

KAMILYA JUBRAN – solo. oud and voice

“My questioning about the components, the relationship between Oud and voice, the atmosphere and the role of the song I sing multiplies and intensifies . In this show , I present some songs I worked on during the last decade,, in an attempt to share the questioning and to keep it alive.”

To the Children (lyrics Paul Chaoul)

These are the ones
Who die before their age
Grow after their dead
Neither years to count nor names
No moments to narrate for inheritance or status
They die after their dead
And join times they do not draw
They go to hidden places between the earth and sky
Nothing precedes except what silence inscribes on their skin
They die not knowing their bodies
No memory, no tenderness, no moisture, no seasons,
No twilight, no nightfall
They close their eyes in order not to see
What the repudiating heavens do with their fates
Beasts come out of the bible
And cross the space that makes room for their bodies
They cover the light that opens their eyes
And empty out their coming years
There is no coming
Those who grow up after their absence
No days counted, no condolences and no kindness
They die after their blood
Open their wounds
And without care or kinship
Join times they do not draw
Then they draw hidden places between the earth and sky
And occupy them

MIFTAH AL GHORFA - The Room's Key (lyrics Paul Chaoul)

It's here that he saw after many years, on this chair and in this very café, that there is a piece of estrangement in his nose. And in his hand is a handful of dreams; and from his eyes a drop fell onto his lips, then chin and clothes from a vast place. He saw in this a rearrangement of the alphabet and things.
He did not wish to get up from his chair for getting up is quite often a heavy burden. He did not wish to move anything; a mass sitting on its own. Sitting is an act of fear with an unknown identity, residence, lineage and time.
It hurt him a lot to feel he has aged and it hurt him even more that he does not age alone. Everything ages with him; an other with all the others.
Why don't you age as you are supposed to age? Why can't your ageing be yours alone without any infection from the screens, stories or wars?
Why do the things and creatures in this world resemble each other? He mumbled that he is in hell, and then realised that nothing in this place resembles him anymore.

QAWAFEL- Caravans (lyrics Fadhil Al Azzawi)

From the mountain slopes
Your horse trots leaving behind the marks of his golden hooves
In the body of the astray cloud
with its puffed up cotton
Pulling its long sulfuric tail behind
Like a plane with eyes gleaming in the dark
Dark sandy ground rippling
Down the valley
Where loneliness with its deserted lighthouses
Throws its shadow over caravans walking to their labyrinths
A ground burnt with eyes of embers
Forever guiding our steps
We who are going to the future
With no luggage
Washing our faces from the soft spring
Exposing our sacred nakedness

YOQAL - They say (lyrics Kamilya Jubran)

Crown, ivory
and crown of glass
and saj* crown
saj, goose flesh
saj, bread
bread in the oven
Mould and its rust,
vibration muffled in its echo,
rusty echo landing beneath our breath,
he left us pillowless and our souls bereft of supplication.
Orange, as they say, you're not mine
you're not mine, staggering beauty
your sadness on earth has raised generations
Orange, jam of laziness
No one lied when he said, occupation is disruption, reduction and decay, no one says
otherwise, not even opponents.
Mountains cry, hills weep, children wander, bad mood, Bilal sang: stealing is good
You my domain and you my wealth
Your tears are mine, they have betrayed and sold us, their religion is our food, they
have deceived us, do you know, this is our heritage.
your tears are ours, your path is safe: a people in revolt with a tender heart will find its
freedom.

* Saj: domed metal bread oven.

6 (lyrics Kamilya Jubran)

No one is safe from sorrow
A stone cries on the lands
without voice or even blood
without a guardian in the universe
Stone lined, iron ground , tree uprooted, a melted mountain

Dream deprived, elegy of olives, melancholy planted, a wailing old man.
Spring poisoned, bread pawned, people stricken, a futile pregnancy.
Newborn doomed, bone pierced, tumour loaded, a putrid pain.
Weariness buried, laziness guaranteed, hatred crazed, a kneaded depravity.
Body wounded, era cursed, anger soaked, a blinding upset.
Passion forbidden, oppression breastfed, thought interrupted, an exploded king, a
grey-hair mule, a prince on-the-loose.
Ignorance friend, parades with eyelashes and eyebrows,
Absence of conscience, the prevailing trait.
The tail of the dog can't be straightened even if they press it in a mold.

KAM - For so many times (lyrics Hassan Najmi)

For so many times we lightly walked in a hurry. For so many times we slowly
walked
But we did not arrive. For so many times fear guided our steps. We became thirsty
But we did not find a well. We became hungry but our food ran out. For so many
times
We threw sand in the wind so that whoever does not trust us would trust us.
But he has no trust. We have looked around many times from several mountain foots
and plains but we did not see anything. How we hoped,
how we despaired and how we...
For so many times we woke up with the first light but we were tempted
By the warmth of our bedcovers. For so many times we carried our guns
On our shoulders and they were not loaded. We fired many bullets
But we did not hit any bird or game. For so many times we filled our skin bags
With waters and they dripped all the way. We had many brothers in brotherhood
but we do not remember we ever spoke. So much silence and emptiness were around
us and our thoughts were not clear
And nothing is in hand. Nothing. I move my hand
A little then I rise, there's no vein. This is my stop. But it is
Another line for travel. You dancing waves we easily
Get dizzy. We are no longer certain of anything. No intentions
Believe this clarity. We laugh but we do not believe ourselves. We cry
But we do not know the reasons. We are fed up with talking drums. We are fed up
With drums of war. Let us empty the body from its collisions
And lead this night to the path of silence