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# **The Study of the Translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poem Balqees into English: Problems and Solutions**

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## Abstract

Literary translation is defined as one of the most difficult types of translation because literary texts embrace a lot of figurative devices and aesthetic effects that require skillful translators to render them into the target language successfully. The study is a translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poem titled "Balqees" into English. The study is of the following parts: Part one is concerned with the introduction, while the second part is about an overview with regard to the poet's life. As for part three, it is dedicated to the translation studies, methods, strategies and model of translation. Part four is a Translation Analysis of Nizar Qabbani's Poem Balqees. Finally, the researcher presents the Translation Analysis Results. This study aims at rendering the poem whose name is mentioned above into English analyzing it to pinpoint the appropriate methods of translation and problems with their solutions. The researcher raises the following questions: Does the translator (researcher) render Balqees poem into Poetic text in English? What are the methods of translation he followed? What are the problems faced by the translator in rendering Balqees Poem into English? What are the proposed solutions of the problems? To answer the abovementioned questions, the researcher translated the poem into English and analyzed it to see the types of methods used and to underline the problems and to present solutions. The study answered all the above mentioned questions; the researcher (translator) employed four methods of translation in rendering Balqees poem into English: (POPOTM), (POPRTM), (PRPOTM) and (PRPRTM). And the researcher (translator) faced some problems within the process of the translation of the poem whose name is highlighted above, and he presented the proposed solutions.

**Keywords:** Nizar Qabbani, Balqees Poem, Translation, Translation Methods and Poetic Text

## Introduction

### 1.1. Preliminaries

Poetry is defined as one of the most important type of texts in literature because it embraces aesthetic features, literary devices and implied meanings. Therefore, it is worth studying area. Nizar Qabbani's poem Balqees is described as the one of the longest poetry in the Arabic literature. The study is concerned with the translation of Balqees poem into English.

### 1.2. Problems of the Study

The study is about the analysis of the translated version of the said poem with the employment of four methods of translation: Poetry to Poetry Translation Method (POPOTM), Poetry to Prose Translation Method (POPRTM), Prose to Poetry Translation Method (PRPOTM) and Prose to Prose Translation Method (PRPRTM). Finally, the analysis results of the translated poem are presented.

### 1.3. Questions of the Study

The study raises the following questions, they are highlighted below:

- 1- Does the translator (researcher) render Balqees poem into Poetic text in English?
- 2- What are the methods of translation the researcher followed?
- 3- What are the problems faced by the translator in rendering Balqees Poem into English?
- 4- What are the proposed solutions of the problems?

### 1.4. Aims of the Study

This study aims at rendering the poem whose name is mentioned above into English analyzing it to pin points the appropriate methods of translation and problems with their solutions.

### 1.5. Procedures of the Study

The procedures of the study are as follows:

1. Presenting a theoretical survey with regard to Nizar Qabbani's life

2. Presenting some definitions of translation, strategies, methods and creating an eclectic model of analysis.
3. Translating Balqeess Poem into English.
4. Analyzing the translated version of Nizar Qabbani's poem.

### 1.6. Limits of the Study

The study will be limited to the following:

- 1- The researcher rendered the poem whose name is highlighted above into English.
- 2- He analysed it to the methods of translation and the problems with their solutions.

### 1.7. Significance of the Study

The present study shows how did the researcher translate and analyze the poem in question into English, the current study is useful for all translation researcher in general and literary translators in particular because it helps them translate the poetic text by the employment of different strategies and methods to reach out an acceptable translation at last.

## 2. Poet's Life

Nizar Tawfiq Qabbani (21 March 1923 – 30 April 1998) was a [Syrian](#) diplomat, poet and publisher. His poetic style combines simplicity and elegance in exploring themes of love, eroticism, feminism, religion, and [Arab nationalism](#). Qabbani is considered one of the most respected contemporary poets in the [Arab world](#). He was born in the Syrian capital of [Damascus](#) to a middle class merchant family. Qabbani was raised in *Mi'thnah Al-Shahm*, one of the neighborhoods of Old Damascus. Qabbani studied at the national Scientific College School in [Damascus](#) between 1930 and 1941. The school was owned and run by his father's friend, Ahmad Munif al-Aidi. He studied law at the [Damascus University](#) later, which was called Syrian University until 1958. He graduated with a [bachelor's degree in law](#) in 1945. While a student in college he



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wrote his first collection of poems entitled *The Brunette Told Me*. It was a collection of romantic verses that made several startling references to a woman's body, sending shock waves throughout the conservative society in Damascus. To make it more acceptable, Qabbani showed it to [Munir al-Ajlani](#), the minister of education who was also a friend of his father and a leading nationalist leader in Syria. Ajlani liked the poems and endorsed them by writing the [preface](#) for Nizar's first book *Biographical notes on Nizar Qabbani*". *American University of Beirut*. Retrieved 23 June 2007

## Translation Studies

### 3.1. Definitions of Translation

It is defined as a process of or the product of transferring a written text of the source language into the target language which requires a high degree of resemblance or correspondence of the source text (Colina, 2015: 12). It is also described as something that anyone who is well-versed in languages can do; one can simply read a text in (SL) and somehow comes up with an equivalent text in the (TL) (Mughazy, 2016:1)

### 3.2. Texts and Types of Translation

According to the researchers' experience in the field of translation, he came across many types of texts; each text requires particular methodology and strategies. In other words, the translator concerned must differentiate the types of texts he/she deals with so as to be able to know the type of translation methods and strategies he needs to be used within the process of translation because the process of translation involves both languages and cultures (House, 2009: 11)

### 3.3. Methods of Translation

There are many methods of translation, they are as follows:

#### 3.3.1. Semantic Method

It is about transferring the source language formal and contextual meaning of the original texts as accurately as the semantic and syntactic structures of the source

text. In other words, it focuses on the message itself rather than on its effects (Ilyas, 1989: 32).

### **3.3.2. Communicative Method**

It is concerned with producing the same effect on the target language reader as that of the source language receiver (Ibid).

