

The eloquence of language in Algerian revolutionary poetry - a study in Algerian poetic models -

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ABSTRACT: Poetry is the official spokesman of any country, and each country may celebrate any celebration when it means a poet who employs his throat to serve his country, so Arabic poetry is a form of literature, poets are the ones who express the hopes of their people in prosperity and their pain in times of distress. it is the solid bond between the past and the present of the nation, and there is no point in poetry being a bridge for our future.

The research aims, from the systems, to translate the deep-seated feelings of the poets, and also aims to inform and mobilize the young to prevent the dangers that surround the peoples of these poets.

KEYWORDS: Poetry, Poets, Homeland, Literature, Revolution, politics.

Introduction:

The first people organized poetry, which they deposited in their contemplations, emotions, and feelings in fine language, and I do not think that everyone who rose and bore had this queen.

Poets played a prominent role in preserving every tradition and lesson from loss, and they also contributed to the awareness of the peoples, and introduced them to their most important national, political and social issues, that is the attentive eye and the intelligent soul following the successive revolutions, recording their events, especially their victories against injustice, oppression, tyranny and arrogance.

Love of Nations:

The ancient Arab poets expressed their deep love for their homeland. The son of Romishova says of¹ (الصفدي, 2012, pp. 13-14) his homeland:

- * هو أبو الحسن علي بن العباس بن جريج (مولى عبيد الله بن جعفر بن المنصور، وجده جريج رومي قح، وكان أبوه) على الأرجح (أسيرا روميا، ولد سنة 221 هـ)، توفي حسب ما يرجحه المؤرخون سنة 283 هـ.

I have a home that I can't sell. I see no other owner (نصار, 2003, p. 1825)

Here, he noticed through the house the intensity of the intimate relationship between the son of Rumi and his homeland, that he is sure that he does not accept a compromise in the right of this homeland, and he focused in saying that he does not see as long as he is alive, an intruder or a destroyer perched on him.

Nor did the poet's prince Ahmed Shaukifi fail * (شوقي, 1984, p. 5) to express his love and devotion to his homeland when he said:

My country, if it is a dear one... And if they have a high level of honor

The summit of attachment to the homeland, which was expressed by (my country) and the intensity of his love for it, is shown by the summit of expression, may the homeland remain embedded in the soul like tattoos on top of the skin, despite turning his back on the poet, and may be abandoned by the people of his country, but their generosity precedes their abandonment.

The Algerian poets set us a date with the Algerian revolution, and even with the Algerian revolutions, they took into account the history of these revolutions, strengthened their revolutionary resolve, fueled their enthusiasm, instilled their patriotism and Islam, and introduced them to their identity. they gathered together and United their word.

The Revolution in Algerian Poetry:

From the axis - manifestations of the Algerian revolution in the Algerian and Arab poetry discourse - Nestle our intervention marked: the eloquence of the language in Algerian revolutionary poetry, - a study in Algerian poetic models - because there is an arsenal of Algerian poets who stood in a bump room in the face of French colonization, as they were a link in which the pleasure of life was denied, and we may count them here; But we do not enumerate them, because of their number, we mention: The poet of the Algerian revolution, Mufdi Zakariya, Mohammed Al-Eid Al-Khalifa, Ahmed Sahnoun, Hamoud Ramadan, and many others.

Revolutionary Hair:

As we have already said, the revolutionary poet is the media of his homeland, he is the one who paved and asphalt the path of the revolution, and arranges for it, by strengthening the resolve and sharpening the determination, except to stoke its fire, and because of the importance of this color of poetry, we find its first pillars and seeds that grew and then were

planted when the hair and the giants of the word among the folds of the folds of the folds of the ignorant regimes, says²: (عبد, p. 8)

I am only a goofy, if I am a goofy Go ahead and lead a better guide (عبد, p. 62)

A strong expression in the right of tribal fanaticism, the poet has attached his heart to his tribe Ghazi, so that he is determined to be unwise in a spirit without his guidance, and quiet calm if the tribe is calm, full of reason.

We cite here the Arab poet, the father of Qatit bin Yumar al-Iyadi, who was a writer at the time of Khosrau king of Persia, and the Arabs had inflicted a terrible defeat on the Persians, and he called Khosrau to write a letter to his people to meet in a place called (Deir al-Jammam) between Iraq and the Persians, until he surprised them and killed them by evil of their killers, taking revenge.

