like the rivers, like the doves of the verdant terrains,

I will flutter over your land,

Oh! my country,

Like the eagles (p.6).]

In the poem “Al-Biqāʾ” )Staying), p. 34, Jubran describes the *nakba*, displacement, exile, and homelessness. Jubran sees and has lived all of these tragedies and records them in poetry that urges the people to stay on their lands and in their homeland no matter what. He sees how the occupiers plot to make them leave so he urges them to stay, to cling to every stone and inch of land:

*Al-arḍ khanājir*

*Taḥt al-aqdām al-waḥshiya*

*Wal-Arḍ muqābir lil-aḥlām al-hamajiya*

*Sa-uẓill hunā*

*Fī bayt min aḥjār*

*Fī khawkh maṣnūʿ*

*Aw fī iḥdā mughr bilādī*

*Yā jazzār*

[The land sprouts daggers

Under savage feet.

And the land sprouts graveyards for barbaric schemes.

I will stay here

In a house built of stones,

In a hut made

Of tree branches,

Or in one of my country’s caves,

You butcher! (p.34)]

These are expressive poems seasoned in pain and regret, but they are also fermented with revolution and vision:

*Kān layl al-nakba al-aswad lā ishāʿ fī-h*

*Ghayr ishāʿ al-qanābil*

*Laysat Taqātul!*

*Wa limādhā yā bilādī!*

*Qālat al-aʿyīn fi raʿb*

*Wa-lam tafham tafāsīl al-qaḍiya*

[The black night of the *Nakba* radiated

Nothing but explosion

It is not battle!

And why, oh my country!

The eyes said in terror

And did not understand the details of the case]

In this simple passage, Jubran sums up the impact of the *nakba* and records the popular ignorance of the conspiracy against them woven by colonialism, Zionism, and Arab reactionaries.

There was the *nakba* and then there was displacement, exile, and homelessness. Our poet saw and, indeed, lived all these tragedies and so recorded them in poetry. He did not foresee these events but was acutely aware of the aims and dynamics of the plot against his people. He refused to surrender, and his poetry drove the people on to stay on their land and in their homeland no matter what. He and his comrades knew that the plot’s key aim was to make them leave their homeland. He urged his people on to stay put and cling to every rock and inch of land. This determination to stay was Jubran’s first step in his poetry toward resistance.

In the poem “Al-Biqāʾ” )Staying), p. 34, Jubran says:

*Al-arḍ khanājir*

*Taḥt al-aqdām al-waḥshiya*

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In a hut made

Of tree branches,

Or in one of my country’s caves,

You butcher! (p.34)]

Palestinian lands are, for Jubran, planted with daggers under the feet of the occupiers, repelling every foreign incursion and the graveyard for Zionism’s barbaric fantasies built on the displacement of an entire people. Despite the brutality of Palestine’s occupiers, the poet is determined to remain on his land and in his home, dreaming sweet, verdant hopes of a bright future. His steadfastness and optimism are unrelenting, however trampled under the occupiers’ feet. He believes in the power of his people, that injustice will wither if we stand firm and resist:

*Sa-uẓill hunā*

*Amsak jarḥī fi-yadd*

*Wa-alwāḥ bil-ukhrā gh-rabīʿ,*

*Yaḥmal li-bilādī*

*Difaʾ al-shams wa-bāqāt al-azhār*

[I will stay here

Holding my wound with one hand

And waving with the other toward a Spring

That brings to my country

The warmth of the sun and bouquets of flowers.]

The goal, then, is to liberate the “land of the sun.” This liberation is not achieved individually in the mind, but through popular resistance. The era of individual solutions is over and, because the poet’s starting point back then was love for his country, he begins this new era with the same impetus. Resistance fails if it does not grow out of love for every grain of soil, yard, and house in the homeland:

*Yumkinukum an taqlaʿū al-shajar*

*Min jabal fī qariyatī*

*Yuʿāniq al-qamar*

*Yumkinukum an taḥrathū kull buyūt qariyatī*

*Fa-lā yuẓill, baʿd-hā athar*

*Yumkinukum an taʾkhathū rabābtī*

*Wa-taḥraqū-ha baʿd an taqṭaʿū al-watar*

*Lākinakum lan takhnaqū laḥnī*

*Liannī ʿāshiq al-arḍ mughannī al-rīḥ wal-maṭar*

[You can uproot the trees

From my village mountain

Embracing the moon

You can plow through every house in my village

Till there is not a trace left in it

You can take my *rabab*

And burn it after you cut the strings

You can

But you will not smother my melody

Because I am a lover of the land, a singer of the wind and rain

No matter what you do, you will not be able to deprive me of my love for my land, my people, and my country. Al-Jalil (Galilee) is my paradise on earth, with its verdant terrain and pure water. I have remained here for its sake and I will continue to do so; I will preserve it with my blood. The poet’s love for Al-Jalil, as a son of its lands, is profound:

