Scent from the East: A new flavor

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Dedication

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

INTRODUCTION

What is more delicious than the feeling of being enmeshed and or infatuated by others? So it is the case of the East and the easterners who were and still the quest of the westerners: the politicians and the academics; the travelers; the artists and the writers of every sort of literature. Since the European people have settled in Europe and still they are under the spell that comes from the East, even the writers of European literature particularly the novels and the novelists; the poets and the dramatists who assimilated their heroes and heroines to the eastern beauty, courage and faithfulness, particularly that sort of love which is called the "Platonic love" which dyed the majority of eastern love stories. Even the sick Europeans whose sickness is impossible to be cured are advised to travel to the East for recovery, the recovery which had, along ages, proved its efficiency on the ground. That the Victorians in particular were advised to make to the East for health matters; for the Eastern air is pure and the sun is curable from every disease, and that the general atmosphere of the East is a focus of the European attraction and admiration. Therefore, the readers of this book find their different quests of their targets; they find the light of their being in life throughout the 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 out let.
Scent from the East - a new flavor

As they see the East
A traveler finds his warm quest in the East;
It is our clinic and our spiritual love at least,
Beauty overflows upon us, and upon beast;
Quicken thy step towards the world’s feast.
2/2/2010

Shakespeare and the East

Queen Cleopatra is the whole Eastern scent
While hero Othello is the black Eastern mint,
For Egyptian pleasure Antony to the East went
Lady Macbeth, for an Arabian perfume, sent
Which to her and to her Macbeth, is as a vent
So the East is the Western halo, a halo to rent!
5/5/2009

The perfume of Lady Macbeth

Have you Lady Macbeth ever smelled the eastern perfume?
Has this perfume cured you from the disease of your heart?
But had you used this perfume Lady after your nasty crime
It would have cleaned your hands or your sick heart on time!
14/5/2014

In every city there is another city

Yes, there is in every living city another tiny dead city
You look at the first hopefully and at the other in pity
The scene in the first attracts you, the other depresses
You! Then you realize that it is a counterfeit, the bless
11/5/2014

Who is the miser?

The miser who does not trust Allah’s possession
Who fails to cope with his own celestial mission
Who does not leave space in his heart for his idol
Whose heart is blocked revolving around his dole
9/5/2014

The hideous apparatus of death

The hideous apparatus of death is ever installed
For you man who is very soon going to be called
For which you, compulsory, come bowing head
From the moment of your advent you are dead!
9/5/2014

Allah is the capital

A person won’t be loser if Allah is his capital
For man seems to be lost in his life the digital
He is lost if Allah is not his capital in hereafter
Grasp this wealth lest you should be in disaster
11/5/2014
You won’t enroot a conscience in me

If I don’t have a living conscience you won’t enroot
In me any living one, for it is a grant from His fruit
So you are the master—either you revive or it you kill
Either you relax or spend life ascending a rocky hill!
14/5/2014

You will see him defeated

An oppressor must pay one day we say
For he is leading a life mostly very grey
It is impossible but to see him defeated
And that his story among us is repeated.
12/5/2014

The east is the tutor of the west

Since life’s advent on this Earth, the gorgeous east
Has been the west’s ideal touch and delicious feast
It is the tutor, the sage where the west ever inhales
From its philosophy, for every nation its style hails.
13/5/2014

In its softness lies death

In the softest creature lies the terrible death
Where it gives you no chance even to breathe
It is the killing snake that coiling here and there
So, not every soft thing in this life is fine or fair.
12/5/2014

The sick

The sick man does not want you to see him defeated
For he abhors seeing visitors’ heels in his den repeated
Beaten by the fist of time that does not discriminate
Between its victims who have to swallow their plate.
13/5/2014

Dishonesty

Dishonesty, in men, is the main rotten disease
The more dishonest you are, less you live in ease
I have a colleague whose boldness soars in the air
What should I do with him my advisor, tell me Sir.
16/5/2014

Pride

Pride, in men, is a disease if it is out of its place
It flays kindness and in you enroots all disgrace
If you are proud for nothing, it is utmost naivety
Sir, kick the proud out, he is not of our nativity.
15/5/2014
Boldness

Bad is to be bold in life, for boldness kills the heart
It kills humanity in man, be away from it and apart
Boldness leaves you bare without people's respect
Without people love which is the target of any sect.
17/5/2014

Foolishness

It is strange for a man to accept a role of a fool in life
For the smart who spends it with a whole honest strife,
You fool; you dig your own hole for which you invite all
To bury you alive, your life is with no aim without goal!
16/5/2014

The end

Every problem and even every disease has a cure
Except the sickness of end that we have to endure
It is the catastrophe of the end: the gloom of fate
For which we find ourselves compelled but to wait.
15/5/2014

Your spiritual store

In this monotonous life your spiritual store
Dose disperse your being in life with no door
Never empty it throughout your short life
Tie your rope to Him and find a pretty wife.
16/5/2014

Build your dominion

Through hard work only and high manner you build dominion
Not though ignorance and oppression or by a corrupt opinion
Build it through, loyalty and the uprightness of your demand
For to Him only humane who possess what is in His open hand.
17/5/2014

Avoid being degraded

Avoid being degraded, abandoned and a base man among men
Avert being corrupted, debased or a debauched as a timid hen
Evade being decadent, depraved, or a despicable in your life
Keep aloof from being wicked or disreputable as you go strife.
17/5/2014

A slave of need

When you need whatever you like you'll be its slave
When you turn your back to it, you'll be its master
The forerunner of his livelihood, who is the faster,
Get up now otherwise licking the shoes of the brave.
16/5/2014
To Mr. Bumble

Mr. Bumble! Neither Oliver is faulty nor Dr. Jameel
We are both innocent Mr. Bumble, do not you feel?!
Our bulky Bumble governs this strange department
His workhouse is deprived of much enlightenment.
19/5/2014

His poetry penetrates into my heart

Abla-Antara’s great Platonic-love is an eastern example
‘His poetry penetrates into my heart with no permission’
She says. Her heart encompasses his heart, ever in session
Your love will never die; it will be for all lovers best sample.
20/5/2014

The traitor is a resident of hell

The traitor of his own country is the resident of hell
Who betrays his friend who sends him to an ugly cell,
An experience I had lived once through a bulky one
Whose face is frowning; always before me tries to run.
18/5/2014

When she says it: “beloved”

When she says, from her heart, ‘beloved mine’
When I answer her that she is my beloved fine
Handle her ripe fruit and drink from her spring
And stay in her nightly feminine palace to sing.
11/5/2014

A Sense of beauty

He lost all, who has no sense of beauty
For droughty souls are turned, how pity!
They all long for her beautiful face!
That provides satisfaction and grace.
I thought we are in an age of Angel Fall
As she passes, everyone wishes his goal.
28/3/2009

We want the whole!

We do not want from you any more
Since the distributor is a lewd whore!
The whole land and no compromise
The whole thing is ours, it is no lies.
The whole land of Palestine is ours
Though you possess now all powers
You know: it is from sea to the river!
Stand there then, stunned and shiver.
************
To spite you all, the land is our land!
Our ultimate is every atom of its sand.
You know your elevation is temporary
You should wipe it from your memory.
Yes we want it all, we want the whole
Yes, we will not divert from our goal!
We don’t want from you now any more
Since the distributor is a lewd whore.
Thursday, 4/4/2002

Who were they?

