



Short Communication

The Handrail of Life- an Eastern Approach



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DEDICATION

To the souls of those who went for the sake of Palestine

INTRODUCTION

This kind of new approach in English poetry throws lights and impregnates the air of the global readers, particularly, the western audience with such a sober and salutiferous steams as very much comforts the heads and refreshes the senses of all that breathes it over this world.

A moping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by entangling to the many philosophical lines that overflow with life as it is- its bitterness and joys alike. If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in this collection, I am convinced then that my poems will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions concerning the East and the dwellers of the East, and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding ideas and the shiny humble philosophy of the neighbor East through this miraculous treaties. The quality of poems I offer here cannot wholly be strangers to my readers- for they (the poems) touch the core of man's heart showing and reflecting the real routes he is obliged to select as man is choice-less in the matter of his age, livelihood and his final destination. This is clear among the golden lines inscribed in this book.

I easily foresee that as soon as I lay down my pen to write my humble meaningful poems, I will have acquired a position and find a room in my readers' mind. I therefore, fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great philosophical saddles as stores for the lovers of mankind. The pleasure is that when I see that my readers will immediately be pleased embracing, under the shadow of my speech, my poems which lightens me of the burden of liking or disliking.

Since my eyes are once opened, I am content to convey my running lessons for the peculiar advantage of my dear readers, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore I hospitably consider the number of my guest-readers as welcomed into the core of my heart, the heart of the whole universe.

The handrail of life

Life is just like ascending dangerous high stairs
But without a strong handrail, nobody dares!
For falling from life stairs leads to misfortune
In life and the hereafter, go play well yourtune.
9/1/2015

The east, a continuous fountain!

It is the ancient land that overflows with wisdom
On man, since ever he is created in his kingdom
It is the fountain of knowledge that never drought
Where Adam and Eve for punishment were brought
5/1/2015

Look at him as he resigns!

Look at his frown, nervous from head to the heel!
This, I and the sage, due to the lack of faith, we feel
The brightness of his face has gone, with no return!
He does not have good faith nor the wide lesson learn
11/1/2015

When you stand meticulously

When you stand meticulously, it means life is gone!
At this stage nothing belittles thy tension nor the son
Ay! We compulsorily go through it: cannot be shun!
Think not that you are created man just for fun to run.
4/1/2015

O dear

I love my car that, slightly, hits thy son,
I love thy son who made you to me run,
I love the time that arranges a face to face
Meeting with thee, to enjoy thy soft grace
O time! Allow us an hour to see thy best
For nothing in life, but around you to rest!
10/1/2015

A new contract

Every day at dawn Moslems sign a celestial contract
Which will put them straight before a speakable fact
The contract is that of the Azan for the dawn prayer
That will accompany them in the hereafter, no gayer!
7/11/2004

When you wobble around

When you wobble around and in your life you wobble!
 Your stick can not carry you as your back is bent double
 Then you cleave hard your way: on a sliding hay a way
 Having wobbled then with thy body, wait thy grey day
 Which will not be far away, away from your rusty door!
 You were once beloved; and now rejected by thy floor!
 7/1/2015

Good Tidings (1)

We are under the shadow of God's absolute bower
 From inside compassion and mercy from outside
 For those who admit His Oneness, and on it died
 Therefore worry not man being under His shower.
 17/10/2014

Wisdom

Wisdom is the light through which you see your way
 Without which you cannot cleave your way, so astray!
 It paves life's routes to the naïve, simple and the wise
 Like the sun, from the middle of dark oceans, you rise.
 11/4/2014

The almond eastern eyes

The eastern almond eye has magic as she smiles
 And what adds more to her beauty: when she shies
 Here, a lover sees himself towering his counterpart
 For he keeps his beloved and never from her depart
 3/6/2014

The fruit of man is woman

The fruit of man in this gloomy world is woman
 For they, both, form the crown of being human
 Without her, life is thorny, dull and dry a dale!
 With her life is but a life, hail her dear man, hail.
 1/4/2014

Beware the end

Man, you are created and given everything free
 You pay nothing for the many blessings you enjoy
 Beware an inevitable end, for it, your life employ
 Don't be in deception, soon life goes, this you see
 18/5/2014

Faithfulness

Nothing is more beautiful than your friend be a faithful
And on the interests of your next of kin be very careful
Your life is then like a tree trimmed of its old branches
Ready for new fruit to everyone and every bird parches
26/5/2014

You Arabs!

If you are asked about Gaza say: it has a martyr
Say too: aided by a martyr, pictured by a martyr
Farewelled by a martyr and prayed on by a martyr
Get honor if you want to be among many a martyr
Register now in the school of men and of a martyr
31/8/2014

Black grudge

When hatred prevails among people and black grudge,
Life is thus vain when you find that a jackal is the judge!
So, rectify and refined yourself before calamity is there
And oppression bestrides over your shoulders, not fair.
25/5/2014

Do not despair of His mercy

Go man wherever you like, know whatever you know
You won't find a deity so kind, merciful and gracious
As Him, whose hell and paradise are both so spacious!
Go to the second by worshipping Him, to Him you bow.
17/5/2014

The beauty of life

You cannot imagine how beautiful your life man, here, is!
On condition that you know what is yours and what is his,
Nothing is more beautiful than this life except His paradise
To which you aren't allowed in without paying a good price.
22/5/2014

Life's teeth

Poverty has teeth, meant for the misfortune!
Those who are on Earth fail to play life's tune
It could be for those who decided to be straight
But I should content them: they are the great!
17/5/2014

What is left.....?

It slips down as a tiny handkerchief from your holed pocket
 Life does smoothly slip your body and soul, and that is all!
 You get of it as a hungry traveler gets just a leaf of a rocket
 Hark, not only you, but human race and all are going to fall.
 19/5/2014

Beauty

Beauty is the dream of you since you are alive
 Beauty is the pool into which man likes to dive
 Beauty dominates men's hearts, them decorates
 For its need we ever offer our ever empty plates.
 11/4/2014

He does not want atheism to His slaves

Allah does not want atheism to prevail among His slaves
 He wants you to be pure in hearts, to avoid dusty graves
 For atheism leads to hell fire of eternal stay and in abide
 Soon it comes, faster than taking a horse for a short ride!
 27/5/2014

You are travelling in chain

In this life, man is travelling to his destination in chain
 Shouldering his awe and shouldering his pleasure in pain
 For life does not disembosoming its secret to you silly man
 Who spent his life under a shadow of ray, this what he can.
 13/7/2014

Millions of light years

Millions of light years are to go for light, us here to reach
 Us on Earth, what power, what lesson you try to preach?
 Glorify Him, a sole dominator over His whole universe
 Your Earth is a pen's dot in size, step to the Koranic verse.
 19/5/2014

Condole me

Let the world condole me of our leaders, the many!
 Who died since they were created, a creation funny!
 Condole me of them, for they are all timid to offer
 Anything for the Gazians war, Gaza is the rougher!
 Rougher in war, resisting the Israelis' grudge raids
 Upon us civilians. Our leaders relish among maids.
 13/7/2014 (on the war on Gaza)

If you possess the whole

If you possess what is on Earth to redeem a day's torture
You will redeem, and another equal, you too will redeem
A worst day for your nasty deeds you did once in rapture
So avoid that day easily now by glorifying Him in esteem.
27/5/2014

The Palestinian prisoners

Our prisoners are a whole pride in a time of humiliation
Where people wherever they are devoid of any sensation
The living martyrs are there, sniffing the freedom's air!
All are turning back to them, but only they need the Fair.
20/5/2014

You are dead and they are too

Through revelation God said to Mohammed: 'you are dead'
'And they are dead too'. In His name things should be read
So man, you are soon to travel and taking nothing with you
Therefore, worship Him only, a thing God wants you to do.
18/5/2014

To Tracy (2)

All Sweetness derives its sweetness from you, sweet
The air is scented perfumed by the touch of your feet
3/2/2014

The Alms-giving

Before Alms goes to the poor, it goes into His hands and it pours
It goes into your tissues; it goes into your blood, for it goes to scan
It clears your blood from dirt and germs and from disease, it can
It is your balance into His eternal bank, your clearness itensures.
19/5/2014

My balance

My balance with His bank guarantees my steps towards Heaven
It is an asylum forsafety of soul; it is paradise the eternal haven
The charity and money you give to the poor is your only credit
On a day you are in need for a look of sympathy you do predict!
20/5/2014

A Solemn parade

Let us solemnly parade Gaza's solid fighter men
Let us moan, let us mourn the rest of the nation

For the nation is cripple to offer any aid in our war
Let's solemnly bow before Gaza fighters' hard shore.
13/7/2014
Seventh day of the Israeli's war on Gaza

Neither He begets nor begotten

God is higher than being a father; it is an abuse in His part
He is above this quality, neither He begets nor is begotten!!
If you seek any other way to Him, you are then forgotten
He is the end without an end, and a start without a start!
2/5/2014

We are deceived

We are all deceived working in this tiresome field
As we signed this contract that is already sealed!
The life contract in which we are already deceived
Knowing that only a handful of days we received!
11/3/2014

Salvation (1)

If you seek salvation man, seek it here
Among the verses of eternity my dear
It is salvation through Him, not others
Mind His demands, you are all brothers.
22/5/2014

He who demolishes to build!

