



Horizontal Moment

The sun reflected water
shimmies rhythmically
over the wooden womb
of a cabin in the sea.

Gokova Bay, 2005

Moon *To Apollinaire*

O

sharpest crescent

celestial nail

to

insomniac biters

- she holds no rancor

while the wolves howl.

Appropriation

Let the sea be the wake of the thousand and one tears
quivering mirror, aqueous & saline
engulfing twin of the complete sorrows
whether ours or theirs.

Dare make it be the heaving
fierce memorial of our stake
yours & mine

our stake
in the horizon
the facing shore.

إستملاك

لِنُنْعِي الْبَحْرَ الْأَلْفَ دَمْعَةً وَدَمْعَةً
إِنْعَاسُ مُرْتَعَشٍ، مَائِي وَمَالِحٍ
كَثْوَأَمَانٍ يَبْتَلْعَانِ كُلَّ الْأَحْزَانِ

أحزاننا كانت أم أحزانهم.

تَجْرَأُ، تَخِيلُ الْبَحْرَ مَتَهْدَأُ
كَنْصَبِ بَرِيٍّ لَصَالِحِنَا

أنت وأنا

صالحنا

في الأفق
على الضفّةِ المقابلةِ.

Start of War

See man's dark road
mock our idle tracks:
godly splendour destroyed
mined & betrayed.

Pray not weep
for
love over trivial glory
crowning banal over gory.

Aerial Pounding / Berytus Agonistes

'Here I am, it is I Lord, I have heard you calling
in the night'

& your voice is fearsome frightful.

Later, in the silence, children's laughter

is eerie

perversely echoing the bleating of lambs to

the slaughter.

Millennial crucifier, slave maker, allahu akbar,

tendentious sorter

the men in excusive hats all claim you as their guide

you are the C.E.O of Retribution.

Do you weep or are you crying?

Do you laugh or are you smiling?

Only the ones wrapped up in their own flag

to mop the tears & blood aren't ashamed

of our kind
do You mind?

You may claim me.

But,

I'll never worship you.

Yours truly,

Sitting duck.

Cinceleo Celestial

Arriba en los cielos, Gravedad y Convección,
brujas celestiales, implacables e invisibles, tejen
la fustigante marejada que arrastra los batidos sedimentos
que arrollan hacia nosotros,
empujando y dirigiendo la misma ola
que rasga y lame

-y forma- la orilla

donde, tan bien plantados, estamos.

Al unisono, más allá de la fina línea que nos fija la mirada
va la ondulante ola que deja atrás el horizonte
apresurándose, cayendo, engallardada, avasallando
estrepitosamente, quiebra, abofeteando, y se estrella
-y forma- la otra orilla

donde, tan bien plantados, están ellos.

En el mercado, a diario, cada orilla se pavonea, cuenta y vende
como esencia propia, espíritu y estampa única,
adorada y en su altar enarbolada,
(no realmente protegida pero si a degüelle defendida)
-y así nos forman ellos y nosotros a ellos-
y no tan bien plantados juntos y a tropezones vacilamos.

Naturalmente, allí en los cielos,
se rien con bocas cósmicas.

The Chiseling

Up in their heavens,
Gravity & Convection, celestial crones,

relentless though unseen, spin

the whipping undertow scouring the churned sediments
rolling towards us.

Pushing & leading the very wave
that laps & scrapes

-and shapes- the shore

on which, oh, so surefooted, we stand.

In unison, beyond the thin line we fix our eyes on

goes the wave rolling away from the horizon

dipping, dashing, turning, rushing,

to crash, slap, thrash & slay

-and also shape- the other shore

on which, oh so surefooted, they stand

And on the market each coast is sold, paraded & sold

as its own essence, spirit, uniqueness & hold,

worshiped, enshrined,

not truly protected yet murderously defended

-so they shape us & we shape them-

and not so surefooted together we lurch.

Naturally, up in their heavens,
they laugh with cosmic mouths.

Telesized

Luminous
black frame wide
scrotum screen
plough me in:
scrutiny is in!

Grated, projected,
x-rated , sugar coated,
raped, taped and crated,
revered and consecrated.
Ice-cream and screams,
barking and clamoring,
bawling, for so what?

Darty ego creams,
scott free scat,
incandescent,
scandent,
gone.