Generations will ask: who were they?
I know them, to you, in reply, I will say
People—like, but they hate all, they dislike
They only nourish, if others they strike,
But if you want to know who are they
They are so ugly, living in a grey day
They demolish others’ houses, demolish
Savage are they, ay, savage and devilish
They demolish houses upon their dwellers
Uncivilized, savage and mannerless killers
Killers of children of women and of the old
Thinking, by their deeds, they are so bold.
Demolish houses upon all, upon every head
But under the March clouds they are shed!
So they are enemies to man, trees and stones
I see them, in holed sacks collecting the bones
But the savage should not be allowed to pass
My will is: let them drink from the same glass.
Tuesday, 4/3/2003

You toil and toil

You toil and toil and finally nothing but a heap of soil
Relax man or you do not relax, for nothing, you toil!
The nearest of kin tomorrow will say: it is time let us hurry'
And you are carried, a heavy load! They want to burry
For the Tradition among men says: 'to respect the dead'
To respect the dead is but a criterion, 'is to bury his head'
For this, you live as a dandling bat, select this way or that.
Ultimately you get nothing, but deeds rich you were or on a mat.
18/7/2005

You toil for a heap of soil!

You toil man, and the end is soil!
Then go and toil, then go and toil
Time is advancing, but wheeling!
When your nearest of kin's feeling
Is: 'to quicken the burial of the dead'
'Is a thing of respect for his head?'
Ay, respect him, burry him in hurry
To ensure disappearance, him to carry
***
Then in a narrow hole-grave you lie
They shovel a heap of soil, for you die!
In few minutes, they level the ground
No ax, tranquility prevails, no sound
No shovel then, everyone is to leave,
You spot faces, they are all in grieve!
Everyone wants to leave the grave yard
The dead were toiling hard, very hard!
For everyone wants to leave the place
Wants to follow a life full of dimgrace
18/7/2005

An elegy on manner No.2

I can't imagine the sitting on my seat
Nor the stealing the shoes of my feet,
Who harvested my fields and wheat?
Who had taken my new food and eat?
Who had thrown my bones into street?
After stripping them of my warm meat
Who had used all my drums and beat
And raised his flag on my very fleet?
Those who, in jungle, live and meet!
Who rudely wrapped my flag and pleat?
Oh manner! In a deep whole but not neat
They buried you and sat, others to greet.
3rd Dec. 2003

Wheeling to decay

What is admirable in this silly life?
But for her beauty, what a strife!

Everything is droughty in this city
Except her soul, and her wet beauty

Would I hesitate for her friendship?
No, even if to drink the sea sip by sip

I don't believe if any beauty is there
In man's door, to be found anywhere.

Blame me not in this connection Sir,
For her dimples are tender and fair.

I grow thoughtful when I know to decay
Her beauty is wheeling along the way!
25/7/2000

Who overlooks that field?

Who overlooks that gorgeous field?
Who wears, for the life that shield?
Who eats the first ripe tasty fruit?
Who wears that gown and the suit?
Who smells the fragrance of Brute*
Who plays the tune of thy soft lute?
Who possesses the nice ball to shoot?
Who breaks the silence and the mute?
Whose lands the first touches a foot?
On which path walks the tiny boot?
Who handles the pipe first to toot?
Bring this man, him I will shoot?  
I'll smear his face with much soot  
And stay in, to send deep my root  
And fold the branches, others hoot.
18/1/2005  
Brute: is a kind of expensive perfume *

Who strikes my door?

Are you history who strikes my golden door?  
Welcome history to anchor at my vast shore  
Welcome again, for what makes you come?  
Except the noise and the conference's drum  
Did you know? Or should I make you know  
The nation's leaders met for making a bow  
They met; they kicked, violently, each other  
Ass kicking the air accompanied by mother  
Ay history register all and nothing but this  
The reality I give, and this is what all guess  
The reality I witnessed, and the reality I saw  
Everyone of them is accompanied by a sow  
Write history then: the whole cattle could not  
Protect the falling calf, this calf will be sent  
To the butcher's knife who enjoys but cutting  
His throat, they all watch the scene by sitting  
Write history: they were separated at the end  
They left furrows but, but impossible to mend  
Write history now, write it now before dawn  
Everyone left shamefully rolled in his gown.

To whom you left them!

Ay you! Are they our heroes or what?  
Why did you close the door and shut?  
A precedent, never taken place before!  
Are you a dead fish thrown along shore?  
To whom did you leave them in there?  
Is it fair in your laws, in you laws fair!!  
Why did you bow a head to the savage?  
And sold them at the price of a cabbage?  
Lurching stone, but a stone of no origin!  
Lurking behind dunes, in a killing vision  
Oh dotard! You draggle us in a dirty soil  
Oh dotard! Will you leave the land of oil?  
Even animals would not adopt your line!  
Never deport their youngs never say fine!  
They defend them to the last drop of blood  
Why do you swim shamelessly in this flood?  
Leave as scarab with its ball among artichokes  
We are not to be stunted, high we are on rocks.

To A. L. Tennyson

You uttered with the words of the atheist  
In your poems, in Memoriam at least:

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“Strong Son of God” said false, you said  
Unlogic you said, and that we have read  
You should have known, poet, by innate  
That God did not have sons or any mate,  
His (as God) are these orbs and the shade  
Into wrong from top to bottom you wade—  
Since you know that orbs shade and light  
Are all not man-made but all in His might  
How then for a man, and a son of a man  
Can control these orbs? Who but Him can?  
***  
You said: “thou madest life in man and brute”  
But not he, (a son of man) who made the fruit  
Or who made life goes into us day and night  
Who grant us happiness or sometime plight?  
All these “Tennyson” are granted us by God  
His Majesty and Might are reduced to be a dad!  
***  
You said to the son of man “you madest death”  
But you know who granted death, life and health  
To man and his sons, who are ruled by His power  
God only created light and the shade of the bower  
But if the son made death, and if the son made life  
How then was he caught by men each with a knife?  
If the son made the life and the death, how he died!  
It is in your understanding, on the cross on one side.  
***  
For a creator of death and life is never a dead  
This we know, in our righteous book we read  
Contradicting yourself: a creator of death died!  
Himself he died, and on animals used to ride  
And that his “foot is on the skull he hast made”  
Oh, jumble of knowledge that makes man fade:  
How for a man can create a skull of other man?  
Since he himself was created, created as a man!  
Man, apply logic before your speech is written  
Use thy mind; get a place for tomorrow to sit in.  
30/8/ 2004  

Time  

Time is a thing. You are astray into its realm  
It surrounds you- awaken or in your dream!  
It surrounds the known and unknown universe  
Time can’t be known by poetry and the verse  
Time is great harsh soft sharp and merciless,  
Time takes you and him and all, more or less  
Time is He and He is the time; that is the time  
It could take you now as you finish my rhyme.  
3/6/2004  

A sole kingdom  

A beautiful knee-lump is arising in the snow  
Whiter it is as you ascend to salute or bow  
All is white snow covered with light attire,  
To come to your hut on a punctured tire!
So as to stay longer and longer in your field
In case I am invited in A. while in my shield
I will draw my sword, standing on your land,
Then you surrender at the power of my hand
Then a talk starts for reconciliation and a deal
You sign that contract A. by your tender heel
Then our kingdoms have become one kingdom
I am its king, and you, the queen will become.
29th of September 2011

A dirty drop or a rotten corpse

Ay Man! Look very now at your stumbling 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 former is your beginning and the latter is end
You possess nothing to alter things or to mend.
Therefore, do not come before your Lord in pride
Keep obediently under His throne, keep to His side.
1/5/2012

A new birth- queen Abeer

I have been jealous of you Mr. Dustman
For into her den you can go and you can
Will you take me with you for one go?
Will you leave me then, for you’re a foe!
Leave me to the queen of women on earth
To see myself newly born in a new birth.

