

Addresses for the Soul, outside This Place

I love to travel...

to a village that never hangs my last evening on its cypresses.

I love the trees

**that witnessed how two birds suffered at our hands, how we
raised the stones.**

Wouldn't it be better if we raised our days

**to grow slowly and embrace this greenness? I love the rainfall
on the women of distant meadows. I love the glittering water and
the scent of stone.**

Wouldn't it be better if we defied our ages

and gazed much longer at the last sky before moonset?

**Addresses for the Soul, outside this place. I love to travel
to any wind...But I don't love to arrive.**

Mahmoud Darwish

