

27 September 2025

Enter Sun

If you want to look at the sun
you will need to scan the mountains
and the faces:

the world's hardest things.

As it cuts across weeds and rocks,

eyelashes and teeth,

the ball of fire becomes

a story of two truths: light

and shadows.

You need to observe the grass,

dampened by rain.

On such frail bodies,

the immeasurable sun fractures into thousands

of little suns, composing

its most tender songs.

It glistens inside every drop,

sings in every blade of grass.

No matter how stubbornly

melancholy refuses to leave you,

the sun will trespass through the window

and caress your cheek.

It will light up the entire room.

It doesn't care

that we're murdering one another;

every morning it takes us by the hand,

towards beauty and truth.

With the blindest among us,
it is most gentle; it firmly grips his hand.
He has no idea how distant it is.
To him, the sun is right there
on his face,
and on his fingers.
He has never witnessed
its abrupt appearance
from between the clouds, its arms opening
to embrace every creature.
In his mind, it belongs
to him alone.
On the checkpoint,
it flares on the helmets of soldiers
and rises on the windows
of queuing cars.
From wherever you stand,
you can always see it
on the opposite side—
illuminating the hills of your enemies.

— Dalia Taha
(translated by Sara Elkamel)