But the fathers of a Cat prevented him from doing this, and he organized a long poem in which he urged his people to be vigilant and discerning and warned them against discrimination and immersion in the pleasures of life, poetry has the product of a text that pulsates the feeling, stirring the imagination, touching the emotions, with an emotional expression and an expressive language. poured it into a template of language filled with a musical tune that relaxes the soul and exhales the ear, the latter sent a notice to the recipient of Vlavar, says a bastard *: (خان, p. 7)

I was in and out in his closet I see that if I don't see it, I can see it (خان, p. 39)

I am in the middle of the night.... You can see the war has gone up (خان, p. 44)

The best thing to do is to send a message to the tribe of Iyad, warning that the message will fall in the hands of one of the masters of the people so that he will not disobey a command and his word will be heard, if they do so, then the poet wonders of their ignorance and war is evident in the horizon.

Put your feet on the feet and then they can be safe from fear (خان, p. 44)

God's word is God's will the arm welcomed the war (خان, p. 47)

He calls them to panic and attention and to take care and caution, so that they are not an easy bite among broken soldiers, and you must choose the right leader to fight this war, the leader of his word is audible, born familiar with the arts of war, and then says:

Let me see you in your own mind. . . My heart becomes that of Ryan (خان, p. 44)

* - هو دريد بن معاوية بن الحارث بن معاوية بن بكر بن علقمة بن جذاعة بن غزية بن جشم بن معاوية بن بكر بن هوازن بن منصور بن عكرمة بن حصفة بن قيس عيلان بن مضر بن نزار بن معد بن عدنان، ودريد تصغير) أدرد)، وهو الذي تحاتت أسنانه، عمر طويلا حتى سقط حاجباه على عينيه وكف بصره، عاش نحو من مائتي سنة، ويجعله المسعودي قد جاوز المائتين .

Keep your horses safe and keep your swords they renewed the Holy Spirit and the Law (خان, p. 45)

You have to make my chest thicker with the good opinion, to which my soul relaxes, calls them to inspect your weapons of horses, swords and nobles, to confront this fierce enemy, and concludes by saying:

It is the art that is the origin of the Prepare and prepare for wars (خان, p. 47)

Know that if you do not take my advice, Khosrau and his followers will uproot you from your roots, from the Arabism and legacy of Tlad, so preparing for war is a duty.

But this message of fire fell into the hands of the one who brought it to Khosrau, and he summoned him and tortured him severely, and then cut off his tongue and did not lose his body.

Algerian Revolutionary Poetry:

We encounter a poem by a bastard in the ignorant age warning his people of his broken and collected, with a poem by the Fedi Zakariya in the modern era, calling his people to revolt against the most powerful force the world has ever known, he says, angry at France, which has died on the chest of a helpless people:

This is (November). ** Get the Gunner I remember your struggle. The four years of your book, for you are detailed You read the world's most beautiful words!
And then you have your time and your time I will knock on your state, and (collectively) hold a seminar for your right, in the seas . . He has a gun with a fiance!
And say, Algeria! Listen to her name You find the mountains. I will find and kneel!
Seth (the Lord) tells you of his anger And I got a moment (Callie). (And Shallala) and I'm afraid of (Warshness) her I have not been (for the scented soldier) killed, tell France for a while that we are In our independence, we have to be fooled!
You know, Degui, you are... Time rule, what can you do? ^{3*} (زكرياء, pp. 51-52)

The poem is a revolutionary national political poetry (ابراهيم، صفحة 113), and the expression here is not an intellectual luxury, nor a creativity to show ingenuity and the manipulation of language and image, but an expression that comes from the heart, expressing the pain experienced by the people during the entry of the French colony into Algeria, our poet found breathing space, through these verses expressing emotion accompanied by anger.

It is the Sanafuni of Magdi Zakariya, poet of the Algerian revolution, and four years after the outbreak of the revolution that broke down the castles of the usurpers in 1958, he recalls and reminds his people: November is different from the rest of the months; it is the month that confused and confused France and forced it to rethink again how to save from a people that is invincible, untentious, unyielding and unyielding.

*نظمت بقعر الزنزانة رقم 375 بسجن البرواقية بمناسبة الذكرى الرابعة للثورة الجزائرية يوم الفاتح من نوفمبر 1958 م.

