

NOURI GANA

Legacy

You infants of desires, of milk and ashes, you only, you only will uncreate my shame. You come from far away, from the present that has never been, you lag behind, carrying your joys in your palms, your pains in your virgule smiles, you come along, treading heavily at times, lightly at others, there where no predecessor would bear the sight of Man, there where the water builds its own dams and slides enthusiastically downfall. You come from the future, from the bowels of certainty, and you look away, you look away from the way, the way to your unborn destiny, you look away from me, from my words, you look away!

What have I done, what have I not undone? I bequeath you a world of certainty, mine is no longer certain, I have and I have not been, *kan ya ma kan* like Dinarzad etherized under the bed of the Sultan! I bequeath you the future, it will come, wait for it, it will knock on your door and enter and come and hug you and wash your face, the future in your bed, in your bathroom, unclad, standing, beautiful, beckoning at you, take it, it's

yours and that's my will, my promise, my passport to the other country from whose bounds I am sending my remainders.

I no longer count, I can tell you that, but you count and count the future will come, the future I bequeath you. It will come in one piece, unlike you, my fragments, my half-baked ideas that I love and hate and wish I never met once on a hill upon a city. The future is solid, touch it, no, not too much; it is sensitive to the human touch, but it will smile in your face, as in mine, when it comes the first time, when you take it the first time, take it with measure.

Blush not my children, the future is not a woman to be conquered or a man to be raped in the vicariousness of honour and valour, no, my children, the future is not a land to be rooted out of its olive trees and natives, and transplanted by myth, a cemetery of statehood and dreams of a nation dispersed, dislocated from the past of uncertainty, the past from where I send you my remainders, no, my children, this is not what I bequeath you, no, my children, no, not my children! The future is not Rome, not Caesar, not Carthage, not their women, not their elephants, not the Spaniards, not the Indians, not what I bequeath you, I bequeath you the future. I bequeath you Palestine. Can you see the future? I bequeath the world, first, second and third. Can you now see the future?

The future where you lie, that is not the future I bequeath you, I don't lie, not the one I mentioned, not the one from which I was removed, not the one in which I have never existed, not the one that stares at me blindly, as if I were the abyss and the mirror, or the

burden and the error, no, I don't bequeath you that future, no, not the one that usurped me of my orchard, my siestas under my almond trees, my days up and down the hill, on the fig trees, down the riverbank, tending to my sheep and goats, there in the distance, there where the sun undresses the darkness of the night, there where it bears to sight the future I bequeath you (like a flower unfurling rapidly to hug the early morning hour).

No, my children, no my unborn children, how I wish to tell you, how I wish, no, I don't bequeath you that future! How can I bequeath you that future, how can I bequeath you a future that is not one? How, tell me how? Do you know the future my unborn children, and do you know the future I bequeath you? It is not that future, no, not the future of tears and boredom, of colour lines and protean mines, not the future you watch, as you watch, here and there, the news in your local channel. That can't be the future I bequeath you, that is not what I bequeath you, or is it, did they do it, my dear children, O my unborn ones, tell me did they steal the future I bequeath you? Let me not rot in ignorance, tell me, did they steal the future I bequeath you, did they steal my future?

O my children, you who are so perfectly unborn, you only will uncreate my shame!