*Kān al-Jalīl nāsan*

*Wa-turba khaḍarāʾ wa-māʾ*

*Wa-baʿd an ḥurimt an azūr-hu*

*Ṣār al-Jalīl jannatan*

*Wa-nās-hu ālīha*

*Wa-ṣār ḥattā layla ḍīyāʾ*

*Aqūl lil-qiyāṣir al-ṣighār: Mā aḍʿaf-kum*

*Qadd taḥṣabūn khuṭwatī*

*Lākin qalbī hāʾim fī waṭanī*

*Yazūr ayy biqaʿa yushāʾ yafʿal mā yushāʾ*

[Al-Jalil was a people

And verdant soil and water,

And once I was deprived of being able to visit it,

Al-Jalil became a paradise

And its people gods.

And it became until night became light

I say to the little Caesars: How weak you are!

You may stop my steps

But my heart wanders in its homeland

Visiting anywhere it wants, doing whatever it wants.]

Jubran depicts the land as impeding and rejecting the occupiers as strangers and the land of Palestinian is a graveyard for barbaric dreams of Zionism built on the displacement of an entire people. Nonetheless, the poet will remain steadfast on his land and in his home, believing that injustice will wane if we stand firm and resist.

In the poem “Ughniya” (Song), Jubran glorifies the people, those who have endured all the shocks that have befallen them, have healed their wounds and walk over the thorns in pursuit of Spring. He also insists that he and his people will remain on their home soil, for neither will the homeland endure without its people, nor its people with their homeland. Therefore, Jubran asks his people to stand together and unite in the battle for survival:

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*Anā sawfa nakhfiq fawq arḍ-ik*

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[Like the oak trees, here we will stay,

Like the rocks,

Like the burgeoning olive trees high above the hills of my country,

Like the rivers, like the doves of the verdant terrains,

I will flutter over your land,

Oh! my country,

Like the eagles (p.2).]

In the poem “Nihāyat al-Miliyūn” (The End of the Million), Jubran describes the liberation of the land from the enemy, achieve through Palestinian popular unity, not achieved individually but through popular resistance:

*Yumkinukum an taqlaʿū al-shajar*

*Min jabal fī qariyatī*

*Yuʿāniq al-qamar*

*Yumkinukum an taḥrathū kull buyūt qariyatī*

*Fa-lā yuẓill, baʿd-hā athar*

*Yumkinukum an taʾkhathū rabābtī*

*Wa-taḥraqū-ha baʿd an taqṭaʿū al-watar*

*Lākinakum lan takhnaqū laḥnī*

*Liannī ʿāshiq al-arḍ mughannī al-rīḥ wal-maṭar*

[You can uproot the trees

From my village mountain

Embracing the moon

You can plow through every house in my village

Till there is not a trace left in it

You can take my *rabab*

And burn it after you cut the strings

You can

But you will not smother my melody

Because I am a lover of the land, a singer of the wind and rain (p. 34).]

In the poem “Al-Ṭālib Alladhī ʿAshaqa al-Thawra” (The Student Who Loved the Revolution), the poet addresses the usurper of his lands saying that, no matter what you do, you will not be able to confiscate my love for it, my people, and my country. For my land and Al-Jalil (Galilee) are my paradise, and I will remain for its sake. I will preserve it with my blood, for the poet’s love for his land is profound:

*Kān al-Jalīl nāsan*

*Wa-turba khaḍarāʾ wa-māʾ*

*Wa-baʿd an ḥurimt an azūr-hu*

*Ṣār al-Jalīl jannatan*

*Wa-nās-hu ālīha*

*Wa-ṣār ḥattā layla ḍīyāʾ*

*Aqūl lil-qiyāṣir al-ṣighār: Mā aḍʿaf-kum*

*Qadd taḥṣabūn khuṭwatī*

*Lākin qalbī hāʾim fī waṭanī*

*Yazūr ayy biqaʿa yushāʾ yafʿal mā yushāʾ*

[Al-Jalil was a people

And verdant soil and water,

And once I was deprived of being able to visit it,

Al-Jalil became a paradise

And its people gods.