He addressed his enemy in the language of arms, saying (the artillery neighborhood), addressed France in the language that you understand, the language of force and ferocity, it is a message understood by the Algerian people, and it is further determined by the desperate resistance and armed struggle, this book, which means the message will reach all countries of the world, especially the oppressed peoples who suffer the same suffering of the Algerian people. it has become a model for other people.

As soon as the name of Algeria is mentioned in international forums, you will find the arrogant, the arrogant, the arrogant, the oppressors and the tyrants kneeling and surrendering, and then saying, “Ask for us Gargara and Alonshres, but ask every part of Algeria to tell you about our prosperity when we get angry. no one is compromising on our independence, and you, de Gaulle, can ask your people, who are fed up in Algeria, the cemetery of the invaders, because they absolutely refuse to stay in Algeria because they know that they are doomed.

The language of a proud poet:

The language of the poem tends to ease and simplicity, and this is the practice of the poet of revolutionary poetry, spontaneity is evident in the expression of what the eye sees and records, and without the simplicity of the language his poetry would not penetrate deep into all who hear it, and there was no response, penetration and response made by simplicity, avoiding in his language the complexities and twists, which would hinder understanding.

The time formula for doing the thing (do): In the poem:

The most effective form may be a function of the case (speak, live, remember) in the words of the Magdi Zakariya:

This is (November). ** Keep the gun up I remember your struggle. The four years! (زكرياء, p. 51)

And then he said, “the time has come, and the time has come to read it.” (read:)

Read your book and sleep in detail. You read the wonderful world ! (زكرياء, p. 51)

And then he said, “

take the time and the time and the time.” And knock on your state of the Rai,
and (the Council) hold your right, and hold your right, in the epics a seminar . The time has a fiery fiancé! (زكرياء, p. 51)

In terms of the semantic sense, we find the tone of strength and rigor in decision-making, and the discourse is directed toward the Algerian people, and perhaps in the actions stimulate the move forward to achieve victory.

In the words of (say, listen to) the present, he says:

And say, Algeria! Let me tell you her name.... You find the horns. I will find and kneel !
(زكرياء, p. 51)

In both acts the poet is asked to speak and listen, this is in terms of meaning.

As for the indication of time, the first (SL) indicates the past, the question is something past, and the second (met) D on the present because the referendum has not yet been done.

Sal (Jarrah) Tell her about her anger. And I got a moment (Callie). (And) (زكرياء, p. 57) then he said it in terms of subservience, submission, and kneeling, but in terms of time it indicates the present and the future.

And the worst of them (the burlesque) is that they are You have not been killed by the (scented) soldier (زكرياء, p. 57)

The past, present, and future (and no limit) of this act in terms of time, and the significance of its meaning lies in the truth of our words.

News from France. Oh, the time. We are . . It is in our independence to be deceived ! (زكرياء, p. 58)

He then says:

And you, Dogan, your people. It is . . . Judgment of time. What can you make? (زكرياء, p. 58)

The act (you have) indicates the time of the present, and the indication that you do not rule out your opinion because you have someone who consulted them, lest the flood of revolution take you.

It appears on the language of Muffadi Zakariya in another Sanafuni, ingenuity and fluidity, that he is one of those who volunteered the word, and made it speak instead of him, it is the language that does not understand colonialism other, it is the language that the Algerian people loved, and he wrapped around it, and made it a bridge through it to the mountains, the hills, valleys and plains. a great revolution came in the green and the clothes, he said:

We have made a promise to you honestly. Aren't you the one who inspired us? (زكرياء, p. 171)

The poet forgot the month of November and his person when he was asked to talk, the house photographed the intimate relationship between Muffadi and November, and he asks him about the truthfulness of the conversation, isn't it November who uttered the stone? Does anyone who speaks the stone not speaks the words of the human, and then says:

I am not the one who called me on the floor did we get the fire and the light and the truth?
(زكرياء, p. 171)

The poet still whispers in the ear of November, inquiring that you are the one who called for jihad, this glorious month is the partner of the Algerian people in the destruction of the castles

of injustice, November had his speech in inflaming the fire of the revolution throughout Algeria, and at the same time, if November United the people as the word United.

And we are in the world of the world. . . And we have been cast into darkness (زكرياء, p. 172)

Thank you November, if the young and the old would not have revolted, if the woman and the man would not have revolted, had the people not been United, had we not been conquered by the strongest force in the world, had it not been for the injustice and the oppressors had it not been for you I would not have heard the word of the Algerian people in the largest international forums.

