

إرادة الحياة: أبو القاسم الشابي



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A Dynamic Will – Abul Qassim Al-Chabbi

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إذا الشعب يوماً أراد الحياة = لا بُدَّ أن يستجيبَ القدر
ولا بُدَّ ليل أن ينجلي = ولا بُدَّ للقيد أن ينكسر

When people choose a noble and worthy existence,

The Fates will listen and obey.

Gloom of night will lift and vanish,

Fetters will break open.

ومن لم يعانقه شوق الحياة = تبخر في جوها واندثر
فويل لمن لم تشفه الحياة = من صفة العدم المنتصر

He who harbors no passion for life,

Evaporates into thin air and becomes forgotten.

Woe unto him who loses interest in life;

Victorious void will deal him a slap.

كذلك قالت لي الكائنات = وحدتني روحها المستتر
ودمدت الريح بين الفجاج = وفوق الجبال وتحت الشجر

Thus has the universe told me,

Thus has its hidden Spirit intimated.

The winds howled in the deep ravines;

Above mountain peaks, under the trees:

إِذَا مَا طَمَحْتُ إِلَى غَايَةٍ = رَكِبْتُ الْمُنَى وَنَسِيتُ الْحَدْرَ
وَلَمْ أَتَجَبَّبْ وَعُورَ الشَّعَابِ = وَلَا كُبَّةَ اللَّهَبِ الْمُسْتَعْرِ

When I aspire to lofty goals,

I mount high hopes and discard trepidation.

Neither avoiding rugged roads,

Nor evading the roaring flames.

وَمَنْ لَا يُحِبُّ صُعُودَ الْجِبَالِ = يَعِشُ أَبَدَ الدَّهْرِ بَيْنَ الْحُقْرِ
فَعَجَّتْ بِقَلْبِي دِمَاءُ الشَّبَابِ = وَضَجَّتْ بِصَدْرِي رِيحٌ آخَرُ

He who has an aversion to climbing mountains,

Will pass his days and nights in ditches and holes.

The blood of youth screamed in my heart,

Strange winds raged and raved in my chest.

وَأَطْرَقْتُ ، أَصْغِي لِقَصْفِ الرَّعُودِ = وَعَزْفِ الرِّيَّاحِ وَوَقَعِ الْمَطْرِ
وَقَالَتْ لِي الْأَرْضُ - لَمَّا سَأَلْتُ : " أَيَا أُمَّ هَلْ تَكْرَهِينَ الْبَشَرَ؟ "

Intently I listened to the thunder peel,

And harkened to the sounds of wind and rainfall.

I asked the Earth:

"Mother, do you hate people?", She replied:

"أَبَارِكُ فِي النَّاسِ أَهْلَ الطُّمُوحِ = وَمَنْ يَسْتَلِدُّ رُكُوبَ الْخَطْرِ
وَأَلْعَنُ مَنْ لَا يُمَاشِي الزَّمَانَ = وَيَقْنَعُ بِالْعَيْشِ عَيْشَ الْحَجَرِ

I bless ambitious and aspiring souls,

Holding dear the ones who brave danger.

But condemn those who live, stone-like, behind times;

Content with a dull, callous existence.

هُوَ الْكَوْنُ حَيٌّ ، يُحِبُّ الْحَيَاةَ = وَيَحْتَقِرُّ الْمَيِّتَ مَهْمَا كَبُرَ
فَلَا الْأَقْفُ يَحْضُنُ مَيِّتَ الطُّيُورِ = وَلَا النَّحْلُ يَلْتَمُ مَيِّتَ الزَّهْرِ

Behold! The universe is alive; it loves life,
It despises the dead, great as it may seem.

The skies hold no dead birds close to their bosom,
Nor do bees sip nectar from lifeless flowers.

وَلَوْلَا أُمُومَةٌ قَلْبِي الرَّؤُومُ = لَمَاضَمَّتِ الْمَيِّتَ تِلْكَ الْحَقْرُ
فَوَيْلٌ لِمَنْ لَمْ تَشْفُهُ الْحَيَاةُ = مِنْ لَعْنَةِ الْعَدَمِ الْمُتَّصِرِ!"

If not for my soft motherly heart,
Graves will loathe admitting corpses into their folds.
So, woe unto him who loses interest in life;
The curse of victorious void will be upon him.

