Tishuash
by Badi

(roughly ‘nostalgia’, but perhaps more correctly, ‘the pleasure of remembering things that are past.’)

All that has been has gone,
(how great the living and everlasting God!)
but how beautiful this scene is!

I see it sometimes –
no particular place –
just there with the goats,
like those nights I spent
at the mouth of a well,
making the wet sand my bed.
Enchanted by night’s music:
the howl of wild dogs
and insects’ whine.

Or in the watering season,
when the wheat is still to produce its seed,
I am there in the midst of the life of the camp,
doing some little thing about which you do not need to ask.
Or there we are 
travelling in the dark before dawn, 
from one stopping place to the next, 
the only sound the swishing of camels’ tails 
before the sun has risen to our eye line; 
walking on to those first lucid hours of the day 
when the desert’s features are clearest, 
knowing both rocky valley 
and the smooth.

And there again is the taste of tea, 
flavoured with *da’i*, 
in water sourced from the valley floor after the rains 
or scooped from pools on concave rocks 
where a river had run before; 
when we were moving our camp from a dried-up well, 
where the only firewood left was no better than kindling; 
and I can smell that animal hide next to the spit 
and see the clean bones beside that hide.
How come, my brother, you do not remember this; the sweet life full of living?

It is no longer with us, and if tishuash could bring it back it would add tishuash to the tishuash of my tishuash.
التيشواش
بادي

مات الماضي سبحان الحي
عبيت نشوفو ما هو فاي
كيف نبات على فم حسي
فالليل ينهو عينك عي
و الله يلالك دهر اري
لفرقان الحية و شوي
فسرية من حي الى حي
قبل ظهور الشمس على ري
ينظرها ما خافيه ودي
و اتاي على ما فيه الطي
قيق بعيد اهلو من لحفي
و افراح حذا بلد الشي
عنك ما تتفقد يا خي

الدايم ما على منو زي
حاضر ما حاضر فيه اواش
بل شراه ماسيه فراش
بهانيس و حس الخشاش
زروعو ما فات طلس لعراش
ثاني ما عينك فالتنباش
تفاق مراكيبو تتناش
العين المعالم فراش
منها فملاس و لا فحراش
من تورطة وللا من ماس
ماه قليل و حطبو قشقاش
و أعظام حذا ذاك افراش
هذا من شي لذيذ نعاش

Tishuash
Badi