Beauty, Wisdom and Man

Prof. Jamil Y. Al-Asmar

Professor at the English Department, Al-Azhar University, Gaza, Palestine.
Email: jamilpoetry@hotmail.com

DEDICATION

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

Foreword by the author

The ultimate end of man in his life is pleasure; it is the ultimate end of God as well who likes to see his creations worship Him. So, man has varieties of causes for pleasure; one of them is his spiritual pleasure which could be achieved through the medium of poetry. I believe that poetry purges man’s heart in the tumult, glamour and gloom of life. Poetry makes man soar in the space of idealism, pushes him to the edge of scholarship, maturity and reasonability and above all enroots in him kindness and humanity, for he or she inhales how to be a human through the lines of instructive poetry; the poetry that springs from the core of experience; the experience of the smart.

Therefore, the readers of this book find their different quests of their targets; they find the light of their being in life throughout the rhymed poems and lines of this book, they come to the conclusion of what is the value of their being in this life- what they should follow and not to follow; what enlightens their routes of life through its many gloomy ways in which man finds himself arbitrary and compulsory living his/her life with no outlet. Readers I avow to your respectful persons that you are the ones who decide my success or failure. In the meantime, I do here make sure to present your respectful person with deep comprehensive material drawn, as I believe, from the universal body of all arts and sciences, I intended wholly for your service and instruction.

Beauty

This word works day and night in your realm man
Beauty is life itself without which who says man can
Live or enjoy the taste of life? For beautiful is God
So beauty is necessary for life, this what can I add.
10/4/2014

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
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

Wisdom

Wisdom is the store from which a reasonable inhales
For the wise is always welcomed by life that him hails
Wisdom makes you disperse difficulties as powder!
Wearing it, you’re heard, for your voice is the louder.
3/5/2014

Man

Man, who are you, what are you in life’s tumult?
You are the best creation ever created by His hand
Rove here and there on land, do not count the sand
Look deeply in life, what is next, be always an adult!
12/5/2014

Man

Man, you are the best in the list among God’s creations
God made, only for you, the universe accessible stations
He made you and asked the angels for you to prostrate,
Man, you are ever a cute toy in the hard hands of fate!
11/4/2014

Swindled by life’s bright

You have shone in its bright and at last swindled!
And involved in its defects that cannot be mended
And you are dragged into its mounts and its plains
You neither mount its mounts nor draggle its lanes.
15/4/2014

You were nothing!

You were nothing, then became the best thing
He created. So in His name you have but to sing
You were nothing, now whole love on you pours
Glorify Him, His Eden for you He always ensures.
1/4/42014

They drink humiliation

They drink humiliation with their daily rotten morsel
They inhale humiliation and they exhale humiliation
Towards humiliation they gallop- never in hesitation!
For much of it the Arabs do not know to buy or to sell!
What soothe you Man?

What soothe you in this thorny upper grey realm?
What vexes you except the vain of your high dream!
Does demoniac laugh suffice you in life’s ill caverns?
Nor the affluent life abounds with gleaming taverns.
13/4/2014

All are hays

The fraudulent life ever shows you rose
Swindling you, life is always easily goes
You are attracted by its roses and days
But soon you will discover: all are hays.
19-4-2014

Life

Even its happiness is compulsory and sadness
It drags you among its mountains in madness
The disaster is that you cannot take off a dress
You were forced to put on in agony and in bless
19-4-2014

From eve to dawn

We are surely not created for a futile game
But there is depth behind life’s doubted aim
The heavenly target is to glorify Him alone
Glorify Him; your time is from eve to dawn.
19-4-2014

All are ready around

As long as you are very strong, all are ready around
Offering every color, with hypocrisy they are abound
They all separate as when a big wolf attacks the flock
With our deeds we go-shouldering all heavy as a rock
19-4-2014

Beware a day

God says: ‘beware a day in which you are restored to me’
You have not the choice then, under the shadow of to be!
You have no choice to stay, to go, to die or even to refuse
You either win His cool shadow or yourself you may lose.
19-4-2014
Defeated in the fight (Saeed)

I and he and she woke up, but you did not!
For you failed to embrace life or you resent
Saeed my Aunt’s son and millions last night
Did not wake up they are defeated in the fight.
12/4/2014

Where is the safe-way?

No safe-way before you, Man, except this tunnel
To be cornered in life’s choices of many a channel
You died Saeed today, I and he and she are in the list
For impossible it is to encounter the life’s heavy fist.
12/4/2014

Its double faces

It is not a matter of hypocrisy showing double faces
It is the ruler here, over you, and over many races
It is life: sometimes smooth and sometimes tiresome
It announces your advent and your departure in drum!
12/4/2014

To whom should we go then!

Terrified! To whom should we go then?
Since in towers or in deserted dens
There is no shelter to save our being
Buried in life, in death the same ceiling!
12/4/2014

Where to settle then?

Tell me where to settle Man without fear?
What to carry with us, what is that gear?
When to laugh and when to cry, but to wet
Our throats in His name; that is the best!!
12/4/2014

In which corner you hide

Hide wherever you like or do not hide
Your end is coming; it excels in its ride
Make ready the weightless luggage now
For the role is yours now, that is the bow!
12/4/2014
In the windswept

Light in weight Man and light in fate as a mate
Weightless before the heavy lurking windswept
That reveals your being a bait in the trap of fate
Where you stand agape under its heavy debt!
12/4/2014

Paralyzed hands

My money, his money, and the money of hers and yours
Through Qatar Airways and Fly Emirates the money pours
The wealth of God is lost, that He once stored in their lands
The wealth is gone; they stay behind with paralyzed hands.
9/4/2014

Your life is just like a rick

Your life Man is just like a rolling field rick
The faster it goes the more straws it loses
So your days go fast that you cannot pick
Think not you are here to accumulate roses.
12/4/2014

Why I am not happy?

I am not happy because I am not content with my lot!
I am not happy because I always say: I do not, do not
Happiness comes first from within then from others,
Happiness is sometimes barricaded by the brothers!
If your lot dose not satisfy you others' lot will not do
The brook of happiness is dripping upon all and you,
So feel it, benefit it, do not look at others' possession
You will discover that life is easy with no condition
For if you walk ignoring the ground under your feet
You will fi
1/2/2014

Health beauty and wealth

Health, beauty and wealth are your demand
If achieved, it is all ok, otherwise you go mad,
You could possess them all, life is them, whole:
In both cases you are pitied, running to big fall!
****

Having achieved these items, you are but a king!
Having achieved none, you are in a narrow ring.
In all cases not happy of that savage lying there,
Who is waiting pitilessly for you, who can dare!
****

These items are not founded to enjoy for free
They are a nasty exam if you agree or disagree
Founded to indulge you in virtue or sin of pride,
This life-horse you are compelled now to ride.
17/2012
Smiled to or smiled at

Where have all these rich assets and many a cashier
Gone now, and where all the glory has gone Bashier?
Petrol bumps, land, towers, flats and your bungalow
All are useless to you and are forced once to follow,
Masses of bodies are everyday dipped into ground,
All are thrust into its depth with no dollar or pound.

****
You are buried Man for your sight is so ugly in death;
You are acceptable in life, smiled to, for your wealth,
You could bear the sight of rubbish sacks here and there
But not the sight of a dead that you do not like to share!

****
What is the solution then for your conflict with eternity?
With pleasure that you spend your life to achieve, how pity!
The solution is your return to the Creator where pleasure lies,
Divorce this life, forget not your share, soon everyone dies,
Glorify Him in your quietness and in the den of your busy life
There you achieve happiness through your honorable strife.
16/1/2012

Nothing is Darker...

Nothing is darker than the oppression of taking your land
Where the oppressor occupier deprived you transportation:
To move freely to and from, limiting tightly your destination
Consequently either you stay in or move swallowing sand.

