Amnesty International is a global movement of more than 7 million people who take injustice personally.

We are campaigning for a world where human rights are enjoyed by all. Our vision is for every person to enjoy all the rights enshrined in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other international human rights standards.

We are independent of any government, political ideology, economic interest or religion and are funded mainly by our membership and public donations.
“Tens of Thousands” is an exhibition curated by Amnesty International’s Beirut regional office marking the International Day of the Disappeared on 30 August.

Since 2011, tens of thousands of people in Syria have vanished without a trace. They are the victims of enforced disappearance—when a person is arrested, or detained by a state, or by persons or groups of persons acting with the authorization, support or acquiescence of the state, who then deny the person is being held or conceal their whereabouts, placing them outside the protection of the law. While the scale of the patterns of abuse cannot be compared with that of the Syrian government, armed opposition groups have also been responsible for enforced disappearances in areas they control. The families of the missing in Syria are forced to live in desperation with few, if any, safe ways of finding their loved ones.

“Tens of Thousands” aims to shed light on the issue of the missing inside Syria through emblematic cases of Syrian individuals arbitrarily detained and abducted for exercising peaceful human rights activities. The individuals whose stories are featured in the exhibition are peaceful activists, human rights defenders, lawyers and humanitarian workers.

The exhibition features items left behind by these individuals, and what these items now mean to their loved ones. The exhibition also features poems written by Syrian poets and writers describing their experience in Syrian detention facilities, as well as a collection of portraits by Syrian artist Azza Abou Rebieh, of women detainees she had been detained with.

For more information on Amnesty International’s work on detention, abduction and enforced disappearance and additional individual cases of disappeared and missing people in Syria, visit our website.

tenofthousands.amnesty.org

«عشرات الآلاف» هو معرض ينظمه المكتب الإقليمي لـ «منظمة العفو الدولية» في بيروت لمناسبة اليوم العالمي للأشخاص المختفين في 30 آب.

منذ عام 2011، اختفى عشرات الآلاف من الأشخاص في سوريا من دون أي أثر، هؤلاء هم ضحايا الاختفاء القسري—أي عندما يقبض على شخص ما أو يُعتقل أو يُختطف من جانب الدولة أو أحد أجهزتها التي تصرف باسمها، يُكسر هؤلاء في ما بعد أن الشخص محتجز لديهم، أو يخفون مكان وجودهم، بما يضمه خارج نطاق حماية القانون. في سوريا، يُعزل المختفون عن العالم الخارجي، ويُغادرون في نزاعات سريّة مكتظة، حيث يُبدي التعذيب أمراً روتينياً، والمريض متشفئياً، والموت متفشيًا، والموميا. ويبقى المثير للقلق أن جماعات مسلحة غير حكومية مسؤولة أيضاً عن مثل هذه الحالات من الاختفاء القسري في المناطق الخاضعة لسيطرتهم. ويضطر أهالي هؤلاء المختفين إلى العيش في حالة من اليأس والقلق في ظل قلة وسائل الأمهات التي على أجنبياتهم أو حتى اكتئابهم.

ويهدف معرض «عشرات الآلاف» إلى إلقاء الضوء على قضية المختفين والمفقودين داخل سوريا، عن طريق قصص لأشخاص اعتقلوا تعسفًا ومخضوعين إلى قهرهم في سوريا، لا تؤتيهم إلا انحرافاتهم في مجال الدفاع عن حقوق الإنسان. وهؤلاء الأفراد هم سجناء في السجون، وهم سببًا للذعر.] 

ويضمن المعرض أشعارًا تترسكة هؤلاء الأفراد وراقهم، مبهرًا ما نحن لأسرهم اليوم، وراقهم وفاءهم من خلال شهاداتهم قبضها أحباؤهم، بالإضافة إلى هذه الأشعار. يضمن المعرض تجمعًا إنسانيًا، حيث يجمع بين غير سوريين كانوا محتجزين سابقًا، وجمعية رسم نفذت داخل المعتقل تضمن بورتريهات لنساء محتجزات من عمل الفنانة أبو ربيعية.