And it became until night became light

I say to the little Caesars: How weak you are!

You may stop my steps

But my heart wanders in its homeland

Visiting anywhere it wants, doing whatever it wants (p.31)]

In “Qaṣīda bi-lā Awsama” (Poem Without Medals), the poet describes the Palestinian people’s resistance, having endured oppression and suffering, but who have heroically stood up, defying humiliation and embracing freedom, the freedom that makes them ready to shed blood for it, freedom and assuming the mantle of a revolutionary for a cause:

*Yataʿallum al-shaʿb al-muʿadhdhab kayf yajʿal min turāb min ḥajār arḍ al-ḥammā*

*Aklan ka-l-asmāk al-Masīḥ wa min al-maghāʾir fīl jibāl quṣūr ʿazza lā tuhīn*

*Sayān yuṣbiḥ kull mawqaʿ thāʾir fī ʿayni-h*

*Mahdan li-naṣr aw ḍarīḥ*

*Wa-yuẓill yamshī*

*Wal-dimāʾtazīd-uh badhlan*

*Li-mīlād al-nahār*

[A tortured people learn how to make out the dust of the stones of the fevered land

Food like the fish of Christ and from the caves in the mountains palaces of glory that

are never humiliated

Likewise, every place of revolution becomes, in his eyes,

A cradle of victory or a shrine.

And he keeps walking

While the blood increases his sacrifice

For the birth of the day (p.10).]

*3.4. The Pan-Arab Axis*

Jubran addresses the Arab world, especially in light of what happened in the Six-Day War that shattered its dreams of holding onto Arab lands. In “ʿĀṣifat al-Hazīma” (Storm of Defeat), he says:

*Hazzā min al-aʿmāq, yā ʿāṣifat al-hazīma*

*ʿĀlim-nā al-shāʾikh*

*Fal-yudammar al-iʿṣār kull al-tuḥuf al-qadīma nāsan wa-afkāran*

*La-yuḥriq lahab al-thawra kull arāḍī-nā*

*Kay lā tuḥāk, min jadīd, fawqa-hā mahzala*

*Kay la tuʿād, min jadīd, fawqa-hā jarīma*

*ʿAmlāq hādhā al-ʿAṣr, hubb aṭlaʿ al-naṣr*

*Fa-kull al-sābiqīn aṭlaʿū al-hazīma*

[Shake from the depths, you storm of defeat,

Our aging world.

Let the hurricane destroy all the ancient artifacts, people, and ideas.

Let the flame of revolution burn all our lands

So that it is not smothered in travesty once again

So that a crime is not repeated upon it again.

The giant of this age, rise up and bring victory

For all the predecessors brought was defeat (p.10).]

In the poem “Ughniya” (Song), Jubran glorifies the people, those who have endured all the shocks that have befallen them, have healed their wounds and walk over the thorns in pursuit of Spring. He also insists that he and his people will remain on their home soil, for neither will the homeland endure without its people, nor its people with their homeland. Therefore, Jubran asks his people to stand together and unite in the battle for survival:

*Ka-l-sindiyān hunā sa-nabqā*

*Ka-l-ṣukhūr*

*Ka-ʿarāʾis al-zaytūn fawq rabā bilādī*

*Ka-l-nuhūr k-al-ḥamāʾim al-barriya al-khaḍarāʾ*

*Anā sawfa nakhfiq fawq arḍ-ik*

*Yā bilādī*

*Ka-l-nusūr*

[Like the oak trees, here we will stay,

Like the rocks,

Like the burgeoning olive trees high above the hills of my country,

Like the rivers, like the doves of the verdant terrains,

I will flutter over your land,

Oh! my country,

Like the eagles (p.2)]

We will remain here like the roots of our trees. Nothing can uproot either them or us. Our roots in the Palestinian lands are profound, from out of its womb. Winter comes and goes but the roots remain with their dreams of Spring, embracing life, for all the conspiring storms of cannot budge us an inch from our soil and homeland:

*Sa-uẓill fawq turāb-ik al-madhbūḥ yā waṭanī*

*Maʿ al-mizmār, anshid al-rabīʿ*

*Wa Iqūl lil-bākīn wal-mutashāʾimīn*

*Inna al-shitāʾ yamūt fa-ibtasamū*

*Wa-lā tatakhādhilū taḥt al-dumūʿ*

*Hātū ayāday-kum, fa-maʿarikat al-biqāʾ*

*Turīd-kum sandān wa maʿarikat al-rujūʿ*

[I will remain above your slaughtered soil, oh my country,

With my flute I will hymn the Spring

And I say to the whiners and doom-mongers

Winter is dying, so smile

And do not be weak under tears

Give me your hands, for the battle of survival

Needs your support, just like the battle of return.]