****

Then come Mr. for taking me the next day
For I will have attended, to the end, a play
Then take me again to the queen of beauty
Who dominates a world-beauty in this city
Hail thee Gaza the city, hail thee Gaza hail
I will prepare my boat, into your sea I sail.
3/2/2005

A loop out of your rope

Ay! Ex-president Jimmy Carter, once you were
A sincere servant to them, those who now dare,
Stand President Carter and now know your place
Among those whom you spent your shaken grace,
You are, among them, deprived of everything
You cut fit this humiliation, wear in fear, you sing
You supported them, even the oxygen you inhale
And they sold you cheaply, a hen price in a sale,
Insult follows another insult, all in dignity-waste
You were an obedient servant who jumped in haste.
Now relax, an old elephant in an open barren heath
They will not place, on your grave, a cheap wreath
For you went far oppressing the poor on this globe
The oppressed are making a loop out of your rope.
17/4/2008
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
Neither your pleas, nor you acquire a tiny 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

A chain of heroes

Shadi Toubasi hand in hand with Salahat
Guard the dignity gate, do not let them
Pass, for the gate is not meant for any bat
These bats never care for our problem.

Nor forget to take to Heaven J. Humaid
These braves flow into the settlement,
Tigers like into the waste, hawks in raid!
All went in, but to hell their enemies sent

Shadi, lead the crowd to Hayfa there
Guard the gate, never allow any hare!
31/3\2002

Winds of change

Oh, blow winds of change, blow
Blow heavily, blow with no law
For the age is of idols and of the toys
Blow winds, no way for the ruling boys
Oh, winds of change sweep these bolds
Oh, winds sweep away these dotard olds.
Blow and sweep these pampered stones
They are stupid and with empty bones.
Oh winds, sweep them into their hell
Let them buy there and let them sell.
For no dignity was inherited by them
For standing it has become a problem
They are all there, they are all ashore
Castrate them and prevent every whore.
9\10\2001

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 nothing but 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

Again and again

Again, and again, you Arabs, you leave us alone
Your leaders are so knave that they are not able
To answer the phone, they are tied with a cable
With a tiny thin string are tied, their loin is shown.

They see the bombardment of Gaza day and night
For the last two weeks, none of them but stagnated
Some of you consider this bombardment, legislated
The Jews can go through our weakness, they go right

The Jews blocked your passages, even the sea-waves
They let starvation prevails, and you watch TVs screen
If you possess the courage to watch and feel the scene
Of destruction that turns you- weasels running to caves.

We, Palestinians, have nothing but to Almighty God appeal
To remove this cloud, protect us from this dilemma and save
Us from leaders' treasons, for every one of them is a knave
We'll fight to the end, will pass by you when you're in kneel.
27-12- 2008 13/1/2009

A dusty file

Every luxury and every dejection is going to decay
Nothing remains on this earth, nothing is to stay!
The harsh greedy mother ground is to consume all
You are running, man, to its depth with your goal.
So, smile if there is opportunity for you to smile
You will be nothing among all, but a dusty file!!
1/7/2011

He who prayeth best

O, you, you who sleeps best
Who is thy successor the next?
Next! Who will be the dragon?
Who will lift us into his wagon?
A wagon with no wheels but heels
Heels, heavy heels! Look he kneels!

O’ you! Who sleeps the best!
Best you do is to hit with fist
The people’s blood you suck!
Suck with no pipe. Ay no luck!
He who prayeth best should sit
Sit on our throne but with no fit!
Away then from this country away
Lest you should beget a one to stay
9/1/2002

An elegy…Farewell life

I'll not let you entice my tears
Nor increasing my white fears
I am the master of my few lines
I'll not let you read my very signs
Nor stay alone, as a baby, cries
Aware of what you do, open eyes
If you leave me in tear-shedding
You're to attend a death-wedding
Silly, nude, usurper of my seat
Be my usher wherever go my feet.
Farewell, life of skeletons of men!
Farewell cannibals: rejoicing the den
I am not, forever, to live with dint
Triumphant over the sorrow I meant.
Farewell life, if you are of gangsters
Sweeping honesty holding their dusters,
Life you are so good without this gang
Vomit them out, or them you may hang.
Tuesday, 13/1/2004

His wisdom

Just have a look into His large wisdom
Give a glance throughout His kingdom,
You will find everything is tidily done-
Things go to complete other things run.

You find poison unmixed with honey!
In one creature, it is the bee, not funny.
Great and great is Thy wisdom my Lord
Suppliant I am: list me into your board.

List me with whom You are so pleasant,
Guide me to the straight path to present
My deeds to Thee, be satisfied with me
Forgive my sin, with You I'd like to be.

O, you who are blind, awake very now
Awake, before you go, kneel and bow
I write my poem in English for others
To know what is religion. O brothers!

You will leave wealth, friends and wife
Follow Islam, your way to an eternal life.
You'll regret once when regret won't do
A day is coming for the friends and foe.
Here is my message, say not 'I don't know'
When before Him, no way to go, but to go
7/5/2004
I swear: we are coming!

I swear that I can see; we see the victory!
I see that we can fold the sickly century!
I feel jealous for those who will attend it
For nearly I attend those who now send it.
The victory is just on the faithful’s door!
I swear I love you Palestine from the core.
We exult you, who will witness the very day!
We envy you, who will walk along this way!
Hail, indubitable facts of victorious exultations
Poke the horse who carries these explanations.
Friday, 3/5/2002

In this game

In this game the wind is the winner
In this game, dear, I am the sinner
You play alone joyfully with a fish
And I am the hungry for this dish
Scarlet, light shirt, thou art a bless
Thou art in an ever continuous kiss.
Overflow on us from thy affluence
Otherwise to die under thy influence
23/10/2010

I am not in the list (2)

Thank you my beloved God for I am not in the list
For He wants 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
So, I will sell myself cheaply to Him, to that I will run.
10/1/2012

Fair is not sufficient

You are wronged A if fair is the word
That has been put to describe beauty;
Your beauty is only and I am thy lord
So if the world insists for that, it is pity.
***
You deserve more than fair to suit you
For women will never born your alike
For all before you know not what to do
For when I adore you, who dare dislike?
9/10/2010

Demolish the bill!