وَفِي لَيْلَةٍ مِنْ لَيَالِي الْخَرِيفِ = مُتَّقَلَةً بِالْأَسَى وَالضَّجَرِ
سَكِرْتُ بِهَا مِنْ ضِيَاءِ النُّجُومِ = وَعَغْنَيْتُ لِلْحُزْنِ حَتَّى سَكِرَ

Once on an autumn night,
Heavy with sorrow and boredom,
I was intoxicated with the stars' glittering light,
And lulled sorrow into exhilaration.

سَأَلْتُ الدُّجَى: هَلْ تُعِيدُ الْحَيَاةَ = لِمَا أَدْبَلْتُهُ رَبِيعَ الْعُمْرِ؟
فَلَمْ تَتَكَلَّمْ شِقَاهُ الظَّلَامُ = وَلَمْ تَتَرْتَّمْ عَدَارَى السَّحَرِ

I asked the night: "Will Life ever bring back to wilted blossoms
The bloom and freshness of life?"

Neither the lips of darkness muttered,
Nor the nymphs of dawn recited their lyrics.

وَقَالَ لِي الْعَابُ فِي رَقَةٍ = مُحَبَّبَةٍ مِثْلَ حَقْقِ الْوَتْرِ
يَجِيءُ الشِّتَاءُ ، شِتَاءُ الضَّبَابِ = شِتَاءُ التُّلُوجِ ، شِتَاءُ الْمَطَرِ

The forest whispered gently to me,

And spoke in melodious strains:

Winter comes befogged with clouds,

Bleak with rain, heavy with snow.

فِيَنْطَفِئِ السَّحْرُ ، سِحْرُ الْعُصُونِ = وَسِحْرُ الزُّهُورِ وَسِحْرُ النَّمْرِ

وَسِحْرُ الْمَسَاءِ الشَّجِيِّ الْوَدِيعِ = وَسِحْرُ الْمُرُوجِ الشَّهِيِّ الْعَطْرِ

The charm of tender twigs snuffed out,

The beauty of flowers and fruit extinguished.

The grace of meek and doleful eventides gone,

The appeal of scented meadows no more.

وَتَهْوِي الْعُصُونُ وَأَوْرَاقُهَا = وَأَزْهَارُ عَهْدِ حَبِيبِ نَضِيرِ

وَتَلْهُو بِهَا الرِّيحُ فِي كُلِّ وَادٍ = وَيَذْفُقُهَا السَّيْلُ أَيْ عَبْرَ

Branches wither and fall with their leaves,

Blossoms of happy and love-filled life drop too.

The winds scatter them in vale and valley,

Rushing waters bury them on the way.

وَيَفْنَى الْجَمِيعُ كَحُلْمٍ بَدِيعٍ = تَأَلَّقَ فِي مُهْجَةٍ وَأَنْدَثَرَ

وَتَبْقَى الْبُدُورُ الَّتِي حُمِّتْ = دُخَيْرَةَ عُمْرٍ جَمِيلٍ عَبْرَ

All lost to sight as a beautiful dream,

Momentarily glowing, soon to disappear without a trace.

Seeds bearing the essence of a beautiful faded life,

Will yet survive.

وَذَكَرَى فُصُولٍ ، وَرُؤْيَا حَيَاةٍ = وَأَشْبَاحِ دُنْيَا تَلَاشَتْ زُمْرَ

مُعَانِقَةٍ وَهِيَ تَحْتَ الضَّبَابِ = وَتَحْتَ التُّلُوجِ وَتَحْتَ الْمَدَرِ

So will the memory of seasons and life's visions,

And earthly phantoms that vanished in droves.

All from beneath the clouds,

From beneath the soil and snow,

طَيفَ الحَيَاةِ الذِي لَا يُمَلُّ = وَقَلْبَ الرَّبِيعِ الشَّدِيِّ الخَضِرِ
وَحَالِمَةَ بِأَعَانِي الطُّيُورِ = وَعِطْرَ الزُّهُورِ وَطَعْمَ الثَّمَرِ

Will revive and embrace the sweet subtle essence of life,

Clasping the green, fragrant heart of Spring;

Dreaming of bird songs,

Of aromas and savory fruit.

