

عَلَّمَ سِنْدَه

لَا يُضِنُّ

**‘We Have On This Earth What  
Makes Life Worth Living’**

لَا يَبْرِي

أن تعرف محمود درويش هو أن تعرف فلسطين.

لقد عشت في هيوستن، ولاية تكساس، حيث أمضى محمود درويش آخر أيامه. لم أن أعرفه في ذلك الوقت. الآن أعرفه. لم أعرف قصائده حتى زرت المتحف في رام الله. اليوم أعرفه. لم أعرف مدى قوة قصائده. الآن أعرف. لم أكن أعرف مكانته في قلوب الفلسطينيين. الآن أعرف.

To know Mahmoud Darwish is to know Palestine.

I grew up in Houston, Texas where Mahmoud Darwish spent his final days. I did not know him then. I know him now. I did not know his poems until I visited the Mahmoud Darwish Museum in Ramallah. I know them now. I did not know the power of his poems. I know that now. I did not know of his sacred place in the hearts of Palestinians. I know that now

I now know the vision of Mahmoud Darwish. He loved Palestine. He loved the land. He loved his people. In exile, his love for justice grew even stronger. This man who came to us from the Holy Land made us aware of the pain in the hearts of men and women who long for justice.

I am the curator of this exhibition of artwork by the ARTNAUTS Collective that is dedicated to the poems of Mahmoud Darwish. The ARTNAUTS are a group of artists from the United States who travel throughout the world to share our visualizations of a better world and to know more about our global neighbors.

As the ARTNAUTS Collective, we come to Palestine to witness. As artists, we witness with our art, our dialogue, and our vision for a better world. The poems of Darwish inspired us to respect this man, his country, its people, and their collective longing for peace with justice.

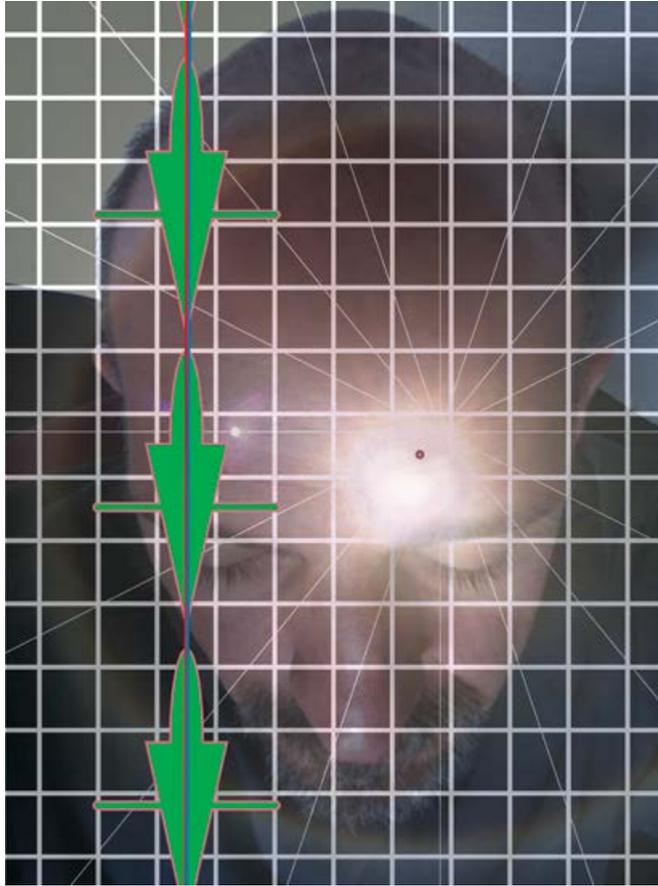
George Rivera, Ph.D.  
Professor/Curator  
Department of Art & Art History  
University of Colorado  
Boulder, Colorado (USA)

أعرف الآن رؤية محمود درويش. لقد أحب فلسطين. أحب الأرض. أحب الشعب. في غربته، إيمانه بعدالة القضية نمت بقوة. لقد كشف لنا ذلك القادم من الأرض المقدسة حجم الألم في قلوب الرجال والنساء الذين ينتظرون العدالة لقضيتهم.

هذا المعرض هو مجموعة من الأعمال الفنية قامت بها مجموعة من الفنانين الأمريكيين وهي مهداة إلى قصائد محمود درويش. تسافر مجموعة الفنانين إلى العالم لمشاركة رؤيتهم للعالم أفضل وللتعرف على الآخرين.