للمزيد من المعلومات عن عمل «منظمة العفو الدولية» على ملف الاختفاء والاختطاف والاختفاء القسري، والاطلاع على حالات فردية إضافية للأشخاص مختفين ومفقودين في سوريا، زوروا موقعنا الإلكتروني.
The families of the disappeared have one simple demand:

TO KNOW THE FATE OF THEIR LOVED ONES.

You can support the families by signing the petition urging Russia and the US to use their influence with the Syrian government and armed opposition groups to disclose the whereabouts of their loved ones.

Sign the petition now on our website dedicated for the disappeared and the missing in Syria:

tensofthousands.amnesty.org
Inspired by the saying “walls have ears”, this installation is designed to convey the overbearing sense of fear ensuing decades of oppression in Syria.

Since 2011, this culture of fear and silence has been exacerbated by the Syrian government’s brutal crackdown on peaceful protesters. This crackdown has led to the detention and disappearance of tens of thousands for exercising their human rights activities.

The visitors walk between two white walls that look spotless, harmless and useless. However, these walls have ears.

Will you speak?
they leave you with half a face
then they give you a mirror
so you can cry with the temporary eye
for the rest
so you can eulogise with the amputated lip
the lip you already have

when they stop torturing you
your features begin to disappear
and in two days only
you have lost
what you could not lose in six months

we saw you in a shared dream
with half a face
with torn skin
and the remaining words
we hugged you with our eyes
we feared that our hand would touch you and cause you pain
or wipe away from you even more

you still see the eyes hugging
in our shared dream
from solitary confinement
where your brothers exchange smiles in dreams
not caring for the gas from night attacks

*Absence*
*Raed Wahsh*
Another Round Of Torture
Aref Hamza

Despite my not feeling pain again
I still experience pain
for example
in my hand
which follows its pain alone
as if one of them
cut the electrics between me and my limbs
as if
he has imprisoned me outside them
and pretends to forget
that he has taken it from within me
or he takes it far
so you won’t see
what I will feel pain for simply for his sake
I do not turn to stone
having been here for twenty years
my hand doesn’t turn to stone
nor my eyes and soul
despite the storm of cement
and lack of pity
No one tucked me in when in prison
at night,
Mama,
except God
except the breaths of God
who like a lost gazelle
is dragged along the ground, every night
by sixty swarthy hunters
to my cell
so they can eat
a meal of deprivation
They opened my eyelids with
tongs and knives
they revive the covers from their
stupor with cold water
from a bucket
of copper
my eyes which no longer see
except
black and white
like a primitive eye
like a closed eye
except I was ok with that
that was the reason for the
obscuring of my sight
but I was ok
with the other parts
and what was left
of the other life
and what was left
was like a person
whose heart became hard in front
of the sea
to be certain about
the screams of the drowning
except that
in reality
it was sufficient
and in the end
so that we can pat,
my eye and I,
the shoulders of some of us
I feel pain in this innocent hand
as it festers
it gives out the smell of sulphur
it falls apart
like the flow of a river
strangled
with bodies
saddled
with rocks
of hope
I feel pain in this innocent hand
it cannot not repel harm
I feel pain
but it doesn’t understand
the meaning of harm
like a child
frightened
who they release
in the night
alone
in the woods
Worms drop to the floor
small quick worms
of wounds
large
and slow
I feel pain in my hand
it cannot lift these worms from
the ground
and return them
to their heart
beating
between
finger
and
thumb
I do not see its pain
in this hated place of mine
I do not know it
but I feel great pain
as if one of them
played a last film
for my hand which has gone
so it can learn alone
I feel pain
because my hand
has got bigger
like this
quickly
And thus I live here
I’m scared I will die
and my hand will remain
in agony
falling apart
around me
وعيّن كتفي بعضاً.
أتألم لهذه اليد البريئة
وجبية الحرمان.
فنجوا قضتي بالبلاطات والسكاكين
أنشروا خذها بالستيلام البارد.
بسط
من التحاس
عيني التي ما عادت ترى
سواء بالبياض والأسود
مثل عيني بدائية
مثا عين مهجورة
إلا أنني كنت أمرض
كان ذلك كفاف روائي
فكت أرضى
بالليرة الأخيرة
المتردكة
بفعل الحياة الأخيرة
المتردكة
مثل شخص
صَّبّ قلبا أمام البحر
كي يتأكد
من صيحات الغرق...
إلا أن ذلك
في الحقيقة
كأنَّنا نعيش...
لا أتجرع
وأما ها من شعر قاومًا لا تتحجر بدي
وعيني ووضيحي
رغم طوفان الإسمنت
وقفة الطاقة.
وأما لا أحد يعطيني في السجن
في الليل
يا أمه
سوى الله
سوى أنفسه الله
الذي مثل غزال ضائع
يسلخ، كل ليلة
ستين صيادًا أسرًا
It’s not my intake of breath
if it’s not from awe
it’s not my blowing
if it’s not on a flute
and it’s not my life
if it’s not worthy
of death

