

## Transcript

### *Lonely Streets by Mwaffaq Al Hajjar*

*This beautiful, evocative video film, created by a group of Syrian refugees living in Malaysia, is framed around Mwaffaq's poem to Mother Earth.*

### Man speaking

Lonely

These streets are lonely

People from their balconies singing down

Mother Earth

Mother Earth, we are regretful and tired

Mother Earth, we are regretful and tired and fearful

We are, as nature would say, hard-walking creatures

So how are we supposed to hold still or stay?

Mother Earth

Roses have come and spring without us is an echoless sound

We long and we yearn that our roaming shall-again-be unbound

Nowadays

Nowadays, nature is having a party by surprise

As blossoms covered all the wounded trees and earth have always been used to exceed

Oh Earth, we are aware of our size

Give your offspring, another chance

To find joy in life's delights

We, oh mother, we apologise

Our hand

Our hand that stole oak branches and abused the oceans in their depths

Now, it regrets

We wish to weep and wipe our tears

However, our hand is contaminated, and the fear of death is not belated

Streetlights have chanted: What art thou?!

City trains have chanted: What art thou?!

Greengrass meadows have chanted: Where are your long talks? Your picnics? Your kisses?

The mounts of god have chanted: Where are your eyes?

We have also – in our turn – chanted, just to feel we are, alive still, to this earth we are  
grateful and poetry

Poetry is being born in the void now, and the poor, too are sleeping in the open, calm, calm  
and pleased to possess those streets all by themselves

Poetry is also wandering from ally to ally

It can have fun without the tension of policeman

Without the noise of industrial plant

Without the sound of guns

Without death, without fear

We dare to beg mercy of thee

Give your offspring another chance of

To enjoy the evening

To ensure the services of nature  
For you are the poem  
Look how sorry are we