If you demolish now the wall
You cannot demolish the soul
That hovers above your deed
It watches the wounds’ bleed. 
Do whatever you do, you draw 
Your lines that over lines grow, 
You can’t oblige the urging fate 
Or postpone its advent to be late. 
The dust of demolished homes 
Goes up into the sky and roams 
As witness, to witness your day 
To witness what, but your play!
The play of this tiny weak savage 
Who hates, and likes to damage 
The whole, to erase any effect 
On land, in heaven He may affect 
And facilitate the revengers’ road 
Who are waiting here and abroad, 
Demolish, we are coming for the bill 
You won’t pay it, we draw you to hell!
Saturday, 4/1/2003

Dead in life!

Since you were already dead 
What is the use of your head? 
Since you were useless to me 
And to all, you could not see! 
Then die, but die not in relax 
Be melted just like the wax. 
Then go then let it be down 
Be buried not in a great town 
For those who are buried here 
All are sincere and all are dear. 
***
Then entomb him not anywhere 
For he was opponent to the fair 
We do not like you to embrace 
Or his memory in this disgrace! 
Be buried then, but among them 
They are your lovers to the brim, 
We’re unable to swallow thy face 
Or tolerate seeing you in our place. 
Take the corpse away and go far 
We’re the owner of the place, we’re. 
Since you were dead in your life 
And were swindled by your wife 
Leave our country purged and clean 
Your whole is not to be, here, seen. 
8/11/2004

Death is the heaviest!

Death is heavier than any life, if you know 
Death equals not only life for which you row 
But also heavier than all mountains and earth 
Heavier than everything, it puts end to birth, 
You reach the end of the bay, you no more 
Row, for the row is broken, you sit on shore 
Sit in eternity, in decay, in endless stagnation

Scent from the East: A new flavor
For no wheel goes to the advanced civilization
For all is gone, all is flatten with the ground
For all is dumb, is motionless with no sound
For death swallows everything under the sky
For death encompasses life, and leaves it dry
For what you burn your days, still you toil?!
To get your share and others', seek your soul.
12/12/ 2004

Dog and master

Can a dog be separable from his master?
Can also he be more obedient and faster
Than his master? Yes, here, he can be!
For all indifferences, here, you can see.
***
It is, here, on the banks of the two rivers
Two dogs each tied to a tree, each shivers
They bark at you, and at every passer by
Lest you should drink- rivers become dry!
***
Although the master is very far on Earth
He dominates his dogs, even their birth,
You can't ladle from the Nile to moist lips
Nor on the Jordan fix your feet and steps.
***
Oh, beloved come to me now with a page
Write history: all are fed up of their age
Write beloved: now is the time of coward
Write: The dogs and we are being powered.
***
With all your coyness come, beloved great
Write beloved: two timid guards with a plate
Are rudely begging their master how to lie
At their people, oh, it is time to let them die.
19 /4/2006

Hail not new teeth!

Hail thee not new teeth
For I feel as if
I carry a wide heath.
How can I hail thee?
Since artificial you be?
Where are my old ones?
To which dust-bin each runs?
***
Oh my original old ones
How a person thy loss shuns
What an odd body is there!
What a heavy body is there!
Hail only what Allah creates
Hail only what He makes!
Hail thee not, but for the fate
You are compelled to wait
For what is not His make
Is doubtless, and very fake!
Moveable between my jaws
Aching, never smell a rose
Loveable when they are out
Being in, I cannot even shout
My tongue rejects them all
For they are odd, they are whole.
You are reluctantly in my mouth
Till my face is turned to the south
1\3\ 2001

Have you come mum?
Have you come mum, have you come?
Mum, have you come, have you mum?
Where has he gone mum, has he gone?
Have you sent him, and you have run?

Where has my grand- mother gone?
What is done, son, can't be undone!
O mother, has he gone forever mum?
Cannot we redeem him with any sum?

Nay mother, for the place he has gone
To, cannot be redeemed, can't be shun!
But mum, why has he gone, has he gone?
It was not him, or anything he has done.

It was a compulsory going, it was a run
It is no way to do son, my son, my son!
But to go to that King and to Him to run
When the time is come son, it is done!!
9/11/2005

Happiness could be restored!
The woman is tender, fair, young but a widow,
Upon whom death threw its sharp heavy shadow
Upon her soul, but happiness could be restored
If you attract her to your bower, and be her lord
18\12\2001 (on Eid El-Fitr's days)

To Beit Jibreen
Hills embrace hills and you are still
Horning the sky from a high very hill
Still there, in the dust of forgetfulness!
Dust and rust, chaos and helplessness

Your remains are the milestones for ages
Despite the trials of erasing you from pages
The hills are there and the skulls are there!
These are going to utter the words of fair!!
25\2\2000
A hero, a narrator and the shepherd

I am the hero, the narrator and here the shepherd!
Who comes to narrate the story of the soft leopard
I am a university graduate from the faculty of Arts;
A student who reached the farthest world’s parts

****

From the University of Punjab in the eastern side
To the western side of Europe I could easily ride
Where the University of Wales, a science store!
My Ph. D is from there, is from the Welsh shore.

****

From my beloved Punjab I got my B. A, the degree
From there, I jumped to India where Taj I saw, free
Where from my beloved city (Lahore) my (MA) I got
My love to these people was true, my love still hot.

****

From Al-Azhar University I obtained a one year leave
Where I lecture in English literature, do you believe?
Ay to give hand to my father in his successful farms
I chose herding the sheep, for I enjoy so strong arms.

****

I am now the shepherd among these mountains
The source of all pleasure, full affluent fountains
A shepherd leads his cattle, he defends, he fights
Ay, among these mountains, plains and heights.

****

I everyday lead my cattle of sheep to where grass
Is found, between hills and large plains I may pass
I search for grass among the beautiful virgin nature,
I am the king carrying my belonging as any creature.

****

I carry what I need in my saddle, on my brown horse,
I lead my cattle in the morning, a pleasurable course!
I am a very healthy man and happy as I lead the cattle
Carry my food, drink and my weapon for any battle.

****

I go with my sheep; I am twenty and eight of the years
We have premises, in happiness we live, with no fears
I am the fifth son of my father among girls and boys
I send my cattle to the open; my sheep are as toys.

****

I sometimes go home at night, sometimes into a cave
I often settle in AL-ezib lower cave, only for the brave!
I make my breakfast, my tea, milk on burning wood
After that, I pray to God for this happy youthhood.

****

One day I led my cattle into a frozen nasty weather
Towards the Al-ezib mountains where I enjoy thither
My cattle spread here and there among virgin nature
Two hundred sheep around me, I am a best creature.

****

One hundred ewes and more from fecundate goats
I am safe, as if into sea with many safety new boats
I lead my sheep, and I blow my flute and or my pipe
I enjoy full satisfaction and a good deep vision, ripe.

****
With my sheep on a sunny day but still it is so cold
I approached a rock, to which as if a human is hold
Female she was; I knew not living was she or dead
But I could guess that she was alive, her face I read.

I found that she was but cold in the agony of death
I took her immediately out of cold, of a muddy filth
I laid her on the mouth of that cave, the lower cave
She was frozen; I am the man who her should save.

I took off my heavy coat, covered her trembling body
At the mouth of that cave, to rescue her I was ready
She is under two dry blankets to avoid cold and frost
A place I made for her, a place warm made by her host.