Still there are those who demolish your home
In this civilized world, upon you fret and foam
Demolish yours, to build their repugnant house
Hiding behind their guns, waiting as a field-mouse
23/5/2014

The stone will utter (1)

Readers, why does the stone will one day utter?
Of what it will utter? It will utter of the better!
The stone will lead you, righteous, and the trees
To cut the nick of the tyrant, no ways for 'please'
22/5/2014

If you pay for what you got free

If you pay for the blessings you have, you'll wish death
For free everything is given to you, the best is the health
Imagine you have to pay for every blessing in your body!
You won't spare a penny to get rid of your life, the muddy.
6/5/2014

I love Lahore

I loved Lahore for its streets were trodden and the shore
By her feet, this is why I loved you my city, city of Lahore
I loved you my Lahore, for she breathed once from thy air
I loved you Lahore for once you contained the young fair!
14/3/2015

You thanked me!

I am still recollecting the tune of thy voice, thanking me!
For what? For that poem in your praise, my old memory
Thy memory overwhelms every memory: modern and old
I am going to write on you forever, thy image I ever hold

For if I use the world ink, and pens, and rivers be all ink
Will not suffice my words to you my..... a sea, in to sink!
So if you allow that *Dr. Shahera*, I'll write on thy praise
I am still remembering thy image in Lahore, me to amaze!

Oh my garden, oh my meadow full of fruit: my field flower
If I possess to turn time, I'll enjoy thy shade, in thy bower.
31/1/2015

If you ring

If you ring my bell, ring my bell
And your goods me to sell, me sell
And my love story only you to tell
On the banks of that beautiful rill
There we shall shade under a shell

The cup of each other we may fill
Ah, facing the beautiful grassy hill
Chasing each other around the mill
Will you, do not you, I love you still
Will you, do not you, you are my gill
I sip the honey on your lips, I spill
The spell you hide is only the spell
I am going to ring your bell, I will.
2/9/2004

A conference in the east!

Hark! There is a conference there and humming!
Hark! Dumb stones, thy lord is surely coming!
Can you empty water from the Caspian shore?
Much tears! For tears shudders are at the door!
Hark! Hark; there is a conference in the East
Worry not our nation, it is merely a feast!
Their conference is a conference of affiliation

Fear them not as they sold their sensation
 Hark Sir, hark leader, they are but gasping
 Be calm, cool down, they are a vixen offspring
 We know of their conferences, they are many
 Unable to have their food offered in honey.
 Unless we, we allow them their food to eat
 Ever standing unless we allow them a seat!
 So fear them not Sir, madam and everyone
 For they gather when we want and they run!
 For that enjoy yourselves, in their depth strike
 Strike, bomb, raid and destroy their every bike
 Leave them, scattered, and unburied everywhere
 For none of the rest could move or could dare!
 12\10\2001

White plate

So hungry I am to the white plate
 It contains pomegranate and date
 I will empty the plate when I eat
 In the presence of your tender feet
 As the tree trunk that but softly rise
 What a job then to do with no cries

Then swallow everything around
 And stay listening- a nice sound!
 The sound of the warm mission in
 To enjoy the smell of thy tiny den
 Ah, to inhale from thy soft breath
 That keeps behind a lovely health
 And this rose to be forever mine
 And on this rose I everyday dine.
 3/2/2005

A mass of hatred

An empty human body but from malice
 An empty bone of skull, with no sense
 A mass of hatred walks on the ground
 Like fate's attack you do not know whence
 ===

Rotten from within, thinking of otherwise
 Lurking for you, for him, and for others
 Cannibal, hater of life, hater of himself
 Lurking for man, for his own brothers!
 ===

Boastfully walks, walks in an empty pride
 Complaining of his trousers and of his skin
 Annoyed at air, nothing in his eyes is fair
 Betraying this and that, decorating his sin
 ===

A rotten company he's, beautifies his ways
 Cannibal, eating joyfully his rotten flesh
 Dotard, unable to see his approaching grave
 Cannibal devouring everything in his dish!
 13/5/2004

A New-born king!!

King! Why not, you are the king!
Why not, they sing as beetles sing!
For this occasion, national occasion!
You protect all, defend any invasion
Congratulation Arabs, a king is born!
For we lack his advent and the horn!
A baby-king! Nay, born already grown!
Born already sick, beneath heels groan
Born, but new born handicapped king!
How for a handicapped, can a bell ring?
Hail thee king, but naked of any honor!
Hail thee king, holder not of victory banner
A play, silly actors- light minded and bold
Bold like others, a pair of horns you hold
Hail thee, king of humiliation and defeat
Congratulation:all are under the world's feet.
14\2\2002

A poor lady's funeral

Are you all watching these burial steps?
Don't you know your souls are at thy lips?
You scattered on this stony fence or grass
Every moment the Angel of death is to pass!
Therefore, tighten your relation with Him
For you are going to drink it all to the brim!
18\3 \2000

Ah, to watch Bathan Valley!*

From my window I overlook the endless ridges
That sharpen my thoughts, they are my bridges
Into the realm of poesy, the rhymed poesy
Into an endless land, it is a land but not noisy.

Ah, to bicker down to the Bathan Valley
And jump from paddock to paddock, Sally.
It is life, to peg your bower as your last lee
In the vicinity of this canyon where many a bee.

Ah, to watch this canyon, in summer, shivers
But in winter, it is alike the brimming rivers
Only to stand by its tiny bubbling soft banks
As if among pebbles, it gives its creator thanks.

To watch, among them, farmers of the fields:
Fallows there and other lands of grassy shields
Mallows, artichokes, scenes of brambly hills
Never be thirsty, you are among farmers' wells.

To ascend these hills, to slide its ancient dens
Watch the sky jammed with swarms of herons

Never ever fret among the farmers' dry faggots
 For causes of happiness, among them, are lots.
 29th August 2004

*It is a valley lies in the northern city of Nablus in Palestine.

Braggart death!

Do not you know, you haughty braggart death
 That, to us, you will have to be a mere myth?!
 For you snatch our souls- easy for your hand
 And send us to decay, into the depth of sand.

We obey compulsory your call, with no choice
 For your days abound with skulls with no voice.
 Ay, braggart death, our right religiosity intercedes
 At the cauldron of torture, at its mouth that bleeds

Then, the righteous, will stand watching your end
 By His might that, to smooth eternity us will send
 Then the order of to be is done, everyone is gone
 Either to torture is dragged, or to heaven is to run.
 16/5/2007

Baghdad is the last front!

Baghdad, to you Arabs, was the last front
 You couldn't realize it, I think you do not
 Because of your haughtiness you went on
 You stripped us of our dignity, it is done.

Baghdad, the dwarfs drawl with nationality
 Big liars and hypocrites making great calamity
 You are left alone in the gloom of this huge sea
 They sold you cheaply and stand merely to plea.

Baghdad, you were the last to face the flood
 They damaged thy gate, the flood runs blood
 They bargain, they chaffer for your silly price
 They plant over you, couch-grass and cast dice.

Lackey men, footmen decorating their nice role
 Take off your feet; it's not your stirrup, fool
 They, kicked you, shaded by women's bustles
 In this ground they grew, listen to the rustles.
 Wednesday, 9/4/2003

Chivalry in the age of computer!

Oh Amir! Find out what is lost
 How sensitive you are my host.
 You inaugurate a chivalry course
 Thinking that you possess the force!
 Amir, collect the scattered fragments
 Of your own, in cloak, in their garment

Will you Amir mount these waves?
Or lurk there Amir in empty caves!
Will you Amir cross on their horse?
Will you conquer without any force!?

The islands of the sunny dripping sea
The islands that you always long to see,
They call you Amir, but with no female!
Sail to them Amir, but how will you sail?
With a mule might and a giraffe's vision!
Bow before Cyrus, you are a tender pigeon.
7/4/2000

Crash them if you can!

You proud people, you are so naked!
Crash these photographs be awakened,
Remove these photos from every corner
Everyone of you is but a silly mourner!

The jungle is attacked despite your noses
And you dash here and there for no causes
If you do not smell, we are able, you, to sniff
You are nothing, a bundle thrown above cliff

Wading into the foamy waves of the angry sea
You beggars, for the western pockets you plea!
6/3/2000

Does fate's hand work on you? For A

Should I doubt the fate's able hands on you?
For you advance by days, a flourishing grow!
I see that women come conjuring your beauty
Coming from all over the world to your city
Helen of Troy comes surrounding your fence
To ladle from your beauty, to show her prince.

So, be generous as I know you, satisfy them
Distribute portions, show them no face, dim
They'll go supplicants to His might to keep
Thy visible beauty, Him is your source, deep.

