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# MARE NOSTRVM. FINIS SOMNIA VESTRA

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*(fragmento en inglés / english version)*

## SCENE VI

*(He is giving his back to the audience. He turns to the audience as he begins to speak.)*

My father didn't say anything to me... he was too sad to talk. I told him "father, I'm leaving tonight"... I think he knew I was going to do that even before I thought about it. He didn't look at me. He kept on looking at the floor nodding... *(Silence)* At the refugee camp you don't have anything but time. Hours is all you have. Most of the time I used to imagine conversations with my loved ones, the ones I left in Syria... I spent thousands of hours walking alone, having imaginary conversations with them. Or remembering real moments together. I always wanted to add something that I hadn't said that time, but some other times I added things or ideas that I wanted to hear from the other ones, from them, things that they never said to me, but that I needed to hear so badly. The last time I saw my father... he didn't say anything, but I have imagined so many times that night... he looked at me and...

My son, come here. Your hands, the ones I am kissing now, are stronger and purer than this forgotten land. Outside the olive trees are just columns of disgrace, and the birds, like judges at the court, have sentenced with their singing our future to silence. Now those trees don't mean anything to me and not the birds either, that like scared dogs, have run away to farther territories. Olive trees outside... their twisted brunches are just the arms of the victorious monster, where to hang my dreams and yours and wait until they dry... Don't let it happen! I beg you, and God knows that this is the first time I beg you. I ask you to leave this raped land, this shadow of ourselves, of what we used to be! Leave me here and don't look back, my son! Don't dare you, because I won't be looking at you, and if I do and see you turned to me standing in the middle of your way, I will be so ashamed to see how coward you are, and I promise you that I will look for your steps on the way and I will spit on them. Don't look back! Forget me! But not you mother... forget this land because she has forgotten you so long ago... pretend that it never existed! I'm convinced too, now, to throw my memories, this awful night, to the river; the red river of Damascus. I've made a resolution and you must obey your father. I won't ask you for anything else, my dear son...

(My life) حاييتي

Nothing else. Listen to your father... I'm looking at you now, at your eyes..., and I see nothing. Where is your soul? It's gone and you must find it. I wish I could listen to your mother now... Where is your son's soul? Nothing. Our death ones have forgotten us too... Where are we? Can you answer this question? I don't recognize this place. Walk fast, my son, and leave the dust of your walk always behind you, don't let it get you! The stars, the ones that yesterday loved us, today are just our enemies laughing at us, because they know, they know that a terrible day is about to come... one day, and another, and another one... I'm tired. *(Silence)* I want to die alone. *(Long silence)* They are going to kill you if you don't go. Go!

Oh father..! I miss you so much!

Sometimes I try to dream, to imagine that there is something that I want to do... nothing, not a single idea comes to my head. No colors. My thoughts are grey. Not even black... grey.