Here

نحن وهم

برقاوتنا نحن

وهم ببشاعتهم
دائماً نتعاكس

طبعاً

نحن هم
وهم نحن
لهم

بس مستحيل
أبدأ بكونوا نحن
لنحن

نحن ببشاعتنا
وهم برقاوتنا
دائماً بتواز

ومستحيل
أن نلتقيا

إلى أن
نتكفن

نحن ببشاعتهم
وهم ببشاعتنا
ننسمد
من جديد

Tu Jardín

Te voy a hacer un jardín
Y ese jardín tendrá:
Un paseo para hablarte
Un bosque para perderte
Una glorieta para encontrarte
Un huerto para llevarte
Una rosaleda para olerte
Un prado para perseguirte
Un estanque para reflejarte
Un mirador para provocarte
Una valla para protegerte
Un pozo para desahogarte
Un vergel para comerte
Un palomar para susurrarte
Una fuente para calarte
Una vista para irradiarte
Un perro para seguirte
Un aljibe para sustentarte
Una burra para amarte
Una carreta para cobijarte
Una cueva para besarte
Un gran cielo para alumbrarte
Una terraza para reírte
Una entrada para bienvenírte
Una salida para zafarte
Amigos para divertírte
Y un plantel para sosegarte.

Garden Variety Luv

I will make you
a garden
and such a garden
will have:

a walk to talk
a copse to walk
a filly to ride
a cave to hide

a rose bed to charm
a fence for no harm
a goat on a rope
a grove for a grope

a ha-ha to botch
an old door to latch
a hedge round the edge
a big sky to pledge
and
a pond for reflection
a rockery for deflection
a boat bell to jiggle
a terrace to giggle

Garden Variety Luv *(contd.)*

a pergola for ease
a deep blue pool to tease
topiary for some fiz
a profound well to please

a view not remiss
a bench to French kiss
a veggie patch to scoff
an exit to be off
and
an orchard to eat you
a spring to seduce you
a fountain to wet you
a meadow to chase you

a dog for devotions
kind herbs for love potions
friends for merriment
foes' memory spent
and
for a warm welcome an entrance
and a plush drive for such stance
a sun dial for the odd life trial
and a seedling bed for the caring vial.

Project

The pond at night
will catch the moon
then
I'll rig a rainbow
at noon.

Unfortunately,
we won't be
able to see it

from
our high perched
camera obscura,
the hidden
treffled cave,

unless
we build
a double jointed
periscope

to see the
misty glow
below.

B4B / Buleria for Beethoven

O joy, O joy!
I want that
even when I die
much mirth I enjoy.

Oh boy! O joy!
Without you hearts
turn way too cold
and souls grow mould.

O joy, O sister other!
Joy, joy, fill my cup,
for they flock together
but you bring them up.

Early joy
or later joy
but all day
joy, joy,
joy polloi!

Much Ado

looking,
 missing,
finding,
 losing,
making,
 scrapping,
trundling,
 fumbling,
building ,
 tearing,
caring ,
 hating,
seeking,
 failing,
laughing,
 dying,
bear and,
 abide,
remember,
 and forget;
there is ever
 so much to do.



Rima Bouaoun

Best known for her warm charismatic persona, Rima is a talented singer and musician. She has been dedicating herself fully to her music since 2004, performing in venues all over Lebanon while continuously training her voice & piano skills. Her vocal style tells the story of every song she performs with warmth, depth & passion.



Davo Bryant

Davo Bryant's been a drummer and percussionist as long as he can remember. He's played and recorded with Carlos Santana, Ornette Coleman, Horacio "El Negro" Hernandez, Dizzy Gillespie, Richard Lloyd, Babatundi Olatunji, The Holmes Brothers, Pinetop Perkins, Lawson Rollins and Otmar Liebert, with whom he cut eight albums, including the gold albums *Borrasca*, *Hours Between Night and Day* and *Poets and Angels* and the platinum record *Solo Para Ti*.



Jonathan Donald

Jonathan Donald was born in Philadelphia and lives in New Jersey. He began writing piano compositions when he was in grade school, performing his pieces at annual piano recitals. His musical interests have ranged from Debussy to Reich, Primus to Radiohead. After taking up bass guitar in 2011, he began composing and recording songs in his parents' basement. He was recently accepted to the Wells Fargo Jazz for Teens program at the New Jersey Performing Arts Center and plans to pursue a career in music.