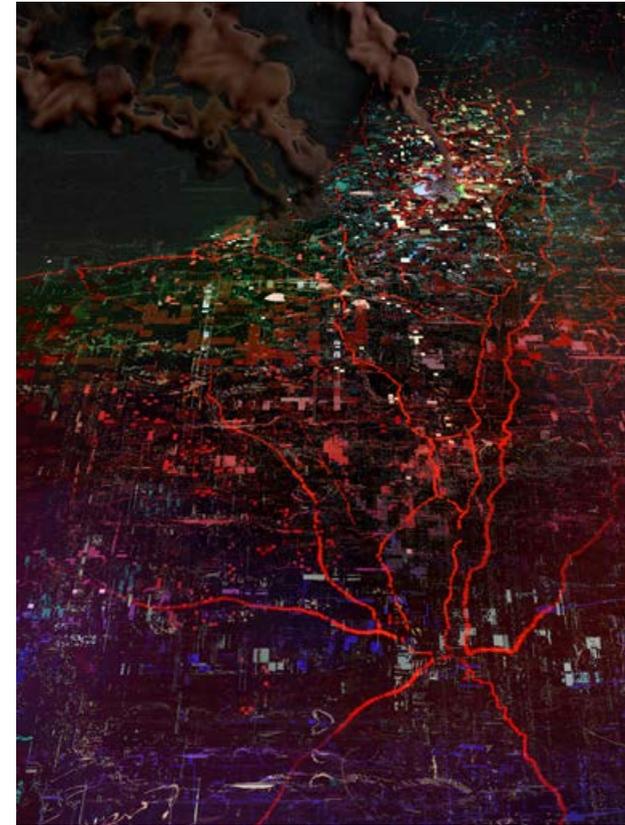
كمجموعة فنانين، تأتي إلى فلسطين لنشهد، بفننا، وبحوارنا ورؤيتنا للعالم أفضل. قد ألهمتنا قصائد محمود درويش وأكسبتنا احترامه، واحترام بلده وشعبه وإصراره على السلام العادل.

جورج ريفيرا  
بروفيسور  
قسم الفنون  
جامعة كولورادو  
بولدر، الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية



Andrew Connelly  
Passport  
Digital Print  
2014

Specifically, this image is referencing a line from poem "Passport" (2003), "from my forehead bursts the sword of light". The line resonates passion and inner life much like the poem "Identity Card" that resonated so much with the currents in 1967. The same is true when Darwish wrote "Passport" only now a more mature and romantic interpretation connecting more to the land; culture and the people from a more poignant yet tender voice.



Rachel Clarke  
Reality's Terrain  
Inkjet Print  
2014

The references to maps and terrain in Mahmoud Darwish's deeply melancholic poem *And we have countries* resonated with me because I also use maps in my work to create imagined spaces. The metaphorical landscape of places interwoven with feelings continuously reconfigures the space as the poem unfolds; it is hard to pin down, and there is a great sense of loss, even desperation. In this work I was very preoccupied with the August 2014 bombardment of Gaza – I was hearing about the suffering and devastation on the BBC World Service as I worked in my studio – and this became the focus of my piece, also influencing my interpretation of the poem.



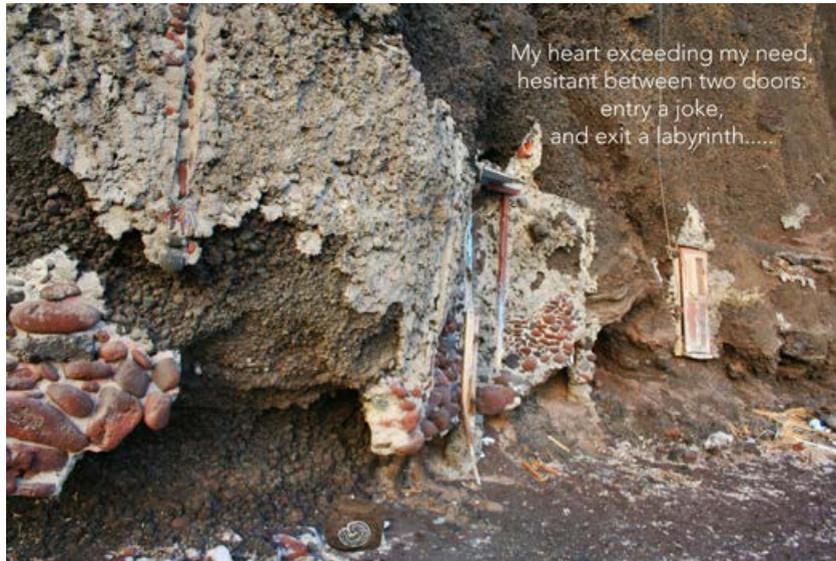
I titled my piece from a line in Mahmoud Darwish's poem "I Came From There." My piece is about my own view. We all have our own perspective. With all the madness around us we still have our own view.