The fire rose up with its smoke touching the blue sky
The rich fire shows my generosity, the flames go high
I saw that she starts gaining life from the fate’s teeth
We were all alone with my sheep over this vast heath.

I saw the lady opening her eyes as she felt the heat
The heat penetrated into her body down to her feet
My cattle was busy grazing as I was busy hosting her
She said: ‘who are you, how dare you, how you dare?’

I saw that morning was blushing through her cheeks
And that Jerseim’s* summit was not higher in its peaks
Black tresses hanged down, a snake through a field corn
A black snake coiling in my heart, as if just I am but born.

I said: ‘I am a shepherd, I found you by that big rock’
From there I brought you frozen, no worry nor shock!
She said: ‘whose coat is this’ I said: ‘to me it belongs’
This fire was made by me so as you start your songs.

She said: ‘did you do that for a girl you do not know?’
I said: ‘I did that for your safety, the demand of law ’
She said: ‘what is this cave, how are we here, how?’
This is the lower Ezib*, girl, I am at thy command now.

This land belongs to us, said I, and these are my sheep
‘Man’ she said, why did you do all that favor to me?
I said: ‘I did that for my conscience call wants to reap
The harvest, a day should be mine and your, as I see.

‘My man’ she said, ‘I am so hungry and I am so in fear’
I said: ‘both, my lady, will be removed as I did with cold’
She said: ‘I would like to know your name, may I hear’
‘My name is Ibrahim, from Rujeeb* a nearby village old’.

‘What is your job’ she said, ‘what do you do for living?’
‘I keep this cattle of sheep it belongs to me lady’ I said
Jerseim* is the name of a mountain overlooks Nablus city
lower Ezib*: it is an area land to the south of Nablus, Rujeeb* is the writer’s village

Scent from the East: A new flavor
She said: ‘your kindness is reflected in your much giving’
Kindness should be there I said, and be in every head.

****
She said: ‘but savagery prevails’ ay! Savagery prevails’
I said; ‘why did you say so girl? Things are still but good’
‘Nay’ she said, but savagery threw me here, me it hails’
‘Oh my little girl, your name I should know, ay I should.’

‘My name is Abeer, and I am from town Biet-foureek’*
I said: ‘I know it, it is nearby, and not far from here’
She said: ‘my story is a long one, it becomes on peak’
I said: ‘Oh Abeer, could you tell me more my dear?’

‘I am twenty years old’ she said, ‘still at a university’
I said: ‘what made you come here my little one?’
‘My father wants to marry me to an old, is it pity?’
‘And because my right was confiscated, her I run’

He is a man of fifty; he speaks through his money,
I refused him, marrying him they wanted to force
I wanted to live and choose, I want no bitter honey
I won’t go back, I am with you and with your horse.

****
Last night that man came, with others, me to woo
He was ready to pay ten thousands, dowry the J.D*
It was raining, from the window I escaped, I could do
I dashed into wilderness and here I feel I am so free.

****
I found myself unable to walk, an exhausted female,
I said; ‘you have reached the safe place my little guest’
No force, no power can take you, hail you and you I hail
Relax my dear Abeer, stretch your feet; take your rest.

****
‘Ibrahim’ she said, ‘how if they come now to take me?
What would you do? How can you save me and you?’
‘I redeem you with my soul, let them come, you’ll see
I will not let them harm you, nor even harm your shoe.

****
‘This night’ said I, ‘for you I am not going home back’
I will stay with my cattle; and with you in this cave
I will find a dinner for you, no fear nothing will lack
I will stay vigilant on you, you sleep, I am the brave.

****
I let you here with my sheep, in this cave the deep
You take my coat, my head cover to be as a man
I’ll go now, for good food and cover, to Roujeeb
In less than an hour I will be here my girl, yes I can.

****
I mounted my horse and left Abeer with my sheep
As a man she seemed at the mouth of that cave,
I reached my family, took food and clothes a heap
I did not waste time, in an hour came I, the brave.

****
I prepared good dinner for her, delicious in wilderness
We stayed vigilant up to twelve in the middle of night
She enjoyed my speech, food and fire with kindness
I asked her to sleep, I will stay awhile, I am the knight.
Beit Foureek* is the name of the heroine’ village
J.D* (Jordan Dinar) is the Jordanian Currency

Scent from the East: A new flavor
****
She rested her head on a rough pillow, I saw her tears
I said: ‘why are you crying, are not you safe with me?’
She said: ‘I am, your safety is the matter and my fears’
I said: ‘worry not my girl, you will be happy, you will be.’

I covered her with heavy blankets, she went asleep,
I charged my gun, my dagger and ready was my stick,
I guarded her, myself, my cave and my warm sheep,
I could see her asleep and my weapons for her I pick.

****
A flower like she is in her sleep, I rejoice her stay
You can’t imagine her beauty that in her it speaks
That I did not believe the role I perform in this play
Her being filled me with magnanimity up to peaks.

****
A new morning arose next day and my bride arose too,
A sunny morning but cold too, I sent my sheep to graze
I returned to Abeer around the ambers, great thing I do
She started to prepare breakfast, me she has to praise.

****
I milked my sheep; I boiled for her and myself the milk
She sat with me and had her milk, she became strong,
I could see her rich attire; her shirt is made of pure silk
I stuffed my pipe perfectly and I listened to her song.

****
After breakfast I took for lunch fleshy small young kid
I slaughtered it before her; I flayed well the kid’s skin
I washed the kid, she asked: ‘to who is this you did?’
‘To you’ I said, ‘it is your lunch, a fat kid from my pen’

****
She said: ‘it is too much for me, it is too much meat’
I said: ‘I am ready to slaughter one sheep everyday’
I am ready to slaughter all my cattle before your feet’
She went in tears, went supplicant for God and pray.

****
She said: ‘I am afraid for you Ibrahim from the others’
I said: ‘stop crying, I know how to protect my guest’
She smiled through tears ‘I am afraid of my brothers’
‘Don’t worry’ I said, ‘nothing will happen but the best.’

****
She was still in a shepherd clothes when we went out
To the cattle, to guard and direct it, to the green grass
We both seemed two shepherds when we heard a shout
I took my gun ready, we were among rocks, heavy mass!

****
I said to Abeer: ‘if visitors come, you should keep quiet’
You should play the role of a dumb, and cover your face
We should seem as if two shepherds in a stranger’s sight
You have not to worry; I am strong, master of this place.

****
Then three men appeared at the skirt of my big cattle
They all approached us and said: ‘how do you do men’?
I said: ‘ok we are’ as I was ready for any supposed battle
‘Any person you saw’ they said, ‘here we mean women’
****
I said: 'no, we have been herding here since yesterday'
The men approached nearer and nearer, my gun in hand
I said to Abeer: 'we should play well, complete the play
She said: 'I am ready Ibrahim' her bothers are the band!

I continued roasting the kid on a good fire that I made
They sat near saying: 'searching we are since yesterday
For an astray girl who left in cold and into darkness raid'
Abeer said whispering: 'my brothers and my father I say'

They said they were from Biet Foureek, beyond that hill
I said: 'I know it well' when the eldest one started to talk:
'My young daughter escaped, her honor she was to sell'
'We have to find her otherwise she is the story of the folk.

