

Culture palestinienne : Mohammed EL-KURD et Clarissa BITAR, poÃ©sie et musique

Description



Mohammed EL-KURD, poÃ¨te et Clarissa BITAR, joueuse de oud, sortent leur album Â« Bellydancing on Wounds Â» chez Rosewater Records.

Mohammed dit ses poÃ¨mes, Clarissa interprÃ¨te les musiques quâ??elle a composÃ©es et arrangÃ©es.

1- This Is Why We Dance

2- My Nakba Birthday

3- Bellydancing on Wounds

4- To Afghani Children

5- Figs, Bitch!

6- No Poetry in This

A retrouver sur les plateformes :

https://distrokid.com/hyperfollow/mohammedelkurdandclarissabitar/goMY

et sur Youtube :

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dhI8TNq2XXA&list=OLAK5uy_lEGGpiBhF4WHFFicLsKv-Nn_qTpCIRmE0

â?? Quelques poÃ¨mes de Mohammed EL-KURD (Mohamed est membre de la famille EL-KURD de Sheikh Jarrah. Il Ã©voque sa grand-mÃ¨re et son pÃ¨re dans Â« This Is Why We Dance Â») :

https://medium.com/@mohammedelkurd

https://mapsforteeth.com/2018/05/15/mohammed-el-kurd/

https://plexus.online/portfolio/figs-bitch/

â?? Le site de Clarissa BITAR :

http://clarissabitar.com/#/

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THIS IS WHY WE DANCE

Mohammed EL-KURD

for Carmel Hilal,

Home in my memory is a green, worn out couch

and my grandmother in every poem

every jasmine picked off the backlash

every backlash picked off the tear gas

and tear gas healed with yogurt and onions

with resilience

with women chanting and drumming

on pots and pans

with goddamns and hasbiyallahâ??s.

Motherfuckers work tanks but we know stones.

(2008 â?? The Gaza Bombings)

my ritual of watching T.V.

ran between the grieving

and Egyptian belly dance music

and I fluctuated between hatred and adoration

stacking and hording Darwishâ??s reasons to live

â??On this land, thereâ??s something which makes life worth livingâ?•

sometimes believing them.

sometimes dipping my bread in indulgence,

knowing a child is breadless, in Khan Yunis,

dipped in a roofâ??s rubble

If you ask me where Iâ??m from itâ??s not a one-word answer,

be prepared and seated, breathless and geared

and if hearing about a world other than yours

makes you uncomfortable,

well, drink the sea

cut off your ears

blow another bubble to bubble your bubble and the pretense.

blow another town of bodies in the name of fear.

This is why we dance,

My father told me: â??Anger is a luxury that we cannot afford.â?•

Be composed, calm, still â?? laugh when they ask you

smile when they talk, answer them,

educate them.

This is why we dance,

Because if I speak, Iâ??m dangerous

you open your mouth,

you raise your eyebrows,

you point your fingers.

This is why we dance,

wounded feet but the rhythm remains

This is why we dance,

Because no matter how many adjectives you stack upon my shoulders

I define me

This is why we dance,

Because even my poetry isnâ??t free.

Now can you please just tell me:

Why is anger â?? even anger â?? a luxury

to me?

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