****
For by car it takes two hours from Amman to reach Gaza lap
My wife has to take twenty-four hours crossing this distance
First to Egypt, then crossing, hearing the occupier’s dance
But wait: never an occupier enjoys his hunt in a bloody trap.

****
A message for you nasty occupier: is to leave the trap now
It is still opened, when the owner comes, no time even to bow.
29/1/2012

To Antara Bin Shaddad

The oppression that had been demonstrated upon you
Antara, is still our talk throughout these hundreds years
Upon you Antara Bin Shaddad: the jealousy of your shoe!
When your name is mentioned, your oppressor is in fears.

Your story is a story of a man who has the whole manner
Whose honor is higher than everyone in the scope of love?
In the field of Platonic love, where you were the forerunner
For the sake of Abla’s love, you were put into a deep cove.

****
Magnanimity, generosity, bravery, and pity in the life-field
You left these lessons, to show us how sacrifice should be
You proudly proved yourself in life-strife, wearing its shield
Thy lesson man has reached across the world’s many a sea.
15/6/2012
A Discourse of death

Ay friend, an everlasting, but a true discourse of death
Nothing is more authentic or truer than this discourse;
It is the discourse that had been targeting your breath
Your physical being; when your horse loses his force.

A long talk through the line with my sister, my sister
Who briefed me about the lives of people in a queue?
Physically and spiritually failed before a heavenly duster
That erases my friends, and those who are left but few!

'Mr. So has recently died, failing before a nasty disease’
‘And Mr. So and his wife in a car accident that took all’
A harsh visitor does not relent before the appeal: ‘please’
For his job is to take me and you, all are his greedy goal.

‘What about Mr. So? I said, she replies ‘they have cut his leg’
‘And what about that rich lady, I and you my sister know well’
‘Died today, my brother, they are going her grave now to dig’
Majority of those you know, brother, she said, ’have left a will’

Therefore, Man, let me and you find a real out let, ay, real
Reproach, repent and contemplate into His inevitable end-
An end that is incurable, an unavoidable but to lick its heel
His Oneness in our hearts, for which He may his mercy lend.
1/2/2012

The house is deserted

The house seems empty and deserted Rawda without you
Although it is full of people, yet empty without your shoe!
The house is you and you are the house full of vivacious gay
So never leave thy house again in any visit, we all and I pray.

The house is longing for your coming to swarm it with light
The light that has been for the last weeks swapped into night.
So do come and do not delay your flight, do come, do come
Our hearts are beating louder than Gazian marriage drum!
26th of January 2012

The might of Time

Oh time! How much sadness do you consume and disperse?
O time! How much pleasure do you penetrate into, to curse?
How much, how many times thy agent fate goes where it likes
Your agent goes easily without hindrance, when time strikes!

It goes over seas, above mountains with no travel cheque
It goes with no visa and when it goes, ay, it goes but quick!
Without consideration to borders that need documentation
It jumps over these obstacles, caring not for man's relation

You are the God, the time is your agent, goes left and right
It is the whole power; it is yours; a whole imaginative might!
We are but to yield and submit, we are from east and west,
Wait then until it comes unpredictably to take us into its rest.
25/1/2012
Concordia the ship

Four thousand rioters on your board seeking pleasure
In an utmost joy: enmity to natural law is your treasure
Rioting at every shape, forgetting that odious savage!
Standing, disguised, and waiting to launch his ravage
Attack on all rioters, undefeatable prodigious power!
That was ready to end their lives in less than an hour.

Rioting at the dinner, the ravenous and ferocious fate
Has his words, works his sharp sword, it was not late,
Sumptuous feast, adultery and a complete ostentation:
Magnificent clothes hide nothing leads to abomination
Luxurious vainglorious cabinets, bedrooms, dinner halls
Have fallen noisily, nothing dominates, but melted goals.

The place has become a desolate, dark and dreary place!
On which that nightly ferocious monster shows his face,
The tumult has ended with a horrible quietness but cold:
The end of man, when his manner and moral are but sold!
18/1/2012

Nothing is loser than you Man

Man, you find yourself revolve in an empty circle
That turning your palms at the end of the miracle
You wish to have much wealth, health and a son
But you shall lose all: every one of these shall run.

Then you look at yourself and at the time around
You will realize that life is stuffed with only sound
Where no escape back or it is an easy to proceed
Forward. For your steps are shaken by your deed!

Then you sit all lone, nobody is there by your chair
Stay; wait for the last action of an eternal play, Sir.
7/1/2012

Died because he couldn't hide

The arrows of death strike around your head
Save it if you can, now you're among the dead
If they miss you now, it does not mean a miss!
You don't know when, you are unable to guess
If they don't hit now, wait for the next round,
Hide from these arrows, you are easily found
For the one who direct them is an able apt God
You came to go; you can’t change things or add
Anything in this matter, a matter of weak ability
Go through His path; find a touch of sensibility,
You can’t avoid it, and he can’t avoid it, he died
Ask why did he die? It is because he couldn’t hide.
Get to any ocean, find a boat, and away you scull
You can’t prevent your skull among others to skull,
As falcons do with lizards, you are snatched away
Puzzled then, before a way covered with light hay!
15/1/2012
I saw him yesterday

I noticed a strange movement at your house yesterday
My heart leapt at the idea of your re-dwelling play
I possessed courage to call his name from my window
When he appeared to me I could notice his cold shadow.
I blamed him for leaving without any pre-notification
He shuddered; he did not control his weak sensation.
As I finished talking to him, to love lost beloved Abeer
I loaded him my compliments to her as he could bear
I do not know whether he conveyed my sincere regards
Or not, I am still your sincere infatuated among guards
However he did not notice that my heart was in full bloom
For I imagined myself, at that moment, as your real groom
An idea I ever live in, the idea I ever wish to be achieved
How, I do not know, I leave things to Him the best to read
A meeting was finished and the meeting revived my heart
I wished that he took me on his shoulder to my best part.
13/1/2012

Have you come to settle again?

Have you come, my dove to settle here again?
Or you felt sorry for what you caused of pain
For I noticed early in this morning some signs
That indicated your welcome advent and lines.
Whatever the case is, you are the most welcome
Into our domain, a queen comes without drum-
Hail, thee, bride hail whatever your intention is
Is it a puzzle your coming, is it an insolvable quiz?
Again I say whatever the aim is, it is probation
To me, do come and settle down at our station.
13/1/2012

I am not in the list (1)

Thanks God that I am not included in the list
For He granted me the chance to be the best,
I am a winner then in the game of this futile life
The winner, for I was missed the teeth of knife,
I am not from those who suffer bad sickness
I should not wade into realms of carelessness;
I should be ever thankful for I am not listed
Among those who were blinded or but misted,
Ever thankful for I am enjoying such an ease!
Not listed among kidney-failure full of disease.
8/1/2012
I am not in the list (2)

Thank you my beloved God for I am not in the list
For you want me to be listed on the top of the best
Ever thanking for Him, maker of health and disease
He surrounds me with a halo, shields me with ease
I am not listed among the lung-diseased sickly ones
Not only soul, but also my body to his worship runs
I am healthy and that He made me, a disease, shun
I will sell myself cheaply to Him, to that I will run.
10/1/2012

A cold objection

Throughout ages, man has been in cold objection
Rather in a frozen objection and in futile rejection,
Rejection to the right: the silly rejection of might.
Man, you will never be resurrected again to fight
Ay! A loser in this battle, the battle of great death
No body to complain to, since your days of mirth
Are few, dear, as compared to thy gloomy days
For the obsession you live in, makes the delays!
Of the advent of happiness, you resist the air for,
You ban the door lest it should invade your door.
Therefore, there is happiness in admitting His lot
That lies at your door, whether you like it or not.
14/12/2011

All is gone

All is gone as all should inevitably once go
Humiliation is done as jealousy in the row,
Nothing attracts you when attraction is gone
No smile can restore you, for no space for fun
The sun is rising and another has already run,
Nothing warmth your cold heart after your son
Yet life does not worth, when both have shun
Providing you with hope in this narrow scope
The scope of jealousy that ever wears our rope
When all is thus gone, weep no more but weep
On life dyed with colors, with no legs to creep.
6/10/2011

The sky, a celestial canvas

It is here only if you want to believe in His power
It is in this large endless vast sky and what inside
Give few minutes to your mind or give an hour;
Contemplate thoroughly in this huge sky dome.
****
The scattered planets enormous, unpredictable
To our little minds; conception and realization,
Have a look at night into this sky, the readable
Work your mind; it is but an attainable station.
****
Contemplate, ask and visualize your tiny size!
And place, in an endless universe, unattainable
Inaccessible to our thoughts that fall and rise,
Wade deeply in His possession; find yourself.