Inside every prison
is another prison
The first: a cold geography
The second: history burning
inside every prison
is another prison
The first resembles a tyrant at a distance
The second...

What coos
from cell to cell?
I thought there were twenty steeples
above this church
whose bells
are the returns of a faraway temple
twenty steeples...
no beginning for fear
and no end to yearning

How will I meet you, my daughter?
My cell
is tighter than the mercy of God
its length is my size
and its height is the size of your mother
its width is your size which
cannot complete the poem

Rubble is enough for you
and whatever remains from the rubble
it has to remain
so take your interpretations and go
tonight
the eve of a new millennium
for my arrest
a toast to your forgetfulness you lot out
there and all the others
I’m not sad
but I am a little
my memory will sob
about a small moon
and a weird lady
and freedom spending the night alone.
You close the gate of their cell
and are gentle with the iron.
Perhaps he hates the clang.
You give out the bread, smile!
They remember your smile
and forget the mould

When they whisper to their wounds at night
and mutter, “Are we missing someone today?”
Don’t knock the door for them!
Don’t ask them, shut up!
Pay attention to them, if you wish,
silently,
shut your eyes,
and smile!

In the morning
when your guard duty ends
and before you leave
change the warden uniform
for the clothes which you wear home
then open the gate of their cell fully
give them a meal
close the gate quietly, then leave
after you have stamped their eyes
with your image in the eyes of your son

Gaoler,
yes you,
you who guards the cells of my friends,
go to your house proud
say to your son at the door while hugging him:

Today, son,
I was a nice guard
Don’t worry about tears
Carry on speaking:
Today, son
I smiled to those who will make your tomorrow!

To The Gaoler
Kifah Ali Deeb

إلى سجان
كفاح علي ديب

وأتن تغلق باب زنزانتهم،
وترفق بالديد.
وأتن تقدم الخبز، ابتسموا!
فيذا تكون إسماك
وبينكم العين.

حين يعسون جراحهم في الليل
ويعتسرون: هل نقصنا واحدًا اليوم؟!
لا تطرق الباب عليهم!
لا تنهبوا! أصبوا!
أثبتوا إلينهم إن شئت.
إبسموا.
أمضى غيبيك.
وابسوا!

في الصباح
عندما تنتهي نوبة حراستك،
وقبل أن تعاد،
بتل برداء السجان
ملابسك التي ترتدىها للذهاب إلى البيت.
ثم افتتح باب زنزانتهم وسته.
قدم لهم وجبة,
أعطوا الباب بهدوء، ثم استحبت.
بعد أن طبعت في أعينهم
صورتك في عيني ابنك!