The battle is therefore a battle of destiny, a battle of survival in and return to the homeland and native soil. None of this can be achieved through crying and cringing, but through unity, optimism, and embracing life, because it is the lifeblood of the poor and the oppressed.

In the poem “Al-Qāʾima al-Sūdāʾ” (The Blacklist), Jubran challenges the authorities exposes their methods and those who cooperate with it because, no matter how much the authorities try to tempt our poet and our people to surrender their lands and homeland, to become their agent serving their dark apparatus, they will refuse and remain free and honorable. Jubran defends his people, urges them to stay, and guides them on the right path:

*Sajjil ismī fīl qāʾima al-sūdāʾ*

*Sajjil ism abī, ummī, ikhwatī*

*Sajjil ḥattā ḥayṭānī*

*Fī baytī lan talqā al-ashrifāʾ*

*Lā tanẓur naḥwī bi-ʿayūn barida balahāʾ*

*Sajjil ismī*

*Fa-anā lan atanāzil ʿan arḍī al-ṭayyiba al-muʿaṭāʾ*

*Lan aʿmal jāsūsan lil-ajhiza al-sūdāʾ*

[Register my name on the blacklist.

Register the names of my father, my mother, my siblings.

Register even the walls

In my house; you will find only honorable people.

Do not look at me with cold, imbecilic eyes,

Record my name.

For I will not relinquish my beautiful, bounteous land.

I will not spy for the black apparatus (1971, p. 55).]

The poem ends with a wonderful passage declaring the poet’s love for his country and mocking the apparatus of power:

*Waṭanī mulkī*

*Abqā-hu lī ajdādī*

*Wa-sa-abqā-hu lil-abniyāʾ*

*Ḥurr fī-h anā...*

*Itajawwil kayf ashāʾ*

*Kabbaʾ fī ghayr milaffāt-ik bil-qāʾima al-sūdāʾ*

[My country is my possession;

My ancestors left it to me

And I will keep it for my sons.

Free within it am I,

I roam as I please,

Hidden in other files than your blacklist ones.]

In “ʿĀṣifat al-Hazīma” (Storm of Defeat), the poet describes the Six-Day War defeat that shook the entirety of the Arab peoples. This defeat capped a ‘million’-year epoch in which we were only good at crying, sadness, and humiliation. He says:

*Bakayt milyūn sanna*

*Lam tabqa bawābat shaʿb mā waqaat ʿinda-hu kal-kalb arwī*

*Kal-kalb arwī - āh man yasmaʿ?*

*Akhbār al-ḍīyāʿ al-maḥzana*

*Bakayt ḥattā saqaṭat ʿaynaya fī shawāriʿ al-arḍ*

*Dumūʿan wa-damman*

*Sakhfī dafaʿat thaman-hu*

*ʿUrift an al-damaʿ lā yamnaḥ lil-ḍāʾʿ arḍan āminatan*

[I cried a million years

There was no gate left for a people that I did not stand at like the dog recounting,

Like a dog recounting, but oh who hears

The sad news of those lost?

I cried until my eyes fell on the streets of the earth in

Tears and blood,

My stupidity is what I paid the price for.

I knew that tears did not win me back those lost to a safe land (p. 37).]

The *nakba* came and, with it, displacement. The Palestinian people were divided between those who remained on their lands and those forcibly displaced. The authorities never stopped harassing the rest but tried by every means it possessed to suppress them, to tighten the noose around every aspect of their lives. Then, not many years later, came the disaster of the Six-Day War, in which the illusion of the Arab colossus crumbled and, with it, the illusions of the people. It cast its shadow over the entire Arab world, which become convulsed in pain, despair, and cynicism. Yet our poets here saw in the war something other than this, were fully aware that what was happening was a new resurgence through the ending of an era of sick delusion. It was a clarion call to every Arab to rise again, to ditch their accumulated burden of illusions and clothe themselves in new ideas and visions. Jubran and our local poets saw it as a jolt that woke Arabs and Palestinians from their slumber. Jubran records the impact of the setback and the storm of defeat as shaking our decrepit world, people, and ideas. Here he says in “ʿĀṣifat al-Hazīma” (Storm of Defeat):

