

تعميم رقم ٧٧

إلى جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة
حول المشاركة في مباراة إلقاء أشعار من قصائد
الشاعر جودت حيدر باللغة الإنكليزية

تقيم جمعية "أصدقاء الشاعر جودت حيدر" مباراة في إلقاء أشعار من قصائد الشاعر جودت حيدر
باللغة الإنكليزية في جميع الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة،
تهدف المباراة إلى تسليط الضوء على حياة وأعمال الشاعر العالمي جودت حيدر،
شروط المسابقة:

- أن يكون التلميذ المشارك مسجلاً في الصف الثانوي الأول أو الصف الثانوي الثاني بجميع الفروع.
- على كل تلميذ أن يختار شعراً واحداً من القصائد الشعرية العشر المرفقة ربطاً.
آلية المشاركة في كل محافظة:

- تجرى مباراة أولى في الإلقاء الشعري بين التلاميذ المشاركين في كل ثانوية.
- تتمثل كل ثانوية بتلميذ واحد.

- تجرى المباراة النهائية بين جميع التلاميذ الفائزين في المحافظات يوم السبت الواقع فيه ٢٠٢٣/٤/٢٢ عند
الساعة الحادية عشرة قبل الظهر في المبنى المركزي لوزارة التربية والتعليم العالي - الطابق الثاني عشر
بحضور لجنة حكم من أساتذة معتمدين.
- يتم توزيع جوائز على الفائزين بالمراتب الخمس الأولى.
لذلك،

ندعو جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة إلى تشجيع التلاميذ على المشاركة في هذه
المباراة الشعرية، لتحفيزهم على إظهار مواهبهم في فن الإلقاء، وتنمية روح المنافسة البناءة لديهم وإغناء
ثقافتهم في الشعر والأدب ./.

بيروت في ٢١ أيار ٢٠٢٢

المدير العام للتربية بالإنابة

عماد الأشقر



جيداء الحبوب

٢١ أيار ٢٠٢٢

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2. Walk Straight
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6. An Image
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8. Wash, Wash, Wash
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Lebanon

I would that you were with me hence, sharing
This celestial view seen, unseen, before
Where Sannin eternally up staring
At the evening star glaring at the shore.

The deep is rising, the ships heading east
The green mountains capped with snow behind
Perhaps the eye of an artist possessed
May contain such a paradise in mind.

Come to me, darling, and look at the strand
The edge breaking foam lay miles apart
Amidst a galaxy topping the land
Looming a sky within heaven a heart.

Come, darling, to see what I see, and more
Stars above, stars below, moon in between
A brigade of cavalry charging the shore
Falling back on sand in glorious sheen.

O life! There's nothing more to enchant me
Than this vision of growing ecstasy
I feel dissolved and carried fancy-free
Where beauty and dreams meet in poesy.

That's the Lebanon the heart of the world
Where the cedars living for ages unknown
And the flag of liberty always unfurled
In a democracy without a throne.

Walk Straight

The world has become the home of despair
Countries full of scorpions and baneful snakes
Mad cows pigs goats sheep and still unaware
Of the most bloody future and earthquakes

Often I've tested the nature of man
In the big laboratory of my mind
I found that he's the only one who can
Oft shake his long ears kick back and walk blind

Look folks how the fire is grazing our lives
By the flame of our recent techn'logy
What a shame we are killed by our own knives
Since we've neglected our theology

O God! Knock into our heads to walk straight
To love the whole world and forget our hate

Baalbeck and the Ruins

Take yourself charioted to the city
Of the gods, a temple built on the plain;
Upheld by the girders of Time to remain,
A unique structure of eternal fame.

O, well for the thoughts that tradition stay,
Centuries back still signaling we find!
This heirloom of the Roman Empire left,
But a thought of a heart dead long ago.

Man has nothing more of Magic to show,
Having the lime stones of these massive walls,
Quarried a light travel, ere the eye caught,
A wonder, of the Seven, in the world made.

Time a count of years; here we count no more,
Hundreds of generations have passed, and still,
These pillars against time a time tall,
With the fingers of the wind a harp played.

These shattered walls a relic falling down,
To stay forever lying, sand on sand,
Till time with the feet of age passes by,
Leaving the gods, turning his face away.