### **3.3.3. Methods of Translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poetry Balqeess**

The researcher created a method of translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poetry Balqeess, it is of four different branches, and they are as follows:

#### **3.3.3.1. Poetry to Poetry Translation Method (POPOTM):**

It is about rendering Arabic rhymed verses into English rhymed ones. It means that the translator (researcher) makes use of the strategies, techniques and vocabulary to translate the poem in question into another poem in the target language.

#### **3.3.3.2. Poetry to Prose Translation Method (POPRTM):**

It is concerned with translating Arabic rhymed verses into English non-rhymed ones. In other words, the translator (researcher) employs prose style in rendering the poetic text into the target language.

#### **3.3.3.3. Prose to Poetry Translation Method (PRPOTM):**

It is dealing with transferring Arabic non-rhymed verses into English non-rhymed ones. It means that the translator (researcher) transfers the prose text of the poem concerned into poetic style via employment the strategies, techniques and vocabulary that goes in harmony with the translation process.

#### **3.3.3.4. Prose to Prose Translation Method (PRPRTM):**



It is about conveying Arabic non-rhymed verses into English non-rhymed ones. In other words, the translator (researcher) renders the prose style of the poem into prose one in the target language.

### 3.4. Translation Strategies

The researcher presents some strategies whose names are mentioned as follows:

#### 3.4.1. Addition

It described as a technique of adjustment is used for making the process of rendering the text in a different form easier.

It consists of completing the elliptical expressions, obligatory specification, classifiers, connectives, bracketing, footnotes or endnotes (Nida, 1964:227f).

#### 3.4.2. Deletion

It is defined as the process of deleting Source Language words for the reasons of achieving simplicity, clarity and brevity using more general words instead (Ibid: 80). It is employed when a term is of little importance in the Target Language culture provided that it is marginal to the text, especially those stretches of language like metaphors (Newmark, 1981: 77).

#### 3.4.3. Transliteration

It is the process of writing the original word or text employing the alphabet of the language of rendition when the translator fails to find an equivalent SL word due to the lack of a corresponding word. It is a safer method to avoid meaning misinterpretation (Hefzalla, 1970: 182). It usually co-exists with another strategy to achieve further understanding.

### 3.5. Model of Literary Analysis and Translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poetry into English

The researcher created an eclectic model for the translation of Nizar Qabbani's Poetry Balqeess into English with the employment of methods of translation (see 3.3.3. above) to know how many methods of translation were employed. The model is presented below:

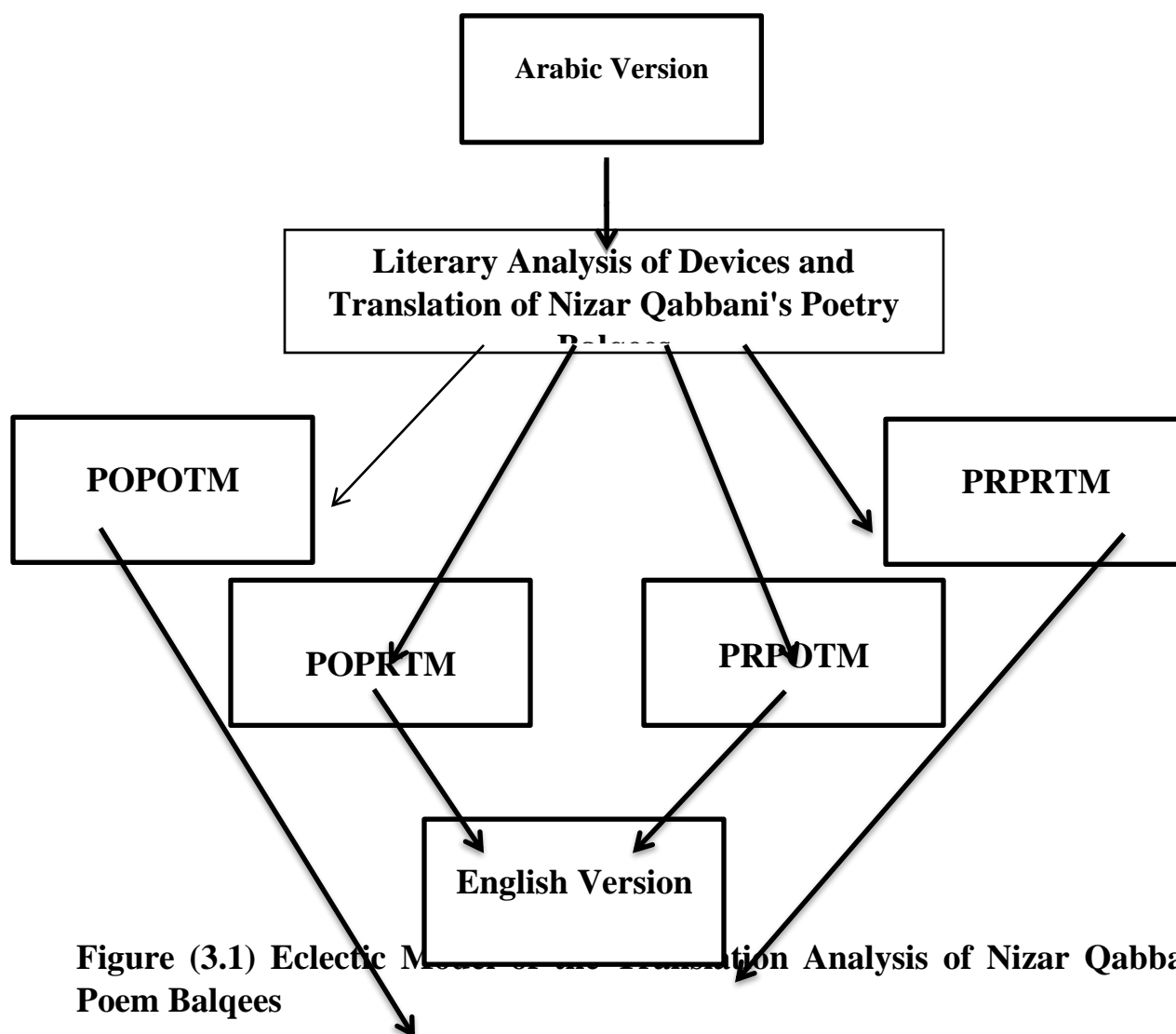


Figure (3.1) Eclectic Model for Translation Analysis of Nizar Qabbani's Poem Balqeess

### 4. The Analysis of Literary Devices and the Translation of Balqeess Poem

This part is concerned with the practical parts of the study. They are divided into following: the translation analysis of Balqeess Poem and the presentation of Problems of Translation with their proposed solutions.

