

# *Sheherazade*

May 2 - May 4, 2024

Poem created in partnership with the CSOA

## *Nights*

A tale written in Arabic & living in a book,  
earthly not divine; it was not buried yet has been lost.

The *Nights* has never been stable & has never stopped changing shape,  
A loose collection of stories with no single author, scribe, translator.

No one can say what the *Nights* is: are there forty stories or two hundred?  
Which one is authentic & what does that even mean?

Linguists speak of language shift, the replacement or assimilation of language,  
a phenomenon observed over time through sighs of soft winds.

Speakers shift giving up their own language & language falls silent.  
From the start, the *Nights* has been in perpetual translation—pirouettes.

What holds language—stories—memories together?  
This *story* begins & are held together by the framing story of Sheherazade.

Sheherazade, a skillful reader & re(caller) & trills an endless song.  
The library, in her mind, is her material.

A simple & eloquent plan of using stories of adventure & wonder  
in a mysterious rhythm to un(cover): Truth is stranger than fiction.

-Andrea Rehani

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