****

Find yourself among this measureless universe
Where are you going tomorrow, where to settle?!
Wet your heart in His name, that is the real race,
I have warned you Man in the language you know.
13/10/2011

“Their grudge upon you, lost you”

Here it is the life of flesh, and that of bellies
It is a shallow life, full to the brim, of follies!
Swelled people dominating offices of intrigues
Hollow from within, makers of tricks’ leagues
Slinking, with bones upon their thin shoulders,
Withered by grudge, upon others long borders:
“Thereir grudge upon you, lost you” one said,
I wonder! How a person can talk while dead!
You H. so prominent in the field of jealousy
You speak none of men mature, but heresy.
I and you to decay, and to the world of dust
There you have to offer your CD. You must
The CD that shows your tyranny and oppression
That reflects your ever curved line of aggression.
10/10/2011

Thousands of Messages

Messages are there around us as the stars number!
But who can conceive the lesson, are we in slumber?
So, Man, get the message from those handicapped
A message is followed by another one, not wrapped
The sender chooses you for this job in this universe
Grasp it then otherwise you are selected to His curse.

****

How many messages we receive every day to know
Where we stand, and to know where we are to go,
But only the intelligent knows, or grips the context
Who can read, in satisfaction, what is coming next!
The handicapped, the blind, the dumb and the sick
Are all messages to the brainy, to choose and pick!
If we fail to pick any, we surely are the losers then,
Tell me: when are we going to learn, tell me when?
5-2-2013

A deadly bargain

I have been, since the dawn, in a deadly bargain!
For that, I have been suffering its attractive pain!
For Satan has been launching against me his attack
Offering me all pleasure that is put in a golden sack,
Still I am defending the assault with my own mind
For mind does not meet ill-deed, a contract I signed.
Satan is holding before me the world full of pleasure
But thanks to God, for my physical treasure is weak
It is weakened by my brain; that stand on the peak!
Thanks to God who granted me now all the strength
And shorten the way towards wisdom and its length
Lest I should go astray, and or be in a total darkness!
Now I am victorious and Satan is burnt in my kindness
Thanks God who guided me through a faulty soft way
Lest I should slip down into it and become but astray.
16/2/2013

Your light is dim Man

Generations and time and even nature, you, pushes
Then you are the victim as the wind of attrition rushes
Then you are agape, unable to do things, ever in agape
Unable to retreat, you fear, later on, your own shape
No asylum, no shelter to consume you, for all are shut
Before neither your pleas nor you acquire a muddy hut.
For eternity to Him, dominator of all things to the brim
Whatever your being here is lighted, your light is dim
The joy of life is good although surrounded by pail woe
And despite that, you walk to it with a torn dry shoe,
Relax Man; the deadly current is going to engulf all
Except you if you believe in Him and He is your goal.
31/5/2012

Nothing remains

Nothing remains, except your thorny memory there-
From the pail eastern window I look at thy sick place.
Then, when I find nothing, I shut it with a sullen face
Wandering if chance, fate or time can once interfere
****
To let an apple tree give, even if once, banana fruit!
But this gigantic impossible closes the way as brute.
7/6/2012

Perching over many a rhyme

Have you come dear to accumulate trouble over trouble?
Or to ignite my heart, with your love and my love double?
It is already in the zenith of the sky, it is ever there not dry
Valiant not I am, we both are dominated by being so shy.
No solution is there dear for the tenant of my aching heart
I tried being separated- my love increased as you depart.
The remarkable thing is that: time is broken at thy door!
And the waves of age are, too, broken at thy fresh shore!
Forever I shall stay enmeshed with thee, lady of the time,
That I shall spend the rest of time perching over my rhyme.
8/6/2012
This is the well

This is the well, the fundamental gate
Where the nation has, proudly, to wait
We are the pillars of this scientific fort
It lives long and our ships are at the port.
7/7/2007

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, surrounded by a silly frame
****
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

Agony is there

In your absence and in your presence your agony is one
So you come for a sweet agony- that is better than none
Mind and heart are so tired carrying your delighted weight
But what can I do in this matter under the wing of fate?
****
I feel that we are created only for life’s predicament torture
For I do not think that destiny hides, for us, life’s rapture
So I thank you, for you are the revelation of my humble lines
Although people will not say one day that A with Jamil dines.
****
However, it is good to be in torture for your sake all the time
My time is ever in effect, pitying this or that through my rhyme.
12/6/2012

A profitable project

A project! If on a bright day, smoothly inaugurated
And the people come to attend are all manipulated,
All are happy for this new gigantic profitable project
Merchants wish to possess a share, I the boss reject.
****
Then my beloved enterprise goes profitable every day,
Let all keep away, with my business, I am happy, I say
The whole corporation is mine and my production line
Is a very fecund, I am a multi-millionaire, I am but fine.
15/6/2012  Friday

The door’s bang

From time to time I am to hear the bang of your door
That falls upon me, falls into my heart, into the core,
I always enjoy the sound as your hand the door shuts,
The door that you cannot find its similar among huts
But tell me (A) what deters my ship from being in sail?
Who can weave a story of sincerity as my love’s tale?
21/6/2012

Lighted with delight

The whole premises is lighted mistress A with delight
Nothing is nicer, beloved A or lighter than your light;
The once dark, messy and broken lodging is paradise!
The once cheap life in your absence is of a high price.
******
Not only hail thee lady to inhabit an old beloved place
But also I redeem, with my life, your beauty and grace
What stingy, rough, tough, dry, nasty and fierce are all
For all are standing against a sincere true lover’s goal.
15/6/2012  Friday -

Dust and wheels

What a beautiful scene, the scene of dust on my wheels!
For I wade with you, with you only sitting on your seat
To protect, from the dust and sand, your beautiful heels
To drop you, to protect a child-faced L from a nasty heat
****
Beautiful scene again to see dust covers my dark blue car
To feel paradise around, for it is really near and not far
It was a nice walk despite the devastating heat and sun,
Just give a hint dear and, for your aid, I will happily run.
25/6/2012

The Vanquisher

Allah is the God, the Vanquisher over His earthly slaves,
Over all in the heaven and universe, over all these waves
He is the only One, the Vanquisher; the sole Dominator
He is the only One at the end; He has no other creator;
He is there before the start; He is there before the end
You ever borrow from Him, you possess nothing to lend,
He only borrows from you slaves- only your good deeds
You owe Him much, nor your shape nor money He needs
He gives you much, precious things for which you do not pay
If He prevents one blessing from you, you work night and day
To fulfill its value, you die working before that be fulfilled!
You are so lucky if you exempt His court; that is ever held.
6/7/2012
The pride of beauty

The pride of beauty does surely fit the beautiful
Although such a pride is temporary, it is hopeful
The owner of beauty enjoys boasting before men
We accept it however it may be considered a sin.
16/7/2012

Who laughs at who?

