

Poem where Jasmine mentioned

“ A Damascene Moon “ by Nizar Qabanni

Green Tunisia, I have come to you as a lover.
On my brow, a rose and a book:
for I am the Damascene whose profession is passion,
whose singing turns the herbs green;
A Damascene moon travels through my
blood.
Nightingales . . . and grain . . . and domes
from Damascus, jasmine begins its whiteness
And fragrances perfume themselves with her scent.
From Damascus, water begins . . . for wherever
You lean your head, a stream flows.
And poetry is a sparrow spreading its wings
Over a Shame . . . and poet is a voyager.
From Damascus love begins . . . for our ancestors
worshipped beauty, they dissolved it, and they melted
away.
From Damascus, horses begins their journey
and the stirrups are tightened for the great conquest.
From Damascus, eternity begins . . . and with her.
Languages remain and genealogies are preserved.
And Damascus gives Arabism its form
and on its land, epochs materialise.



[https://de.wikipedia.org/
wiki/Nizar_Qabanni](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nizar_Qabanni)

https://youtu.be/81yP1_HliwE → There you can hear the poem
in original language Arabic .