Jody Woods Thompson  
I Have My Own View  
Mixed Media  
2014



Mahmoud Darwish's poem "Passport" I selected that relative with my own identity as an immigrant to face the identities conflict that based on my destroyed identity.

Nichole Hongchang  
After Poem "Passport"  
Ink on Paper  
2014



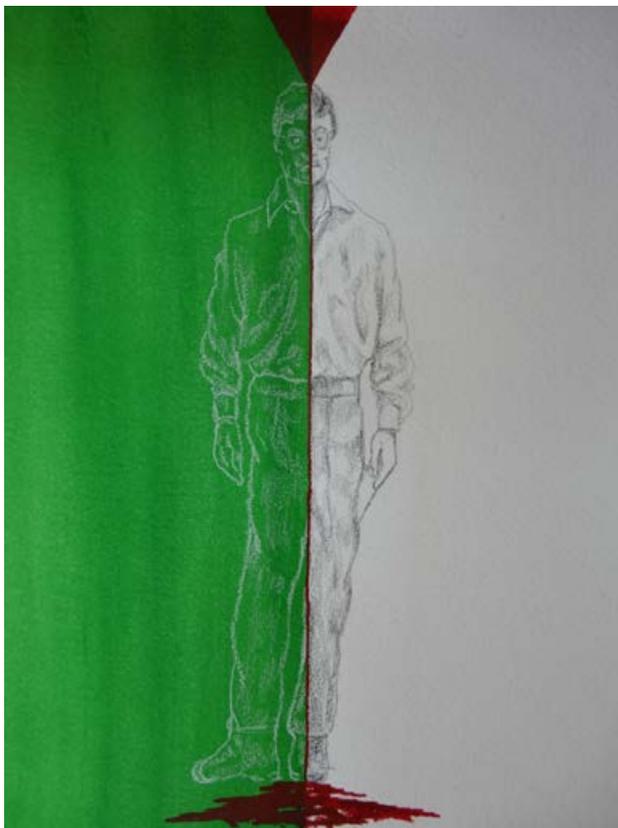
I created my piece from the Darwish poem, A Noun Sentence. Is this a play on nonsense? I was especially moved by the questions about identity, purpose and the existential nature of the poem. I also was moved by the line, “ my heart exceeding my need...”. These concerns are especially poignant in these trying times of people murdering each other and governments being conflicted about their response in terms of helping them come to peace or supplying arms. Seems as if Darwish may be suggesting that the answer lies in the present tense. Living in the moment, trying to be your best self at every given moment.

Rebecca DiDomenico  
Heart Between Two Doors  
Digital print  
2014



My work is response to the poignant poem by Mahmoud Darwish titled, It is night and she is lonely... The line, Nothing disturbs the silence between us, inspired me to think about the quietness and loneliness that comes from eating alone after sharing so many meals together. I selected imagery of the table to suggest the act of eating and the place for dining. The other image is one of my sculptures that is about the space between people even though they might have a strong “gut to gut” connection but simply cannot make it work. The final layer of the piece is a gold and silver piece of prayer paper that has been split to further symbolize the parting.

Martha Russo  
Nothing disturbs  
the silence between us  
Mixed media  
2014



In response to reading the poetry of Mahmoud Darwish, I chose to represent his impression of a soul veiled in mist sleep standing in the face of death in his poem: And they don't ask... In the middle of the poem resides the words, "How can a ghost still bleed?"

Sandra Jean Caes  
How can a ghost still bleed?  
Watercolor and Colored  
Pencil  
2014



I choose the poem, I Belong There (2003), because I am currently moving back to the place where I belong. This shows deadline matched up with the day that I drive all my possessions back to Denver and struck a cord with me. The tension of home and memories are what I pulled from this poem, creating a piece I feel embodies the outside world, the home, and the memories within. The 2" inner square has over 2,000 layered images within it.