Life is granted to you Man, you cling to it,
When you depart you find yourself in a fit
Who laughs at who in this loosing game?
For your coming and your going is the same.
15/7/2012

Time’s edge

Nothing is sharper than time’s gluttonous edge
Nor harder or stronger than its deadly bridge!
For its bridge is holding man and holding Earth
For its edge cuts violently even of the fresh birth!
****
The portion we get, the only few years of our lot
Are spent complaining: ‘it is cold and it is hot’
Your lot is spent, it vanishes through foggy mist
And you are counted pitifully into the dead list.
****
Then your news are kept in a shadowy obscurity
Even those who are left behind show insincerity.
13/7/2012

To Lud’s* Mosque

In your yards and lanes Lud’s Martyrs’ Mosque of grace
Here in the tradition the one-eye imposter is to be killed
Hither you come, if you want with glory your cup is filled,
Here, all glory is planted in its old literary market place.
****
Since the 1920s of the previous century thy light is still
Prevailing over Lud, the light of honorable martyrdom
Thy light blinded owners of Zionist band and kingdom,
Lead them Lud mosque to the dark abyss of a deep hell.
****
Walk to Safad* mosque with Al-Aqsa Mosque’s company
There dig up your banner, tread over the criminal bands
Call them; tear their old leaders with thy purged hands
You both: count how many alike mosques, how many?
****
Are there, since 1948, have been standing in humiliation
Awaiting under the shadow of the Palestinian generation
16th of Ramadan 2012/ (4-8-2012)
*Lud- is a city in Palestine occupied in 1948
*Safad- is a name of a city in Palestine occupied in 1948
Do you have a mind?

You dear: as if our main business here is burying men
And as if our main target there is: delivering children!
Ay! If you stand there at the entrance of that afar land
You will find only people digging the rock or the sand
There you imagine that nothing concerns us but this job
You are there then- unable to alternate the Heaven drop.
If you come next day, you'll find villas scattered there
Along your eye-sight, then you ask yourself: 'is it fair?'
Then you give a depressed look, defeated you withdraw
To a temporary dwelling, waiting desperately for the saw
That taking on its way every haughty man and every kind
Have you thought to return to Him, do you have a mind?
29/1/2013 –Tuesday

As we are!

Still we are, Prophet Mohammad, as we were
None of us, for our internal affairs, does dare
Prophet Mohammad, we are much ashamed
We do not know who, from us, to be blamed
Still we are where we are, moved not an inch
Still unable to stand on our moveable bench,
Sorry, we are so ashamed of your memory!
We and our leaders are unable a nail to carry!
Allow me teacher prophet ‘peace be upon you’
To end my rhyme by: who will tame the shrew?
25/1/2013

Wait there

I, now, realize how time creeps with its sharp teeth
And how these teeth go through young hood wreath
You are, now, my dear, bent down like a dead branch
Your tongue is dry and your legs can't make the march
Your eyes' glittering is gone, and hearing, too, is gone!
Blood through your tissues goes slowly, it cannot run,
The whole body is dry, wait for an evitable and shy cry;
Stay waiting until your time comes and people say bye.

Wait there

Wait there behind the so-called: ‘The green line’
For your presence, one day, will prove much fine
The presence will be blessing to creeping groups
And will be blessing for the eager military troops
Keep in your farms, premises, lands and even flats
To welcome the liberators following these dirty bats
To show your brothers lanes and paths in Palestine
To decorate a feast held by you, with them to dine.
Accompany them to Carmel, erect the history banner
To be seen along the surface of sea by guests of honor
Lit a gigantic fire larger than that of valiant Beowulf
Throw the bones of the enemy, let feed every wild wolf
Let nations, voyaging or journeying to us, congratulate
Us on this victory, although the victory will be so late!
14-8- 2012

I won’t Protest

I won’t protest against you Danishes or your deed
For you are less than giving you attention in deed
Once you were semi-human being, sharing our Earth
And now you do not deserve living, a shameful birth
I won’t answer you and I would not let others, too, do
For you are valueless, worthless and a defeated foe
Mohammad, prophet and messenger for humanity
Does not need your ill opinion to prove his sincerity
Who are you semi-men: tucked in a gloomy world!
For we are his followers, the world manner we hold
You who dare abusing him, ask about your ancestors
You will find them dust beneath the feet of our victors
To answer you, we give you value, but better to ignore
This vanquishes you; our honor cannot be at your door.
The prophet you abuse is filling the Earth with his light
Have you forgotten days when you were under his might?
Now your tongues are so long, tongues of the silly savage
We are heedless to you, smelly, adulterers into garbage
You pretend civilization but you are away from its route
The quality of your minds shows us that you are so brute
We, to whom the Earth submitted once under his banner,
How silly you are to talk against your Master of manner,
We should not however enraged because of your speech
For you will not, at any case, the dust of his shoes, reach.
This is why we are satisfied; we are going to lead you again,
Time is ever revolving despite your noses; die you in pain,
We thought that you are civilized even in your long tongue
But we know that cocks are usually proud but on their dung
We blame you not, for dogs cock their legs by every dry tree
And shout for others dogs: we are civilized, we are all free!!
22/9/2012

The triangle of grudge

Hypocrisy and fraud dye this triangle of lying
You go on this vast ground till you are dying,
When you talk, we wish that you do not talk
You do not go straight due to your lame walk.

****
You let us go astray on this globe hoping to find
Man’s ray, but we found your deformed mind!
You stunned us all: bowered under dry leaves
For that your blood has not gone through sieves!

****
How great our hope was through you gentleman
Unfortunately you poisoned the wind for your fan.
27/9/2012
In the sewages

Oh! Great be Thou Allah for this dramatic fantastic change
That the enemies are there hidden terrified under the sewage
Oh Allah! How great thou art, changing their aggressive times
How great thou art, punishing them for their many silly crimes
We saw them sheltering the sewage vaults for best protection
It does fit them the drainage water to choose for their selection
They have been wronging and oppressing us for ages and ages
Since thy Might refuses oppression, You granted them changes
It is joyous that this alternation came happily on our long hand
You do not deserve even these sewages, a band following band.
16/11/2012

The first departure

Your first departure occupiers attracts thy second departure
We, by the will of Allah, shall celebrate it but in full rapture
You’ve been swallowing Palestine for the last sixty six years
You have been thrusting destruction, horror, death and fears
The time has now come for your departure to make a proof
And become sure that what deceived you is only your hoof!
For that eternal inevitable departure is written on your barge
The barge that transformed you here hasn’t become so large
To consume your number, you will curse, thus, your numbers
You’ll curse it- it will hinder your movement and it encumbers
So, get used to it now, vagabond, holygoon, the world big liars
We are coming advancing creeping; we’re your soul’s buyers.
15/11/2012

Beloved Deity

Oh! Allah! I did not forget Thee, my beloved Deity
For I cannot substitute anything to your Mighty!
You were; you are, and you will continue the first
For none before Thee and none after Thee in my list
Enmeshed I am with Thy love, for it is a true love
I may love human beings, but ever your love is above
Here, the lover has to ask his beloved a one request
The request is Thy satisfaction on me, it is my quest
For if you do not forgive our sins, we shall go astray
For your Excellency; and your grace we direct our pray
Suppliant I am then at Thy mercy and vast generosity
Take, instead, my soul, I redeem you with my sincerity
I am ready to sacrifice my blood and my dear soul
For the sake of your route; for Thou art the whole!
14/12/2012

Once a lady

Once a lady, but beautiful lady, dwelled here
But how can I tolerate her departure my dear?
Once she lived here in this dimed house an old
She departed and I am left, her house, to hold
She departed and ripped a heart that loved her

13/12/2012
The wound is deep, but how to bring her, Sir? To live here and to free a dungeon-slave heart That spent a great time worshipping her art, Tell me man would she come back here again? Before I search for my lavender under the rain O friend! O dear! You who read my sweet line Tell me when she is in again, with me to dine?