#### 4.1. The Translation Analysis of Nizar Qabbani's Poem Balqees

This part is dedicated to know how many methods of translation were employed by the translators (the researcher) who created a method of translation of four different branches, they are mentioned as follows: Poetry to Poetry, Poetry to Prose, Prose to Poetry and Prose to Prose Translation Methods (see 3.3.3. above):

No.	Arabic Verses	Translated Verses into English	Methods of Translation
1	شكراً لكم شكراً لكم	Thank you Thank you	POPOTM
2	فحببتي قتلت .. وصار بؤسكم أن تشربوا كأساً على قبر الشهيدة .. وقصيدتي اغتيلت .. وهل من أمة في الأرض إلا نحن - تغتال القصيدة؟ -	My lover was killed And you can drink a cup of wine on the martyr's grave And my poem was assassinated... And we are the only nation on the face of earth.... Assigned to kill the poem?	POPOTM
3	... بلقيس كانت أجمل المَلَكاتِ في تاريخ بابل .. بلقيس كانت أطول النَخلاتِ في أرض العراق .. كانت إذا تمشي .. ترافقها طواويس .. وتتبعها أيائل .. بلقيس .. يا وجعي ويا وجع القصيدة حين تلمسها الأنامل .. هل يا ثرى من بعد شعرك سوف ترتفع السنابل؟ .. يا نينوى الخضراء .. يا عجريت الشقراء .. يا أمواج دجلة تلبس في الربيع بساقها .. أحلى الخلاخل	Balqees..... She was the most beautiful Queen in the history of Babylon Balqees..... She was the tallest palm tree in Iraq If she wanted to walk... She would be accompanied by the peacock.... And followed by deers.... Balqees... is my pain And the pain of the poem when it is touched by fingertips So will we have... Harvest following this poem? Oh green land of Naynawa....	POPRTM

	<p>.. قتلوك يا بلقيس أيّة أمّة عربية تلك التي تغثال أصوات البلابل ؟ أين السّموّال ؟ والمُهَلّهل ؟ والغطاريف الأوائل ؟ .. فقبائل أكلت قبائل .. وثعالب قتلت ثعالب .. وعناكب قتلت عناكب .. قسماً بعينيك اللتين إليهما .. تأوي ملايين الكواكب سأقول ، يا قَمَري ، عن العَرَبِ العجائب فهل البطولة كذبة عربية ؟ أم مثلنا التاريخ كاذب ؟</p>	<p>Oh my blonde gipsy... Oh Tigris waves... Wearing the most amazing anklets... In the spring season... They killed you... oh Balkees... What is an Arabian nation.... That kills nightingales? So, tribes ravished other ones.... And foxes killed other ones... And spiders trapped other ones... I swear to your eyes... Those embrace millions of planets... Oh my glowing lady, I will say the weirdest things about Arabs... So, is the heroism an Arabian lie?</p>	
4	<p>بلقيس لا تتغيبي عني فإنّ الشمس بعدك .. لا تضيء على السواجل : سأقول في التحقيق إنّ اللصّ أصبح يرتدي ثوب المقاتل : وأقول في التحقيق .. إنّ القائد الموهوب أصبح كالمقاول : وأقول إن حكاية الإشعاع ، أسخف نُكتة قيلت .. فنحن قبيلة بين القبائل .. هذا هو التاريخ . يا بلقيس .. كيف يُفرّق الإنسان ما بين الحقائق والمزابل</p>	<p>Balkees Or our history is a liar like us..? Oh Balkees....Never be disappeared from my life Because Sun will never rise Over the coasts .....After you... I will say in the interrogation: The thief decided to dress up like the fighter And I will also say: The talented commander became like a contractor... And I will also mention:</p>	POPOTM



		<p>The radiation story is the silliest joke ever said... So, we are one of the clans... This is the history....Balqees How can Man differentiate... Between gardens and garbage heaps</p>	
5	<p>بلقيس .. أيتها الشهيدة .. والقصيدة .. والمطهرة .. سبأ تفتش عن ملبكتها .. فردي للجماهير التحية .. يا أعظم الملكات .. يا امرأة تجسد كل أمجاد العصور .. السومرية</p>	<p>Balqees... You are the martyr...and the poem And the pure lady... Queen Saba' is looking for property... So, greet back your audience... My greatest Queen... You are the woman can embody the glories of all Sumerian eras</p>	PRPRTM
6	<p>بلقيس .. يا عصفورتي الأمل .. يا أيقونتي الأمل .. ويا دمعاً تناثر فوق خد المجذلية .. أترى ظلمتك إذ نقلتك .. ذات يوم .. من ضفاف الأعظمية .. بيروت .. تقتل كل يوم واحداً منا .. وتبحث كل يوم عن ضحية .. والموت .. في فنجان قهوتنا .. وفي مفتاح شقنا .. وفي أزهار شرفتنا .. وفي ورق الجرائد .. والحروف الأبجدية</p>	<p>Balqees... My wonderful sparrow... And my precious icon... And my tears that spread on the cheeks I would be unfair with if I transferred you From Al-A'dhamiya banks one day Beirut is killing one of us everyday... And it is searching for a victim everyday And death is found in our coffee... And in the key of our apartment... And in the flowers put on our balcony... And in the newspapers...</p>	POPRTM