أيَا السجان.
أتم أنت.
يا من تحرس زنازين أصداقتي.
اذهب إلى بيت شاهمك.
فل لا ب恳 على الباب، وأنت تحضه:
“Be kind to yourself!”
I used to say to my executioner
They had found a person
too soft
to torture us

With fists, kicks,
teeth and tongue
he used to beat us.
with iron and copper,
piss and shit
he used to wash our wounds
and our reminder was with electricity
but in the end he used to cry
like a humiliated prisoner he used to cry
and we with broken hearts had sadness gush from them
with our heavy tongues
and missing eyes
from the severity of torture
we used to shout at him:
“Be kind to yourself!”
In Solitary Confinement
Kifah Ali Deeb

After the third day in solitary confinement, the natural sense of being aware of time was no longer possible. With the floor’s area not being more than four metre square and surrounded by walls smeared with blood, there wasn’t much to do except wait for who knows how long or observe my neighbours/partners living with me. Rats were the first partners who offered their welcomes to me: a new lodger in the space it appeared they had set up for their future family. With time their presence became comforting until I used to miss them when they went to visit their relatives in the neighbouring cells.

Sometimes I would sit squatting in one of the corners of our shared house – “our cell” - whilst they would languish on the rusty pipes sticking out all over the place from the ceiling. We would spend hours keeping up. Sometimes they appeared bothered by something and they would cut short our company and hide behind the pipes and I would start following the sounds of their footsteps around the roof. Then they would leave the cell across the hole in the top of the cell only for them to return after a short while bearing prizes. It seemed that their food was plentiful most of the times as they took the largest share of the food intended for prisoners.

The torture room was literally behind the door to my cell. The smell of blood would reach me all the time. During the rounds of torture which occurred three times daily I stayed in my cell counting the blows of the whip upon the bodies of those screaming in pain outside. At a certain stage of the torture to stop myself screaming like them I closed my eyes and pressed my hands to my ears and I began to sing with a trembling voice.

During the rounds of torture the rats usually hid. While I would sing, a thought occurred to me, and so with one eye open I used to look for them above the pipes but they were never there. I thought they must be hanging about somewhere closing their eyes and ears and singing. This is more merciful than witnessing the death of one or more persons under torture.

Once I woke up feeling something strange in my hand. When I opened my eyes, one of the rats was standing right in front of my face and another was standing on my hand licking it. I threw the rat from my hand and jumped straight up screaming. The rats fled and climbed to their throne above the door which the prison guard opened shouting at me, “What’s there? Haven’t I told you I do not want to hear your voice?” I pointed to above the door. When he saw the rats, he looked at me with disgust and muttered, “You’re frightened of rats!” I remained silent then he added, “Whoever fears rats doesn’t deserve to ask for freedom!” He turned his back to me and slammed the door behind him.

That last sentence of his was really funny. I looked at the rats who in turn looked at me asking, “What’s freedom got to do with rats?” That family of rats were my friends during my imprisonment then I was released. I knew the rats were the reason for my freedom, as I caught influenza from them and was on the verge of death. So the officer responsible decided to release me so I wouldn’t die with them.
خلال جولات التعذيب، غالبًا ما كانت تختفي الجرذان. وبينما كنت أغني، كانت تتخيل لي، فأفتح عيني وأبحث عنها فوق المواسير. ولكنها لم تكن هناك. فأخبرتcascade: 27cascade: 27cascade: لا بديل عن مقتله. فهو أرحم من أن يكون شاهدًا على موت شخصٍ أو أكثر تحت التعذيب.

مرّةً استيقظت على شعور غريب في يدي. وعندما فتحت عيني، كان أحد الجرذان يقف أمام وجهي مباشرةً، والآخر يقف على يدي ويلعقها. رمي العقبات الطينية وانزلقت عليها فوق الباب الذي فتحه السجان وهو يصيح بي: "ماذا هناك؟ ألم أخبرك أن لا أريد سماع صوتك!".

فأشرت له لينظر فوق الباب، وحين رأى الجرذان، نظر إلي بخبثٍ وهمهم: "أنت تخافين الجرذان!". بثينة صامتة أفزعت قائلة: "من يخفف من الجرذان لا يجلد له أن يطابق بالحرفة!".

كان وقتهما الأخير وماضحاً جدًا. نظرت إلى الجرذان التي كانت تنظر بدورها إلى مساجي: ما علاقة الجرذان بالحرية؟!

كانت عائلة الجرذان كانت راقية طريق أيقظت جلوداً، ثم عندما أطقت سراحها، غرقت أن الجرذان كانت بس بحران. إذ تلقى بين السحب وأضحكت على الموت. ففي الشيطان المسؤول إطلاق سراحها كي لا طالب عندهم.