وَمَا هُوَ إِلَّا كَحَفَقِ الجَنَاحِ = حَتَّى نَمَا شَوْقُهَا وَأَنْتَصَرَ
فَصَدَّعَتِ الأَرْضَ مِنْ فَوْقِهَا = وَأَبْصَرَتِ الكونَ عَذْبَ الصُورِ

Suddenly , in the soft beat of wings,

Passion for life triumphantly returned!

The earth above the seeds cracked open,

And glorious images unexpectedly emerged.

وَجَاءَ الرَّبِيعُ بِأَنْغَامِهِ = وَأَحْلَامِهِ وَصِبَاهُ العَطِرِ
وَقَبَّلَهَا قَبْلًا فِي الشِّفَاهِ = تَعِيدُ الشَّبَابَ الذِي قَدْ غَبَرَ

Spring made a return with delightful songs;

Celebrating its dreams, its balmy youthfulness.

Lo, it pressed many kisses upon their lips,

Bringing back to life a youth, long gone.

وَقَالَ لَهَا : قَدْ مُنَحْتُ الحَيَاةَ = وَخُدَّتِ فِي نَسْلِكَ المُدَّخِرِ
وَبَارَكَكَ النُّورُ فَاسْتَقْبَلِي = شَبَابَ الحَيَاةِ وَخَصْبَ العُمَرِ

It addressed the seeds, murmuring: I have given you life,

And shall live in your posterity forevermore.

You have been blessed by the light, so receive

The youth of life, the maturity of age.

ومن تعبدُ النورَ أحلامهُ = يباركهُ النورُ أتى ظهر
إليك الفضاء ، إليك الضياء = إليك الثرى الحالمِ المزدهر

He whose dreams adore the Light,

The Light, in turn, will bless him when it shines.

Lo, the entire space is yours, and yours is the Light,

The dreaming, flower-glittering soil is also yours.

إليك الجمال الذي لا يبید = إليك الوجود الرحيب النضر
فميدي كما شنتِ فوق الحقول = بحلو الثمار وغض الزهر

Receive the deathless beauty,

Receive the vast shimmering universe.

Sway as you please in the meadows,

Laden with your sweet fruits and tender flowers.

وناجي النسيم وناجي الغيوم = وناجي النجوم وناجي القمر
وناجي الحياة وأشواقها = وفتنة هذا الوجود الأغر

Whisper your gentle love to the breeze and clouds,

Hum soulful tunes to the stars and moon.

Talk to life with the language of your heart,

And commune with the captivating beauty of a unique existence.

وشف الدجى عن جمال عميق = يشب الخيال ويذكي الفكر
ومدَّ على الكون سحرَّ غريبٍ = يُصرِّفه سَاحِرٌ مُقتدر

Darkness, too, revealed a hidden charm,

Stirring the imagination, inspiring thoughts.

A strange mystic harmony engulfed the universe,

Skillfully manipulating it as an ingenious magician.

وَضَاءَتْ شُمُوعُ النُّجُومِ الوضَاءُ = وَضَاعَ البَخُورُ ، بَخُورُ
الزَّهْر

وَرَقْرَقَ رُوحٌ غَرِيبٌ الجَمَالُ = بِأَجْنِحَةٍ مِنْ ضِيَاءِ القَمَرِ

Candles of glittering stars were lit all,

The sweet perfume of flowers wafted about.

A spirit of strange beauty fluttered by,

With wings made of moonbeams bright.

وَرَنَّ نَشِيدُ الحَيَاةِ المُقَدَّسِ = فِي هَيْكَلِ حَالِمٍ قَدْ سَحِرَ

وَأَعْلَنَ فِي الكَوْنِ أَنَّ الطُّمُوحَ = لَهَيْبِ الحَيَاةِ وَرُوحِ الظَّفَرِ

إِذَا طَمَحَتْ لِلحَيَاةِ النُّفُوسُ = لَا بُدَّ أَنْ يَسْتَجِيبَ القَدَرُ

The sacred song of life rang out,

Within a dreaming, charmed temple;

Announcing this truth to the whole universe:

Aspiration is the fuel and flame of life,

The spirit and stamina of victory!

Yea, when souls aspire

For a worthy and noble existence,

The Fates will accordingly respond.