		And the alphabets	
7	<p>ها نحن .. يا بلقيس ندخل مرة أخرى لعصر الجاهلية ها نحن ندخل في التوحش والتخلف .. والبشاعة .. والوضاعة ندخل مرة أخرى .. غصور البربرية حيث الكتابة رحلة بين الشظية .. والشظية حيث اغتيال فراشة في حقلها صار القضية هل تعرفون حبيبتي بلقيس ؟ فهي أهم ما كتبوه في كتب الغرام كانت مزيجاً رائعاً .. بين القطيفة والرخام كان البنفسج بين عينيها ينام ولا ينام</p>	<p>Oh Balqeas... We enter the era of paganism again... The era of brutality... And backwardness... ugliness ... Abjectness... We enter one more time...the Barbarian eras... Where writing is a journey Between fragments Where the assassination of a butterfly in its field... Has become the cause... Do you know my lover Balqeas? She was the most important topic written in the love stories She was the most marvelous mixture Of marigold and marble... The violet flowers between her eyes Never sleep</p>	POPRTM
8	<p>بلقيس يا عطرًا بذاكرتي ويا قبراً يسافر في الغمام قتلوك ، في بيروت ، مثل أي غزالة من بعدما .. قتلوا الكلام بلقيس ليست هذه مرثية لكن على العرب السلام</p>	<p>Balqeas... You are the fragrance embedded in my memories... And the grave that is travelling through clouds... They killed you in Beirut like any deer Following the silence of words... Balqeas... This is not a monody... But the Arabism era is over</p>	POPRTM
9	<p>بلقيس .. مُشتاقون .. مُشتاقون .. مُشتاقون</p>	Balqeas...	POPOTM

	<p>والبيت الصغير يسأل عن أميرته المعطرة الذبول نصغي إلى الأخبار .. والأخبار غامضة ولا تروي فضول</p>	<p>We miss you. We miss you. We miss you. And the small house... It asks about its princess who is perfumed from head to toe We listen to news...and it is filled with obscurity And does not meet our curiosity</p>	
10	<p>بلقيس مذبوحون حتى العظم والأولاد لا يدرون ما يجري ولا أدري أنا .. ماذا أقول ؟ هل تقرعين الباب بعد دقائق ؟ هل تخلعين المعطف الشتوي ؟ هل تأتين باسمه وناصرة ومشرقة كأزهار الحقول ؟</p>	<p>Balkees... We are slaughtered deeply... And children have no idea about what happens exactly... And I do not know what to utter? Will you knock the door few minutes later? Will you take off the coat winter? Are you smiling... And flourishing... And like flowers of fields shining?</p>	POPOTM
11	<p>بلقيس إن زروعك الخضراء ما زالت على الحيطان باكية ووجهك لم يزل منتقلاً بين المرايا والستائر حتى سجارتك التي أشعلتها لم تنطفئ ودخانها ما زال يرفض أن يسافر</p>	<p>Balkees... Your flowers... Are still withered on the walls... And you are still moving... Between mirrors and curtains And your cigarette Is still lighted... And its smoke Is stay still</p>	POPRTM
12	<p>بلقيس مطعونون .. مطعونون في الأعماق والأحداق يسكنها الدهول</p>	<p>Balkees... We are stabbed... we are stabbed deeply</p>	PRPOTM

		And the gardens are overwhelmed amazingly	
13	<p>بلقيسُ كيف أخذتِ أيامي .. وأحلامي وألغيتِ الحقائقَ والفصولَ يا زوجتي وحبيبتي .. وقصيدي .. وضياءَ عيني قد كنتِ عصفوري الجميلَ فكيف هربتِ يا بلقيسُ مني؟</p>	<p>Balqees... How did you take my life and my dreams And you faded all gardens and seasons... My wife... And my darling... my poem and the light of my eyes... You were my beautiful sparrow... How did you run away from me dear Balqees?,,,</p>	POPRTM
14	<p>بلقيسُ .. هذا موعدُ الشاي العراقيّ المُعَطَّر .. والمُعْتَق كالسَّلَافَةِ فَمَنْ الذي سيوزعُ الأقداحَ .. أيتها الزُّرافَةُ وَمَنْ الذي نَقَلَ الفراتَ لبيتنا .. وورودُ دَجَلَةَ والرَّصَافَةِ؟</p>	<p>Balqees... It is Iraqi flavoured tea time ... And manumitted as the choicest wine... Who is going to distribute cups....my giraffe? And who brought Euphrates to our home... And Tigris roses and Rusafa?</p>	POPRTM
15	<p>بلقيسُ إِنَّ الحُزْنَ يثَقِّبُنِي وبيروتُ التي قَتَلَتْكَ .. لا تدري جريمَتَها وبيروتُ التي عَشَقَتْكَ تجهلُ أَنَّها قَتَلَتْ عشيقَتَها وأطفأتِ القَمَرَ بلقيسُ يا بلقيسُ يا بلقيسُ كلُّ غمامةٍ تبكي عليكِ فَمَنْ تُرى يبكي عليا بلقيسُ .. كيف رَحَلَتْ صامتةً ولم تَضَعِ يديكِ .. على يَدَيَا؟</p>	<p>Balqees... Sadness is killing me... And Beirut that killed you... did not know its crime And Beirut that adored you... Did not know that it killed its lover And overshadowed the lights of sun... Balqees... Oh Balqees... Oh Balqees... All the clouds are crying for you</p>	PRPRTM

		So, who is crying for me... Balqees...how you left me in silence And your hands did not touch mine?	
16	بلقيس كيف تركتنا في الريح نرجف مثل أوراق الشجر؟ وتركتنا - نحن الثلاثة - ضاعين كريشة تحت المطر أتراك ما فكرت بي؟ وأنا الذي يحتاج حبك.. مثل (زينب) أو عمر	Balqees... How you left us in the winds... Shivering like trees leaves? And you left- three of us- lost Like a feather in a rainy weather? So, did you think of me? And I am the one who needs your love like (Zainab) or (Omar)	POPOTM
17	بلقيس يا كنزاً خرافياً ويا رُمحاً عراقياً وغابة خيزران يا من تحدت النجوم ترفعاً من أين جئت بكل هذا العنفوان؟	Balqees... You are an incredible treasure... You are an Iraqi spear... And a bamboo forest Your pride challenged all stars Where you brought such vigor	POPOTM
18	بلقيس أيتها الصديقة .. والرفيقة والرفيقة مثل زهرة أقحوان ضاق بنا بيروت .. ضاق البحر ضاق بنا المكان بلقيس : ما أنت التي تتكررين فما لبلقيس اثنتان	Balqees... You are my friend...companion And you are soft like a chrysanthemum... We were saddened in Beirut...near sea... And in our place... Balqees: you have no replica Because you are equal by none...	POPRTM
19	بلقيس تدبني التفاصيل الصغيرة في علاقتنا وتجلدني الدقائق والثواني فلكل دبوس صغير .. قصة	Balqees... Simple details of our relationship are slaughtering me	POPRTM