16/12/2012

To H2

Mistress, It was at the mid of this day When the world starts to enjoy its ray It was because of your voice so tender, Huda was the owner and voice sender. **** Thy voice makes me, good days, remind Days when my old H wanted me to find Now my lady you have the queen’s place From which I nourish by thy pretty face.

12/12/2012

Reply

It was so astonishing to find your letter Where nothing now, to me, is better The beauty of your tone and language The beauty of thy writing on my page Makes me read your words ten times And it makes me write my nice rhymes So I will not feel sad if you do not call Or answer my phone, for my only goal Is to keep you happy, mistress mine So hearing you dove, makes me fine.

14/7/2012

To H2

Still I remember thy activity in the class-room Still I say, in a stunned way, who is thy groom Still I remember the sweet tune of thy voice I may be jealous for the owner of this choice Still I remember thy voice sweet and the tune This is why I sometimes try to use the phone Thine note-book reminds me of thy kindness Therefore being away arouses in me madness.

9/3/2013

What relief is there!

When I am in trouble A, and or I am sad I look at thy remains so as not to go mad
For all relax lies there in thy old remains
A relief from sickness of heart and pains
A. Thou art remedy, relax, and my relief
Everything to me you are- it is my belief.
It is good that you left for remembrance
Something, otherwise it is a disturbance,
So go wherever you want in this universe
Honey remains but in thy scented embrace.
31/12/2012 Monday

Every day I feel …

Here I am dragging my time upon my shoulder
It is so heavy, that I feel, as I am growing older!
For I feel every day I am from that county border
And feel as a defeated, in a fierce battle, soldier.
****
And feel I am approaching that inevitability, right
Every day it is going down- my strength and might
Every day I become sure, I am the loser in this fight
I came to realize except in His way there is no delight.
25/12/2012

As fast as the wind

Age passes as fast as the whirling wind
As temporary as the letter I or you send,
As momentous as the dashing shadow
As flowers' temporary life in a meadow!
Oh Man, since it is your route and of all
Why do not you follow an ideal full goal?
So as to fill your vacuum spiritual drought
With hope- eternity as paradise is caught,
Hence, ever wet your tongue with His name
To ensure a joyous end, winning this game!
2/1/2013

And at last there

The blanket soft; and a woolly feathered quilt
Never deters the destruction of a fort you built
Accumulation of money- a cheque over cheque
Will never halt an end, and its pace, the quick!
At last the place is there- an abyss of darkness
Rolled in a sheet, thin, prevents not coldness!
From penetrating to your body; dry and bluish*
Perhaps among mud, a dish for all, what a dish!
But the place could be lighted with your deed
That lights the abyss, the thing you are in need.
7/1/2010
• The word bluish is not the adjective from blue, but I keep it as a necessity for poetic purposes.
I could be he

I could be he if faulty is the distribution of earthly fair
But this fair is faulty to him, and its distribution too, Sir,
It is the thing which all human beings cannot in share!
Before which, to cross our limits, none of us may dare
If this man against fate revolts, he will win no single hair
For his wheel chair came from Heaven, came from there
The chair does not come to me, although I may not bear,
Thanks to Him, my fair is not faulty, for I can smell the air!
10/1/2013

There I paused

There I paused by your man, lighting fire in a stove
And for sure your highness is watching from above
I just dropped there to smell thy scent in his hearth
That prevails all over humanity and filling the Earth.
****
I was invited to stay longer, to stay enjoying the heat
That pleasure makes my heart give a beat after a beat
However, I had to leave with a heart, once you broke!
I left, the smell followed me- scent mixed with smoke!
12/1/2013

Say Thanks

Say thanks Man to who your life again restores,
To the One idol, who a new day, to you, shows
He thrusts life in you while you were semi dead
Say thanks to whose' shade you always to shed
He brought you from among the dead, to live!
Not only to see your suit or dress people give!
But also to hear you testify His Oneness as one
Remember Man, no safe haven from Him to run.
15/1/2013

An old sun sat

An old sun sat; a new sun has just risen, risen just
I could enjoy a bright face, I could see among dust
A one year has gone without heart’s nourishment
Until this eve came, putting an end to my lament
Where were you A? Shall you be away in this way?
Come and settle around, settle beside, say not nay,
Still I am infatuated with thee (beauty) my old lady
Still being comforted under thy tree: an ever shady!
What a successful pilgrimage tour beyond thy eve!
Unplanned tour, but I do not like, my lady, to leave
The holy space beyond thy steps, what a pilgrimage!
Never ever repeated by generations, age after age!
Whatever the years of my age are going on very fast
Mine new old beauty, enmeshed with you to the last.
18/1/2013
I could feel

I could feel, I could see the Providence’s might
Through your face dear, a source of eternal light
I do testify His might through His creation, great!
Through a scale of beauty that is filling your plate.
19/1/2013

An old palace

It is not an old place my dear A, it is a new palace
Since thy feet touch its floors, touch its very lanes
Thy place is rich with thy being, with your breath,
Thy being relaxes me, and elevates my old pains.
****
Who said that this is an old dwelling house you have
To me no Earthly palace equals it or to it is a parallel
Since you have purged it by your physical being dear
For it had been, without you my lady, to me a hell!
20/1/2013

Thousands good Morning

A thousand Good morning my dove,
With every thousand another bunch
Good morning, for you deserve love
These millions of regards at thy lunch
****
That just to suit, or testify your grace
That is just to purges your holy place.
What a cradle soft you possess here
What much time I lose daily my dear.
****
Be ever my dear, ever dear host!
To compensate what I once lost.
If I talk to you the whole time
I will not fed up saying rhyme
Thus I can talk to your remain
And to the dense of a thin lane
With every morning I send new
Scented one to touch the dew
That scalding down thy cheek
What long days, days of a week!
What a painful thing to leave
And sitting away just to weave
A sad memory for time to come
Or sitting hearing the eternal drum.
13-6-2013

A fighter student

See him sitting there, on his examination chair
What do you find in him except manhood, fair!
If you look at him, with hope you are supplied
He has been true, he has never, at others, lied
Nationality is embodied in his very personality
You could touch, in him, all causes of sincerity
A student he is in my department, rocket lover
In the war on Gaza that, victoriously, was over
He was the rocket launcher of a northern front
I admire him much; I do not care if you do not,
Bashar is an ideal student and an ideal fighter
His deed is ever white, you never find a whiter.
20/1/2013

If I am blind

If I lose my eye-sight one day what I then gain?
What is there in the universe elevates my pain?
If I have the Earth filled with the wealth of gold
I would urgently swap it with one eye that I hold
But this bless is valuable, that no one can afford
It is granted to me freely, every one of us is a lord
To whom shall we be thankful then if we are sage?
Except Him who controls our successful tiny page.
21st of Jan. 2013

Let us wait

Let us wait and wait, and stand heavily on his remains
Let us wait, for by that we, sure, get rid of our pains
Ah for that moment to come, a moment of gratification
Ah for that moment to come, to stand among creation
Engulfed by the current of time: attrition, decay and end
Soft you H, you haughtily brought our hearts to be rend
I wonder for a person who on that dung-hill, ever thrives
And wonder for him to reach that position, ever strives
Let us wait son, for we may erect our statue on his grave
For a lair has no place among noble or among the brave.
11/11/2011

Where to run?

