

**WE ARE ALL PALESTINIAN REFUGEES**

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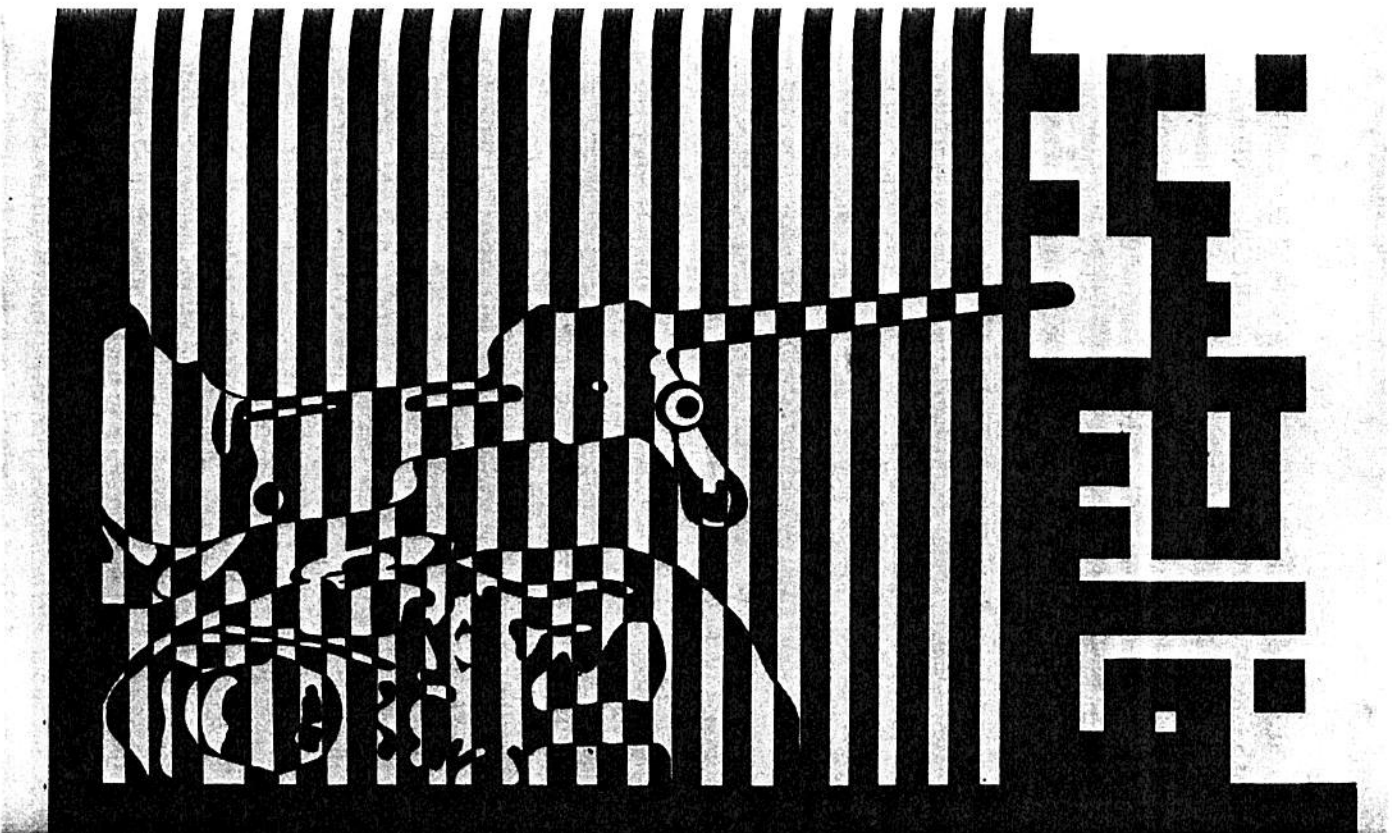
*Translated from the French by Olivia C. Harrison*

at last I reemerge from my body  
 I come out of it bearing essential questions My scream  
 ready Carried high cutting through the Scandal Dismantled  
 mechanisms

I am armed from head to toe  
 my armor is strong to oppose any erosion my memory is long to  
 force any embargo My laughter inextinguishable I am new Scars  
 and grafts have moved toward the plants They weigh down my step  
 but no longer stop my expansion  
 for a long time I dreamed It was nightmares Slow motion  
 races of repetitive executions Whirling eyes Opium-burned  
 demonstrations It was cannoned temples Erotic and pagan  
 crowds practicing obsessive rituals It was nights pregnant with  
 moons Unlit stars Glimmering deserts Swastika-engraved  
 domes Branded faces Cataclysmic winds The Atlas erupting in a  
 deluge of collective memory  
 memory you saved me from the deception of books You dictated  
 to me the itinerary of violence You led me to the source of decisive  
 interrogations You plugged me into the pulsations and tremors of  
 my people From a terrorized humanity relegated to the hibernation  
 of caves guarded by the Cyclopes Scientist-Kings of Barbary, I carved  
 along their crimes and your signs my arcs and my arrows There I  
 made the Weapon and the Word There I nomadized across killing  
 fields and illuminations Savors of freedom projected to the confines  
 of the future

swell of conquests

at last I reemerge from my body  
 it was neither the ghetto nor hell nor a seawall to flee the world It  
 was not the call of the void education by emptiness I am not very  
 contemplative even if it had to be a touchstone of what one might call  
 my "soul"  
 I no longer respond to obsessive calls To any call  
 I choose my touchstones my obsessions and my targets



**FIGURE 13.** "Palestine," poster of Fedayee with Kaishnikov by Abdallah El Hariri. *Souffles* 15 (Rabat, 1969), p. 79. Reprinted with permission.

I choose my age my victories and my defeats

I am the Arab man in History set in motion built anew by the  
vanguard of Palestinian guerrilla fighters

Arab    Arabs    Arab

a name to be remembered

great voices

    of my seismic deserts

a people marches on

through 8,000 kilometers raises tents

command bases

how many are we

yes how many gentlemen statisticians of pain

advance a number

and the prophetic masses retort

with infallible equations

today

WE

ARE

ALL

PALESTINIAN

REFUGEES

tomorrow

we will create

TWO... THREE... FIFTEEN PALESTINES