	<p>ولكلِّ عَقْدٍ من عَقُودِكَ قِصَّتَانِ حتى مَلَقَطُ شَعْرِكَ الذَّهَبِيِّ تَغْمُرُنِي ، كَعَادَتِهَا ، بِأَمْطَارِ الحَنَانِ وَيُعَرِّشُ الصَّوْتُ العِرَاقِيَّ الجَمِيلُ على السُّنَانِيرِ والمَقَاعِدِ والأَوَانِي وَمِنَ المَرَايَا تَطْلُعِينَ مِنَ الخَوَاتِمِ تَطْلُعِينَ مِنَ القَصِيدَةِ تَطْلُعِينَ مِنَ الشُّمُوعِ مِنَ الكُؤُوسِ من النَّبِيذِ الأَرْجَوَانِي</p>	<p>Minutes and seconds, of the life we had together, are flogging me And every single small pin has... a story And every single necklace has two stories And even your golden hair tweezers... Overwhelm me, as usual, with happiness rains And beautiful Iraqi voice bowers on... The curtains... And the seats... And dishes... And you appear in the mirror... And you show up in the rings... And you rise in the poem... And you come from candles... And you come from cups... And from purple wine</p>	
20	<p>بَلْقَيْسُ يا بَلْقَيْسُ .. يا بَلْقَيْسُ لو تَدْرِينَ مَا وَجَعُ المَكَانِ فِي كُلِّ رَكْنٍ .. أَنْتِ حَائِمَةٌ كَعَصْفُورٍ وَعَابِقَةٌ كَغَابَةِ بَيْلَسَانَ فَهَنَّاكَ .. كُنْتَ تَدْخُلِينَ هَنَّاكَ .. كُنْتَ تَطْلُعِينَ هَنَّاكَ .. كُنْتَ كَنَخْلَةٍ تَتَمَشَّطِينَ وَتَدْخُلِينَ عَلَيَّ الضِّيَوفِ كَأَنَّكَ السَّيْفُ اليَمَانِي</p>	<p>Balqeess... Oh Balqeess... Oh Balqeess You know how far the place suffers In every corner...you hover as a sparrow And your perfume is like a balm forest... And there.... you were smoking... And there... you were reading... And there... you were combing your hair as a palm tree...</p>	POPOTM



		And you show up to the guests.... As if the Yemeni sword	
21	<p>بلقيس أين زجاجة ( الغيرلان ) ؟ والولاعة الزرقاء أين سجارة الـ ( الكنت ) التي ما فارقت شفتيك ؟ أين ( الهاشمي ) مغنياً فوق القوام المهرجان تتذكر الأمشاط ماضيها فيخرج دمعها هل يا ترى الأمشاط من أشواقها أيضاً تُعاني ؟ بلقيس : صعب أن أهاجر من دمي وأنا المحاصر بين السنة اللهب وبين السنة الدخان بلقيس : أيتها الأميرة ها أنت تحترقين .. في حرب العشيرة والعشيرة ماذا سأكتب عن رحيل مليكتي ؟ إن الكلام فضيحتي ها نحن نبحت بين أكوام الضحايا عن نجمة سقطت وعن جسد تناثر كالمرايا ها نحن نسأل يا حبيبة إن كان هذا القبر قبرك أنت أم قبر العروبة</p>	<p>Balkees... Where is (Ghayralan) bottle? And the blue lighter... Where is (KENT) cigarette that Never left your lips? Where is (Al-Hashimi) the singer... Singing in the festival... The combs remember their history... They shed tears... So, are these combs suffering from their misery Balkees: it is difficult for me to abandon my life... And I am the one who is besieged between blazes... And between smokes... Balkees: My Princess You are set on fire... in the civil war What should I write following the death of my Queen? Words expose me... We are searching among victims For a fallen star... And for a corpse that is scattered like a mirror... And we are asking oh dear lover... Whether this is your grave Or it is Pan-Arabism grave</p>	POPOTM

22	بلقيس يا صَفْصَافَةً أَرْخَتْ ضَفَائِرَهَا عَلَيَّ ويا زُرَّافَةً كَبْرِيَاءَ	Balqeess You are a willow that relaxed her branches You are a giraffe of pride	PRPRTM
23	بلقيس : إِنَّ قَضَاءَنَا الْعَرَبِيَّ أَنْ يَغْتَالَنَا عَرَبٌ وَيَأْكُلَ لَحْمَنَا عَرَبٌ وَيَبْفِرَ بَطْنَنَا عَرَبٌ وَيَفْتَحَ قَبْرَنَا عَرَبٌ فَكَيْفَ نَفْرُ مِنْ هَذَا الْقَضَاءِ ؟ فَالْخِنْجَرُ الْعَرَبِيُّ .. لَيْسَ يُقِيمُ فَرْقًا بَيْنَ الرِّجَالِ أَعْنَاقِ وَبَيْنَ أَعْنَاقِ النِّسَاءِ	Balqeess Arabs sentenced us to death And we are executed by Arabs... And our corpses are snapped by Arabs... And our graves are opened by Arabs... So, how can we flee from this sentence? And the Arabian dagger cannot distinguish Between men... And between women	PRPOTM
24	بلقيس : إِنْ هُمْ فَجَّرُوكَ .. فَعَدْنَا كُلَّ الْجَنَائِزِ تَبْتَدِي فِي كَرْبَلَاءَ وَتَنْتَهِي فِي كَرْبَلَاءَ لَنْ أَقْرَأَ التَّارِيخَ بَعْدَ الْيَوْمِ إِنْ أَصَابَعِي اشْتَعَلَتْ وَأَثَوَابِي تُغَطِّيهِهَا الدَّمَاءُ هَذَا نَحْنُ نَدْخُلُ عَصْرَنَا الْحَجَرِيِّ نَرْجِعُ كُلَّ يَوْمٍ ، أَلْفَ عَامٍ لِلْوَرَاءِ الْبَحْرِ فِي بَيْرُوتَ بَعْدَ رَحِيلِ عَيْنَيْكَ اسْتَقَالَ وَالشَّعْرُ .. يَسْأَلُ عَنْ قَصِيدَتِهِ الَّتِي لَمْ تَكْتَمِلْ كَلِمَاتُهَا وَلَا أَحَدٌ .. يُجِيبُ عَلَى السُّؤَالِ الْحُزْنَ يَا بَلْقَيْسُ يَعْصُرُ مَهْجَتِي كَالْبُرْتُقَالَةِ الآن .. أَعْرِفُ مَا زَقَّ الْكَلِمَاتِ أَعْرِفُ وَرْطَةَ اللُّغَةِ الْمُحَالَةِ وَأَنَا الَّذِي اخْتَرَعُ الرِّسَائِلَ لَسْتُ أَدْرِي .. كَيْفَ أَبْتَدِئُ الرِّسَالَةَ السِّيفُ يَدْخُلُ لَحْمَ خَاصِرَتِي وَالْعَبَارَةُ	Balqeess: They killed you...and All funerals start in the Holy Karbala... And all end in the Holy Karbala... I will never read history anymore My fingers are burned... And my clothes are covered with blood... We enter the Stone Age And every day passes. We are left one thousand years behind... The sea in Beirut... Resigned following your absence... And the verses ask about its poem Where its words are not finished...	POPRTM