في زنزانتي المنفردة
كفاح علي ديب

بعد اليوم الثالث في زنزانتي المنفردة، لم يكن الحفاظ على الشعور الطبيعي بالوقت أمرًا مكملًا. فعلى الرغم من أنهم لم تتجاوز مساحتها أربعة أمتار، فقد كانت هناك أمورًا متعددة. تحيز بها جدران مطلقة بالدم، ما من شيء آخر يمكن تفسيره إلا أنه كان أظهر للقدر الذي لا يمكن تغريبه، أو مراقبة جيران وشركاؤه في السكن.

الجرذان كانوا أول الشركاء الذين قدموا للترحيب بي، نازلة جديدة على مساحة يبدو أنها قد أصبحت مستقبل عائلتهم فيها. مع الوقت، بات وجودها مؤثرًا حتى أنني كنت أستطيع أن أنظر إلى سلوكهم في حال ذهبوا لزيارة أقرانهم في الزنازين المجاورة.

أخلاقياً كانت COLORS في إيدي روايا يبنتنا المشتركة "زرانا". بينما ينعمون بهم على المواضيع المقدمة بتجاهل مختلف في سقف الغرفة، وتفعض ساعات تنتظر، وأحيانًا كانونوهم يقاومون بجسدهم ويتغافرون وراء المواضيع فأما يتنبأ أشخاص حول السقف ثم يعرفون من الزنازين عبر حفرة في أعلاها. اعتمدوا بالقرب من مساحات يطلقونها، بدأ أن شاهدنا كان وفياً في غالب الأوقات. فيهم، توحي على أعماق أكبر من طعام السراحيين.

غرفة التعذيب كانت خلف باب زنزانتي الأخير، مما كانت تصبح راحة الدم للوقت، وأثناء جولات التعذيب التي تلتقي ثلاث مرات في اليوم، كنت أقف في زاوية أخرى سترؤي ألفواً من عيني على سحر في الخارج، وفي مرحلة ما من التعذيب، واعتف الناس من الصرف على مشاهدك، كنت أقف عيني، وأضع أديأ بكفي وأبدأ بالعباءة بصوت متجمد.
Iron clenched imprisoned with me for years
imprisoned
in this land
for millions of years
from searing shock
from the searing, singular, fearful gaze
from the remnants of life skinned away
I form
these
words.
I have savoured it myself
with finger tips and nails filthy with passion,
with my fears,
no one ever
spoke
to me
about the flavour of desperate need

Copper wires
my blood
has turned
by their generous servings of electric shocks
and yet despite that
I see you
here
You do not know that I am remembering you now
as
with these words
I roll you around
in your bed

I will never kill myself
even if they gave me a razor blade
I will pluck out the pupil of my eye
to reclaim what I have seen
I will pull out my frail heart
to see frail hope
I will draw blood
from this corpse
to doodle with
And despite my view blocked by them with rocks
curses
and walls cemented with piss
and blood
and ghosts
and fragments of bone
despite all of that I can still see you from here
I even used to see
it was you
they were talking about
just as it used to happen years ago
when it was all bitter

I form these words
I pass them on
like a piece of life dirty
between toes
and tits
I place them on my head which is on the earth
and between nightmares
though not in my mouth
but with every other limb
these words are spoken.
The one hand
is more than just a hand
The one hand
knocks on the door
and knocks on the window which doesn't affect it
and pushes the child's swing
and touches the hair of a sleepless woman
The one hand
nurses the wounds of the other hand
lifts the pain from the road of hope
sings when the throat of a prisoner has gone dry
and returns to composing the past
as suits the length of the cell
The one hand
isn't always one when
it scatters earth on the corpse of a prisoner

They speak to you of roofs,
but what about the depths?
Your own eyes' light will be enough for you
to leave by the tunnel drawn on the wall.
Enter it without looking back.
That metallic noise in the dusk is only the rust
on the locks and the door hinges.
You will cut into the cypress fruit to smell it,
and you'll hum a tune as beautiful as you are.
Your heart is your skiff, and your dream will
bring you back from beneath the earth.
On the other side, there is a song I never
listened to with you. And the schoolbooks
you blasted apart with a rifle at the gun club,
because you venerate nothing.

