



Arabic: Prose (Excerpt)

المقدمة

المعري هو العبقرى المتميز الذى تجاوز زمنه كما تجاوز مكانه ومجتمعه إلى أفق رحب واسع لا يعرف الحدود فى الفكر والفلسفة والأدب فواجه التعصب والتكفير والتزمت الذى نقله من المعرة إلى بغداد التى كانت مركز التنوير، وبعدها رجع إلى مدينته فسجن نفسه فى بيته ليكتب الشعر والأدب ويجيب على الرسائل الكثيرة من أصقاع الدنيا إلى أن مات فى قصة غريبة.

أقر له كبار قومه فى العراق والشام وغيرهما على رقيته وعبقريته وعلو مكانته شعراً وأدباً وفكراً وثقافة، وهو فى عصر إزدهار لغة الضاد وأهلها لذلك تجده يؤرخ للحياة بمختلف أبعادها وظروفها آنذاك. ويمكن دراسة الحياة السياسية والأدبية والإجتماعية والثقافية والإقتصادية والدينية وغيرها من خلال ما قدمه المعري آنذاك من نتاج ضخم رغم ضياع الكثير منه. لقد ازدهر فى عصره الفن والأدب والعلوم، وكانت مختلف المدارس والمذاهب والأديان وحتى الترجمات من مختلف اللغات، وبرز الفلاسفة كالفارابى وابن سينا وإخوان الصفا، وابن لوقا، والنحويون كابن جنى وابن خالويه وأبى علي الفارسي، والكتاب مثل ابن عباد والصابى وابن العميد، والشعراء كالمتنبى والشريف الرضى فضلاً عن علماء الجغرافية والفلك والتاريخ ومختلف العلوم، وهكذا تأثر أبو العلاء بعصر الإزدهار والرقى والأداب والعلوم ليبرز عملاقاً راقياً.



Arabic: Poetry (Excerpt)

غَيْرُ مُجَدِّ فِي مِلَّتِي وَاعْتِقَادِي
نُوحُ بَاكِ وَلَا تَرَنَّمُ شَادِ
وَشَبِيهِ صَوْتِ النَّعِيِّ إِذَا قِي
سَ بَصَوْتِ الْبَشِيرِ فِي كُلِّ نَادِ
أَبَكْتَ تِلْكَمُ الْحَمَامَةُ أَمْ غَنْ
نَتَ عَلَى فَرْعِ غُصْنِهَا الْمِيَادِ
صَاحِ هَدِي قُبُورُنَا تَمَلَأُ الرُّحَى
بَ فَايْنَ الْقُبُورُ مِنْ عَهْدِ عَادِ
خَفَّفِ الْوِطْءَ مَا أَظَنَّ أَدِيمَ الـ
أَرْضِ إِلَّا مِنْ هَذِهِ الْأَجْسَادِ
وَقَبِيحٌ بِنَا وَإِنْ قَدَّمَ الْعَهْ
دُ هَوَانَ الْأَبَاءِ وَالْأَجْدَادِ
سِرٌّ إِنْ اسْطَعْتَ فِي الْهَوَاءِ رُويِدًا
لَا اخْتِيَالًا عَلَى رُفَاتِ الْعِبَادِ
رُبَّ لِحْدٍ قَدْ صَارَ لِحْدًا مَرَارًا
ضَاحِكٍ مِنْ تَزَاحِمِ الْأَضْدَادِ
وَدَفِينِ عَلَى بَقَايَا دَفِينِ
فِي طَوِيلِ الْأَزْمَانِ وَالْآبَاءِ
فَاسْأَلِ الْفَرَقْدَيْنِ عَمَّنْ أَحْسَا
مِنْ قَبِيلِ وَأَنَسَا مِنْ بِلَادِ
كَمْ أَقَامَا عَلَى زَوَالِ نَهَارِ
وَأَنَارَا لِمُدْلِجٍ فِي سَوَادِ
تَعَبُ كُلُّهَا الْحَيَاةُ فَمَا أَعْدُ
جَبُّ إِلَّا مِنْ رَاغِبٍ فِي ازْدِيَادِ



English: Prose (Excerpt)

Introduction

Al-Ma‘arri was an exceptional genius who transcended his time, his location, and his society. He reached a level so vast that it was unlimited in terms of thought, philosophy, and literature. He faced discrimination and dogmatism, holding fast to that which he brought with him from the town of Ma‘arra (near Aleppo) to Baghdad, which was a center of enlightenment. Later he returned to his hometown, closing himself up in his house to write poetry and literature, and to respond to many letters from various regions of the world until he passed away.

He was lauded by prominent leaders of his time in Iraq, greater Syria, and other regions for his outstanding brilliance and accomplishments in poetry, literature, culture, and critical thought. He lived in a time of Arabic cultural fluorescence, and he made his mark on history in numerous fields of his time. One could carry out full studies into politics, literature, society, culture, economics, religion and other fields relying entirely on the work of al-Ma‘arri. That is how prolific he was in scholarship, even though much of his writing has been lost. In his lifetime, there was a sort of renaissance in the arts and sciences, represented by many schools of thought, religions, and translations among multiple languages. Prominent philosophers included Al-Farabi, Ibn Sina (Avicenna), Ibn Luqa, and the *Ikhwan al-Safa* / 'Brethren of Purity'. Grammarians included Ibn Jinni, Ibn Khalawayh, and Abu Ali al-Farisi. Litterateurs included Ibn ‘Abbad Al-Sabi' and Ibn Al-‘Amid. Poets included al-Mutanabbi and al-Sharif al-Radi. There were also great scholars of geography, astronomy, history, and other fields. Al-Ma‘arri was thus influenced by the great work of his time in the arts and sciences, becoming a giant among giants.



English: Poetry

Elegy (Excerpt)

Opening line: *Ghayru mujdin fi millati w-i 'tiqadi...*

There is so little difference to me between
 Weeping and singing
The mourner's voice is very like
 One overcome by happiness
Does the dove mourn
 Or coo in its nest on the branch?
The Earth welcomes us:
 Where did you think the graves were of all who came before us?
If you take interest in your forebears,
 Step lightly on the earth
We think not of
 Our many ancestors
Fly if you can
 To avoid stepping on their remains
One corpse after another
 The earth itself laughs at the variety
One on top of another
 Age after age
Ask the stars of those who came before us: How many peoples have then seen
 How many sunrises and sunsets?
Weariness is all life is
 How astonishing that everyone wants more