

El Hanan
(Tenderness / Warmth)

Translation: Viviane Kosremelli - Salloum

Let me sing to the evening that will not come
Let me long for my dream(s)
Surrendering...when the world surrounds me I awake

Who my dear can describe "el Hanan"?
It flows deeply within as a rhythm
And bedews roses in the sympathy of the heart
Drifts like rain and derives as if traveling
Oh wandering like gypsies...
And then rests in our hearts stiff as stones
Dwells in our yesterdays and takes hold of our tomorrows
What is today but passing moments

Who my dear can describe el hanan?
It is a woman who loves us deeply and sincerely
Loves us unconditionally with all our mistakes and laments
Sheltering us from the cold nights and sweeping off our sorrow
In the loneliness of the siege
Embracing the child in us
Giving the "ungivable"
El hanan my dear is a beautiful woman
With hardhearted features

El hanan my dear
Is a framed picture
A candlestick from an old friend
Received as a gift
A painting bought together once
A small oriental carpet
Offered by someone dear
El hanan my friend multiplies / boosts / amplifies our radiance
Makes us soften in the eyes of a baby
Tastier and more attractive
Than the eyes of a tender infant

El hanan my dear is God-chosen
Above all emotions
To grant our inner self some highness
El hanan, el hanan is the Cause and the Essence
El hanan when everybody sleeps at night
And I remain alone recalling my memories
Riding my beautiful white horse
Wandering in the future
Your "hanan" my dearest
Is on the fingertips
Touching the heart, trampling on facts
Reviving strong feelings
Restoring my tears and pains
Your "hanan" my dearest
Oh gorgeous passionate wanderer

Your hanan dear rider
Loaded your heart my dearest
For el hanan sails into the far and deep seas
Then heaves like countless waves
Sometimes smoothly
And sometimes restlessly
Watering the seashore and pebbles
Then flows again
Far, far away
And sleeps in the depth of the seas
Drinking in the secrets of pearls and rocks
Accumulating thousands of secrets of beautiful creatures
And thousands of catastrophes and tragedies
But then again rises and shines
Like the sun shedding warmth
On our body and soul
Leaving the wind to tickle our waistline
And returns my dearest
The waves always do from endless "hanan"
And burdens your heart

El hanan my dear
Is a concern
Surrounding the pure soul
A tomorrow uprooting all ideas and then proceeds
Wondering how to protect children
Proudly subsiding and bearing the taste of el hanan
And children's new holiday garments and beautiful toys
The unknown future
Unveiled moment in time

Emanation of rose essence and all roses in the world
El hanan becomes the Cause
Crossing all obstacles, accessing all fields, beliefs and principles
Liberating prisoners
Setting us free from the caves within
Washing the dirt off everything
Ah! How dirt is scary
We need too much time
To reach the other shore

Melodiously and passionately I sing for el hanan
And from within upspring our healing
A young lady dressed in a nightgown
El hanan my dear is a woman
Praying, kneeling on the Church stairs
A veil concealing her beauty
Her face lit to the sounds of church bells
Snowflakes falling silently
On two dark hair curls
While elapsing
Ending her fast at sunset by eating two dates

Melodiously and passionately I sing for el hanan
From the tenderness of mirrors
I see the light and drown within two tears
Become passionate to purified eagerness
Nude, alone, lonely
A king who traveled the world with his eyes
And felt eternity for a short while

Who my friend can embrace the wind
El hanan, el hanan if only I could, my dear
Kiss my own cheeks
To taste once again what I am missing
Breaking my heart and reviving my childhood
Longing for greedily hugs
When I kissed my father's cheeks
Your hanan, my hanan...so pure, so abundant
Don't you know
I yearn to kiss my brother's cheeks on holidays ??