

## Lessons 9–10 Poetry from the past

Listen to the poem Unknown Bedouins by Khalid Albudoor. Complete the gaps in the poems with the eight words above.

### Unknown Bedouins

Before the sun climbs over  
the walls of the mud houses  
unknown Bedouins return  
to \_\_\_\_\_ themselves in my \_\_\_\_\_  
after selling milk and honey  
in the city market.

The sandy courtyard lies in fog  
and the palm tree's plaits  
sway, seeming \_\_\_\_\_  
listening  
to the water flowing  
in the depths of the well.

Pale pictures hunt in my head  
A long, empty time has passed since I found \_\_\_\_\_  
and back came the Bedouins  
raiding my day with their sandy faces.

Where does this sound of the coffee grinder come from  
that resounds through the walls of my house  
where I \_\_\_\_\_  
forgetting the television  
flickering noiselessly in the shadows?

I know my memory has forgotten the shape of water  
I have \_\_\_\_\_ like those  
who wander without land  
searching for stars for centuries.

Tell me, O trees, which watch over my lounge,  
where these voices come from  
that resound in my night.  
Maybe if you concentrated  
you could make out their faces  
which camel driver's song they're singing  
or which memory  
and why  
they raid my house now,  
with their quizzical faces,  
while my \_\_\_\_\_ is nothing but  
the contentions of \_\_\_\_\_  
on the threshold of dawn.