Rob Rix  
Home  
Digital Collage  
2014



I was especially drawn to the second half of the poem:  
...Wishing for the present tense a foothold for walking  
behind me or ahead of me, barefoot. Where is my  
second road to the staircase of expanse? Where  
is futility? Where is the road to the road?...

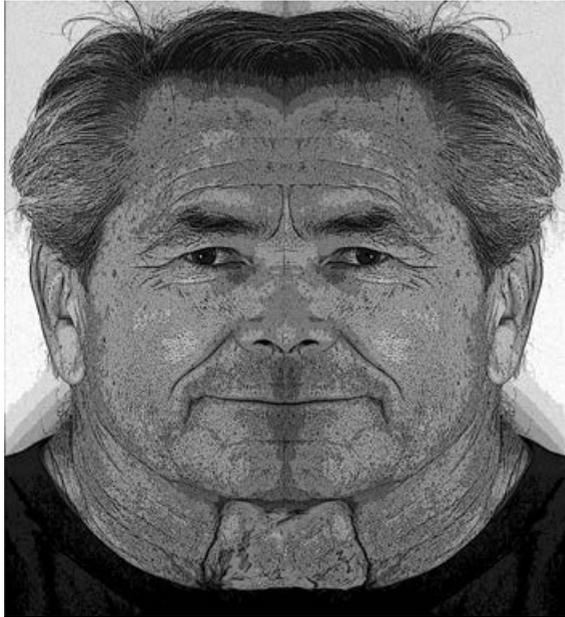
These words cause me to ponder where we are headed  
during this time of futility, growing hatred and unrest.  
I am wandering (perhaps aimlessly) in my own desert  
land looking for the road to the road that can lead us  
in a new direction

Beth Krensky  
Where is the Road to the Road?  
Digital Print  
2014



While reading the Mahmoud Darwish poem  
“Under Siege” I felt the pain and hardship of living  
in an occupied land. Palestinian civilians residing  
in the West Bank today are under constant threat  
of harassment and assault from the Israeli “settler”  
population. Recently these violent assaults have  
increased 300%. My drawing titled Siege, shows  
which Palestinian communities are at greatest risk  
of settler violence.

Ben Jackel  
Siege  
Colored Pencil  
2014



Inspired by the Mahmoud Darwish poem "Passport"  
...For a tourist Who loves to collect photographs  
They did not recognize me, ....

Dennis Dalton  
PASSPORT  
Computer Print  
2014



My piece, A Traveler Like Me Cannot Look Back,  
tries to grapple with the demons of the past, while  
looking toward a bright future – a future that may  
or may not exist.

Erika Osborne  
A Traveler Like Me Cannot Look Back  
Mixed Media  
2014



My image was inspired in the poem "Melodía Gitana" by Mahmud Darwish mainly because of the direct references to the beloved and fragile girl, vulnerable to time, disappearance and death, which exposes the ephemeral character of human existence.

MELODÍA GITANA  
Una calle clara.  
Una chica  
sale a iluminar la luna.  
Países lejanos,  
países sin huellas...

DjLu / Juegasiempre  
Vulnerable existence  
Street art / Photography  
2014



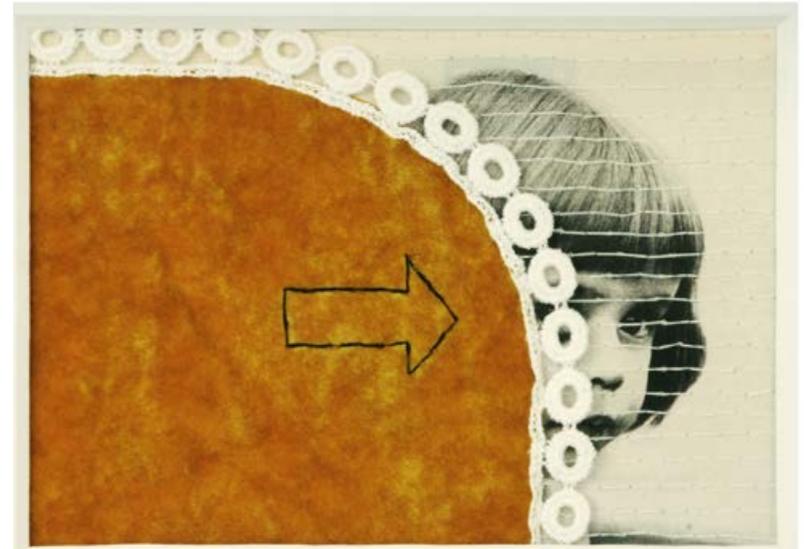
The video still enclosed in the exhibition is titled "A State of Siege – At Thirty, the Party Was Over." The title refers to the relationship found in the poems "A State of Siege" by Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish and "At Thirty, the Party Was Over" by Korean poet Choi Young-mi. The histories and personal experiences of Palestine and Korea poetically intersect themselves in a process where history, memory and war coexist with daily life.