****
I said: 'why did she escape, how her honor she sold?'
He said: 'we wanted to marry her to a man of honor'
But she is immature, silly and her mind is still so cold
The man is rich; he can achieve anything in an hour!

****
I said: 'how old is he, the groom of your daughter?'
He said: 'around fifty, more or less we do not know'
I said: 'how old is your daughter?' in a cold laughter
But you should not sell her in a merchandised show!

'She is twenty years old, a student at the university'
'O pity, father, you want to marry her to a man, old'
'And perhaps sick, where is your affiliation, sincerity!'
'Stop, you fathers, selling daughters in a manner bold'.

****
Let her choose what she wants, let her shape her lot
Let her choose a young man, get rid of your old page
Get rid of your nasty hideous practice that you've got
End that uncivilized tradition, let but age talk to age!

****
He said in full astonishment: 'her lot has not come yet'
I said: 'if a young man comes to woo her do you agree?
He said: 'yes' but I want her to come back, let her, let'
'Do you swear on that man, do you let her, let her free?'

****
He said: 'I do swear if she comes, I'll follow her knight'
Now then I finished roasting the kid, them all I invited
We, five, ate together my kid before a creeping night
They thanked me for I made their minds enlightened.

****
The man said: 'why did not your friend talk, did not talk'
I said: 'our sheep are together, the cattle is ours, whole
He is so dumb a shepherd and hardly he can even walk
He said: 'you are a gentle man, you achieve your goal.'

****
The man said that they wanted to go for their real job
I said: 'if I find your daughter, do you marry me her, agree'
'If I ask her hand, I want to wed her; I do not want to rob'
'Yes my master' said he, 'if you find her, she is yours, free.'
****
I said: ‘swear before your men good, on that now man
I tell you man, I am much educated with a high degree,
‘I agree’ he said, ‘you come when she comes back, I can’
I asked her to take off her head-cover and be but free.
****
They were surprised, stunned with no word to talk
They embraced her one by one, she stood beside me
‘You fulfill the promise now; to your town let us walk’
‘Oh Ibrahim!’ He said, Abeer is infatuated with thee.
****
Tears of happiness gushed every face in a big repent
They said: ‘blessed be your marriage to our daughter’
‘We agree: that next day my delegation will be sent’
Sent to her father and we left all in a good laughter.
20-24/1/2012

A mule like

Some people are just, in this life, a mule like
You offer him his fodder, he gives you a kick!
Man sometimes behaves in this way with others
Man does not leave you a chance what to pick.
***
Ingratitude is a notorious habit that kills you
For a person should spend his life but learning
A person should not turn his back in ignorance
If life is so, man should spend life in warning.
***
Ay! It was the very near yesterday's experience,
That I lived the experience, really a bitter one
People turn their backs to me, I deserve it not,
The back is turned to me, the favor I have done!
***
Fie on you, life if it is so, and continues so to be
Fie, if we live long to harvest thorns and this see.
7-8/9/2007

A strange plant!

You clash with waves, waves so light!
Hays scattered on waves with no might
A strange plant in our soil will wither
Into death, despite the wetly weather
A Strange poisonous weed has no place
In our soil, unless we are with no grace!
You are turned down by all man nations
Your massacres remain to generations.
Remain as good witness and reminder
To those who would be the blood-finder.
19/2/2001

An elegy on manner 3

It is not a song, or a song to be sung
On a dear, but it is for the filthy dung
That has today, been willingly mixed
With manner, and on walls to be fixed
Fixed as laws for them, laws to embrace
To embrace it, is to loose but your grace.
If there is any grace in them to be found
Oh! Manner, where is your curing sound?
Satisfied are you ungentlemen? Or still?
Otherwise you go to hell with your will.
Fraudulence in deception and all intrigue
Are all together forming the silly league?
It was on a November's nuptial ceremony
The ceremony of distributing roles, funny!
Not a song to be sung on the loss of a dear
It is a way of bewailing our conduct here,
It is a way of lamenting the jungle-manner
Is a way of pitying raising its dirty banner!
My elegy is, thus, to weep ourselves alive
Before into an abyss of hell we are to dive
The service we did, has all but all has gone
By the wind, they lean on a beam of the sun.
November 29th 20003

A sip of forgiveness

One day, one night, you have to leave
In a moment from this life you cleave
To be in the darkness of a grave alone
You'll leave all those who are to moan
Your departure, if you were good enough
To them, otherwise thy memory is rough.
Whatever you go deep in this useless life
Whatever you toil, whatever is your strife
The time is approaching slowly on wheels
Arriving from every side, under your heels!
Once, man, you cleave from your love ones
They will be highly busy, but everyone runs!
None is satisfied then until getting rid of you
Then, where do you stand man, who and who?
Therefore, mattress thy ground for your sleep
Be good to others whose prayers you may keep
Worship Him only, and only Him you worship
So you may find in His large forgiveness a sip.
Thursday, 22/8/2002

An idea 2

If the state of Earth and cotton mountains
Are mixed in an eruption of the fountains
Then the mixture including man goes up
Then falls with decay then filling every cup
But the new mother remains unaffected there
Waiting for Adam in a cozy tent of hair

Oh new Eve, come up out of this vast rubble
Enter my place of affection, make it double,
Stay Eve, I'll make things available you want
I am going out among no women at all to hunt
Decorate my den Diana, the days are dumb
The way to you was so simple with no hump!
The vale of life

We all book our tickets to the vale of this life
Our tickets worn out due to our endless strife
As we return, the ticket conductor prevents us in
‘Stay here’ he says, ‘where you committed your sin’
24/3/2014

A narcissus flower is there

A bough of bramble divorces a narcissus flower
A mangy Ibex among rough rocks has a shower
A shower of a naked ingratitude to His made!!
It is God’s made, into which he has not to wade.

+++ The hero of the universe deserves only that plate
Owner of a good heart; may stand with him, fate
A narcissus flower is there, and I am who dares
To have it, irrigate it, and thank God who cares.
18/4/2008

Adana’s speech

I conjure thee now to speak and to speak
For your voice revives the decayed Greek
Your voice makes relief of body and delight
And your feminine complexion, what a sight!
It was a short period of one great moment,
That strengthened my passion and cement.
All these are forming your nice angelic face
Happy should be he, who inherits this place?
You are a complete lady: in beauty and mind
You possess heavenly touches, you are so kind.
21/3/2007

To Nana

Welcome in this new large universe
Into which respect you get and grace,
Here I am, if you want N to come
For my heart is burning with drum;
Here I am waiting for thy advent
The advent I predict to be sent-
My prediction comes to be true
For a great love in my heart grew,
The store of admiration is for you
So leave that mass, now is your foe,
Come, and purge your new place;
For love is only the love of your face!
14/7/2010

An elegy to my car!

Oh my car oh, on which scrap hill?
On which scrap, rust unfit to sell?
With us for many blooming years
You were, I am worried- my fears
When I imagine my car the red!
Separated from me and the head,
You were strong, ready serviceable
Under heavy load you lie and rabble?
Time passed when we were together
For years better than even a brother!
Together through mountainous fields
A shelter from hail and heat as shields!
We went through rough roads in Wales!
But in trustful steps as go the whales!
To England too, you were most sincere
But as everything is to decay, no fear,
In no fear with you through every valley
With no fear, that happened fain daily.
Your debris now is far better than all
Other cars! My Peugeot car, it is a whole
Oh my car on which scrap hill you now lie?
True, very true that everything should die!
Lie there where I imagine you, you lie there
For equality in decay is the source of fair!
Monday, 17/9/2002

Where is the way?

