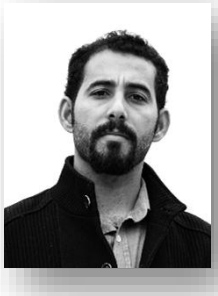
Mosab Abu Toha



b. 1992

No Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master.
—ELIZABETH BISHOP

You know everything will come to an end:
the sugar, the tea, the dried sage,
the water.
Just go to the market and restock.

Even your shadow will abandon you
when there is no light.
So just keep things that require only you:
the book of poems that only you can decipher,
the blank map of a country
whose cities and villages only you can recognize.

I've personally lost three friends to war,
a city to darkness, and a language to fear.
This was not easy to survive,
but survival proved necessary to master.
But of all things,
losing the only photo of my grandfather
under the rubble of my house
was a real disaster.

ELIZABETH BISHOP



1911-1979

One Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write* it!) like disaster.

1976

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