

وش بك تعاتبني وانا يا بن قلاب
إجروح قلبي لها سنين عطية

تلومني في حبّ تلعات الأرقاب
شقر الحدود معطرات الذوية

اللي بهن سحر للأرواح جذاب
وكم طوعن راس أفكاره صعبة

حلّى السياسة دربها كلّها أتعاب
وحال العروبة نوب لا تعتي به

ذلّ العرب ما فاد به كلّ الأطباب
واحتار يانسل النشامى طيبه

راحت عروبة وانتتهت يابن قلاب
وشمس العروبة طوّلت في مغيبه

The Lost Right

2008

At a poetry festival in Wadi Rum in 2008, Hajaya read “Daughter of Tough Men” and “Occupy My Heart.” After his performance, a Jordanian journalist, Raddād al-Gallāb, approached him and scolded him publicly for calling the Jews “dear” and “beloved” instead of condemning Israel’s crimes. Hajaya responded with this poem, addressed to al-Gallab, in which he faults the Arabs’ valuing talk over action with respect to Palestine. Hajaya also puns on al-Gallab’s name, which can refer to the vicissitudes of time.

In lines 1-11, Hajaya addresses al-Gallab, advising him to tone down his fiery rhetoric and praising Livni’s qualities:

Why do you scold me so, Ibn Gallab,
When my heart’s wounds have been smarting for years?¹

Why blame me for loving long-necked women
With fair cheeks, with perfumed forelocks?

Women whose magic attracts the soul!
Who melt down and recast our cast-iron minds

Forget about politics and its tiresome trails
Stop worrying about the Arabs’ condition

5 All the world’s doctors couldn’t cure the Arabs’ shame
The Arabs’ doctor’s at a loss, oh son of gallant men

Gone, ended is the Arabs’ national dream
Its sun has long set, Ibn Gallab

1 I.e. from the Arabs’ disgrace and from Livni’s unrequited love.