	<p>كُلُّ الحضارة ، أنتِ يا بلقيس ، والأنتي حضارة بلقيس : أنتِ بشارتي الكبرى فَمَنْ سَرَقَ البشارة ؟ أنتِ الكتابة قَبْلَمَا كَانَتْ كِتَابَةً أنتِ الجزيرة والمَنارة</p>	<p>And no one...answers the question Grief ...Oh Balqees... Squeezes my heart like an orange... Now...I know the predicament of words I know the dilemma of impossible language... And I am the one who invents letters... I have no idea about how to write letters... The sword stabbed my waist And the core of the poem... You are the whole civilization.. Oh Balqees and the female is a civilization... Balqees: you are my greatest good news... So, who hijacked the good news? You are the writing before the invention of writing... You are the island and the lighthouse</p>	
25	<p>بلقيس يا قَمَرِي الذي طَمَرُوهُ ما بين الحجارَة الآن ترتفع الستارة الآن ترتفع الستارة سأقول في التحقيق إني أعرف الأسماء .. والأشياء .. والسجناء والشهداء .. والفُقراء .. والمُسْتَضْعَفِينَ وأقول إني أعرف السياف قاتِل زوجتي ووجوه كُلِّ المُخْبِرِينَ وأقول : إن عافنا عَهْرَ وَقَدَارَةَ</p>	<p>Balqees: You are my glowing sun buried under the debris... The curtains are lifted now... The curtains are lifted now... I will say in the interrogation... I know names...things...and the prisoners And the martyrs...poor and the weak ones</p>	POPOTM

<p>وأقول : إن نضالنا كذب وأن لا فرق !! ما بين السياسة والدَّعَاة : سأقول في التحقيق إني قد عرفت القاتلين وأقول : إن زماننا العربي مختص بدبح الياسمين وبقتل كل الأنبياء وقتل كل المرسلين حتى العيون الخضراء ياكلها العرب حتى الضفائر .. والخواتم والأساور .. والمرايا .. واللعب حتى النجوم تخاف من وطني ولا أدري السبب حتى الطيور تفر من وطني و لا أدري السبب حتى الكواكب .. والمراكب .. والسحب حتى الدفاتر .. والكُتب وجميع أشياء الجمال جميعها .. ضدَّ العرب لَمَّا تَنَاشَرَ جِسْمُكَ الضَّوئِيُّ يا بلقيس لَوْلَوْهَ كَرِيمَةٌ فَكَرْتُ : هل قتل النساء هواية عريضة أم أننا في الأصل ، مُحْتَرِفُو جَرِيمَةٍ ؟</p>	<p>And I know the killer who slaughtered my wife... And all informers... And I also say: Our chastity is impurity... And our devoutness is lewdness... And I also tell: Our struggle is a deception And there is no difference... Politics and prostitution!! I will say in the interrogation: Killers are familiar to me And I also say... The Arabian era is assigned to slaughter the jasmine-like lady And to kill all prophets... And messengers... Even the Green-eye lady... Are eaten by Arabs Even the braids...and the rings And the bracelets... the mirrors... and the toys... Even stars are afraid of my nation And I do not know the reason... Even birds escape from my nation... And I do not know the reason... Even planets...and boats... and clouds And notebooks and books... And all charming things... Are against Arabs...</p>
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		<p>When your glowing body has scattered Oh Balqees. A precious pearl I gave a thought: did women kill an Arabian hobby Or we are already professional in crimes?</p>	
26	<p>بلقيس .. يا فَرْسِي الجميلة .. أَنَّنِي من كُلِّ تاريخي خَجُولٌ هذي بلادٌ يقتُلونَ بها الخيولُ هذي بلادٌ يقتُلونَ بها الخيولُ مِنْ يَوْمِ أَنْ نَحْرُوكِ .. يا بلقيس يا أَهْلِي وَطَنُ لا يَعْرِفُ الْإِنْسَانُ كَيْفَ يَعِيشُ فِي هَذَا الْوَطَنِ لا يَعْرِفُ الْإِنْسَانُ كَيْفَ يَمُوتُ فِي هَذَا الْوَطَنِ ما زِلْتُ أَدْفَعُ مِنْ دَمِي أَعْلَى جَزَاءِ كِي أَسْعِدَ الدُّنْيَا .. وَلَكِنَّ السَّمَاءَ شَاءَتْ بِأَنْ أَبْقَى وَحِيداً مِثْلَ أَوْرَاقِ الشَّتَاءِ هل يُؤَلِّدُ الشُّعْرَاءُ مِنْ رَحِمِ الشَّقَاءِ ؟ وهل القصيدة طَعْنَةٌ فِي الْقَلْبِ .. لَيْسَ لَهَا شِفَاءُ ؟ أَمْ أَنَّنِي وَحْدِي الَّذِي عَيْنَاهُ تَخْتَصِرَانِ تَارِيخَ الْبُكَاءِ ؟ : سَأَقُولُ فِي التَّحْقِيقِ كَيْفَ عَزَّالَتِي مَاتَتْ بِسَيْفِ أَبِي لَهَبٍ كُلُّ اللَّصُوصِ مِنَ الْخَلِيجِ إِلَى الْمَحِيطِ .. يُذَمَّرُونَ .. وَيُحَرِّفُونَ وَيَنْهَبُونَ .. وَيَرْتَشُونَ وَيَعْتَدُونَ عَلَى النِّسَاءِ كَمَا يُرِيدُ أَبُو لَهَبٍ كُلُّ الْكِلَابِ مُوظَّفُونَ وَيَأْكُلُونَ</p>	<p>Balqees... My beautiful mare... I am Ashamed of all my history This is my country that kills mares... This is my country that kills mares... Since they slaughtered you... Oh Balqees... My beautiful home... I do not know how to live at this home... I do not know how to die at this home... My life is still paying... An expensive price... To make others happy... But the destiny Made up its mind to let me be lonely... Like winter leaves Will poet be born from wombs of misery? And is poem a stab In the untreatable heart? Or I am the one who only Summarizes the history of crying? I will say in the interrogation:</p>	POPOTM



