

Cloud Dragons

Poetry by Hibah Shabkhez

Homesickness and farsickness, one longing melting into the other, on the tongues of soap-welts rising slowly on wipered windscreens. The life of the adventurer and exile is a medallion of yin and yang, of fernweh and hiraeth, of the spirits of the ocean and the moon locked in their eternal waltz. It is your life too, eternally fused and everlastingly halved that you are, and so you stare at the dawn and wonder.

As the blue, blue sky steals the faces of the cloud dragons, consuming them to feed its dreadfully placid vastness, you wonder, as you did when you read of Rousseau's children, abandoned in the dead of the night by the man who wrote Emile: in the tug of war between blood and ink, soul and glory, which one was his true treason? Which one shall be mine?