

Since I remember I had been hopping to visit the desert, I wanted so much to take the sand into my hands, to run bare footed and roll over the dunes, feel the wind rippling plows and time wrinkled face of the desert, the most beautiful on earth. That night I deeply knew in my heart that I was meeting a three thousand year old date, a promise that I would be back. That night I saw no traces left of my feet in the sand but the last words I murmured as I was leaving were to meet me with the same crisp cold wind. There I felt I was home again and it is always nice to know as you travel into the future that you are home again.

The day before, I spent time collecting samples of sand looking deep into the horizon in search for some thing I did not know exactly what it was. That night as I stepped away from the crowd and looked all around me there was nothing but an endless horizon in every direction all equidistant to me, I became the center of the desert and a sky of a beautiful deep blue hemispheric tent lit with eternally shining stars closing on the horizons, imprisoning me for ever.

That night will always be part of that home coming party on the golden sand. All I murmured, thought, felt, and said and did not say will always be there. I trust the wind will only blow my traces away again as it re-draws and re-sculpts the face of the ever-waiting sand.

When you are in the open desert, in the middle of the night or beyond and when every one goes to sleep, you lie down on the crisp sand facing the stars nothing look like that overwhelming half sphere dome. It is distant, limitless and inviting to invade an unknown depth beyond?

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