

NOURI GANA

Legacy

You infants of desires, of milk and ash, you only, you only will uncreate my shame.
You come from far away, from the present that has never been, you behind, carrying
your joys in your palms, your pains in your virgule smiles, you come along, leading
heavily at times, lightly at others, there where no oppressor would bear the sight of
Man, there where the water builds its own dams and slides enthusiastically downfall. You
come from the future, from the bowels of certainty, and you look away, you look away
from the way the way to your unborn destiny, you look away from me, from my words
you look away!

What have I done, what have not undone? I bequeath you a world of certainty, mine is
no longer certain, have and have not been, *kan ya ma kan* like Dinarzad etherized
under the bed of the Sultan! I bequeath you the future, it will come, wait for it, it will
knock on your door and enter and come and hug you and wash your face, the future in
your bed, in your bathroom, unclad, standing, beautiful, beckoning, you take it, its

yours and that's my will, my promise, my passport to the other country from whose bounds I am sending my remainders

I no longer count, I can tell you that, but you count and count the future will come, the future I bequeath you. It will come in one piece, unlike you, my fragments, my half baked ideas that I love and hate and wish I never
I never once on a hill upon a city
The future is solid, touch it, no, not too much; it is sensitive to the human touch, but it will smile in your face, as in mine, when it comes the first time, when you take it the first time, take it with measure.

Blush not my children, the future is not a woman to be conquered or a man to be raped in the vicariousness of heroism and valour