Having pleased them, turn to me, a new born
Who stands singing of thy name, of a heart, torn?
Overflow love upon him, maker of your rhyme
Immortalizing you into pushing streams of time
Hail, to my little bower erected away from man
Lest others should envy me, for my wife is Anne.
26/4/2007

Enjoyment is the style-

If you focus Man on yourself in this large vast universe
 You will find that you have nothing here called a place,
 For you are not seen as compared to this huge creation
 And even the globe where you live has unseen location!
 So, do not you contemplate once into the power that lies?
 Behind this unimaginable universe before death's cries!
 For nothing you are, swimming into this endless space,
 An atom or less, but less, valueless but from His grace!
 Be sure for your birth or your death never a single leaf
 Trembles on a neglected tree, away among rocks, deaf,
 So, put the first step towards glorifying Him as your God
 Never affiliate a creature to Him or assimilate Him as dad
 The time has come to select His route to real happiness.
 For believing in Him or not, never decreases His kindness
 He is so kind and happy upon your return to His worship
 You could win a blow of His satisfaction if you work a lip
 Mentioning His name, realizing and glorifying His name,
 And when you realize the purpose to this life you came
 Then His Providence takes you from a trifle life the futile
 Into paradise, no death, but ever enjoyment is the style.
 1/1/2012

A puff of wind

Ah, for a puff of wind to blow off
 thy thin gown
 And find no place except on my bed
 the brown,
 There, I'll guard thee as the best
 among my guests
 Among thy crystal branches my
 thirsty trunk rests
 Ever green as if years do not advance
 thy borders,
 The branches are with no leaves
 awaiting thy orders.
 Ever a bride, a beautiful, time stops
 before thy sword,
 I'll shake the chain, I'll go in, I'll be
 your loving lord.
 22/1/2005

Leave all to cry

If I mount that peak, I will make that gully
 go wet,
 I'll make water go through that canyon
 to the best,
 The canyon will irrigate your all branches
 the dry!
 I'll have them around me then I'll leave
 all to cry.
 22/1/2005

A pregnant shell!

Oh my hill, oh my land, oh my soft shell
The shell is pregnant with a new tiny hill
Is the hill going to dwindle my hot shrill?
No my shell, who filled thy roomy well?
Give me the club; I am going him to kill
I am going to sell him, cheaply I will sell
For he is trying to end and to quiet my bell
I am afraid to come out from this trade, nil.
Shell, despite this rampart, I love you well
I will take you out, but my heart left a will
It says: sling up Hareer, stay around the rill.
22/1/2005

Stumble

The color of your shirt is purple
That makes us go, and stumble
For the beauty of what is inside
That causes one loses his mind.
27/1/2005

Be a suitor

Find beauty nowhere, find it in her grey
Garment, to be yours, for Him you pray
She'd lead your horse, at her feet stumble
Particularly, when in her suit the purple
A childish face among human daughters
Find beauty black, be one of her suitors.
29/1/2005

What I said

On my food she is only fed
Tears of joy Bothyna shed
In hope, I may, her I wed
Of a cheek-rose but in red
What do you think I did?
Except loving her as a kid
To my path, true, her I led
The affluence in her I read
In her person and the head,
Blame me not, what I said.
1/2/2005

A mass of beauty

The yellowish thin gown you wear lady
And the purple shirt that lies beneath
Serves man best as a good figure shady

A man's crown she is and man's wreath

The white ankles flicker above thy shoes
 Over the rosy light velvet-made heels
 I need you only, in this life, my goose
 O mass of beauty, every one of us feels.
 3/2/2005

In my loft

A place of worshipping and watch, my room
 Where from I easily watch that tender bloom
 Without whom I may not write a single line
 With whom the whole world to me is so fine
 Without whom life is droughty and life is dry
 Without whom I may easily say to life bye.

It is this room which enables me to restore life
 It is life without Hareer, sharper than a knife!
 To divide that cake that I always like to bake
 One part is here, the other part is nice to shake
 The branches are dandling around her, so soft
 To be surrounded by these branches in my loft.
 12/4/2005

Here to hammer

I will hammer my tent here, here to hammer
 For into my tent I am going to receive Sumer
 She is to fill my world with an utmost pleasure
 The pleasure that surpasses any rich treasure
 28/5/2005

If the world dies!

If the world be empty or at least dies
 Then the place is free where she lies
 Free only for me Adam and, she, Eve
 And a new family we begin to weave
 Then life is life but with love Ghadeer
 Although we are alone, there is no fear
 For beside me she lies when she dies!
 From me, her a new off-springs rise
 Oh, lady of a silky grassy-colored shirt
 Spit on earth lady to clean it from dirt!
 Stay Adam beside this mass of beauty
 For we need nobody except God's pity.
 3/6/2005

For your sake!

I would destroy the whole world
 For your sake, for your sake

For your sake I would forsake
The world, you can't be sold.

Tyranny is never a righteous attitude
Oh tyranny, oh you tyrannous skin
Who voluptuously waded into a sin
Who could divert them, who could?

I would not forsake you, valiant
Though we watch from far away
We are unable to offer a single hay
We watch you and keep silent!

You the fighters of this great camp
We are responsible for your disaster
But the Arabs around were the faster!
To root you up; to put out your lamp
9/4/2002

From the family of Imran (Koranic verses)

Behold ye man, in the creation of heaven
And earth, and the alternation of the nights
And days, there are His signs, all in lights
Only these are, for men of minds, given.

Those who celebrate His praise, His praise
Standing, sitting or lying down on every side
And contemplate in His creations and not hide
The creation of heaven and earth, all their days

Say: Our Lord! Not for naught you the higher
You have created all of these not for nothing
Glory be to You, to You creator of everything
Give us salvation from the penalty of the Fire.

Our Lord! Whom You admit to the fire hell
Truly and surely You cover them with shame
Truly, they will never enjoy any kind of fame
Never will wrong-doers find helpers, never will.

Our Lord Allah, we, surely, heard the very call
To Faith: believe in the Lord! And we believed!
Forgive our sins; blot out our iniquities, received
To You take our souls and the righteous thing all.

Our Lord grant us what did you promise to do
Unto us through your Apostles, noble of the days
Save us from the shame of the Day and its ways
You who never breaks His promise, only You!
Tues. 8th of Oct. 2002

From the top of that hill (a narrative poem)

From the top of that hill, a valley so deep
 I overlooked a large flock of grayish sheep
 I urged my strong horse to advance down
 The horse hesitated, for it saw a nice fawn.
 **

He gave an icy gaze, and refused to move
 For he stunned before an olive green grove
 Then I urged my horse by my heel, to go on
 As if he is saying: 'the fawn has gone, gone'
 **

We resumed a rapid walk on a grassy way
 All that happened at the break of a wet day.
 Again the horse stood lifeless, stepped non
 I saw a creature to which hearts have to run.
 **

I rode and the fawn behind me, on my saddle
 It rapidly went away with our hunt I huddle
 To a far land, where we both had alighted
 To an oak tree, where good fire we lighted
 **

This fawn that made my horse madly goes
 The fawn smiled and presented me a rose
 The fawn was she, and she was life's Abeer*
 We were planted there but nothing we hear.
 **

We pitched a tent, we enjoyed nature's sound
 The land was scented by her and the ground
 Our tent we sat up underneath a turpentine
 I built a fence of bramble, thorny, ay! Not fine!
 **

I lit fire, and I took a silver tea-kettle to settle
 To boil on a Palestinian wood, beset by nettle
 Out of my nicely embroidered saddle I took meat
 That I hunted to roast on ambers of cozy heat.
 **

The sun had to sit beyond an orange twilight
 Then I took the ambers in, and the dove white
 Darkness has jumped announcing its advent
 As if urging us to sleep and inhale her scent.
 **

We stayed the whole night on a rough bed
 But cozy soft. Ay, what a nice head to wed!
 In the morning, we both awakened with life
 Both were announced as husband and wife.

16/7/2006

*Abeer in Arabic a name of a girl, and means the scent of a flower

From the same funnel

Drudge much not, for from very same funnel
 You cleave your way into a non-return tunnel
 Good waiter you are, professional goer you are
 You are to pass from here, stay here or go far
 You roam the land; reach the end of the Earth

Searching tiredly for a morsel since your birth,
And finally you stand on the edge of this funnel
And your life-file is taken out of a rusty channel.
You have to know, man, that your value is less
Than waste, your life either in egress or regress,
Wrap up the habit of wrangling, swap it with joy
Extol God, for between His hands you will enjoy
15/2/2007

Globalization or enslavement of a nation!

A passive obedience seems glimmering from there
Where Middle-Eastern countries have a great share
Every one of these squats has fealty to his master
A dominating feeling, everyone feels the faster.

You are fawning in humiliation, routing as cows
Everyone huddles dignity fragments and bows
Humiliated having no taste of glory in your life
But lions against your own people and their strife.

O history, jump over these corpses, keep scented
Write on them as vanquished, we are so contented
He bridled you and accepted his very globalization
And he bestrides on you up to his far ugly station!
5\10\2001

From Bit-Foureek* to Till*

From Gerizim* the fragrance of blood
Is filling the sky, it is going as flood,
It spreads from Till to Beit-Foureek
Spreads for those who would but seek!

**

Gerizim's peak witnessed a nightly battle
The fighters were guarding a large cattle
Lest the butchers should enjoy a selection
Anan and Ahmed did fight, it is not fiction.