Dan Boord/Luis Valdovino  
A State of Siege – At Thirty,  
the Party Was Over  
Video still  
2014



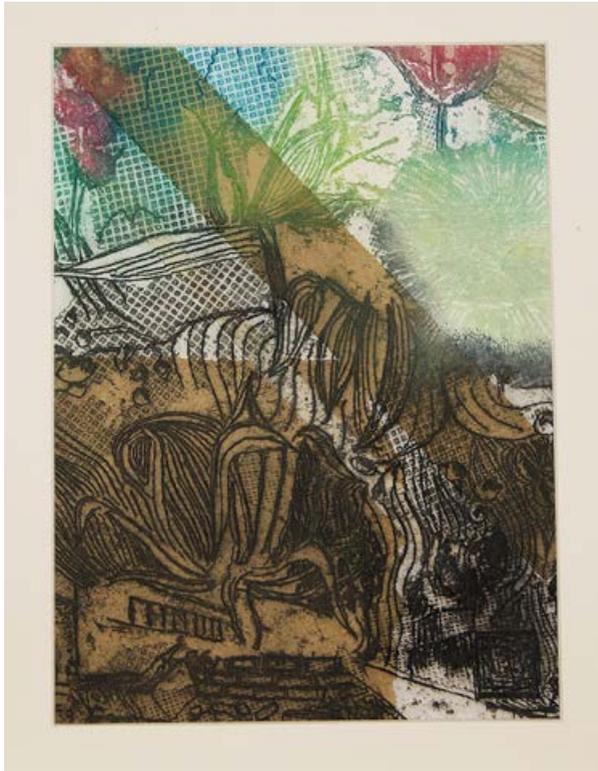
“I come from there and I have memories...” is a photolithographic monotype inspired by the poem by Mahmoud Darwish, titled I Come From. My artwork references memories I have of my childhood home: a space/place that has become a series foggy, dreamlike, layers in my mind.

Susanne Mitchell  
“I come from there and I have memories...”  
Photolitho monotype  
2014



The poem entitled “If I Were Another” from The Butterfly’s Burden was the inspiration for this piece.

Suzanne Faris  
“Delay our tomorrow...”  
Mixed media  
2013



This poem (Here the Birds' Journey Ends) spoke to me of the act that life will continue after we are gone. No matter how horrific the events of the world become, we must remember that in time the birds will fly overhead and that flowers will grow over the destruction that we have wrought on the ground in the generations to come.

Armando Zirakzadeh  
The Plants Will Grow and Grow  
From: Here the Birds' Journey Ends  
Intaglio print  
2014



I used to drink sweet coffee with my Muslim grandfather, born in Porto-Novo, Benin, who died in Paris, France. "We are all the same under the sky," my Italian husband told me this summer lying on the beach in Portonovo, Italy. "One day I was in the sea and looked over there to Croatia where a war was going on. It was so peaceful here where I swam, but the same sky was covering so much sorrow and pain." I thought of all of this when I read in Mahmoud Darwish's Low Sky the line 'my sky is on my shoulders and my earth is yours...'

Françoise Duressé  
Low Sky  
Coffee stain ink drawing on paper  
2014



I found inspiration from the poem Mural by Darwish. I wanted to illustrate the following lines from the poem: One day I shall become what I want. One day I shall become a thought. In the bottom half of the drawing the lines are tight and the form is constricted. As the form grows it becomes loose and expands in scale.