<p>على حساب أبي لهب لا فمحة في الأرض تنبت دون رأي أبي لهب لا طفل يؤلد عندنا إلا وزارت أمه يوماً !! فراش أبي لهب لا سجن يفتح دون رأي أبي لهب لا رأس يقطع دون أمر أبي لهب : سأقول في التحقيق كيف أميرتي اغتصبت وكيف تقاسموا فيروز عينيها وخاتم غرسها وأقول كيف تقاسموا الشعر الذي يجري كأنهار الذهب : سأقول في التحقيق كيف سطوا على آيات مصحفها الشريف وأضرموا فيه اللهب سأقول كيف استنزفوا دمها وكيف استملكوا فمها فما تركوا به ورداً .. ولا تركوا عنب هل موت بلقيس هو النصر الوحيد بكل تاريخ العرب ؟؟</p>	<p>How my deer was slaughtered by Abi Lahab Sword All the thieves from Gulf to the Ocean... Destroy...and Burn... And steal...and bribe... And harass women... As Abi Lahab wish... All dogs are employed... And they eat... And they booze... Upon the expense of Abi Lahab... There is no one wheat on earth... Planted without the permission of Abi Lahab There is no child born here... Unless her mother had sex with Abi Lahab once!!! There is no prison opened... Without the permission Abi Lahab... There is no head cut... Without the order Abi Lahab... I will say in the interrogation: How my princess was raped How they shared turquoise of her eyes And her wedding ring... And I also say how they shared her hair That is very soft like silk and glowing as gold... I will say in the interrogation:</p>
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		<p>How they robbed her Glorious Quran And they set it on fire... And I will say how they let her bleed... And how they made her silent... They deprived her of the smile and beauty Is Balqees's death... The only victory In the whole Arabian history</p>	
27	<p>بلقيس .. يا مَعْشُوقَتِي حَتَّى الثَّمَالَةِ الْكَاذِبُونَ الْأَنْبِيَاءُ يُقْرِضُونَ وَيَرْكَبُونَ عَلَى الشعوب ولا رسالة لو أَنَّهُمْ حَمَلُوا إِلَيْنَا من فلسطين الحزينة أو نُجْمَةٌ أو بُرْتُقَالَةٌ لو أَنَّهُمْ حَمَلُوا إِلَيْنَا من شواطئ غَزَّةِ صَغِيرًا حَجَرًا أو مَحَارَةً لو أَنَّهُمْ من رُبْعِ قَرْنٍ حَرَّرُوا زيتونة أو أَرْجَعُوا لِيْمُونَةَ وَمَحَوَا عن التاريخ عَارَهُ لَشَكَرْتُ مَنْ قَتَلُوكَ .. يا بلقيس يا مَعْشُوقَتِي حَتَّى الثَّمَالَةِ لَكِنَّهُمْ تَرَكُوا فلسطيناً !! لِيُغْتَالُوا غَزَالَه ماذا يقولُ الشَّعْرُ ، يا بلقيس في هذا الزَّمان ؟ ماذا يقولُ الشَّعْرُ ؟ في العَصْرِ الشَّعْبِيُّ المَجُوسِي الجَبَانِ</p>	<p>Balqees... You are my ladylove until I get boozed... The liar prophets... Are leading folks Without any message If they had brought us... From the occupied Palestine... A star... Or an orange... If they had brought us... From Gaza beaches Small stones Or a shellfish... If they had liberated 25 year ago An olive tree Or they had retaken a lemon tree And they wiped the shame of history I would have thanked your killers... Oh Balqees... But they had left Palestine occupied To assassinate a deer...!!</p>	PRPRTM

	<p>والعالم مسحوق .. ومقموع واللسان ومقطوع نحن الجريمة في تفوقها فما ( العفد الفريد ) وما ( الأغاني )؟؟</p> <p>أخذوك أيتها الحبيبة من يدي أخذوا القصيدة من فمي أخذوا الكتابة .. والقراءة والطفولة .. والأمان بلقيس .. يا بلقيس يا دمعاً ينقط فوق أهداب الكمان علمت من قتلوك أسرار الهوى لكنهم .. قبل انتهاء الشوط قد قتلوا حصاني</p>	<p>What poetry should say... Oh Balqeess... In this age? What poetry should convey In such coward Zoroastrian era... And the Arab world Is crushed... and oppressed... And silent... We are the best criminals What is the (necklace)...and top songs?? They have taken you dear lover from my hands... They have taken the verse from my lips... They have taken writing...reading... And childhood and... wishes Balqeess... Oh Balqeess... You are similar to tears dropping over violin cords... I have taught the ones who killed you the secrets of love But... before the end of round They killed my mare</p>	
28	<p>بلقيس : أسألك السماح ، فربما كانت حياتك فدية لحياتي إني لأعرف جيداً أن الذين تورطوا في القتل ، كان مرادهم !!! أن يقتلوا كلماتي نامي بحفظ الله .. أيتها الجميلة فالشعر بعدك مستحيل والأنوثة مستحيلة ستظل أجيال من الأطفال</p>	<p>Balqeess: I ask you to forgive me...may be You sacrificed your life to let me live I am not certain The goal of those who were involved in your killing... Is to kill my words!!! May your soul rest in peace... my wonderful lady</p>	PRPRTM

