



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 poèmes, Clarissa interprète les musiques qu'elle a composées et arrangées.

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_1EGGpiBhF4WHFFicLsKv-Nn_qTpCIRmE0

Quelques poèmes de Mohammed EL-KURD (Mohamed est membre de la famille EL-KURD de Sheikh Jarrah. Il évoque sa grand-mère et son père dans « This Is Why We Dance ») :

<https://medium.com/@mohammedelkurd>

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

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

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: "Anger is a luxury that we cannot afford."

Be composed, calm, still
laugh when they ask you
smile when they talk, answer them,
educate them.

This is why we dance,
Because if I speak, I'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 isn't free.

Now can you please just tell me:

Why is anger even a luxury
to me?

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