

The Prisoner

TEXT

LETTER ↪ From this darkness (Adnan Latif)

Do whatever you wish to do, the issue is over. From this darkness I can draw a true picture of the condition in which I exist. I am moving towards a dark cave and a dark life, in the shadow of a dark prison. This is a prison that does not know humanity and knows but the language of power, oppression and humiliation for whoever enters it. Hardship is the only language used here. It is evil without mercy. It is my life but who is going to leave me alone? Who is going to rescue me? Send me the one I love and save me!

SONG ↪ I am weary (from *Psalm 69*, 1-4; 14-15)

*I am weary with my crying out; my throat is parched.
My eyes grow dim with waiting for my God.
Those who hate me without reason outnumber the hairs of my head;
mighty are those who would
destroy me, those who attack me with lies.
Deliver me from sinking in the mire;
let me be delivered from my enemies and from the deep waters.
Let not the flood sweep over me, or the deep swallow me up,
or the pit close its mouth over me.
For the waters have come up to my neck.*

LETTER ↪ This prison is a piece of hell (Adnan Latif)

This prison is a piece of hell that kills everything, the spirit, the body. The first and last stop. The injustice and the torture that humiliates, wastes one's dignity. Anybody who is able to die will be able to achieve happiness for himself. He has no other hope except that. To leave this life which is no longer really a life, but death itself and renewable torment. Laying the body in the grave is better than laying it in the fire I am enduring. Do whatever you wish to do, the issue is over.

SONG ↪ I wish my death would happen in a desert (from *Two Epigrams on Death*, Abul Ala Al-Ma' arri)

*I wish my death would happen in a desert land
Where shimmering mirages mark no roads.
There I would die, all on my own, alone,
Be buried in unsullied virgin soil.

If after death the body kept its shape,
We might hope it would be revived again.
Just as a jug, emptied of wine, could be
Refilled, as long as it remained unbroken.
But, alas, all its parts have come undone and turned
To particles of dust swept by the winds.*

LETTER ↪ I will be sent to a world (Adnan Latif)

I will be sent to a world that is much better than this world. There, real life will live again, filled with complete happiness and absent all harassment. There, the air will clear, things will calm and I will relax and not see the world of evil people.

SONG ~ It's been so long since I spent the night with you (from *Longing*, Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi)
*It's so long since I spent the night with you.
My friends! You know how we were torn apart.
Love of my soul, where will we meet again?
Noon Sun! I need your brightness in my heart.
Hey! Full Moon! Blinding light that stuns all men!
So long deserted, I want none but you.
You were my Morning Breeze, who brought good news.
Seduce me now. Save me with love once more.
On that strange and fateful night
you will hear a familiar voice.
The euphoria of love will sweep over your grave;
it will bring wine and friends, candles and food.*

LETTER ~ This is my testimony (Adnan Latif)

This is my testimony of death and consolation. A world power failed to safeguard peace and human rights and save me. I will do whatever I am able, to rid myself of the imminent death imposed on me at this prison. With all my pains, I say goodbye to you.

SONG ~ Before us stands great death (from *Death* by Rainer Maria Rilke)
*Before us stands great Death
Our fate held close within his quiet hands.
When we lift life's red wine with proud joy
To drink deep of the mystic shining cup
And ecstasy leaps through all our being—
Death bows his head and weeps.*

LETTER ~ The cry of death (Adnan Latif)

The cry of death should be enough for you. Do whatever you wish to do, the issue is over.

SONG ~ You left ground and sky weeping (from *The Death of Saladin*, Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi)
*You left ground and sky weeping,
mind and soul full of grief.
No one can take your place in existence
or in absence. Both mourn:
the angels, and the prophets —and this sadness
I feel has taken from me the taste of language,
so that I can't say the flavor
of my being apart. The roof
of the kingdom within has collapsed!*

LETTER ~ Do whatever you wish (Adnan Latif)

Do whatever you wish to do, the issue is over.