Man, every passing moment, time reduces your days
The time is deep and black, at which you will gaze,
A time is coming when you've to leave all pleasures
To time, which, with weakness, fills your treasure.
Then to travel a compulsory travel to that borders
Where, with all, you submit to His celestial orders.
The thing is then done as if the thing wasn't done
Encompassed by damp and darkness, where to run?
A long stay, motionless, rotten and bones scattered
Into the depth of end that ever our stay here flattered!
But despite all that, and in spite of this inevitable end
We swallow ourselves and our hearts haughtily rend!
Hasn't the time come yet for all to repent in good will?
Will never come back to work well, to avoid the hell,
The hellish earth that surrounds our painful pitiful birth
An end that is going to swallow one day our silly mirth!
Do whatever you like if you don’t understand my lines
Nothing is free here and one day you have to pay fines.
29th of Nov.2011
A large Departure Hall

Since your creation you are to settle in this large hall
Waiting not for Godot, but waiting for a serious goal,
The hall is meant for you, forced here for departure
A hall of sadness, of loss, and sometimes of laughter!
You have your non-return ticket to this gloomy land
Where life tumult is ever surrounded by frantic hand,
Having no choice sitting here, nothing but to depart
You do not even select your time or select your cart
Nor the flight number, the flight numbers your years
Where your bucket is ever full of chaos and of fears,
Just wait for the announcement to take off any time
With no care whether you are old or you are in prime.
12/10/2011

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

From here comes the defeat- (the Arab Idol)

Brother, you know that from here comes the defeat
From these semi-men singers who lost their hay seat
Among polite nations, brother from these semi-men
Who swap their dignity, if it is there, with a dead hen!
Not dear singers; unwelcomed, trembling shamefully;
Twisting like torn scarecrows, trying much, carefully
To shun being among men of this age, far from age!
We become sick of you, as if we are cornered in a cage
Ay! The defeat comes to us from Morocco to the Gulf
The tornado is going to take all, is going all to engulf.

11/2/2012

An old voice

It was a voice an old, thy voice that I heard gain
A voice restores a lost soul, kicks out the pain
Dr. Shahera, a previous sweet image, ay sweet,
The world is joyous dear when under your feet.
Thy image is still inscribed in my vision, an image! That the passage of time is still unable to damage I have not seen you since we were in Lahore days I will struggle to see your face, reliable for praise. 9/2/2012

**Left from right**

A man needs from his female nothing but a smile, That keeps his love alive on a distance many a mile Even if with an empty stomach, his love lives long Enjoys the tune of his previous true love and song-A man does not need only his life, a life of food! For a real love restores his life, restores his mood. A man needs a soft touch of an ever smiling face He does not need a stomach full, burn in his place But alas, few women who do this lesson understand The rest of them do not know left from right hand! 23/2/2012

**What a nice station!**

Since I came to know, Linyaly, of your place And since much grace you possess in thy face My heart decided to settle in your young heart Make a space to my heart, with it never part. ****

Ay seeing you, lady, restores for a pers- on his life Be a kind friend to me, you are so a tender wife I long for your beautiful friendship and relation Grant me an access to your heart, a nice station. 16/2/2012

**Does not need thy light**

Oh moon high, her house does not need thy light For it is lighted due to her continuous light bright It is true that (Abeer) has from her house departed She doesn’t know that she has, my heart, parted Into two parts, the one part, for memory is left The other is ever left for sadness as its main gift. Moon, please divert, from her house path, away Leave me alone overlooking her remains the gay. 3/3/2012

**Move your furniture**

If you approach your sixty, you’d move your furniture For at this age, you’d have to keep your pale signature Yes, it is your spiritual furniture you will have to move To a second eternal home, what a house dear to prove! It is there, the furnished house is your ever possession For you have to know that this is a futile ill-life session An advice is casted now; it is left to you to decide dear To abide in, an absolute eternity, a cozy life after here! 28/2/2012
Do not come, 'I am Omar!' 

I need thee not Sir, for that you do not come at all, at all!
For I am busy talking on my mobile, you, none of my goal!
Therefore, I need not seeing you, I am a man, but a man!
You are nothing, for I get nothing seeing you, how I can?
Oh Omar! How do you receive your colored life decorated?
And how into corruption your bright days are celebrated?
I tell you readers, I am aware of it, I am not in deception:
For only his interest that invites men of yellow reception.
Pointing to me not to approach him for he has not time!
I say I have much time to feel with others and my rhyme,
And now, you are the center of my rhyme and of my lines
What behavior you showed, and what terrible are signs!
Ay, you were an old friend and you are still an old friend
Why do you behave in such manner, and my heart rend?
I register an attitude silly with Him on your own account
For I want His fair judgment, go and your deeds mount.
5/3/2012- Monday at ten AM

Nothing is harsher than being in need

Nothing is harder; nothing is harsher than being in need
Shame on us to find persons from the rubbish they feed
An old man I see and an old woman, scavengers in a bin
Shame on us all, their position is on our shoulders a sin.
*****
The heart is tearing blood, the heart is bleeding tears
Those poor who planted sympathy in us pity and fears
A scene depressing and a scene harmful to the feeling
With Him we seek an asylum, He is our wounds healing.
20/3/2012

He who deprives me …

He who deprived me of my beloved friend’s gate
If I act his destiny or possess power or be his fate,
I'll deprive him of his beloved ones in one moment
And stay looking at him; I'll have an eye of cement.
*****
Lest once should my eye pity him and surrounding
For I am going to enroot him, let him be foundling
For he is responsible for hiding my beloved friend
He does not know where I am going, him, to send.
*****
He who deprived me of my friend, has to prepare
To depart, I'll not spare of him a hair, why to spare?
I am going to burn him before his beloved ones too
I'll make his value worth not or exceed a torn shoe.
*****
Mahmoud Hanani, my friend, in strange land and sky
His death on the Israelis hands owners of the biggest lie
But I am not going to weep him, for he; in paradise lies
Oh for that day, when with Him my soul to his soul ties.
30/3/2012
A dirty drop or a rotten corpse

Ay Man! Look very now at your trembling feet
Stand still, if you can, on your trembling seat,
Ay Man, tell me as for creation, who are you?
What are you? And tell me what can you do?
Are you a dirty drop or simply a corpse rotten?
As soon as you turn your back, you're forgotten
The first is your beginning and the last is the end
You possess nothing to alter things or to mend.
Therefore, do not come before your Lord in pride
Keep obedient under His throne, keep to His side.
1/5/2012

Into a bowl of pain

You are obliged finally Man into a bowl of pain
That it is impossible to wash by the falling rain,
And that with every sun-rise you are pushed in
And by the moon-sit, you sit counting many a sin
Then you remain in, waiting for a wing of eternity
To mount upon the realm of either anguish or pity.

How trifle your life may pass among human mass
Or how gracefully or blindly your time could pass,
Then tranquility and deadly silence have to prevail
You step into your last voyage, you reluctantly hail.
27th May 2012

Silly fabricators

How silly you prove yourselves everyday!
In what ways you offer your doubted pray?
How dare you fabricate reality on ground!
Pretending that you do not hear the sound
Building and founding silly artificial graves
By enrooting illusion- thousands of graves
Into the land of Jerusalem, our holy shrine
That rejects your bones through history line
And now you come to thrust your identity,
Get way, for they are coming with no pity
To uproot you, when you do not have time
To appeal, here you understand my rhyme.
22/5/2012

In a continuous defeat

Do you know Man that you are in a continuous defeat!
Ever in a deadly conflict for a temporary worn seat!
Do not you realize that you are the loser in this game!
Where you have nobody for your disaster to blame,
So, why then arrogant you are and haughtily you walk?
Why do not you dominate your tongue from abusive talk!
You are but a walking feast for worms in an ugly grave,
And you still show off and say: I am victorious and brave:
You are nothing, physically melting into nothing, dear
Restore your originality and listen to me if you can hear-
27/5/2012

For how long

For how long your absence A will be a long absence?
And for how long your presence will be a lost presence?
Do not you have mercy upon a sincere true loving heart?
That refused Man except you to share or have a part.
1/6/2012

Time’s sack

Is there any time left for you A to come back?
Is there power left dear to hold the time’s sack?
There is not much time left for you to come back
And no much power left to hold the life’s sack.
29/5/2012

If they were delayed

If these coffins were liberated on a great liberation day
And were delayed until we see your oppressors finally pay
Pay the great intolerable price- to pay in the shape of defeat
To restore fields for our farmers so as to harvest the wheat.
****
If they were delayed to lit fire, higher than Beowulf’s fire
So as to throw Barnabas into, to throw his carton empire,
You heroes of the time, you sacrificed blood for us to live
We stand shy before you great this is what we can give.
****
Your bones have come; we receive with trumpets and drum
Lie here, nearby your relatives, stay until generations come.
1/6/62012

Heroes of the Time!