Wadad Nabi

In Prison
(Joulan Haji)

اليد الواحدة
أكثر من مجرد يدٍ
اليد الواحدة
تطرق الباب
تطرق النافذة التي لا تطال
كمس شعر أمّة لا تنام
اليد الواحدة
تضمّد جراح يد الثانية
ترفع الألم من طريق الأمل
تغني حين يجفّ حلق المعتقل
تعيد تشكيل الماضي
بعنا يناسب طول غرفة المعتقل
اليد الواحدة
ليست واحدة أبدًا حين
تهيئ النور على جلّة المعتقل.
What's the matter with you?
Have pity on me, don't ask me any questions!
What are you doing these days?
I write letters to the disappeared, and I hide.
The light in the streets is painful, and the curtains are ugly.
Where do you sleep?
My eyes are embalmed in front of the screen, and my heart flutters like the little orphans holding scales on the sidewalks.
What are you doing now?
I transform the heat that I silenced into words. I think of my friends' pain, and of mothers' hands. I am learning how to live.
Did the fist open up to welcome you?
Not at all! It turned into a slap.
Now my neck is a thick sprained cable.
What did you say?
I am not sensitive. I'm sick. My tongue is a saw and my words a torn net. Every voice bears a bit of the death of its owner.
How would you like to sleep?
Deeply, like someone who has slain fear with one cry, once and for all.
What do you dream about?
I don't remember my dreams, but I create them.
What do you dream about?
I don't remember my dreams, but I create them.
Are you alone?
Like you, like all of us.
Are you afraid?
Afraid for life, that drips into the abyss, or that grants us what we're afraid to lose.
What is hardest in every chaos?
Confronting those who are like us.

Have you traveled?
I carry a door I can't see.
When someone knocks, it wakes me, even if I lay down to sleep out in the open.
There is always a slight delay.
Fear is no emotion.
it's reality.
And I'm in the same place wherever I am, because I'm incapable of forgetting.
Where are you headed?
When I started out, I found myself at the end of the road, and my steps took flight.

ما بك؟
رأفةً بي، لا تستفسري.
ماذا فعلت هذه الأيام؟
أكتب رسائل للmpegودين، وأتخلى.
سطوع الشوارع مؤلم والستارة بشعة.
أين نائم؟
عيناي محظمان أمام الشاشة.
وقفتي يحلق كتبتي الموازين على الأرصدة.
ماذا فعلت الآن؟
أنقل إلى الكتبات حرارة ما أسكت عنه.
أذكر في الأماضي، وأعيد الأمهات.
هل النيافضة القبيحة؟ للبخش بتدكن؟
كلا. انقلبت إلى صفحة.
عليك الآن حيل تجنب ثمانة الأفانينة.
ماذا قلت؟
لست مرتعاً، أنا مريض. اللسان مفتطر، وكلامي شبكة تمزقت.
كل صوت محمل جبر من موت صاحبه.
كيف تمسك أن نائم؟
عفواً، كن نقل الخوف بصرخة وحيدة.
مرة إلى الأبد.
بماذا تحل؟
لا أذكر أخلاق، بل أخفقها.
هل أت وحيد؟
ملك مملة.
هل أت خائف؟
خائف على الجحيم.
أرق في البداية أو تهيم ما تخفيه فدائناً.
ما العميز في كل اختلاف؟
مجاهدة الأحياء.
I dreamt with my eyes in the room of death
Oh they were like two pearls
Illuminating the darkness of the time
Enmeshing with delusion
The half-truth is that I saw them glowing
and the other half... I cried
Whenever a song rung inside me
- despite every traveller being afflicted with songs -
I would wipe them away like two seagulls
flying between the stars upon a green shore
the wave runs towards them behind my heart
and flow out with sweet froth
I babble a little
I call them
They look at me
I know I have begun a lot
That I am as is customary for me
That if I had not started
I would have finished

