

MAHMOUD DERVISH

I AM YOUSUF, FATHER

Oh my father, I am Yusuf
Oh my father, my brothers neither love me
nor want me in their midst

They assault me and cast stones and words at me
They want me to die so they can praise me
And they closed the door of your house to me
And they expelled me from the field
Oh my father, they poisoned my grapes
And they smashed my toys

When the gentle wind played with my hair, they were jealous
They rose up with against me and against you
What did I deprive them of, Oh my father?
The butterflies landed on my shoulder
Wheat bowed towards me
Birds hovered over my hand
What have I done, Oh my father?
Why me?

You named me Yusuf
and brothers threw me into the well accusing for it a wolf
Wolf is more merciful than my brothers
Oh, my father! Did I wrong anyone when I said that I saw
I saw eleven stars and Sun and Moon making prostration to me?