## 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.

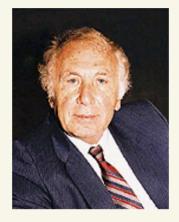
Nightingales . . . and grain . . . and domes from Damascus, jasmine begins its whiteness And fragrances perfume themselves with her scent.

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://youtu.be/81yP1\_HliwE ->



https://de.wikipedia.org/ wiki/Nizar\_Qabbani

There you can hear the poem in original language Arabic .