<p>تَسْأَلُ عَنْ ضَفَائِرِكَ الطَّوِيلَةِ وَتَظَلُّ أَجْيَالٌ مِنَ الْعُشَّاقِ تَقْرَأُ عَنْكَ . . أَيْتُهَا الْمَعْلَمَةُ الْأَصِيلَةَ وَيَسِيرُ الْأَعْرَابُ يَوْمًا أَنَّهُمْ قَتَلُوا الرُّسُولَةَ قَتَلُوا الرُّسُولَةَ</p> <p>ق .. ت .. ل .. و .. ا ال .. ر .. س .. و .. ل .. ة</p>	<p>Verses become impossible following your death... And femininity becomes impossible Generations of children will keep Asking about your tall braids And generations of lovers will keep Reading about you...oh dear respected teacher... And Arabs will know one day... They killed prophetess... They killed the prophetess...</p> <p><b>T.H.E.Y. K.I.L.L.E.D. T.H.E. P.R.O.P.H.E.T.E.S.S.</b></p> <p><b>T.H.E.Y. K.I.L.L.E.D. T.H.E. P.R.O.P.H.E.T.E.S.S</b></p>	
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## 4.2. Translation Analysis Results

The researcher presents in the table below, the results of the translation analysis of Nizar Qabbani's Poem Balqees in English depending on the eclectic model of Analysis and Translation Methods created purpose mentioned above.

Stanza No.	POPOTM	POPRTM	PRPOTM	PRPRTM
1.	POPOTM			



2.	POPOTM			
3.		POPRTM		
4.	POPOTM			
5.		POPRTM		
6.		POPRTM		
7.		POPRTM		
8.		POPRTM		
9.	POPOTM			
10.	POPOTM			
11.		POPRTM		
12.			PRPOTM	
13.		POPRTM		
14.		POPRTM		
15.				PRPRTM
16.	POPOTM			
17.	POPOTM			
18.		POPRTM		
19.		POPRTM		
20.	POPOTM			
21.	POPOTM			
22.				PRPRTM
23.			PRPOTM	
24.		POPRTM		
25.	POPOTM			
26.	POPOTM			
27.				PRPRTM
28.				PRPRTM
Total Use	39.28%	39.28%	7.14%	14.28%

(Figure 4.1) Translation Analysis of Balqeess Poem

### 4.3. Problems and Solutions of the Translation of Balqeess Poem

The researcher faced some problems through the process of the translation of Balqeess Poem into English and he presented the proposed solutions, they are as follows:

No.	Problems of the Translation of Balqeess Poem into English	Proposed Solutions
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1.	The poet was not consistent in writing his poetry. For example he described his beloved wife as a ( <b>horse</b> ) in verse and then, he calls her as a ( <b>mare</b> ).	The translator decided to be consistent in rendering the poetry and he chose the translation of word ( <b>mare</b> ) to ( <b>مهرة</b> ) because it is appropriate since both mare and Balqees are females.
2.	Nizar says at the beginning of his poetry for instance: "وصار بؤسجكم وأن تشربوا كأساً على قبر الشهيد" which means " <b>And you drink a cup on the Martyr's grave</b> ". Moreover, there is deletion in the verse explained above.	The verse mentioned is incomplete because the person in question should drink something found in cup. Since, the verse is ironic because it is not nice to drink anything on the grave of the martyr for reasons of sadness. The translator added the term ( <b>wine</b> ) in the body of the verse to be fitting the ironic device used by the poet.
2.	The poet used the word ( <b>قمر</b> ), which means ( <b>moon</b> ) in English, in writing his poetry to tell the readers how glowing his martyred wife was!	The word "moon" has negative connotation in Arabic language, it means hypocrite person in the western culture. This is why; the translator improvised employing the word ( <b>sun</b> ) which stands for ( <b>شمس</b> ) to make it acceptable for the intended readers whose native language is English. Besides, the word (sun) has positive connotation in the west.

(Figure 4.2) Translation Problems and Solutions

## Conclusion

Translating a poetic text is not a piece of cake work. It requires skills and experience in the field of literary translation. For this reason, the translator (researcher) who rendered Balqees poem into English prepared certain methods, strategies of translation and he created an eclectic model for the analysis of translation. Poem Balqees is a very long literary text, it embraces a lot of views, ideas and thoughts and it is found under the category of political poetry.

The study is about the analysis the translation of Nizar Qabbani Poem Balqeess into English

The study is divided theoretical part, practical one they preceded by an abstract and they are followed by conclusion.

The researcher (translator) faced within the process of translation of Nizar Qabbani's poetry the following problems: Balqeess is divided into types of verses: Poetry and Prose. The translator strived to translate as many verses as possible with the employment of **POPOTM** and **PRPOTM**. However, there are some verses translated by **POPRTM** and **PRPRTM** as well .He resorted to first method at a rate of 39.28%, he employed the second one by the same percentage.

As for the third method, he used it at a rate of 7.14%, while he employed the forth one by 14.28% (See 6.3 and 6.4.above).

The poet was not consistent in writing his poetry. For example he described his beloved wife as a (**horse**) in verse and then, he calls her as a (**mare**). For this reason, the translator decided to be consistent in rendering the poetry and he chose the translation of word (**mare**) to (مهرة) because it is appropriate since both mare and Balqeess are females.

Nizar says at the beginning of his poetry for instance "**And you drink a cup on the Martyr's grave**". The verse mentioned is incomplete because the person in question should drink something found in cup. Since, the verse is ironic because it is not nice to drink anything on the grave of the martyr for reasons of sadness. The translator added the term (**wine**) in the body of the verse to be fitting the ironic device used by the poet.

The poet used the word (قمر), which means (**moon**) in English, in writing his poetry to tell the readers how glowing his martyred wife was! However, the said word has negative connotation in Arabic language, it means hypocrite person in the western culture. This is why; the translator improvised employing the word (**sun**) which stands for (شمس) to make it acceptable for the intended readers whose native language is English. Besides, the word (sun) has positive connotation in the west.

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