Ay! Where is the way towards you?
Tell me dove what then should I do?
The way is thorny, it is long and hard
What to do, you are my heart ward,
Say to me Nana what is the outlet
And what is the best way, a way fit?
For I do not want to lose you more
For the challenge is so large a shore
And I see I am the one who deserve
That statue most, for I am the brave
Therefore I need a hint to proceed
For I need a page, your page to read
Send it quickly for my heart's release
Here who admires you is waiting please.
15/7/2010

Bread and bombs!

You hail hypocrisy, but now from the West!
A den of worldly hypocrisy is found there,
You took it as an ideal from them and best
You, regimes, wade in it shamelessly as fair!
***

Oh, hypocritical great loved idol of the world
You throw bread and bombs on the other side
To gain the passion of Eastern regimes, bold!
To make a base, for you among them, so wide!
***

Till an Afghani runs knowing not which fate
Is waiting for him the way of bombs or bread!
Oh, hypocrisy! Days are coming but you wait
Wait for those whom you have killed or fed!
15/10/2001
Birth attracts death!

Nothing attracts death, but birth!
Nothing attracts heaven but earth.
You love worldly life and forget the last
You love life and forget death, the fast
You love castles, rather than grave, coming
You forget the judgment day, the humming
You love creatures, ignoring the Creator, fair
You possess nothing here, even a single hair.
23/3/2001

Conflict with lament

She disappears as water into furrows goes
Rose once and wither once never again a rose
Such is life nourishes once and once perishes
And such is an age, starts now and then finishes.
***
For what, then, man, spend your time crying?
For in no time you will find yourself dying!
Even love decays and the parties of love fed up
Nothing to repent then- for the empty life’s cup!
***
Estrangement, for your love and life is so short
And I now myself failed to anchor at your port
Ay my lady, queen of beauty among all women
And I adore you most among all men, all men.
***
You go just as things of life go, nothing remains!
Except waiting under the life’s heavy futile rains
You perish my lady, and I perish, and all around
We stay stagnated in gloom until the second round.
***
Therefore, snatch from the light of life at the moment
For timely happiness is usually in conflict with lament.
30/7/2010

Don’t you know that He is there!

Don’t you know that He is ever fair there!
How dare you walking by your width!
Since you know He is fair!
***
You have measured the Earth from west
To east, searching for the glory you lost,
But His glory is the best.
***
You strike the ground when you walk,
With wavy rounded shoulders you go
Strike a hammer before you talk.
***
You look at the world by the end of your eye
Forgetting that the whole sovereignty is His,
You gain nothing from those who die!
***
For your service the whole universe is meant
You don't realize that life is a colored rope,
Into the ground you'll be sent!
***

Now, where are you? In an upper dirty room
All are waiting for your disappearance,
Nor benefits you thy political boom
***

Now neglected, all are fed up of your shadow
Few days, and you are rolled in a tiny sheet
Your criminal deeds prevent His meadow.
***

All realize that you are not the biggest here
You are nothing, a heap of scattered bones.
Your deeds allow flame and fire.
***

Alas! For the land of Palestine is contaminated
By these dirty bones, mingling with its soil,
A story of a criminal is narrated.
12/3/2006

**Ever in readiness**

Much sadness and vanquishing being missing
That has melted inside the earth's hollow soils
And how hot a tear gushed down and boils!?
Are you still, for this trifle life, hungry wishing?
***

Much bone have melted with dry happiness
Melted with artificial joy of life and silly short
How light and easy collapsed is life's huge fort
How ready are you to go, however in readiness!
26/11/2005

*From Zumar* or *The Crowds* (1)

Man, Allah is the Creator, He is all cares
He is the Guardian, Disposer of all affairs,
To Him belong the keys of heavens and earth,
Those who reject the signs are in loss of birth
Say: is it but Allah ye order me to worship
Ignorant ones, and astray in the world's ship!
Nay, but worship Allah, be of those who thank
Him, be of the thanking ones of many a rank.
***

Man, blind, you do not Estimate Him rightly
On the Day of Judgment holds the Earth lightly
In His hand, and the heavens are rolled up
In His right hand: He who will have the cup?
Glory to Him, High He above all the partners
Who attribute to Him, Above all the lighteners.
***

The Trumpet then will be heavily sounded
The Trumpet will be inevitably resounded
That all are in the heavens and on the earth
All are then swoon and dead, who then death!
All swoon except those, whom He will exempt,
A second blow will be sounded not in contempt
Be sounded when, all beholds, will be standing
Looking on in amazement, what is their finding?
The earth will be then in shine, with Lord’s glory
Then the records of deeds will be put: your story!
The prophets and martyrs all are to be brought,
A just decision be pronounced, nothing be bought
Every soul will be paid fairly, ay paid for its deeds
Ay Allah knows best, He knows everyone’s needs.
*Zumar (or the crowd is one of the Koranic chapters)
Monday, 8/9/2002

An elegy to Okab

You no more lurch or haul yourself
The story is ended and thrown on shelf
For in quiescence you submitted to His will
They acquiesced to His will and we still.

Oh, class fellow! Oh Okab! Oh friend!
My sadness on you makes rocks rend.

You rest from the brute confusion of life
Into an indefatigable life of no strife
From the tumult of nothingness and emptiness
To the divine stillness and thorough loveliness
27\12\2000

Hareer said

My dear, the man has now gone
And the children out have run
A little child is only still asleep
The fruit is ripe, the fruit to reap
Way is smooth and the ground
Do come, my love with no sound

The tree is shady, there I shade!
Among ripe fruit I made a wade
I satiated myself with her food
We ate our food in a good mood.

Again it was so green with leaves
She gives me a blouse she weaves
You Hareer see your child, awoke
I'll come tomorrow, I shall to work.
Friday 6/8/2004

Hareer does

She manages anxiously to give a sign
The sign is to be locked in one line
She was blooming, she gives shine
She invites me, with her, to dine
She gives her ripe fruit the fine
I ate her fruit, and she ate mine
Intoxicated we were. No wine!
6/8/2004
In that corner.

To those who are lurking stealthily there
Find your scattered bones if you dare!
This river is just for human to drink
And that dirty pond is for you to sink
You chatter on that shore of the Atlantic
In a throne of bamboo sticks or a plastic
It will melt with you, fair not faced ones
Hide there, the desert is vast for sons.
You and your sons and your idle ruler
Hay fool, black cool, find your cooler
Shameless you are, careless you are
Keep there, in the rear, behind the bar
For the faithful ones are nearly coming
They will fill your stomach, no humming.
16;11\2000

Is everyone timid?