**

A hail of bullets was heard from Rujeep*
They penetrated into their camp the deep,
But Epal* mount stood rejoicing his friend
Gerizim that hosted the battle and send
The success to the villages of all Palestine
Where the debris of the houses felt but fine!

**

To you both Hamad* and Hanani* heroes!
We won't allow tears to make deep furrows
Over our cheeks, that refreshes our very life
We tear for the folk's humiliation, tears in rife.

Thursday, 6/2/2003

Bit-Foureek*--Till* both are Palestinian villages witnessed a battle of honor
Rujeep*: is a village lies at the south-East of Nablus
Gerizim*and **Epal***are two mountains around Nablus city

Get in your dungs!

Take home all these pains, knaves
 Get out! It is the circle of braves
 You are just to complete an old role
 You are wading in the world's fool
 From bowing ancestors to lying posterity
 They haughtily divorce you, sincerity.

We are the ones who are ever plighted
 We are the ones focused and sighted.
 You rulers who always like to prostrate
 Get in your dungs, wait for your fate!
 5\2\2002 Tuesday

I can imagine!

I can imagine the hurly-burly move
 On shores- hooting and carts' rove
 Rain in wind, heavy rain in wind
 Waves and foam, joy the skies send
 Happy for the scene, for fair is done
 The oppressors get penalty and run.

I can imagine cries, all are wet as rats
 All are hobbling, holding things and mats
 I can imagine the days, in autumn the fair!
 Fair autumn fair, its days are fair, Sir!
 I can imagine the sallow faces and pale
 Accumulated in ships, waiting for sail!

Hail that day hail, come then to my grave
 And say: "that day has come we are brave"
 Let me relax then, relaxation till the end
 Come every year and your prayers send.
 Thursday, 7\2\2002

Into thy farm

When the world landscape is but your eyes
 And when its plains, valleys and hills arise
 The whole scene is completed, it is so a nice!
 A person meant is in his eternal paradise!
 As he ladles from thy affluence, the many
 Ascending thy hills, tasting thy pure honey
 Then descends thy valleys: shady and warm
 Tired by that, he settles down into thy farm.
 30/8/2010

My mistress

Nothing is more beautiful than your eyes
 And at the foot of your hills a person lies

Attainment is the meaning of your name
Thy fruit is ripe, thy fruit has the fame.
So let me pluck them, I am the harvester
My mistress, let me be thy ever love-master.
28-8-2010

If it is a conspiracy!!

Imagine my reader if this is a conspiracy!
In which ditch, where to throw supremacy!
If the American soothsayer will be as sooth
Who will (among the world) look at us in ruth?
Wish death my dear; wish its advent, you wish
Before we all go to drink shame from this dish
The poisonous dish of Hamlet, a trick of a kin
Who will irrigate us then, but the maker of sin?
Except that dotard, coloring a house of hollow
For those who accept him as a Duke to follow
Who twisty stands at the brink of his grave?
Guarding the looters at the gate of his cave.
11/4/2002

In my meadow(a narrative poem)

I, today, saw a very beautiful young widow
Who was plucking flowers from my meadow?
I said to her: 'lady, who allows you here?'
She said: 'you allow me, for you are dear'

You know young lady this meadow is mine
And nobody goes in without paying fine
What makes you enter my premises, green?
By me and by my men you have been seen.

Ay master, I know that this is your own field
For that I came in, came with a heavy shield
My shield is my beauty, it can defeat anyone
He who tries to battle me, surely he is to run!

Ay lady, you are right and logic is your speech
How courageous you are to land on my beach!
I usually fine those who intrude into my place,
But I find that your being gives me much grace.

Will you marry me lady if I ask for your hand?
Okay, but my dowry is valuable and the demand
I will marry you if you shed my enemy's blood
Who killed my husband and swam into his flood.

Ay lady, I will do that for your sake very now
Hold this sword and here I am for you to bow
For it was I who killed your husband the man
For he killed my wife, to irritate me was his plan!

He killed her for she was my wife, it was a cause
 He killed her for he loved her, it was against laws
 Take the sword my lady, take it, avenge my head
 But if you spare me lady, I'll marry you and wed.

Ay man, I am ready to be your wife, for sincerity
 I find no man better than you, on me you took pity
 Erect a small house in this field, this green meadow
 Be my only shadow, you will see who is this widow?
 27/6/2005

In the memory of my father

To Zerka* the city, one day, we all went
 For a noble purpose, our duty has sent
 Us there, to buy the gold for my fiancé
 A critical day, a happy day I could see.
 I do remember you, father, on that day
 My engagement day and the loved way
 You solved money predicament situation
 When we took my fiancé house a station,
 Money was needed urgently for the gold
 'Your gold is yours, you keep and hold'
 We all were very happy of his generosity
 We were all very stunned at his sagacity
 So, a father should be, but like my own
 Who, for my happiness went far at dawn,
 May the mercy of God perch on your grave
 May His forgiveness come: wave after wave!
 24/7/2004

*Zerka is a city in Jordan

If you scrutinize life

Useless you find it if, life, you just scrutinize
 For you cannot live long or prolong your size
 The thing is done my dear since your hailed birth!
 You scudded away from it leaving behind the Earth.
 21/3/2014

Into the hollowness of life

Nothing on this Earth is equal to that face
 No tranquility, no warmth but in her place
 It was only few seconds as she held her kid
 And kissed it before me, what is to be said?

What I need except you to wed this moment
 And be your husband, drink thy tea with mint
 Into a simple life to wade, into its hollowness
 For in being two pleases Him, so his holiness!

A child is holding a child, what do you hide?
 For what you hide lady did sparkle my mind.
 21/3/ 2007

How innocent we were!
(Huda)

Where is my first shadow, in innocence, has gone now?
Has she bowed to time, as everybody, as she has to bow!
For my first relation was, Huda, where I opened my eyes
To find no gloom in this world since there was a sun-rise

Where has my H settled now after Nablus eastern mouth?
Where I used to settle around, but a little bit to the south,
Then through my green intelligence I made our two fathers
To become friends, but good ones, oh a nest of feathers!!

More than forty years have passed now, and time is young!
I think now, my dear old young, that our song has been sung
So, if you are still alive: scented wishes to you I ever present
For even in the hereafter I'll ask about you, you I never resent
2/2/2015

Let us go

Let us go, you and I where a strange familiar land
Where our eyes can be filled with inevitable sand
For there is the final destination where can be His face
Where a prize can be won, in His presence full of grace
So let us leave this aching place and join His loved ones,
Let us go, for a seat to which everyone, one day, runs
The seat where all are standing, but I and you sitting!
The seat is measured for me and you, it is so fitting!
Let us go, I and you, let us quit this misty life to dew-
Sweeter than lavender but than lemon's flowers new!
Let us go, you and I, it is difficult for His Eden to apply
Let us go, I and you, for our application is above all high.
23/4/2013

Life is

Life is but a dimly shadow
Life is but a dry meadow
Life is but a rolling ball
Life is empty without goal
Life is not smooth but dry
Life is full of tension, cry
Life is silly, and life is bad
Life is a shelter of the mad
Life is empty of any taste
Life is full of useless waste
Life lacks a whole sincerity
Life doesn't deserve thy pity
Life is but a thorny plain
Life is but a narrow lane
Life is life but to the insane!
Life is nothing to the sane:
It is when connected to Him
When His love is to the brim
Tuesday, 6/1/2004

Men or shadows of men!

Men or shadows, all are awaiting
 The advent of him, Antony Zenny
 Who is coming with hook and net
 To men, worth what, but a penny!

**

Hospitalized men but in great plight
 Waiting for him, Zenny, to reconcile
 These shadows with their opponents
 Thrust them into a loophole in a pile.

**

You men in pile, you men in sacks!
 Lurching men, each with a big belly
 Dumb stones, waiting for the vision!
 A vision, who waits for but the silly!

**

Men or shadows of men in their dens
 All dipped in voluptuous joy and sins.
 Friday, 15\3\2002

Oh Piper!

Oh Piper! What epitaph do you read?
 On what food do you like to feed?
 What is written? What is an epitaph!
 On their graves, each one of a calf

**

Oh Piper! Play not beside their graves
 Oh sea! Swallow them by your waves,
 Hawthorn, what graves under thy shade?
 This is why your leaves are getting fade!

**

Oh Piper! Play not to revive them
 Play not, keep motionless in dim
 Play not Piper for their dirty souls
 They reject history- standing walls!

**

What epitaph do you read Piper?
 An epitaph of shame; be its wiper!
 Thursday, 21\3\2002

On Odwan's Well*

It is here that we once slaughtered a kid
 Here on this land where our flocks we fed
 Besets by the Odwan's well were our sheep
 Where we did pail water from the well deep,
 We cut the meat with our knives, the sharp.
 We roasted the kid by the way called Zarp*
 We splashed and sprinkled water everywhere,
 We enjoyed nature's beauty which was fair.
 Then, we led our sheep away into the field

To the summer blessing we had to yield
We, shepherds, everyone knew his own role
We did mattress the ground till a morning new
Had risen kissing the flowers, sipping the dew.
24\7\ 2001

Odwan's well: is a well of water lies in the eastern side of Nablus
'Zarp' is an Arabic word means roasting meat on buried ambers

On the border

What are you doing there on the border?
For whom you are waiting, on whose order?
To mattress the land, and the cover is sky!
To moist the lips, but the throat, too, is dry

Thrown all alone, neglected in this universe
None can solve your problem nor can my verse
Neither Pharaohs nor the authority of thy Amir
The Israelis do, they are whom you have to fear!