It Is Wrong To Reduce Science Into Crime

By the plumes of my mind I soared up high
And I looked down gazing from my own sky
I saw a polluted world taken fire
By the match of a scholar to expire

Fifty years ago I cried loud and now
I'm crying louder for you to see how
We are approaching the cliff to fall down
Into the spare none ocean where we drown

We shouldn't take all things in the positive
Unless we take heed of the negative
Careless care made of the world a huge pyre
Burning to ash by a slow grazing fire

Now the smoke is muffling the earth entire
And the scholars are still feeding the fire
'tis wrong to reduce science into crime
And lay waste the earth on the floor of time

Baalbeck August, 1997

Orpheus

Orpheus pull out the strings of my heart
And stretch them head to bottom on your lyre;
Tighten them, tune them and please quickly start
The yearning melodies of my desire.

Thanks Orpheus, now let me hear the strain
Of the tuneful Nine sent across the years
The soft rhythm within the gales of the spheres.

Have the strings wire deciphered notes to tell
The secret of this being having no end
Kindle the notes, feed the fire, make it swell,
Burn the world with music to comprehend

The meaning of this ecstasy is in the lay,
Since time was born out of time yesterday.

Baalbeck
August 4, 1984

An Image

Behind our sylvan home, there's a mountain
Sloping down a forest so thick and green
And drilling deep to the shore a fountain
And far at the horizon I have seen
A picture
Around a ledge of stars clipped to a beam
A sight of a vision caught in a dream.

Clear and demure, the surface of the sea
The sight refracted on the water seen
Effigies in mind-bending ecstasy
All over the blue, the fishes have been
Gathering
Looking at the image being a dream
And the dream, a beam, in my eyes a gleam.

With the sun a budding ball grading high
A horseman spurring up the road his steed
And the birds up in clouds shading the sky
Flocks against flocks, whirling wings in full speed
And I look
At the dust behind the horseman in flight
Leaving me yearning for a vanished sight.

The Chisel Beat

A rhythm I heard once chiselling a stone,
The chisel beats were of sound cadent notes,
A remote lyric of a human lay
Hitherto unheard in the quarried rock.

I listened and the lay past history
Was the true echo of the stone today
The stone I chiselled for the wall to stand
But one of those petrified long ago.

This what I have heard when a mason made
The notes gave me the rock to understand
That I shall go back into earth a rock
And be cut someday for the wall a stone.

The wall will wrinkle, crumble, shingles fall
But the rhythm of the beats will remain
Travelling soundless orbiting around
The dome of doom and the desert of time.

Wash, Wash, Wash

Wash, wash, wash,
Thy sabulous shores, O Sea!
In waves rising and ebbing to die
Like the countless hopes in me.

I have heard what I hear now, around
The shores of eternity,
The echo of a voice in the sound
Of the living age in me.

So deep that voice growing in my ears,
A song of life and regret
Of childhood, the gray hair and the years
I have forgot to forget.

I value the years, the wrinkles deep
On my brow, around my eyes
But O! for the thoughts that come and heap
On my heart, a world of sighs.

I would a day back to live again
A child with children at play
Without envy, without hate or pain
A child, full of cheer and gay.

Wash, wash, wash,
Thy old brownish shores, O Sea!
But the hopes dead and gone will never
Come again to life in me.

Keep Your Faith

You can't but climb the slopes to reach the height
Of your ambition on top of the hill
Mounting be adamant and keep your flight
Your task is hard lad it needs a strong will

Hence begin drilling from the well of time
The wisdom left by the sages of old
To have the feather for your flight by rhyme
And be a star like Venus in the fold

Success is not a gift given gratis
But the fruit of labor along the years
E'er be alert lad and ne'er be careless
God will bless you keep your faith and prayers
Remember lad when on top of the hill
Your task has been finished by your strong will

Cheating Time

If you can not cheat Time by your laughter
Why cheat your wrinkles, dyeing your gray hair?
If you be careless to care threerafter,
Who care to care about your careless care?

Try talking to your shadow, the land'll hear
Your secret wafted by the air descried,
So why be a yam-spinner, change, up cheer
The truth of shadow of God at your side.

The walks of life are of different shades;
Choose like the one leading to your dignity;
Missing links of truth whets the doubtful blades,
Cutting sinews of your integrity

Be true to yourself and keep your gray hair
To match well with the wrinkles of your face;
Old age should be revered without despair
Having had a natural touch of grace.