Who has the honor to dig that very tunnel?
Who has a delighted ear to hear that channel?
Which announced the matchless military mission?
That is to say the enemies are in a hot session
Our men are men before life's severe calamities
We are men, too, men before delighted felicities
****
Who has a voice to sing of that gratified news?
Who has witnessed the enemy's harsh abuse?
Tell them that, days are on a circular course!
Where the weak once will possess all force!
Tell them they will not find a way to the sea
Tell them the sea, too, will be ours, they’ll see
Tell them the off-springs of these men are able
To plough the land beneath them, it isn't a fable
****
Yes, Al-aghha and his friend have lined last night
The best signs of heroism in such a unique fight!
12/12/ 2004

The cemetery of Zerka

Civilizations, marching armies and many kingly affairs
Were all invited and still, but none refuses! Who dares!
All are invited smoothly or harshly to settle underground
All are in queue, with luggage weighing less than a pound. ****

There; you look at the human empires, into a meter down
Into the soil, equality is there! White, black and the brown!
When you look at the large cemetery there in the Zerka city
You look at the human pride, haughtiness and power, in pity. ****

For every power comes here, and melts with an eternal soil
Where decay, stagnation and silence, where life cannot foil,
All boil with the competing life-richness, ignoring these huts;
For every hut contains our pride, ay, the pride of empty nuts.
17/10/2008
On a visit to Zerka city while travelling to USA in 2008

The herdsmen of Ayyoon, (9)

You herdsmen, herdsmen in your wattle-shed
Greet your guard and peace on him you bid
Bid him before you scramble down the valley
Bow before his traces, ay come and bow daily
Before you scramble down the valley bid him
Before the sun descends to be dim, to be dim,
Let the pipers come and play the eternal tune
Play it among the shrubs and trees of Ayyoon
Let the creatures in every dingle, dell or dale
Greet Thaer of this glen, bid him every hail.
For the rumbling thunder will not soot the sky
Burn the surrounding branches, for all are dry!
Friday, 13/5/2002

The Ministry of Bones!

Ay! There should be a ministry of bones
The Ministry should allow the typhoons
I am the one who should be its minister
I am the one who should be its solicitor.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

The Ministry will employ the scattered ones
The scattered Palestinians with their guns
The Ministry will employ only the ax-men
Who are to dig every plain and every den.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

These ax-men will turn Fagin’s bones up
Then grind the hunt, and their remains rub
O God, grant me power to form this ministry
To up root the bones and solve the mystery!

And if I die, grant our generation this will
To fulfill my aim, with pleasure my cup fill.
13\5\ 2001

The Rass Mount tune

On the verge of the Rass Mount you can see
When the sun sloops down to perch on the sea
When the sun goes behind Gerizim, the Mount!
You can see the cattle, and flocks, you count
A group of shepherds going under the heaven
Not many in number, they are, at least, seven.
The cattle are creeping, grazing with no danger
Approaching to settle down, leaving the manger
You find everyone is busy as the dark prevails-
Busy preparing his rough bed, each other hails
In few minutes time the blessed fire will be lit,
Every shepherd opens his bundle, all calmly sit
To have their evening meal with each other
They are co-operative, each loves his brother.
Then the tea is boiled, they sip tea and chat
The piper gets ready his pipe, all are on a mat
Are listening to the tune of the forty-eight war
That goes deeply into their hearts, to the core
Other encompasses the sixty seven set back,
It is about the loss of Palestine, a day but dark
They are slumbering for a shallow short sleep
A sleep with Palestine's love that goes deep,
They sleep with strong determination to fight
Until, victoriously they get a lost audible right.
7/8/2004

The threshing day

Wait for your turn Sari, wait here
On this thrashing-floor, o my dear,
For I will join the threshing-board,
I will have my turn, I will be a lord.
Add more from the threshing heap
We'll thresh all before dark is deep
Err the weather is damp of dew fall
We will finish the course, it is a goal
Wait under an almond tree, on a mat
For the sun is very hot, get your hat,
The hay is soft now, get the pitchfork
Get the winnowing fork, start a work,
Release the cows and the board aside
Let them at large in the field, the wide
Make the heap-straw, a one large pile
Start winnowing now, it is today's file
Start sitting the hay from heavy grain,
For it is a protection from famine pain
Get the sack for corn, get a large sack
For soft hay, but keep rough hay back
Sari, get your pitchfork for a new course
Bring the threshing-board, bring the horse.
17/6/2004
To whom you appeal?

Those whom you appeal to are but dead!
Or sharpening their swords for your head!
Appeal not for those who are deeply dipping
Themselves in voluptuous life, sand sipping
The smoke of your houses, burnt by settlers
Those who peep behind doors are the battlers!
Appeal not to the Arab horse which is tied
To a donkey’s back through the desert dried.
Appeal not to the mirage of a false image
Seek the dust of Salah and of Omar, rummage
For the dust could blind, your enemy, stone.
Those whom you appeal to are under a loan,
Seek thus only His face. Through only His grace
You shall find relief. You only seek His face!
15/7/2001

Who comes in haste goes in haste!

Short like the soft grass of the Spring
Like the songs of birds when they sing.
They flash on the peaks of madness!
But are naked from human kindness
They plunged into the mud of their prime
They plunged into the peaks of their crime.
The bird goes high into its domed sky
But soon has to lower his timely fly
Because stagnation and rest is the end
That is the message we have to send
Them: you can’t into Almighty penetrate
And then say haughtily it is your fate.
Like a momentarily shadow of a single cloud
You’ll move in haste- nothing is allowed!
Erasing your tyranny then is our ultimate,
Hurry up; we are here lest you should be late!
Friday, 5/4/2002

You possess noting Man

Man, you are but a shading sitter
Who soon moves here 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
The old, the young and the carpet

Once upon a time, a father, handsome
Lived somewhere with his beloved wife
Who filled the atmosphere with joyous life
It is all a successful life and in a kingdom.

Adel, the husband, was blessed by a son
Who was beautiful and very intelligent
Were all with a grandfather unmalevolent
The old man was happy, as all were in fun.

Nothing disturb the family, it was an ideal
Their income suffices them, but satisfactorily
But the wife envies such a happy and fatherly
Relation between the old and husband Adel.

The wife frowns whenever her husband
Approaches his old father, or stretches hand
The wife Zahra envies his being on land!
The wife doesn’t want him having a fund.

‘Oh Adel my beloved husband’ said the wife:
‘If I tell you husband what disturb me here’
‘Will you, if you love me, aid me my lover?’
‘Between your hands Adel is my whole life!’