This is so miserable, this is so funny as this age goes
What is silliest- that you are the Amir's citizens' shoes
Therefore, wait hither and thither, you are unknown
Wait for Godot; for it will come to you, each alone.

What is your sin to be prevented from coming in?
Except being from Palestine, where you live in,
You are deprived of coming back, nationality is your sin!
But the fox, and the hyena has the freedom to his den!
18\9\2001

On the Wall of Jerusalem

It is not the borders of the sixty seven
We believe in the borders of the heaven
For the holy land was between the hands
Of the these cowards, moles of the sands
Look at them in Beirut, they are shivering
Look at them everywhere they are quivering.

Look at them, the time of the humiliation
Look at them these who divide the nation
Weep at them moaners of this huge world
The curved horn of each other they hold!

Get thee down soldiers of a cold attrition
Get thee down from the wall's mission
For the thundering flood is coming soon
You will have no shade under the moon

It will wrap you under the hoof in the dune
It will wrap you all, and your broken bone.
31\1\2002

Once upon a time

Once upon a time it was said by the others that
 The Americans had invaded Baghdad, and once
 The Arabs of millions, everyone became a bat!
 And once, the Jews took, from Arabs, Palestine

And it was said that the Arab could not speak,
 This official Arab proved to be an Arab, dumb
 This Arab, in hypocrisy, has reached to the peak
 Worst of it was that: the Arabs panted for peace!

Once upon a time those Arabs were all stunned
 For a little band destroyed Arabs remained dignity
 And after every slap the Arabs collected the fund
 Thinking that, money produces manhood or power!

Once upon a time Arabs did show their shylessness*
 From others, from themselves, even from monkeys!
 And once they openly show their timid carelessness,
 You hyenazed* Arabs: are you waiting for nakedness?

27/ 3/2010

*I used this word intending to take it as noun from the word 'shy' for only a rhyme purpose

*Hyenazed is a person who is being dominated by a hyena

Occasion of the poem: it was on the day of the Arab summit conference in Sert- Libya

Our children and The Eid!*

You stop playing with our children's fate
 Stop being at the rear and being the late!
 Stop humiliation and the open hypocrisy
 Stop this cowardice, do not work in secrecy
 Our children do not know the taste of Eid*
 Because of enemies' steps, don't you heed?
 Your children wade into countless pleasure!
 The plastic guns are our children's treasure!
 We do not find the Eid, don't find its taste
 For death may come, but crowned with fate.
 Hide yours under many a stained silver plate
 Lest they should not smell freedom, the great!
 Our children possess not the taste of the Eid
 As fathers and brothers' wounds are in bleed.
 In which circumstance Eid did you come back?
 What we need? Freedom is only what we lack.

22\2\2002

This poem is written on the Eid's day, Eid El-Adha, the Eid of sacrifices, the sacrifices offered in this blessed Intifada, in which more than 2060 martyrs have passed away for the sake of a respectful life in a respectful country.

Our Heroine

Tell me, what sound is that, is that loud?
 It is that sound, but not like any sound,

Tell me you, what group is this, who toots?
It's a rejoice of her mission, it's no hoots
Is it the drum of wedding or of a grave?
Nay, it is the drum of grave, of the brave
Tell me please, who is the dweller then?
The dweller of it is a mother of children:
The star of the martyrs, she is lady Reem
The lady of action and deed, not in dream!
Let the world hear that we are all still here
R. says where are the rest of the folk, dear?
They are there dear, corpses and skeletons
Scattered here and there in world's Hiltons.
The world comes to kneel before your feet
Let others know that we are here to defeat
The usurpers of our land and of our right
Your blood Reem is a step toward the light
Farewell not thee Reem, we are following
To sip the ecstasy of joy and keep filling.
14/1/2004 Wednesday

Quit when you like

I have not noticed any movement A, did you quit?
If so, the enmeshed blames you much but not a bit
For a lover notifies his beloved days before he moves
You have left nothing, not even fragments of loaves!

However, I have no grudge or hatred towards you
Because you have been my ideal, and now you do
I have no malice towards you, you taught me love
You taught me how a woman can be a man's dove.
So quit A. when you like, settle wherever you wish
It suffices me to munch your memories as my dish.
28/12/2011

Rummaging in the rubbish-bin

I cannot say ill of your dignity
Since you are, surely, all dignified
But I think the lack of sincerity
Makes your position so horrified

You man, honor is running to you
Although in the rubbish you rummage
As if it is your job, as if it is due
The lack of sincerity of your image.

The image of the Flimnap's followers
Who cemented the ill-project of richness
Whose being is to make us borrowers!
Even borrowers of honor and kindness!

Who makes you rummage the rubbish-bins?

Except these entrepreneurs who save guard
 A ceiling where all are busy committing sins
 The snakes you keep in, is soft but so hard.
 27\7\2001

Secluded sucking their milk!

There is a president on a distant mile
 We see at a distance, even at the Nile!
 The President of a great pile of stone
 We saw you in distress- left us alone!
 The president of the two tearing banks
 You embrace our enemy with thanks!
 President of treachery and sick mind,
 You were silly with us, but very kind
 Kind with them! Ay traitor of the soil
 You soak our case, you put it to boil
 Oh, yes president of the air, of the air!
 You swallowed all, you left no share
 You President of this time- hard time
 Refuses my feeling, revives my rhyme
 Secluding yourself there, but with silk!
 Sucking Zionist cheer, and their milk!
 The time, current and the agitated mob
 Are creeping: no use tearing! Or to sob!
 Sunday, 14/4/ 2002

You, president of the Nile

Twelve years have passed since your retreat
 Twelve years were apt to humiliate your feet
 Now you are behind bars, scanning every sincere
 Fearing yourself, for much the bulk of your fear
 Mature enough but dollars blinded you, poor!
 Stay there then, till I come and be very sure
 Stay old ram, what an ugly seeing you in tears!
 Every oppressed Palestinian come, no fears!
 11/7/2014

Seek magnanimity even in China!

Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir,
 Seek it there, do not be stunned as a hare!
 Seek it, for we are now unable to cut a hair
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir,
 Heave not a sigh, none of them may dare
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir,
 They are culminating in voluptuousness Sir
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir,
 For they diverted from the route of fair,
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir,
 Every one of them is a heavy guest as a bear
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.

They devour us and have the lion's share
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.
 They dwell in spiders' houses and not lair
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.
 They are lascivious, they breathe polluted air
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.
 They have no molecule of shamefulness Sir
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.
 Leaderships only enjoy their American fare
 Seek magnanimity even in China, Sir.
 Seek it even in China and everywhere
 Seek it not among these Arab leaders Sir.
 25\8\2001

Shake foot!

Stretch your hand and shake his foot!
 Lower your head and don't, but hoot
 For the comer is your master's son
 He only treads on necks, you can't run
 Prostrate fully and better you kneel;
 His is so heavy a heel, do you feel?
 For the new comer is him George Tenet
 Prostrate fully, relax not for a minute!
 Hey! Tenet! Raise your iron feet a little
 Let them get air, there they like to settle:
 "Hey you! Swallow this pile of dry hay"
 "Straw after straw with nothing to say!"
 "If we strike Iraq, pass it without row"
 "We want every one of you just to bow."
 Ay master, we are so obedient and faster
 Than any slave you know, our able master.
 Strike them, with their skulls drink wine!
 Do whatever you do, it is fine; it is so fine!
 16\2\2002

The language of the poem is that of a yielding flock to its master! The speaker is G. Tenet
 The speech is directed to his eastern slaves in the Middle-East.

Should a neighbor be so?!

A neighbor should ever be but a neighbor!
 He should sacrifice for others and labor
 But now our neighbors are so humiliated
 Trodden are and tied to the head and hated.
 Millions and millions but as a rivulet's foam
 As come in Tradition that came into home
 Weightless as feathers, winged seeds roam
 For we rose in the face of the great Rome
 Those were days, days were those and days!
 When all stood amazed watching those plays.

These millions stand watching us being eaten
 And all stood, too, watching us being beaten!
 As does the timid gnu watching her calf's end

Unable to horn the hyena, or away could send
 For the gnu has the whole power and might!!
 But dignity is overcome by cowardice to fight!
 Register history for the generations of today:
 Who fear the wind, and the statue of the day?
 Register history for the generations to come
 That our neighbors fear the sound of a drum
 6/12/2002

Signs of God

Uncle friend, where is your pearl now?
 Is it inside its shell, let me come to bow,
 Its price is valuable and very precious,
 Its shape is beautiful, it tastes delicious.

**

Friend, keep it away from hand's reach!
 Until I take an asylum into your beach,
 And announce to all: the pearl is mine,
 She is God's signs, she is all very fine.
 24/4/2008

A night guard

If you point me, princess, your night guard
 I will resist your enemy and strike him hard,
 I will charge you a tiny kiss for every night
 For I am going to scarify my blood in a fight.