Jools Holland

Jools Holland is a living legend, wether performing, composing or presenting. BB King said of him: 'I didn't think anybody could play like that. Jools has got that left hand that never stops.' He is drop dead gorgeous, very loyal, devastatingly funny and a perfect gent. Jools is also a fabulous architect of perfectly mad follies and a passionate lover of toy trains. He has written a colourful autobiography: *Barefaced Lies & Boogie Woogie Boasts*. His daughter, Mabel Holland, sings here for the first time.



Mashrou' Leila

Mashrou' Leila is Arabic for 'an overnight project' lusting out a microphone, a violin, a bass, two guitars, drums and keyboards. It started out as a music workshop at the American University of Beirut in 2008. In March 2009, Mashrou' Leila won the Lebanese Modern Music Contest jury prize and public vote organized by Radio Liban in partnership with CCF, Incognito and the Basement. They released their debut album in December 2009 at what turned out to be Beirut's biggest alternative (read non-mainstream) event in recent years.



Lore Lixenberg

Lore Lixenberg performs widely in opera, concert repertoire and music-theatre, and works with many leading composers. She has performed at many festivals including Salzburg, Lucerne, Donaueschingen, Aldeburgh, Witten, Edinburgh, Huddersfield, Wien Modern and Oslo Ultima. Recital performances include Schubert Recitals, *Accompanying Franz* by Dai Fujikura, with Andrew West with La Folle Journee Festival, Eisler Geburtstag songs with Jonathan Powell, *Music from the Weimar Republic*.



Pedro Marín

Pedro Marín is one of the most emblematic Spanish Pop singers. Since his beginnings during the 80's as the Pop superstar to his mysterious retirement during some long years and his later comeback as a cult figure in art rock and electronic music for the XXI st Century. Tagged by the american Billboard Magazine as "the first avant-garde Spanish musician in history".



Montoya & Farruquete

Germán Montoya is the grandson of flamenco legend *Curro Montoya*. He is owner and chef of the famous *Curro Montoya Restaurant* in Carmona, Spain. One of the best things he ever did was to marry his wife Bernardi Benítez.. Anotnio Ponce, a.k.a. Farruquete, is a very young guitarist and cajon player with a passion for music and fancy cars. This is their first recording, as well as their first collaboration.





Makadi Nahhas

A distinguished voice among the young Arabic artists, Makadi a sparkling talent and an astonishing presence. With her particular modern style she revived music and songs from the Middle East and the Levantine long forgotten heritage. Born in Amman 1977, obtained a Diploma in music from the Music Conservatory of Beirut. Her career began after her first live performance at Jerash festival in 1997. Since then Makadi has been active in the music scene. She achieved many albums and performed in major events in the Middle East and Europe.



Oliver Poole

OLIVR aka Oliver Poole believes in making the world a better place through music. He has performed at venues and festivals around the world and has been described as having stage a presence, charisma, talent for communication and improvisation that make him a desirable performer and a composer of unique entertaining talent.



Sarah Sarhandi

Sarah Sarhandi is a composer/virtuoso violist based in London. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music. She has recorded and performed worldwide and has composed for both feature film and TV. Sarah is particularly interested in collaboration across disciplines - with Russell Maliphant, for 'Sheer' she received Time Out Award for Outstanding Collaboration (2002). 'Sheer also was awarded People's Choice, Montreal Festival (2002) and performed worldwide including London Coliseum (2009).

Photograph Tomek Sierak



Los Saucedo

Consuelo Saucedo is a mother of three and an out of work art historian. Her brother Quique plays the guitar and is an art restorer. Her daughter María also sings, as well as her sister Maria Dolores. The other brother and sister are expert 'palmeros'(clappers). Whenever the Saucedos get together they make music 'en famille' to the great delight of their many friends. This is their first recording.

This last poem is dedicated to all the wonderful people that made this project possible.

Ana Corberó, Carmona July 2013

Friends

If I
were a prism
and had refulgence
each of my facets
would be one friend
and whatever shine
reflected
would be their
sheen.

I
am a mosaic
made of them.