‘Speak out what is disturbing you love?’
Adel said that, ready to fulfill her demand
Ready to be her doll, to be in her hand!
Stuffed with love towards his lady dove

Zahra said to Adel: ‘will you be disturbed’
‘If I tell you what makes me very unhappy’
‘The thing that does make my life shabby’
‘Ay Zahra, I’ll achieve it before it is lipped’

‘Oh love, oh beloved husband, your father’
‘What is of my father, what concerns him?’
‘What about him love, what about him?’
‘Why not to send him where all old gather’

‘What say you wife? What say you madam?’
‘My father is my father, forever he will be’
‘He’ll feed on my morsel and on honey-bee!’
‘You are constructing between us a high dam.’

‘I said nothing love, am I your coddled dove?’
‘Ay you are, and I am ever ready to redeem’
‘You are my life, and you are my only dream’
‘I put you on top priority, and always above.’

‘My love, why don’t we possess our pleasure?’
‘Why not to be alone, me, you and our son’
‘To feel the touch of freedom as anyone?’
‘Who, but me, in this world, is your treasure?’
‘You only my wife is the treasure the precious’
‘But how and why are you very disturbed?’
‘If you are so, I can’t sleep, can’t get to bed,’
‘You make my life so easy and so delicious.’
***

‘Therefore, my love, don’t you send him there’
‘Where his alike comrades are all together?’
‘Where he will make relation and a brother’
‘There is the most suitable place and most fair!’
***

What do you mean’whom about do you talk?’
I mean your father love, to leave the place!
I see it normal; I do not see any disgrace!
To the shelter, where he find there good folk
***

You know dear, great respect for him I keep!
But it is better for him dear not to be alone!
He will be with others, nothing to moan!
Will be better there, happiness he will reap!
***

But my love, he is my father, you know!
How can I get rid of him, how can I?
For my veneration to him is very high!
It is shame to send, no I’ll never bow!
***

Oh love send him there, and a daily visit
We’ll pay him, delicious food will send
We’ll respect him there, our lives will lend
Him, and we shall pay him a daily visit!
***

What people will say about me, my dear?
How can I tolerate putting him far away?
How can I consume it, a dangerous play!
However, I’ll look into the matter, dear.
***

It is just normal my love, a conduct whole!
It has nothing to do with moral and manner
Do it my love, no shame, raise the banner!
Send him to the center love, it is my goal!!
***

Ok love don’t be angry, I’ll try my best!
I’ll tell him in my own way, in my style
That it will be better for him, there to stay!
But how to approach it, he is not a guest!
***

Say to him that he will not be there alone,
And say, we’ll cook food for him everyday
Say we’ll not leave him, but every Sunday
Will contact him, say to him, say by phone!
***

Ay my love, do it now, in this very moment!
I’ll tell him to prepare his belongings love!!
I’ll tell him I like to be alone with my dove!
I’ll tell him, being alone he shouldn’t lament.
***

Ay dear husband we shall stay with our son
We shall be three only: you, my son and I
If your father goes dear, I'll say to him bye!  
We have to look at our son, the thing is done!  

II  
Father dear, dear father I have much to say  
But father, I am very shy if once I say that  
Father dear, I would prefer a life on a mat  
Rather than to be among a family, to stay  
***  
My son Adel, I understand what it means  
I'll leave to the shelter if this, you, relief!  
I'll not annoy you son, my way and belief  
I am going in two days if your wife keens  
***  
Father we'll not be absent, but on your side  
We'll not leave forever, or for a long time  
We'll not father, otherwise it is a crime!  
We'll come monthly where you'll abide!  
***  
Ok son, bring me a sack for the departure,  
I'll thrust my belongings in, but that I built  
For you as you were a child, it is nota guilt!  
It is natural rule: the chick leaves the vulture.  
***  
At what time then your departure my father?  
Don't leave so early, for we are not in hurry!  
Make it not in haste father for we are in worry!  
Go my son fetch all his belongings and gather.  
***  
It is just on time, father, that the car comes!  
Here it is father, let me help and give a hand!  
Let us tied everything over to that land, land!  
The father left, we could hear his sad hums.  
***  
The father reached reluctantly his new place  
He found his place, and he found his shelter  
It was not clean it was but in helter-skelter!  
The man got in, got in but with bad grace.  
III  
‘Ay wife, now, have you relaxed after him?’  
‘Are you satisfied without him- being away?’  
‘How can I live without him, how can I stay?’  
‘I feel I am going to sip the cup to the brim!!’  
***  
‘Nay Adel, nay husband, for we are not far’  
‘From him, at any time we can, to him, go,”  
‘That is life my dear, and that its own law!’  
‘We are here; he is there, so in life we are!’  
***  
‘Nay wife I am going to sip from the same cup’  
‘My father did not go there with a good grace,’  
‘I have noticed that, wife, I have seen his face!’  
‘Disdain of life:from this meal I am but to sub’  
***  
‘Husband dear and son, to him now you’ll go’  
‘To take this tasty food, I prepared for him!’  
‘Go to him abruptly, go in light not in dim!’  
‘You find his many friends, more he’ll know.’  
***
How can we buy him for a spoonful of food?
For world's food will not make him satisfied
He'll not be satisfied since to him we are rude.
***
My husband, the matter is not how you think
It is so normal that all of them there are alike
That if you offer him coming back he'll dislike
For there, only he has friends, he has the link
***
Wife, prepare the food, for me and the son
Will go to him, but what going with no love
You can't convince me of his love, my dove.
However, we'll go to him, the thing is done!

IV
Father, good evening' Adel, with love, said,
We are back to you father, we do not forget
We'll come everytime, I'll not forget, I bet!
Your love father is filling my heart and head.
***
I see son, I see, what is this you to me carry?
What I carry is a sort of food my wife cooks
She takes care of you and for you she looks
Thanks, put the food here, are you in hurry?
***
Ay grandfather, are you happy here, son said
Ay my son: happy or not, what harms you?
Grandfather, I am not happy of what they do
Why did they choose this shelter and the bed?
***
Grandson, don't say that, it may annoy them
Grandfather, I need you among us, among us
I do not want to come to you daily what a fuss!
Being here grandfather, is the top of problem
***
Say not that my son, lest they should hear
They may become angry with me and you
You are still young, what are you able to do?
Fear for me not my son, them only you fear!
***
Adel my son, sometimes I feel cold at night
Could you, next time, bring me a small carpet?
I may tread on, or I may use it, or on I sit!
Bring a small carpet Adel, so light, so light!

V
Husband dear, has your father adapted himself?
Has he, to the new life, himself well adapted?
I don't think that anything him dare interrupted
See husband what belongs to him on this shelf
***
Ay wife nothing belongs to him he left here
What always annoys me, wife, is his demand
What husband, isn't he among a good band?
Nay my wife, but he says he feels cold dear!
***
What are you going to do with him dear Adel?
Are you going to bring him back, him back!?
‘He is in his paradise, where nothing may lack!’
‘All his needs are there: the horse and the saddle’
***
‘Nay, dear wife, he needs not all these things’
‘He needs a carpet that gives him the warmth!’
‘What harms you, if he gets it, what harmth?’
‘Go son; bring that piece of carpet on wings!’
***
The son went abruptly to the carpet’s place
With his knife he cuts it into two equal parts
‘What a hard treatment is this! What hearts!’
‘My parents you hold what a lack of grace!!’
***
The son holds the two parts and goes down
Adel then shouted: ‘why cut into two parts?’
The son said: ‘I learnt from your life’s arts’
‘I learnt: once you were your father’s fawn!’
***
‘That is right my son, son what do you mean?’
‘Father: one piece for you, and one for him’
‘You are going to drink the cup to the brim!’
‘One for him one for you father; this I mean!’
1/9/2002

Thanks my readers

Thanks my readers for the endurance you gave
Reading my many poems, so you are the brave!
Much is my garden affluence- a flowing spring!
Through which you may blow your pipe and sing.
13/5/2014

The end of the book