Therefore, point me as your guard, a knight
 My heart encompasses you, it is very white!
 Therefore, connect yourself with me, a brave!
 Who is ever holding your name even to grave!
 25/4/2008

Stop her soldiers!

Stop her, she is going to give birth!
 Don't you hear her cry! Ay her cry!
 Stop her! She is ploughing the earth!
 Stop her for we have no tears to dry!

The woman cries, my officer, she cries!
 She is from Housan*, a village nearby
 She is there in her ambulance, she lies
 Stop her soldiers, let us enjoy her cry!

Stop her for she is going to deliver a child
 Stop her we are not distributing humanity
 Lest her child should become a tiger, or wild
 Thus, in haughtiness treat her and brutality.

Stop her! Let not her wild child see the light!
 What frighten us but a Palestinian pregnant!

Lest her child should become ferocious in fight!
Lest it should smell victory or and its fragrant!
21\10\2001

*Housans is a village near the city of Bethlehem in Palestine where a Palestinian
Pregnant lady was prevented to pass an Israeli chick point to deliver her child

Swap it for a leg!

If I possess the world to swap it for a leg
Before you, and others, my grave may dig
If I possess another world for another leg, I'll
Swap it, for it does fit more a turtle, its shell.

I see you man walking normally and I am not
I will swap everything if I imitate you, but I can't,
See how precious any limb you may once loose
Know you, if it is done, life then: values your shoes.

8/3/2007

Sweet Melody

Melodious is the sweet sounding gun
When the finger-tip of the right is done
Busy pressing and tickling the trigger
Then the foe's might is a dashing figure!

No sweet music could imitate its tone;
For it's the oppressed air that is shown
It is the piece which decorates dignity,
It is the friend who pours but sincerity.

The best to carry in this wild hard life
Among the world of bears...of strife.
A beautiful muzzle a gun has and red
When, its lavas, fighters hurry to wed.

To my green love, I present these lines
To be read when, surely, her sun shines,
To you zealous men of the heavenly faith
'Welcome' everyone, to you fighters, sayth*
March, 1992

*the word 'sayth' is meant here to mean 'says' and to suit the rhyme of the poem

That mount counts

Only to mount that mount, will count
 The white smooth hills and the valley
 It is the place to dwell in with no doubt
 It is the shrine for man to visit daily!

A piece of beauty that decorates the city
 It is a field of kindness, of cotton seeds
 A genius intruder to this field is the witty
 He is envied for a shield everyone needs.

Whichever side you turn this tender piece
 There is beauty of lavender's breath, nice
 The breaths that give life, the life of peace
 I wish that field could be mine once or twice.
 18/1/2005

The parliament and the scarf

You are unable to adjust your shoe-lace
 And you say "we have the whole grace!"
 Shame on you, for you are in real plight?
 You, Parliament idols are launching a fight
 Against lady M* who came in with her scarf,
 With a Western bridle each comes like a calf
 Dirtiness in cleanness, and men with no men!
 You, valueless men, are decorating your sin.
 Where do you stand in grey-colored world?
 You stained your belief, what do you hold?
 Sarcastic you were thus, what a silly deal!
 Camels loaded against your wish, so we feel.
 For M. is your crown and M. is your honor
 That has been sold in a cheap Western market
 Where from you returned with an empty basket.
 You, members, are digging for your dead pride
 Bury it deeply, it has, before a long time, died!
 Your place could be, but, in the nation's rear,
 You are then, merely gazers, stunned with fear!
 20/5/1999

*M stands for Marwa, a Turkish Parliament member
 who enters the Parliament house with her scarf.

The tent prison of Al-Khayyam*

Oh! Soad, Rawda, Oh Abeer, Odah, Oh Hiyam!
 Thy sons are free from the prison of Al-Khayyam
 The bars they knew are, now, no more bars
 And the battle they knew are, now, the wars
 The soldiers, the hard guards, and all are gone
 They all, under your comrades' fire have run.
 Freedom has come, and decorated with honor
 And the traitors have to fly stealthily in an hour
 For the last hundred years we haven't tasted

Freedom. Ay and since the land was wasted,
Make haste ladies, embrace thy fighters now
For the way is long and the enemy has to bow.
24\5\2000

*Al-Khayyam is the name of the prison on the southern
Lebanon which was liberated by the Lebanese fighters.

The American vat or hive

The American vat will wither
You will be astray then
Hither and thither.
It will become dry,
The wind is not your wind
It will not assist or send
You any sail, any hail!
The sun rises everyday
But a bewailing rise
As if it dies.
It refuses you
Enjoying its beams
Because you are criminals
Because you are slaughters
Because you are plunderers
It sets on with hope
Not to find you next
Because who enjoy its beams
Are not human beings.

Register history, please
The American vat
Will become dry
You'll scatter and cry.
Its young will suffer famine
Will die will vanish
Will end to decay
One day, one day.
24/4/2002

The barge is large (2)

The barge is large but empty!
Is it full of them, it is pity!
The barge is large but dry
Except for stains of tears,
From the very naked fears
Everyone is fraudulent,
But tell me who hears?

The barge is full of shameless ones
Who have been selling their sons
It is full of traitors, it is the barge,
The barge is up full, it is so large
Everyone is fraudulent, who hears?
11/7/2000

The Battle of Gaza

Shame and the whole shame on you Arabs
 You run away from the battle: flock of deer!
 Run away from hungry vixen, but full of fear
 Shame on you Arabs: you leave us alone here.

You only watch TVs, so professional in that
 So rich, so weak, so timid to be in the battle
 So strong to run away, so terrified like cattle
 Shame on you, hide for it is an age of shame.

Here, in Gaza, few hundred fighters only fight
 Here, I am writing hearing bombing and fire
 So tender Arabs that you are tied with wire
 Shame on you Arabs: leaders rolled in suites.

I am writing hearing machine guns and jets' buzz
 That filling the sky of Gaza, the Arabs are agape
 Looking around themselves, heeding not the rape
 Shame on you Arabs: watching the rape of dignity!

I am writing now and killing is going on among us
 Write then history at the start of this New Year
 That the Arabs are looking, terrified by their fear
 Shame on you Arabs: we are alone in the battle.

So, write history, we request you write the right
 That we are fighting alone in this hot battle-field
 And the Arabs do not know how to wear a shield
 Shame on you Arabs: what kind of human are you?!
 From 27/12/2008 to 14/1/ 2009

The bulky man

Surely he will consume you into his belly
 And will swallow you one by one, silly!
 He will jump shortly upon you white ox
 He will leave nothing even to any fox
 And decorate his supper with your flesh
 Will eat you up and haughtily turn the dish
 Oh red ox! You will gurgle, for he will
 Thrust into your throat bones from the hell,
 The bones of your comrade, the ox, black
 And store the rest of your flesh in a sack
 For worms, and with worms he will feed
 Your off-springs who don't, carelessly, heed
 Eating your rotten flesh with rotten worms,
 You'll be stunned at the fact of many forms.
 Get ready leaders, each with a duck head

His sword is sharp for your blood to shed.
19\4\2001Thursday

The camp of honor

Camp, are you?
And which camp?
Are you in Jenin?
Camp are you?
Or a dignity store?
A store of reverence!
Delegations are in queue
To sip a sip of honor,
A sip of dignity.
Let them sip, camp
But chide those
Who stand watching!
Who fall short of support!
Who support with crusts!
Who follow their lusts!
Who were able to do
Prevent them any sip
Of dignity, let them dip
Themselves into humiliation
For which they are panting!
Dipping themselves in futile
Futility in new white Kaaba!
A new white house!
Neglecting their old one.
Oh camp of dignity!
Tread on their bodies, then
Throw your shoes off,
For once they touched their bodies!
That rotten, smelly in life!
Stay in your reverential fear
Stay distributor of dignity
To those who deserve!
Only to those who deserve!
10/4/2002

The children procession

The children procession passed from here
Seven children all and the parents, my dear
Children seven were killed by an army savage
Killed in a callous, brutal way and in ravage
At two, a *courageous* pilot bombed their place
A savage pilot was he, Israeli pilots have no grace
They are stripped of a human skin and of morality
Barbarous they are, away from human community
Who sent you to kill, to erase our children from life?
The blood of the children is a curse-sharpens a knife
The knife is to end the illegality of your strange neck
It will on a dark day cut your neck and you, thick sick

It is the way you pilots, you paved a way for you and all
 It is the only way we select to achieve an approaching goal.
 12/7/2006

The slaves conference

If the conference is of slaves!
 It is then never of the braves!
 The squire blows in his bugle
 As the cocks, to hens, chuckle
 They are all forced to be all in!
 To decorate the size of their sin.

Pigeon! On whom do you coo?
 Coo on all- show them what to do
 Peace is their strategic selection!
 Sarcastic they are, what a fiction!
 Brittle decisions they took, not dear
 Stunned by all, by Palestinians, here.