2
I learnt to hate death in the room of death
until I dared to frown in its face
he was a strong bastard
revelling above me and under me
stomping in every direction
and twisting around me
I used to consider the reasons for my weakness
and your eyes did what angels did
in comfort
looking after me like a mother looks after her children
and concerned about the absence of consciousness
and dreams in limbo
not distinguishing between sacrifices and human forms
I fall... I fall in a difficult language
when my soul touches death my soul...
hard to understand, the place was taken
so the room of death no longer is supreme
nor is my body in a dream sleeping
and if you are in a moment from my unbridling
I'm thrilled

3
I've dreamt with my eyes in the room of death
A massive storm uproots me
an individual with beautiful memories
I carry my eyes on my back
I build them picture by picture
Just as a verse shook me in the details
a home
and I formed my dreams
I said to all passion
O passion
I have conquered death
in the room of death
when I dreamed with your two eyes
then I wrote them down
and dived in!
True, we are in the same prison and certainly they tortured him more than me but this did not mean at all that I could cope with his tears and screams and his snoring that I could cope with his torture all these years.

I’m really jealous of him today and from time to time I curse my bad luck.

Today they took a vein from his sound thigh and put it in his heart. Life has become beautiful.

I sat next to the dividing wall and heard that noise it was his heart galloping and neighing as if he was in a wide-open field.

Luck stands next to him now and he can with every simplicity massage the vein of his thigh with his tongue and that running blood with his loose tongue it won’t hurt him a great deal after he lost his arms.

And they likewise will not torture him after today except with the sound of their shoes in the corridors.
We are the majority of the remaining water from every intuition.
we have achievements in the torture cells
with what trickles back and forth with souls from travelling songs.
we have the honour of bodies dismantled call by call
where have the coming museums shielded their disgraces?
armed cement roses will open and vaults embrace us with their steel petals
leaving for us the grace of imagination like a loving eye helping
the flickering light to renew the initiative every time it wakes up.
It wakes up in its cells. God is kind.
with moans not woven on looms of eloquence no matter how stretched
towards you the forearms of prisoner guards,
we knit them like dead roots on the form of neighbouring bridges
that the farewell is more than destroying a window or kicking an iron doorway
stretching from borders to borders..
a few are those riddles which reconcile with the presence of absence in their answers
many are those stars which guide the absence to the distribution of its victory
we dream today that the sweetness of gangrene will be a farewell
and light up our darkness, and to scatter our ashes
while a wing penetrates the wind of forgotten towns and country sides

Gangrene
Mourad Al-Ahmed

...
نتقدم بجزيل الشكر والتقدير إلى

OUR GRATITUDE TO

Azza Abou Rebieh
Syrian artist

Dima Nashawi
Syrian storyteller, artist & clown

Elias Daaboul
Videographer / Photographer

Fadwa Mahmoud
Syrian activist and co-founder of “Families for Freedom”

Jammal Salloum, Jehad Obeid & Khaled el Sayed
Voice over

Lama Zouein & Georges Torbey
Visuals Art Direction & Graphic Design

Maher Mekhael
Sound Designer

Marilyn Hacker
Translator

Mohamed Dibo
Syrian writer, poet & editor of syriauntold.com

Sabine Saba
Exhibition Design

All the poets who contributed their poems

عزة أبو ربيعية
فنانة سورية

ديمة نشاوي
فنانة وحكواتية ومهرجة سورية

الياض دعبول
مصوّر فوتوغرافي وفيديو

فدوى محمود
ناشطة سياسية سورية وعضوة مؤسسة في “عائلات من أجل الحرية”

جمال سلّوم، جهاد عبد وخالد السيد
الإلقاب الصوتي للقصائد

لمى زوين وجورج طربيه
الإخراج والتنفيذ الفني

ماهر مخايل
مصمم الصوت

مارلين هاكر
مترجمة

محمد ديبو
كاتب وشاعر Syrian & منحى موقع syriauntold.com

سابين سابا
مصممة المعرض

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