*Hazzā min al-aʿmāq, yā ʿāṣifat al-hazīma*

*ʿĀlim-nā al-shāʾikh*

*Fal-yudammar al-iʿṣār kull al-tuḥuf al-qadīma nāsan wa-afkāran*

*La-yuḥriq lahab al-thawra kull arāḍī-nā*

*Kay lā tuḥāk, min jadīd, fawqa-hā mahzala*

*Kay la tuʿād, min jadīd, fawqa-hā jarīma*

*ʿAmlāq hādhā al-ʿAṣr, hubb aṭlaʿ al-naṣr*

*Fa-kull al-sābiqīn aṭlaʿū al-hazīma*

[Shake from the depths, you storm of defeat,

Our aging world.

Let the hurricane destroy all the ancient artifacts, people, and ideas.

Let the flame of revolution burn all our lands

So that it is not smothered in travesty once again

So that a crime is not repeated upon it again.

The giant of this age, rise up and bring victory

For all the predecessors brought was defeat (p. 10).]

A defeat was necessary to inspire the young generation, to forge optimists who eschewed illusions and embraced hard work and decisive action. Jubran expresses veritable gratitude for this defeat in another poem entitled “Yawm al-ʿĀr” (The Day of Shame):

*Al-gharīn al-nāʿim ṣār nāran*

*Wal-ashjār*

*Ghaṣūn-hā ṣārat rimāḥan*

*Baʿd an mallat ʿiṭāʾ al-zahr wal-athmār*

*Wal-mayyitūn*

*Ustaqiẓū thawwār*

*Shukran li-yawm al-ʿār*

*Fa-naḥnu dhillat al-kilāb aw nakhmas al-ashʿār*

[The soft sand has become fire.

And the trees’

Branches have become spears,

Having grown tired of sprouting flowers and fruit.

And the dead

Have awoken as revolutionaries.

Thank you for the day of shame.

Without it we would have remained as we were, sucking on our wounds,

Suffering the humiliation of dogs or reciting poems.]

Thank you for the defeat that shook us to the core and led us into a revolutionary future. This defeat placed a stone on the head of a stage that was “a million” years old, in which we were not skilled at anything but crying, reciting poems, and ruminating over sadness and humiliation.

*Bakayt milyūn sanna*

*Lam tabqa bawābat shaʿb mā waqaat ʿinda-hu kal-kalb arwī*

*Kal-kalb arwī - āh man yasmaʿ?*

*Akhbār al-ḍīyāʿ al-maḥzana*

*Bakayt ḥattā saqaṭat ʿaynaya fī shawāriʿ al-arḍ*

*Dumūʿan wa-damman*

*Sakhfī dafaʿat thaman-hu*

*ʿUrift an al-damaʿ lā yamnaḥ lil-ḍāʾʿ arḍan āminatan*

[I cried a million years

There was no gate left for a people that I did not stand at like the dog recounting,

Like a dog recounting, but oh who hears

The sad news of those lost?

I cried until my eyes fell on the streets of the earth in

Tears and blood,

My stupidity is what I paid the price for.

I knew that tears did not win me back those lost to a safe land (p. 37).]

Due to the profound love between the poet and his country, between him and his Al-Jalil and his people, death is easy and resistance worthy. Is there anything holier than martyrdom for the sake of a just cause? Jubran says:

*Tashtaʿal al-muqāwama*

*Fī kull shibr*

*Yuʿallin al-iṣrār*

*Iṣrāru-h an tabṣaq al-ʿudwān kull dār*

*Shaʿbī anā aʿrifu-h in uẓlimat*

*Yanbaḥ min dimāʾi-h nahār*

[The resistance is raging

Over every inch.

Determination declares

Its insistence that every house spit out its aggression.

My people, I know them, if they are put in the dark

They bark daylight from out of their blood.]

In “Yawm al-ʿĀr” (The Day of Shame), p. 32, Jubran confirms that tears do not solve the problem, and crying does not restore the lost land or restore the homeland we lost, and that waiting for relief from others is no longer useful, so the solution is unity and resistance, in defense of the homeland, so he says:

*Kull al-shahādāt ilā al-mirḥāḍ*

*Kull kutub al-dirāsa*

*Taʿallum al-tayāsa*

*Fal-taʿallum al-jibāl anna thāʾiran jadīdan*

*Ātin*

*Li-kay yashum fī taḥrīr arḍ al-shams*

*Aw yahruq fī miḥrāb-hā infās-uh*

[All certificates down the toilet

All the schoolbooks

Learn to be politicized

Let the mountains know that a new revolutionary

Is coming

To join in the liberation of the land of the sun

Or have his breath inspire its sanctuary (p. 32).]