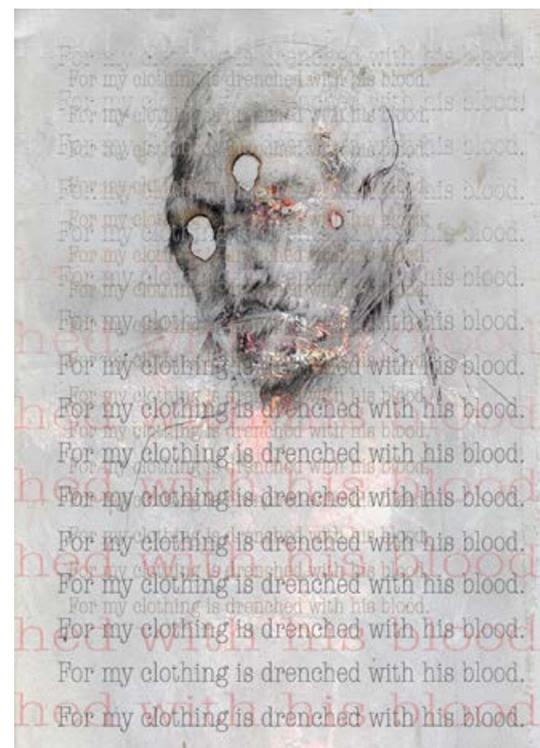
**Amber Cobb**

**One day I shall become what I want**

**One day I shall become a thought**

**Ink**

**2014**



Here on the slopes of hills, facing the dusk and the cannon of time  
Close to the gardens of broken shadows, We do what prisoners do,  
And what the jobless do: We cultivate hope. A country preparing  
for dawn. We grow less intelligent For we closely watch the hour of  
victory: No night in our night lit up by the shelling Our enemies  
are watchful and light the light for us In the darkness of cellars.  
Here there is no "P". Here Adam remembers the dust of his clay.  
On the verge of death, he says: I have no trace left to lose: Free I am  
so close to my liberty. My future lies in my own hand. Soon I shall  
penetrate my life, I shall be born free and parentless, And as my  
name I shall choose azure letters...

**Quintín González**

**Drenched in His Blood**

**Digital Print**

**2014**



My art is based on the Darwish Poem:  
 I am Yusuf, O Father  
 My art begins in southern hemisphere, Chile South  
 America; the best kept secret in the world, from were  
 Andes Mountains protect.  
 From here my art transcends, “healing art piece” from  
 far away a strong healing silent voice of faith during war  
 times. (y esto también pasara...; would say old people)

Marcela Norambuena  
 Mixed Media  
 People from All to Zero  
 2014



This piece is inspired by a line in the poem 'To a  
 Young Poet  
 by Mahoud Darwish.  
 A poem in a difficult time  
 Is like beautiful flowers in a Cemetery.  
 The image is a detail from a larger piece, 97” x 48”, on  
 rice paper. The hole in the paper was created by firing  
 a shotgun into the paper. I then embellished the  
 bullet hole with ink.

Jane McMahan  
 Black Flower  
 Laser Print  
 2014



Naomi Shihab Nye writes that Mahmoud Darwish is a “singer of images.” This powerful statement was on my mind as I absorbed Darwish’s poems. I was inspired to utilize a particular type of delicate paper I have been keeping for the right occasion: an old player piano scroll. This paper represents the delicate skin of human beings as well as the beauty of the human contribution in the creation of music. “If I Were Another” and its themes of roads, journeys, and discoveries immediately resonated with me as I consider my quest for my own song, hope, and renewal. The use of the piano scroll also symbolizes the suppression of sound or voice and silently underscores the need for hope and renewal.

Sandy Brunvand  
If I were another  
That’s what my new song would say  
Relief Print, Beeswax, Piano Scroll  
2014



