



Artwork by BeSphinx

هناك ... ليست لعبة  
There... It's not a game

Text by *Mahmoud Darwish*  
Composition and Interpretation by *Wael Sami Elkholy*

Release      Youtube

In today's world, where the news cycle is filled with tales of turmoil and tragedy, it's easy to feel overwhelmed. Wars rage on, innocent lives are lost, and the value of human existence seems to diminish with each passing day. In the face of such despair, one cannot help but wonder: What is the role of an artist? Should we remain silent witnesses to suffering or raise our voices in defiance?

Drawing inspiration from the timeless words of Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish, I have chosen to amplify the universal cry for recognition and dignity. Through music, I seek to express the raw emotions and profound truths embedded within Darwish's verses. These words are not merely lyrics to be sung; they are a primal outcry, a demand to be recognised as individuals with rich histories, memories, and stories to tell.

The excerpt from Darwish's poem "I am from there" serves as a poignant reminder of the longing for home and belonging that resonates with many worldwide. It speaks to the universal desire to return to a place where one's roots are firmly planted, where memories are woven into the fabric of the land.

Crafting music to complement these poignant lyrics presented a formidable challenge. I aimed to immerse listeners in the atmosphere of despair, emptiness, brutality, and inhumanity evoked by the words. Imagining myself as the person behind the verses, screaming for recognition amidst the chaos of war, I sought to capture the struggle to assert one's existence amid the loud noise.

Intentionally distorting the vocals became a pivotal artistic choice, infusing the entire composition with raw emotion. The background synth pads played a crucial role, offering subtle nuances that reflect the multifaceted psychological state of someone who has endured profound loss and displacement.

The resulting musical landscape is inherently contradictory, simultaneously offering moments of calm reflection and jolting listeners awake with its stark intensity. It serves as a sobering reminder of the harsh realities of conflict and a beacon of hope, guiding us towards the ultimate goal: peace.

Wael Sami Elkholy



I am from there, and I have memories  
 Like others, I was born  
 I have a mother  
 a house with several windows  
 friends and brothers  
 I have a prison cell's cold window  
 a wave snatched by seagulls, my own  
 view  
 an extra blade of grass  
 a moon at word's end  
 a supply of birds  
 and an olive tree that cannot die

انا من هناك، ولي ذكريات  
 ولدت كما تولد الناس  
 لي والدة  
 وبيت كثير النوافذ  
 لي اخوة، اصدقاء، وسجن بنافذة بارده.  
 لي موجة خطفتها النوارس  
 لي مشهد الخاص لي عشبة زائدة  
 ولي قمر في اقاصي الكلام  
 ورزق الطيور  
 وزيتونة خالدة

I am from there  
 and I return the sky  
 to its mother when it cries for her  
 and cry  
 for a cloud on its return

انا من هناك  
 اعيد السماء الى امها حين تبكي السماء على امها  
 وابكي لتعرفني غيمة عائدة

O God, return me to my homeland like  
 a nightingale  
 on the wings of a cloud  
 in the light of a star  
 return me where a spring gushes on  
 my chest and a hill lies  
 to a haven adorned with jasmine  
 O God, return me to my homeland like  
 a nightingale.

الهي اعدني الى وطني عندليب  
 على جناح غيمة  
 على ضوء نجمة  
 اعدني فلة  
 ترف على صدري نبع وتلة  
 الهي اعدني الى وطني عندليب