The poet believes in his people, believes in their strength and their steadfastness and their ability to live a dignified life and reject humiliation and degradation. The people have learned from defeat, from the harsh experiences they endured, and the lesson was rejection, persistence, and defiant determination:

*Yataʿallum al-shaʿb al-muʾadhdhab kayf yasriq min ʿayūn*

*Jilād-ah ḥattā al-naʿās*

*Wa kayf yaqtahim al-ḥuṣūn*

*Li-yaqūl lil-maḥkūm alf muʾabad!*

*Inna al-khulāṣ ghaddan*

*Idhā ustanṭiqt lā tanṭuq*

*Wa in ʿudhibt*

*Abṣiq fī ʿayūn al-ṣālibīn!*

[A tortured people learn how to steal even sleep

From the eyes of their executioners

And how to storm the fortresses

To recount to the condemned a thousand life sentences!

The end of it all is tomorrow.

If you urged to speak, do not speak,

And if you are tortured, spit in the eyes of the crucifiers!]

If the people are humiliated and their dignity abrogated, they become prepared to sacrifice the most precious thing they possess to have them restored. A torturted people learn how to pay a heroic price.

*Bintan li-ḥadd al-ān lam taḥlum bi-ghayr al-ʿurs*

*Lam tataqun siwā lamma al-jadīla*

*Wa fatā bi-ʿamr al-ward yaqraʾ fīl kitāb*

*Wa yaḥfiẓ al-ashʿār wal-qiṣṣaṣ al-jamīla*

*Yataʿallum al-shaʿb al-muʾadhdhab*

*Kayf yaḥtarif al-buṭūla*

[A girl who has not yet dreamed of anything but a wedding,

She has only mastered braiding her hair.

And a boy as young as a rose reads a book

And memorizes beautiful poems and stories.

The tormented people learn how to acquire heroism.]

This is a people who resist, who have lived through oppressive times of and have become accustomed to sadness and suffering, but who have shaken off the dust of bad times and stood giant and heroic, beating back humiliation and embracing freedom, the freedom they are ready to shed for, that makes them revolutionary resolutely defending a just cause:

*Yataʿallum al-shaʿb al-muʿadhdhab kayf yajʿal min turāb min ḥajār arḍ al-ḥammā*

*Aklan ka-l-asmāk al-Masīḥ wa min al-maghāʾir fīl jibāl quṣūr ʿazza lā tuhīn*

*Sayān yuṣbiḥ kull mawqaʿ thāʾir fī ʿayni-h*

*Mahdan li-naṣr aw ḍarīḥ*

*Wa-yuẓill yamshī*

*Wal-dimāʾtazīd-uh badhlan*

*Li-mīlād al-nahār*

[A tortured people learn how to make from the dust of the stones

The land of the sanctuary,

Food like Christ’s fishes

And from the caves in the mountains, palaces,

And unbowed glory.

Likewise, every revolutionary site becomes, in their eyes,

A cradle for victory or a shrine.

They keep walking on,

And blood increases their sacrificing themselves

For the birth of the day.]

The people fight back, endure hardships, serve time in prisons, sacrifice, write hymns of victory with their blood, water the land of their country with their blood for that day of freedom. No matter what happens, they remain optimistic, they see the day approaching, they see a hope coming to fulfillment before them:

*Asnad ẓahrī li-jidār abī al-tārīkh*

*Wa usaddid ṭarfī ʿan buʿd fī wajh akhī al-mutaqbal*

*Wa aqūl bi-thiqqat nabī maṣlūb*

*Yaʿlan ākhir kalima innī mutafāʾil*

*Al-darb ṭawīl*

*Wal-ahl yamūtūn min al-jawʿ*

*Wal-shuhadāʾ jaḥāfil*

*Wa anā mutafāʾil*

*Dammī al-nāzif maṭar*

*wa anīnī al-ahzawja al-ghadd maraj sanābil*

*Al-ghadd ʿurs sanābil*

[I lean my back against the wall of my father, history,

And I turn my eyes afar toward the face of my brother, the future.

And I say with the confidence of a crucified prophet

Announcing the last word that I am optimistic.

