

Nasser, Amjad. "An Algerian from Beaufort Castle". *Al-Ma'araka* (Beirut), 11 July 1982.¹

The Algerian that came from the castle
Was waving his arms
Like a plane
He thrashed the still air in the press room
And dive-bombed the questions

He had come from Beaufort
Holding a big flower
The size of a gun
He said the earth smelt the same
From Oran to Nabatiyeh
And that death was much the same
In the War of Liberation or the war in south Lebanon
He took off his filthy jacket
And Fatma said, "Should I clean it for you?"
He bowed like a lily
And said, "It has Mohammed's blood on it!"

I say to that Algerian who came from the castle,
Abdel Qader,
The planes didn't shatter your heart
And you didn't fold when faced with the mountain of steel
With your simple weapon
You slew the colonel
And on your frail shoulder
You carried Mohammed the Palestinian
All blood is the same colour
From Oran to Beaufort
And all invaders must drink from the same cup -
The cup of defeat

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