

Mohammad Bakri:

Hello Hassan, my dear

It is 10:57 PM,

The date today is January 27th.

It is not too cold and I am sitting on a rock,
my feet in the sand

and in front of me - Jaffa.

The church looks full of light from here
next to the sea

this huge-h-u-g-e sea

Its colour range between the black and the grey.
Dark.

And the waves...

They create long long lines and then they break,
as they are getting closer to me

I wish you could hear the sounds of the waves

I know you cannot

I hoped you would be here by my side

that you would be looking at the sea that I see

that you would hear the waves that I hear

I wish

Cursed are the borders. Cursed is the occupation.

Cursed is time, that holds my dear Hassan, from
coming and looking at the sea,

From watching Jaffa

From listennin to the waves..

and in between one wave to the next,

there is some kind of silence,

that comes and then goes

silence

and then a wave comes again

and waves again

and then they leave again

Do you hear me Hassan?

this is what I see in front of me

White
Black
White as the snow
Black... not really black-black-black
it's in between the black and the grey

in the sand, underneath my feet
also
brown in yellow
listening to its voice
and looking at its waves

There will be a new beginning in this world
There will be a beginning of new life,
One with love
Peace
Welfare
Sea
And endless skies.
Goodbye Hassan,
Goodbye my dear