**A woman asked the cloud:**  
*please enfold my loved one*  
My clothes are soaked with his blood

- Mahmoud Darwish



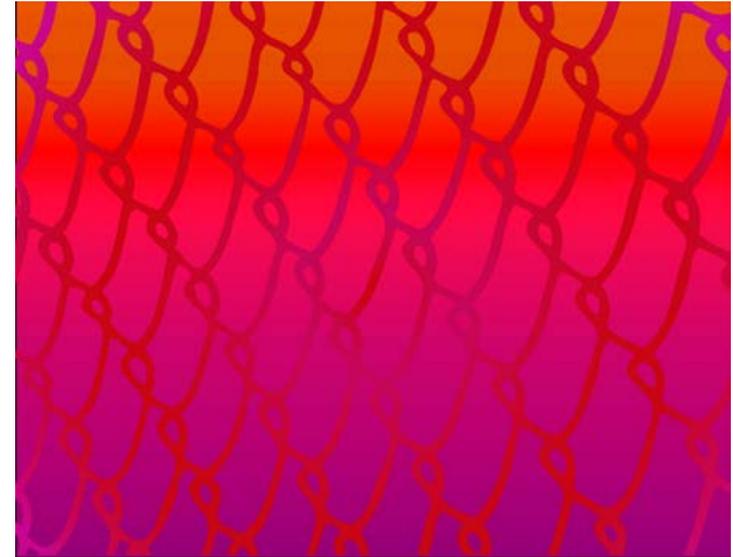
What is going on in Israel/Gaza right now is heartbreaking. I found that Mahmoud Darwish’s poem “A State of Siege” best captured my understanding and of the current situation and my experience of visiting Palestine. In attempting to make an artwork about the poem I found that Darwish’s lyricism outweighed any visual I attempted, so I created an artwork focused on his words.

Cyane Tornatzky  
Asking the Cloud  
Archival Inkjet print  
2014



“If you find yourself alone...” Mahmoud Darwish  
I took this photograph one morning as I was getting out of bed. I always wake up alone. Being alone is rich, when it’s a choice. When I decide to be alone, I am not lonely. When loneliness or isolation is imposed, it is painful. When a nation is denied it’s right to exist and the world seems indifferent, loneliness turns into despair.

Roddy MacInnes  
“If you find yourself alone...”  
Archival digital photograph  
2014



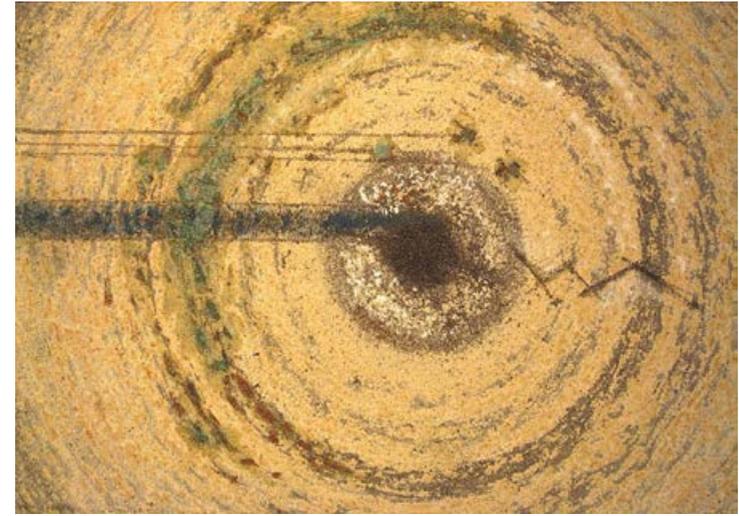
And we come from many countries...is based on the poem of the same name by Mahmoud Darwish. The work uses a chain link fence pattern and fades in and out of a saturated red biased hue. The chain link pattern acts as an abstracted motif, which reference to weaving borders and territories defined by civilizations despite their ultimate ambiguity.

Jaime Carrejo  
And we have countries...  
archival pigmenting print on paper  
2014

# BE TREES BE A STONE BE A MOON

My text work was inspired by Darwish's poem, I Belong There. As an immigrant myself, I question "Do I belong to the land I have lived?" and "How can I feel more insidiness in this place?". In his poem, I found that he also struggled with separation from his home and experiences of displacement. Darwish often uses the implied objects such as olive trees, tears, birds, stones, and a moon as the metaphors in his poems. I simply picked and re-typed three words from his symbolical words to show how he found the connection between himself and the place he had lived.

Joo Woo  
Be trees, Be a stone, Be a moon  
C-print on Watercolor Paper  
2014



Our journey as human beings or as "travelers" literally, physically or spiritually is a circular one, always bringing us back to our beginning or our home or our birth or death. We move on many paths through the seasons but we will always return to the center of our dreams, the beginning and the end in a continuous cycle. This motion is not dependent on our aspirations or on the quality of our dreams, we will arrive at the beginning no matter.

Catherine M. Leisek  
This image was created from the passage in the Traveler by  
Mahmoud Darwish:  
"No matter how few our dreams  
We will cross the desert and valleys  
To reach the end at the beginning."