The road is long

And our family is dying of hunger,

The martyrs are legion,

And I am optimistic.

The blood I shed is rain,

My ground flesh the sky,

And my wailing a lullaby, while tomorrow is a field full of ears of corn.

Tomorrow ears of corn will marry.]

For tomorrow to become a field full of ears of corn, for the world to become a wedding of ears of corn, everyone must resist:

*Ibn ʿashrīn yuqātil*

*Wa ibn sabaʿīn yuqātil*

*Wa allatī māt akhū-hā*

*Tansaj al-ṣūf li-man qām makāna-hu*

[A twenty-year-old fights,

And a seventy-year-old fights,

And she whose brother died

Weaves her wool for the one who took his place.]

This is how victory is won and how the day of freedom dawns again. Given unity in a wedding of resistance with combat, silence is useless, because the times demand sacrifices the people are ready for:

*Wa allatī māt fatā aḥlāmi-hā*

*Kharajat taḥmil barūdat-uh*

*Taghsil ʿan arḍ al-buṭūlāt al-mahāna*

*Wa allatī māt ibna-hā*

*Taḥlam an yaṭlaʿ tīnan wa sanābil*

*ʿUll-ah yaṭʿam fī maʿarikat al-naṣr muqātil*

[And she whose boy of her dreams died

Went out carrying his rifle

Washing heroic humiliation from the earth.

And she whose son died

Dreams that figs and ears of corn will grow.

Perhaps a fighter will feed upon the battle of victory.]

And this people for whom these poems are sung: A people melted by the colossal fire of the occupation, and what is fused out of this is gigantic heroes who redeem their land with their blood. The poet, amid this is optimistic for a beautiful tomorrow, the tumbling down of the prisons, and events turning in favor of his people:

*Āh shaʿbī*

*Ṣaḥrat-uk al-nār ʿamlāqan*

*Sa-tafannā hadhihi al-dunyā wa lā tafannā, sa-tubnī*

*Bil-damm al-ghālī wa nīrān al-qanābil*

*Ghadd-ak al-ḥalū, asmaʿ al-jallād yabkī tumma yanhār*

*Wa min kafī-k*

*Kal-ṣābūn*

*Tanhār al-salāsil*

[Oh! my people,

The fire has fused you into giants.

This world will perish but you will not perish; you will build

With precious blood and the fire of bombs

Your sweet tomorrow. I hear the executioner crying then collapsing,

And from your wrists,

Like soap,

The chains crumble.]

The people must triumph, no matter how interminable the night of occupation and injustice seems to last, because the people, no matter how much others try to stifle and oppress them, will not perish, and a people who know the meaning of sacrifice will inevitably realize their victory. Jubran honors and reveres his people; he knows them and their sacrifices welland lauds those who resist anticipating victory:

*Sawfa-ughannī lil-sinīn*

*Qiṣṣa ṭawīla ṭawīla*

*ʿAn Fāṭima*

*Tilka allatī kānat tukhbiʾ bayn nahdī-hā*

*Al-dīnāmīt*

*Li-kay tūṣil-hu*

*ʿĀbira fī khandaq al-mawt*

*Ilā al-muqāwama*

[I will sing for years

A long, long tale

About Fatima

She who hid dynamite between her breasts

To deliver it,

Passing through the trench of death

To the resistance.]

These are the poet’s people, a people who do not fear death but storm its barricades because they believe in their just cause:

*ʿIndamā yuṣbiḥ al-mawt bil-qunbala*

*Khaṭran fawq raʾs thalāthīn milyūn rājil*

*Tuṣbiḥ al-marḥala*

*Qadran*

*Kull fard yuṣīr muqātil.*

[When bomb deaths become

A threat suspended over the heads of thirty million people,

The era becomes

Destiny.

Every individual turns into a fighter.]

We do not want to fight, as we are a peaceful people but, if we are attacked, we cannot stand mute. If danger threatens us day and night, we all become fighters, for death does not frighten us, but drives us on to further combat and sacrifice:

*Yā dimāʾ abī wa akhī wa ibn ʿammī*

*Yā dimāʾ rifāqī al-bawāsil*

*Anta, baʿd il-turāb alladhī*

*Yatanazzā asā fī al-salāsil*

*Wal-buyūt allatī dummirat*

*Wal-alūf allatī hajarat*

*Wal-ṣafāʾ alladhī*

*Ḥaraqat-hu ʿalā al-nayl nār al-qanābil*

*Ḥāfiz ākhir kay nuqātil*

[Oh, the blood of my father, my brother, and my cousin,

Oh, the blood of my brave comrades:

You, after the dust that

is swathed in sorrowful chains

And the houses destroyed

And the thousands displaced

And the serenity that

was burned intentionally by bombs fired

Are another spur for us to fight.]