Language of anger:

Despite his saturation with the Arab-Islamic culture, which rejects anger, he seems angry in many of his poems, especially when the destruction turns its back on the demands of the Algerian people, as if he does not hear the resounding speeches in the United Nations, but it is impossible to tire or eat this stubborn people, says Mamdi in this regard:

The lie of the day, or the irony of fate? ... Is this built for the benefit of humans? (زكرياء, p. 121)

The poet best initiated the poem with a cynical question, through which he presented his view of the organization which, supposedly, was founded and created for the service of mankind, he raises the contradictions of the body of Nations between what it claims and what it actually is, and this introduction gives a clear idea of the body, revealing its manipulations, and then likening it to the market; He states:

A market that sells and sells at its crossings. The right of the people to a quorum and a monopoly! (زكرياء, p. 131)

The role that the Commission should play is to spread peace and victory to the oppressed peoples and to defend human rights, but from the point of view of the Saviour, it was established to sell and buy goods, advocate falsehood, defend the falsehood of the powerful, and eat the rights of the weak. a body in the form of a market in which they control according to their whims in the service of powerful peoples.

In another home, he likened him to a wolf, and how clearly the image was expressive, when he chose the appropriate word for it, he says:

Don't be afraid of a wolf Tomorrow they will be disgraced and disgraced (زكرياء, p. 151)

The best thing on earth is to say If you said, I was a fan. (زكرياء, 1987, p. 131)

He depicts deception and cunning, he chose from the animals the wolf, the latter does not trust, he may kill you when opportunities arise, he likens colonialism to the wolf in its coloration, all his actions indicate cunning and betrayal. Politics does not work with these

vile people, but the policy they understand well is to fuel the fire of the revolution, and there is no language other than the language of arms.

We went down to jihad, and we were tired Promises in the sky flew

And we are sorry for your guys, France He was a liar, and he did not speak with a snare

Who is a bully, they have a bite. He cheated from his own hell (زكريا, 1987, pp. 131-132)

The Algerian people are tired of waiting for the hour of salvation as a result of false promises issued by a deceiver who improves the art of evading, our patience is exhausted by your lies and slander, as you called it alive or Scorpio that does not trust, bite us many times, and from different burrows, then he says:

العجوز، بما اجتاحت من خداع ومكر فرنسا ودان القصاص (زكريا, 1987, p. 32)

There is an old revenge between Algeria and France, and the oppressor must pay the price of his injustice, and the oppressed must take his right from the oppressor, the hour of retribution has come from the cunning that has aged in Algeria, killing its people and looting its goods, and here refers to the language of the weapon says:

The sound of the gunshot is Oh, and I love the shit stuff !!

The guns are still on the way..... Oh, if it is not a hot and dry one!

And the bombs are on. . . . If you are not a red man !

And the pages of the press release, unless the decisions apply ! (زكريا, 1987, p. 69)

The Algerian people have replaced the language of the pen with the language of arms, because the pen is no longer heard, here is the swarming of weapons, understood by France, which resonates throughout Algeria, the word is replaced by the thundered rhetorical gun, the loud bombs and the red plates. the miracle happened thanks to November, the poet says:

November is a life..... And I was in the middle of the morning !

November made the miracle, the life of the Algerian people changed, and the victory, which was a dream of the makers of the armed struggle, France was proud to kneel, and became a small and worthless humiliation, so that history may witness that a fierce and unequal war in which the weak Nasrallah and the breaking of the scourge of the tyrannical tyrant.

He believed when he said:

Live dear or die and you are generous Between the stabbing and the flapping of items

Conclusion:

Revolutionary libertarian political poetry played an active role during the Algerian revolution; Having had his share in liberating Algeria from the trap of French colonization, which at that time was the fourth world power in terms of equipment and equipment, recorded this kind of poetry, the history of the Algerian revolution in gold letters, and also had his mark in liberating the country and the people, the forces of determination , the unity of ranks and the kindest enthusiasm, I feel people feel their patriotism, their belonging, their Islam, their identity, and the unity of their word.

The role of the poet was to educate the people, to inform them of their national, political and social issues, and to record the events of the revolution that contributed to the elimination of injustice and tyranny.

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