Spread there, but for your red night!
 Spread there but you have no might!
 Let people of the world condole me
 Leaders like hens, if you like to see!
 27-28\3\ 2002

The cooing pigeon (Free Verses)

Do you weep your dear hatches?
 Into the air flew and perished?
 Or weeping new hatches to
 Decay have already set out?

For the world's chickens are going
 To the Dear, their end has possessed
 And all on it have to be rowing
 Has nothing to own in this world.

You all, have a compulsory come!
 Everyone, into life's plight, is entangled
 Some of you, in life, are careless
 And others mount its waves in worry.

All are come here with a sign
 And all are racing for its leave
 This life is mere moving souls
 Moving to their able Creator.
 18/5/2007

The end has no cure

The disease of the end has no cure
The cure is only your being pure,
Pure of any sin, pure among men
This is the way to escape and win.

The disease by which all are infected
Sooner or later, on us it is reflected.
Wound no one in the tumult, large
Life, evacuate it, this mortal barge!
8/9/2004

Fate works (a story)

The sick man completed his sickness report
In London and asked his physician permission
To leave for home, to cement, there, his fort,
To finalize his affairs before he goes his mission.

It is a sensitive surgical operation in the heart
In which he could live, or into other way to pass
However, the sick man was so blind of this art
Knowing nothing of his destiny- what a big mass!

There in Egypt, he had to stop for two days
Before he proceeds to Peninsula home place
Stood before a butcher's shop, giving a gaze
At a poor lady, trying to dive into hard grace.

Trying to collect flying fragments of meat
Into her sack- to cook them for her children
To cook but the fragments of meat on heat
He wanted to seize this chance, the golden

He approached the butcher in her presence
Ordering him to supply her twice a week
With meat she needed- an eternal fence!
Such a benevolent man if you want to seek.

A deal was made between the two men
He paid the butcher for two years ahead
For the sake of that poor lady, of children
The man has a living heart and not dead.

A deal was sealed, the man is gone home
Among his family who hailed him much
He settled his business, and had to roam
About his place, relatives- a smooth touch

The man spent few days in his home land
Fare-welled everyone, as if not coming back
Fare-welled not only man but also the sand
Distributing fairly his wealth, emptied his sack.

He flew back for an operation, perhaps the last.
 The operation in his diseased un-pumping heart
 His physician made his usual check very fast
 His physician was amazed: a turnover in his art.

The physician was amazed to find the changes
 That the heart was working as usual and more
 In accuracy: it flows blood as flows the Ganges*
 The physician wrapped up his file, what is more?

The man was completely cured, with a heart strong!
 The other wondered: 'how everything could come!'
 How that could happened, what is right or wrong?
 It is no strange, it is fate reward and more to come.
 21st Ramadan 1424-15/11 2003
 *Ganges: is a wide holy river in India

The flood is flooding

I pray thee, tell me how they would evade
 The flood and the victorious cavalcade?
 The inevitability of the so-called 'stagnate'
 Who is now advancing, won't now be late.
 But I doubt not the eruption, it's inevitable
 Lava that will settle, in there, in a suitable

Bowl of earth, in Palestine, the birth-place
 Of the dragons; advancing breathing grace.
 I pray thee, tell me what they are going to do
 To do, when request and bowing do not do,
 I can imagine their departure on a misty day
 I can visualize the movement on a muddy hay.
 His punishment is severe, with a rough fist
 He doesn't like the wrong: people of the list,
 The land will burst springs from the north
 The springs will go in streams, they go forth.
 The sea will boil, and will protect its shore
 The land will erupt, the east closes its door
 The giants will advance from west and south
 Everyone of them comes with a gaped mouth!
 27/2/2004

The game of life

We join it, go through it
 In a moment we quit it,
 That is the tremendous life
 It sits on an edge of a knife
 It attracts us, as if it is honey
 However, it is still so funny.

We quit it unwillingly once
 No return to it, no chance!
 We take it off as a shirt

We grasp it despite its dirt.
We know not the alternative
Everyone is an eternal native.

It has only two lines of pleasure
The rest of the tome is no treasure.
Is life then a volume of happiness?
Nay, it is at the verge of loneliness
Loneliness there in a dark abyss
At a verge of a hell or of a bliss!
22\8\2001

The God Host

Since my departure is to the God host
And since His service is ever the most,
Why then should I worry as to depart?
And leave this weary life and to part?!
4/3/2014

The heavy guest

O heavy, imposed, repulsive and a nasty guest
Better for you it is, to see another hut that is best,
You're unwanted making us gleaners in your field
You possess the season, the harvest and the shield.

It is only dripping from the flaunts of this land
Lest we should die over that vast tonsured sand
Your wing is wide, we are with a featherless wing
And on that terrified stage you stay and sing.

You possess the sky and the land and the river!
You make us in rags begging, you are not clever,
O guest of the time, we are unable, you, to host
We are going to find out our entity, the long lost.

For this, get your last sip of air and piece of bread
Comb your hair, get your bags, steer out your head
Time now serves you better to mount the high waves
For the road now is straight, tomorrow full of curves.

Again, get everything you possess except the soil
The road is solid now beneath, although with oil
The oily road *now* leads to safety, mount it now
Before time slips away and you're unable to bow.
25/5/2007

The martyr of the Church

Khalid Siam the first martyr of the church
The church where His glory you're to search

Khalid and fellow-fighters were besieged
 In the Nativity Church, here they pledged
 To rebel against the besiegers, the savage!
 Savager* than savage they pledged to ravage
 The church of nativity, ay church of nativity
 Embrace the nearby Omar Mosque, nativity
 From your minaret raise the cry of freedom
 Show the world, the unity of your kingdom.
 9/4/2002

*Savager is not the right word, but I kept it for poetical necessity

The Mount Carmel*

What is loftier, what is haughtier than you?
 Mount Carmel? If it is found tell me who?
 You ever stand overlooking the signs of God,
 He who does not believe my speech is a mad.

You ever stand embracing the shore of life,
 You ever watch the states which were in rife,
 Your summit shakes hand with that of the sky
 You ever witness those who beneath thy feet lie.

You ever blow the trumpet of a forgotten time
 Stand on the western gate of Palestine, a prime
 Of those who stood, and those who now stand,
 Stand, as the celestial fixer on our bleeding land.

Stand Carmel, ignore those of the wolfish eye
 You will be as high as we know you, so high!
 Stay high but unaffected by the silence drear
 Do not shake by the gang tumult, do not fear.

Stand embracing Hyfa,* rub the dusty shore;
 Rub the key, we are coming to open the door.
 13/8/2004

*Mount Carmel is the name of a Palestinian mountain overlooks the Mediterranean
 *Hyfa is a Palestinian city lies at the foot of this great mount

The nightly gown

You could see her beautiful, glides as a fish
 Into her nightly-gown that hides her flesh
 It reflects the beauty of black and white
 For which you are choiceless but to fight
 For her who, the whole world, beautifies
 Where life is worthless if mylady love dies
 23/4/2002

The ninetieth anniversary of A. Balfour

A ninety-year period has sadly passed now

And the Arab nation is in a complete bow!
To the world beetles are spreading on Earth
To watch the oppressed, even to limit his birth.

Ninety years have passed and gnus in watch
The gnus are cornered in unwheeled coach.
On a dirty paper, they constructed their state!
Into thousands volumes, Arabs search a fate.

The cursed Balfour robbed Palestine to others
You could hear them- the screech of brothers!
The called United Nations shared the robbery
These unjust nations erase a nation but burry!

It is rightly said that when a mad drop a stone
Into a well, hundred sages have to enjoy its tone
So Balfour: drag your flocks from our meadow
For they will never enjoy an imported shadow.
Jamil 2/11/2007

To Edward Said

Say Edward Said died or not died
As the sun's beam, you can't hide
For Said hasn't died in our hearts
He is celebrated in hearts and arts.

Tutors, universities and every institutes
Have all to kneel, but beneath his boots
Patriots, nationalists and freedom fighter
All before Said are sparks, he is the lighter.

Mourn him Palestinians, ay him you mourn
Proudly talk of his name, a Palestinian born!
But mourn not his absence, for he is ever here
Among us in his books and production, dear.

A great servant for our just Palestinian case
He is the store of nationalism and right base
For this, mourn him not, speak of his name
Which resounds everywhere to echo his fame
16th of October 2003

To M. Daughter

On the top of that hill lies Rujeeb*
There lies great beauty, but a heap
She is the daughter of a friend old
Who lives in that house full of gold
Waiting for a hero who first engages
Her, he is the master of those pages.
31/1/ 2006

*Rujeeb the poet's town near Nablus

To the lighthouse, Hasan

Your departure, Dr. Hasan shows the fleetingness of human life!
 Is shows the infinity and vastness of time against which we strife
 Your departure reflects our inability before time formidable force
 And that we are only puppets in the hand of fate, our falling horse.

**

The news were thundering, and the day was Tuesday
 When we found ourselves submitting to the life's play
 You have left us a wound, the wound is great and deep
 The wound you left, Dr. Hasan, made us sincerely weep

**

Our main condolence is that you left us a memory great
 By which we gain pride, by which we learn not to hate,
 You left us, beloved brother, in the realm of this silly life
 The hearts all are is tears, and the tears of eyes are in rife.