This is truly our people, a people that does not accept humiliation, revolts against injustice, demands its rights even if it costs it its own lives. Because of all this, Jubran pledges allegiance to the leaders of these times:

*Kull al-alā tazʿamū*

*Qabl-ak*

*Sāqūnan qaṭīʿan aʿzlan lil-mawt*

*Fa-dassa ʿalā qubūri-him - al-mujrimīn*

*Wa tazʿam ant*

All those who led

Before you

They drove as a helpless herd to death, trampled on their graves — the criminals — So you must lead now.]

However now is no time for individual leadership, but for a people who resist and fight as a whole. Leadership is for a people who resist and fight, leadership is for a people who have been baptized by bitter experience and emerged from it stronger, fearless revolutionaries who knows their enemy and knows how to claim back usurped rights. Therefore, Jubran sings for those who resist and for the revolutionaries; he sings for the rightful owners of property, but he feels shame because of them. He is ashamed that they sacrificed their lives for us, for their people, while he only masters the art of words, even though words, properly used in battle, become as dangerous as bullets and bombs. Here is Jubran mourning a martyr without daring to visit his grave, because he is shamed by the martyr’s great sacrifice:

*Umajjid dhikrāt-ak min ghayr an azūr ḍarīḥ-ak yā ṣāniʿ al-maʿjazāt*

*Liannī idhā zutt-uh sa-amūt ḥayyan*

*Anā kull mā ṣanaʿat-uh yaddī kalimāt*

[I glorify your memory without visiting your shrine, you miracle worker,

Because if I visit it, I will die alive

All that my hands have forged is words]

This is Salem Jubran’s poetry, full of vitality and rejection. This is Jubran was biased toward those who toil in everything he wrote. This is Jubran who poured the fiery flames of his poems onto the heads of traditional leaders who sold out the cause. Jubran, while writing about the resistance of his heroic people, does not forget to sing about every revolution that has risen up against injustice and every people that has revolted against a rampaging occupier. He stands with everyone who toils for a living and everyone who fights for truth and justice.

**4. Summary and Conclusions**

I read a large selection of Jubran’s poems and found that he used the motif of the land in most of his poems along several axes, the most important of which are the national axis, which is prevalent in most of his poems, and the pan-Arab axis. I sought to identify motifs in general and the motif of the land in particular in indigenous Palestinian poetry, in which the repetition of the word land is highly symbolic for Palestinians.

Jubran tried to make the phenomenon of the motif as a meaningful stylistic tool that serves the poetic subject and performs an important emphatic function. The motif of the land is evident in a way that makes the reader live the rehearsed events therein and transports him into the psychological world of the poet, who imbued these motifs with his own feelings of the national issue, nostalgia, and resistance. Through them, Jubran highlights his love for his homeland and urges clinging to it while standing firm in the face of the enemy. This is clear in relation to the national axis. He also uses them to highlight the pan-Arab axis, his sense of belonging to the Arab nation and of the Palestinian people being part of it.

This study has shown how the poet, despite depicting the Palestinian people’s bitter realities via the land motif, also sought to produce simple, honest, and transparent poetry that expressed his pain and suffering. It has also revealed how the poet uses the land motif meaningfully for the reader. The land motif also resonates with resistance poetry generally in that it expresses pain and suffering, and the technique of repetition helps convey this to the reader.

It is important here to mention that Jubran is certainly a “poet of the land” due to his intense love for the soil of Palestine and his adherence to it. May God have mercy on our poet and bless his soul.

With his progressive and humane vision, Jubran created poems of resistance. In this regard, we can only sincerely say that he was a poet committed to the cause of his people from his first writings. It was his daily obsession; every word he uttered carried within it the seed of resistance and every poem he composed drew on the experience of an entire people. What distinguishes Jubran from other poets is his simplicity. His words go straight to the reader’s heart. The best titles we can award Jubran is poet of the people and poet of simplicity, love, and resistance because he always stood by and urged on his people, urging and inciting them, showing them the rugged, thorny path of freedom that he saw as inevitably reach its goal. For the sake of and out of love for the homeland is why he wrote.

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