Earth is pressing against us, trapping us in the final passage To pass through we pull off our limbs Earth is squeezing us. If only we were wheat, we might die yet live If only it were our mother so she might temper us with mercy If only we were pictures of rocks held in our dreams like mirrors We glimpse faces in their final battle for the soul, of those who will be killed by the last living among us. We mourn their children's feast. We saw faces of those who would throw our children out of the windows of this last space. A star to burnish our mirrors. Where should we go after the last border? Where should birds fly after the last sky? Where should plants sleep after the last breath of air? We write our names with crimson mist! We end the hymn with our flesh. Here we will die. Here, in the final passage. Here or there, our blood will plant olive trees.

Claire Jackel  
Held In Our Dreams Like Mirrors  
Graphite on Paper  
2014



“Collusion with Truth”  
I have defined a situation in space, it is not literal, topographical, or a localizable place, but rather an intellectual concept, which reflects structural and textual metaphors imagined after reading Silence for Gaza by Mahmoud Darwish. For me the definition of a space is predicated on human presence within indiscernible poetic space.

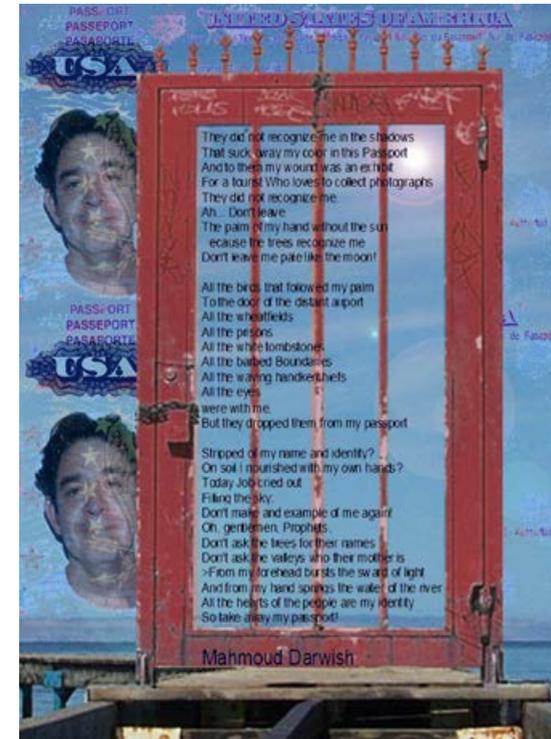
V. Kim Martinez  
Collusion with Truth  
Acrylic, Galkyd on Paper  
2014



My heart breaks for the people of Gaza, not just today, but for all the days they have lived under the blockade and the occupation. The quote I chose for my work comes from the beautiful poem, Diary of a Palestinian Wound.

“Ah my intractable wound!  
 My country is not a suitcase  
 I am not a traveler  
 I am the lover and the land is the beloved.”

Wendy Babcox  
 Gethsemane olive tree 3  
 Digital Print  
 2014



For my artwork I selected Mahmoud Darwish's poem "Passport" In my option in his is poem he is speaking about his own sense of identity, place and history and its ties to nature. As a Chicano artist, my artwork also addresses my sense of identity (Mexican/American), my sense of place (US southwest) and my knowledge of history (Pre-Columbian/ Spanish, Mexican and contemporary). In Mahmoud's poem "Passport" he asserts that his identity is reassured by nature. I think Mahmoud Darwish views human beings just as another element of the nature, just the way a mountain or river belongs to a land, he feels human beings are also like that, they too are part of the land and nature.

Tony Ortega  
 Passport, Identity, Place and History  
 Digital Print  
 2014



My mother was born in Mexico during the Mexican Revolution. My grandmother brought my mother and my aunt to live in the United States in order to escape the violence during this time while my grandfather fought alongside Pancho Villa, the great revolutionary. This is a photograph of my mother’s immigration ID card that she had to present in the United States every time officials asked her about her status in the United States. This art piece references Darwish’s poem entitled “Identity Card.” “Mestiza,” is a word used to refer to people of Mexican descent who are a product of the mixture of the indigenous peoples of Mexico (Aztecs, Mayans, Olmecs, etc.) and the Spaniards. We were here before Columbus, and this was our home until he and other conquerors took our land from us.

Dr. George Rivera  
 Identity Card  
 Digital Print  
 2014