**

We feel, after you, throttled in this wounded department
 You were, to us, a lighthouse of knowledge, an enlightenment
 You were our reference, an ideal guide, consultant and sage
 Through which we got the glamour of our gloomy life's page
 The openness lucidity of your mind led us to new orientation
 Through which we go in solidarity towards our last station
 And now, may Allah rest your soul in paradise, in heaven
 We are drinking from the same cup, to you we are driven.
 5thof Feb. 2008

An unforgettable guests

Great, heavenly and smooth love I receive
 Here in this house, only hospitality I believe
 Thomas and Phyllis Purple they are called
 The story of love and kindness they told
 Two days I spent here but as if two hours!
 Where time goes out as water of showers.

I'll remember you dear, all my life to come
 How can I forget you beloved of this kingdom?
 Although I will be so far from your place
 But will guide me the delight of your grace,
 So, I'll not say bye, for it is difficult to say
 I'll say: 'see you if does allow us life's play.'
 5/11/ 2008

Written in Free Port in USA

We saw them off today

We saw them off today!
 It was a completed play
 By the men of hay.
 Our hearts were off too
 They were off because
 Each held a rifle!
 Were considered trifle!

For the rifle of honor
Has become of ill-manner!
We saw them off today
It was a completed play
By the men of hay.
Criminal each was considered
And the divider monkey was
A nationalist- a patriot!
The drawer of his own lot
And our lot too!
Giving us to the foe!
And still we hang a shoe
Round his neck for envy!
We saw them off today
It was a completed play
By the men of hay.
The ghastly smile remains
Here, in this very place
Distributing lies in grace!
The whole band is in
In full bloom, it is a sin
Is it a sin, but how?
To win is to kick you
Out! As a terrible foe!
You can't wear us stupidity
It is an everlasting calamity
How silly those who
Embrace it in sincerity
We saw them off today
It was a completed play
By our men of hay.
Wednesday, 22/5/2002

What a legislator you are!

Is it the inevitability that brought you, or fates?
Is it you who opened the doors and the gates?
Is it you who legislates poorly for this nation?
It is you, is the lowest among all His creation?
**

It is he, who blindly legislates on the daytime
And who capsizes, as his brothers of the time,
And who confiscates the scanty wealth away
It is he who paves others' lanes, and the way!
**

Who also sucks the wealth of the needy poor
It is he who behaves rudely, who is not sure
Of what he is doing! Relax now jackal an old
Let other tigers the fort lead and the fort hold.
**

It is you who confiscates the bleeding crowd
It is you, and you who should not be allowed.
Stop dotard, stop dotage, for we've wide eyes,
We see, we hear, and understand all your lies.
7/3/2004

What is your destination?

What is your destination?
 The delegation of light
 The way is so gloomy,
 And you are with no light!

**

You are all with an open eye
 But you have no least sight!
 Pushed reluctantly to the stones
 Pushed to the East, the bright!
 To stop demolishing these idols
 Lurking there under the sun-light

**

Oh, a delegation after a delegation
 Waging a war and seriously fight!
 The whole hypocritical world moves
 Along with the United Nations' might
 All move to protect the Afghani stones
 All are busy humming day and night!
 But we Palestinians are being killed
 And none is looking at our hot plight!

**

Delegation of men, and of red turban
 With their whole strength and height
 Supported by all the world hypocrisy
 Don't distinguish black from white!
 Better for you delegation stay at home
 If you have nothing to do, do fly kite!!!
 12\3\ 2001

What kind of men you are?

Leaders are with dry lips, know only funs
 Leaders are rolled in cloth, log-like ones
 Leaders are so timid running terrified mice
 Leaders are so shameless, stones for dice!
 Leaders, coward, with a tiny thread powered!
 Leaders, naïve, they forgot being honored
 Leaders are fragile, so weak tooth-picks like
 Leaders inefficient, speaking behind mike
 Leaders weightless, neglected like a shell
 Leaders are thrown, like a stone from hell.
 13\10\2000

Where your feet take you?

Do you realize Man where do your feet take you?
 And do you know your target and what do you do?
 I do not think that you know or aware of the thing
 For I see you wading in life and unknowingly sing!

For a time must come when you are detested by all
Sitting on a worn chair, stunned, agape with no goal
Your day starts and night prevails both are the same!
Since you lost all around you, none is left for the fame.

You are reluctantly repeated until the moment comes
Then you are removed, perhaps happily with no drums.
Then your seat, clothes and the rest of your remains:
Are given out lest they should, for others, cause pains!

The floor is washed to remove the phantom of death,
Man! Your days are recycled- the story of your myth.
10/6/2012

Who told you to build here?

Who told you to build here, to build here?
Who told you to light fire, a fearful fire!?
The devastating beam will not let you
Stay on this land, the beam cannot do.

But the devastating beam of the believers
Will erase the darkness of the disbelievers,
Carry out your belongings, not afterwards
When neither appeal can do nor the words.

Get ready now, although I know you won't
Ay, because of your killing pride, you don't
But I gave the word, the word I gave, I gave
Be timid or courageous or be one of the brave

This is the way you go as I predict, I predict
It is the way, I predict for you, for all the sect.
For you are cannibals more than a cannibal!
For your deeds, shivers the mountain Ebal!*

You quit the place for it is sure does not fit
Quit the ground, for it is stony rough to sit
Here are my words, you are free to behave
Here is my bower, here yourselves, o save!

Otherwise if dead, the tumult of the waves
Will disturb you, it will knock your graves.
If you don't quit it alive, you'll quit it dead
It is up to you, to follow what I have said.
15/8/2004

Your child

Your child is crying, it is the childhood

It cries for milk, and I am for your food
 Do suckle it now, please, do it in haste,
 Then turn to me, a moment do not waste.

Place it then in its place, let it go in sleep
 Then turn to me in haste, let me but reap
 The fruit of pleasure, the fruit of the land
 Let me sow the seeds, a job of my hand.

In one hour the fagots of pleasure were
 Lain in a harvested field, a season fair!
 In which the tree lost its green leaves,
 A pleasure under my tree she weaves.
 12/10/2005

You possess nothing man!

Man, you are but a shading sitter
 Who soon moves for the better
 You are but a passenger in a train
 You soon leave the world of pain
 You own nothing or possess, man.
 It is life, find it eternally if you can
 This is not yours and that is not his
 You know, your life here is a quiz.

They possessed nothing those who were,
 They only, from man's food, had a share
 Then, empty handed they had to depart
 You could leave now, no share, no part.
 So, your life here is but a passing place
 Into eternity in damnation or in grace!
 12\10\1999

Your heavy hoof

The liars of the south, the liars of the north
 All enjoy the little Oliver's scanty broth
 They stand obstacles before our happiness,
 They openly exaggerate their carelessness.

You liars of the north, you liars of the south
 What will fill, but soil, your envious mouth?
 You've deprived us the view of our home,
 You stole it from me and clinked into foam

You know a lot about my degree, hounds
 You lied, lied until it became huge mounds.
 The hot searing wind blows from your side
 Tonsured minds, wading sluggishly so wide

Into an utter meanness, devoid of any life,

These liars are holding, to me, a sharp knife
You deprived us the sight of our nice village,
Our olive meadows, and the sight of a partridge

Who deprived us our nightly vigil on roof?
Who have kicked us by a heavy sharp hoof?
I will not allow you turning up my table feast
Nor will accept you as my sage or my priest.

We hate you all ferocious departmental gang
You're deeply asleep despite the bell that rang
Rang to wake you up from your envious steps
Coming a day, you to kneel with shivering lips
9/4/2004

You drag your death!

O man, here you spend all your life
But dragging your death behind you,
When you fail, and you stop to do;
It drags you towards its sharp knife.

Then you find yourself here all alone
And tricked to continue your way,
For your way is covered with hay,
You disappear and others sit to moan

It is a life of big trick, after and before
It is a play only acted before the fool
Acted behind doors, is it hot or cool?
You leave it now, others come ashore.
4/7/2010

When the udder milks no more

You tell me, when the rich udder milks no more
On what will you feed when nothing is ashore?
Tell me then, what to do when the udder is dried
The world won't carry those whose heart has died
What will you find in your empty manger then?
What will you do when there is no cow in the den?
The udder you suck milk from won't remain forever,
The sky will not be ready to shelter you as a cover,
The land will not remain forever a source of grass
For your cow, the udder will get away or and pass.
Since nothing remains as it is, thus, judges' eternity
Find no other field, for it is ours now, be in perplexity.
25/7/2004

I feel

I feel as if I carry you and the whole
As if I carry something, it is the soul
I feel every moment the owner may come
He will restore His trust with no drum
His Angels will take it in an order of to be
He will only command! Glorious be He.
Hail Thee owner, hail Thee always merciful
Take care of my soul, on my soul be careful,
I promise slavery in the scope of Your worship
I will remain hopeful to sail safely in Your ship.
29/7/2010

Thank you readers

Finally, my dear readers I have nothing to say
Except thanking you from the core of my heart
For bearing reading my lines and patient you stay
If still anxious to read! I have much arts in my cart.
1/11/2014