

BATOOL ABU AKLEEN

# ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE SKY

*Translated from Arabic by Wiam El-Tamami*

The hand that has been severed  
is still up in the sky, with other  
missing hands and feet and ears  
all as lost  
as she is.

When she finds herself longing  
for the person she once belonged to,  
she asks a lost eye to cry for her.  
When exhausted by the road,  
she asks a foot to walk for her.

As she draws closer to the place  
where he was,  
she asks an ear to trace the sound of his voice,  
until she finds him.

She wants to yell out, to scream, to call for him,  
but she cannot find a mouth to call him with.

Every day, the mute hand hears the call of  
the person she once belonged to:  
*I want my hand back, oh lord,  
I want my hand.*  
And she has no way of calling out:  
*I want the person I once belonged to,  
I want my person back.*