

# EPHEMERAL FRAGMENTS

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## THE ROUNDED AND THE BOUNDLESS

To appreciate beauty  
Not as a fixed frame  
In the cosiness of a living-room,  
But as rebellious, restless plantations, blossoming flowers,  
And manifold weeds,  
That, in the alchemy of water and sun,  
Wither, die, and are born again,  
With the rhythm of seasons  
From sunsets to shipwrecking storms  
And thus, in pain, they diversify and grow.

Art becomes alive and living  
When it frees itself from the worship,  
The stifling passion of connoisseurs  
Who turn it into an expensive *mise en scène*.  
Canons stop the flow of Time  
For the sake of an eternal gaze at  
Fetish-like properties,  
Well-wrought urns,  
Static  
Suggestive of the uncorrupted greatness of  
A past name, a past desire.

A mixture of fragrances  
That perfume the air,  
Vegetation and fruit  
Lilies, jasmine and poppies,  
Colourful in shape and polyphonic in size,  
Invite many more senses  
To explore  
Landscapes that are misleadingly there.  
Touch  
Sight, smell and sounds;  
The whole being  
Challenged by the changeable, the unexpected,

By an evasive art  
Poorly imitated by  
Second hands,  
Artlessly arranged as  
Exotic brightness for the eyes of the blind.

Choice I would not make,  
Rather, embrace mosaic richness  
Whether in nature or as artefacts.

Botanists, ecologists and artists  
In a joint venture of magic  
And care for small, hidden details  
Refresh our eyes  
Extend endlessly the boundaries of  
The already seen and the potentially sightable  
And that which can be seen only  
By the eyes of the mind,  
In visions and untranslatable dreams,  
*Al bassira*  
Before its cruel displacement by  
*Al bassar*.  
It is at this site, at the loss of sight or rather insight  
That beauty left the world an orphan  
And that epiphanies become so poor.

Unhappy, then, with the painting,  
Framed  
A frame for the mind,  
Hung or rather hanged in the room,  
The viewer, to save his soul,  
Trespassed its territory  
And left for a nomadic existence in the wood  
With the moon, the sky, the stars and a breeze  
As friendly companions in solitude.

## **TIME ERASURE**

Through the small loophole of an ancient door  
I managed to see with a struggle  
Ghostly figures, vague contours  
Misty images, and ephemeral fragments of a distant past,

In remembrance,  
Remembered with labour, undocumented in photos.

Dear people who can never be seen,  
Forgotten  
Fallen into oblivion;  
They disappeared from the stage of history, leaving no legacy  
Some kind of link,  
Reconstructed, woven into fragile, ephemeral small words  
Addressed for offspring  
In the form of small narratives to be heard and seen.

In the empty darkness emerges some light.

Youthful children pursuing a magical soccer -ball in an open space of freedom,  
Scorpion-hunting as a hobby for the annoyed unemployed  
Before the advent of TV screens,  
An endless race behind seductive butterflies that led us  
To beautiful streams, fields without frontiers and unforeseen beauty  
Of nature,  
Wild nature  
Before its conquest by blocks of buildings  
And caterpillars of all forms.  
Cherished memories violated by the sound of uncaring machines  
And artificial memories  
That obliterate the sensing of the past  
The sense of history as human processes,  
Few scattered fragments  
Shrinking under the effect of growing old  
Of an age driving its youth to an eternal instant  
Present  
Sceptical of its wisdom,  
Brought up on the buzzing sounds of gadgets,  
On best sellers, Hollywood films  
And endless zapping on the screen.

Desire becomes an act of possessing more,  
In a virtual room;  
The imagination works through coded games  
In bodies suffering atrophy  
Through lack of exercise and fresh air.  
Yes! fresh air, that is all we need!  
And perhaps, against memory erasure, some refreshed memories

To give us strength in what is left of our communal bonds  
That are breaking, disintegrating  
Belatedly lamented, one day, as our  
Loss, our Eden that is irremediably lost;  
That cannot be recuperated, even as a fictive text,  
Through darkness generating total amnesia.