Ay, what an age is it!
Ay, what a role to fit!
Everyone goes timid!
Everyone intends to bow.
Why so Arabs! Why so?
Which logic, which law?
Why do you fear everything?
Why don't you, the bell, ring?
Why are you so much terrified?
Why everyone is cornered aside?
How many times you want to die?
How many loaves you want to buy?
***
Why are you rejoicing your fetters?
And drinking your cup, the bitter!
What leaders are you: men-like hen!
What are you on earth, but semi men!
History and generations turn their back
They won't come, for your fame the black
Monday, 16/10/ 2000

No better

No better than a scarecrow with a tattered pail-coat
You are! Nothing is uglier than you as you lie dead
Everyone around is anxious, of the corpse, to get rid
Even the seas reject you, as you are in a holed boat!
****
But we may endure looking gazing at the scarecrow,
As for you, looking at you as a dead, aches the heart
You are in your best moment as you leave and depart!
Be angry not my readers, it is seen, it is a daily show.
30/4/2013
On Makhna’s spring

You who guard Makhna’s spring
The Angels of your song have to sing
The university graduate shepherd has
The whole possession of Makhna, it was
Once for his ancestors, old and very bold,
We are with him; whole courage we hold
Makhna is yours, and Makhna is ours
Though they possess might and powers
But Makhna’s spring will speak one day
Of its originality in light and on day gay
Makhna belongs not to those immigrants
It belongs to Borinians*them He grants
Grants from God who shaped the land
Who planted us here to possess the sand
Blessed be thy hand blessed be thy stone
Blessed be thy day as you started at dawn
Blessed be the hand that hurled it violently
Against the dregs of the world so vehemently
Blessed be the town blessed be thy village
Blessed be thy message, will and courage.
Thurs. 5/1/2004
*Borin is a name of a Palestinian village who since life is found the
Spring has been theirs.

On the Atlantic shore

On the Atlantic shore a valuable carpet is spread
On the carpet, the king stands living among dead!
The king stands for the humiliation of the others,
The others count themselves as but good brothers.

The one who bows, who kneels but so deep
Deeper than the others, will be sold so cheap!
The world is advancing, living in prosperity
His people are supplicants to rotten sincerity.

O what are you, except one of the capsized?
What are you except one of those who lied?
Flap the carpet, wait for the dust and rubble
Flap it to entomb you with, it has to double
Your sins of enslaving others and intimidate
O the capsized among other kings of no date
The anguish you made is deep in the nation
The inevitable right is creeping to thy station
So widen the gate of your attic and the prisons
Although the days are misty, we read horizons
15/2/ 2004

Pitifully sank!

Oh men of badges heavy and many!
Trifle they are despite being sunny!
Do you hold them for being honored?
Thousands no, we swear all are coward.
Nay these badges should be on ground
Of militia progress, so are to be found!
But how far you are from this ability!
Far from having a smell of sincerity!
I love but those who honorably died
We hate those who foolishly get wide!
We love those who only press the triggers,
We hate your approach to them as beggars.
Shame on you, throw your badges and rank
Your nation is so naked, and everyone sank!
8/3/2002

Quarter to twelve

It is quarter to twelve; it is the fifth of February
It is time: happy, rich, fruitful, and what a time!
I met her, at her door Abeer was in her full prime
Oh time, repeat yourself, to her, me you carry.

Few minutes only were at her inside holy door
I carried her gas cylinder as if I carried my soul
In deed I was carrying my soul to her the whole
Oh time, repeat yourself, carry me to her shore.

What a beautiful face she has, Abeer seems shy
Please, get rid of your shyness for I am the man
Who spent much time in your love, I only can
Oh time, repeat yourself. O let me no more sigh.

She felt sorry for the lack in our sincere relation
For I complained: 'I am angry with you for this lack'
She said: we shall restore it; life is but a heavy sack
Oh time, repeat yourself, make easy to her station.

O even our sincere relative does not do this favor
You are so nice man, gentle, she admits my deed
Know, life is a burden to make available our need
Oh time, repeat yourself, make me smell her flavor.

I was trembling standing before her, on those steps
I was in full suite and red tie, a full university form
When the man of gas about our cylinder did inform
Oh time, repeat yourself, take me to her soft lips.

She promised: they will ring saying 'we are coming'
She made me so happy before her eyes, the green
The reddish cheeks and her smoothness I have seen
Oh time, repeat yourself, to her without humming.

As if we made a deal to meet one day or night again
I was very happy, waiting for that approaching day
I bear it in my heart; I am the hero of this short play
Oh time, repeat yourself to regain meeting her again.

A promise from her I took, I will say more and more
I'll complain against my partner in function of love
I'll show her, she is a queen of love, a crown above
Oh time, repeat yourself, bring me back to her door.
Next time, I have to guess, the degree of her heat
If people gather and give a chance to have a choice
I will say: to stay here for life listening to your voice
Oh time, repeat yourself, make hurry her eager feet.

I'll forget not those moments before her in full bloom
Anytime, my wish and aim of life now is that treasure
Anytime, please make easy way to have her pleasure
Oh time, repeat yourself, bring her to me, as a groom.

Relax not you there!

Relax not you there
Among the stagnant fair
Who gave you a share?
Or to possess even a hair
How thus you dare?
To exempt without air
But accounted as liar
Not a tiger in his lair
Whether or not you care,
Among horses, a mare!
Bare minded you are bare.
But if I were you Sir,
I would bury myself there
Among the dust of the fair

An army, a state and the cripple

Complete armed forces
Advance to Tobas*
And the air too is
Well arranged by the Apatchi.
Tobas is to be sieged
Tobas is to be in curfew:
Tanks from every direction
Thousands of soldiers
With sophisticated weapons
Even from the sea
The thing is done,
All is to advance today-
The fourteenth of August
All advance simultaneously
And the mass-media is aware
Of the coming military mission
Rather the whole world is aware
That this army is advancing
Towards Tobas Town
In the lap of the ancient valley
Then the time has come,
The orders are given to move
The soldiers on ground move too,
Cannons of every size work too,
The spies, the army of spies too
The sky is besieged,  
An attack is launched then  
Against what force there  
Against what power there  
And the battle starts  
Against a whole man!  
Nasir, against a single person  
And what is much funny?  
Is that the person whom  
They launch an attack against  
The person is a cripple!!  
Can’t move, and more funny  
The person is a cripple!  
The person is with one arm!  
Can’t use weapon too!  
The army was victorious.  
An honorable victory  
Against a whole man  
A cripple man!!!  
14/8/2002

O River!

O river, shed tears over them  
On thy eastern tent-dwellers  
For dirtiness and fears  
Are un washable by winters.  
***  
Are you a scamp, a knave, a fraud?  
Are you of these titles proud?  
You king of days gloom  
On others’ distress you bloom  
***  
O river your water was holy  
Now trodden by the knaves  
To Jane, to Jack and to Dolly  
The king submits, far from braves!  
30/5/2006

You, who call the bird

You! Who call, this afternoon, the bird?  
On whom you tear, watching your herd?  
I am conjuring you bird, go find my son  
In the far land there, at the rise of the sun  
Go bird there; get me some news on him  
Go bird and come before it is getting dim  
Go bird tell him: we are eager to see you  
Go carry my wishes and regards, you do.’  
****  
Husband dear, dry your tears, do not weep  
Have trust in Him, for He is the best to keep  
Our son on strange land, on other man’s land  
Dry your tears man dear, for I see his hand  
Dry your tears, for the bird you call is here  
It comes, it says: ‘hail the news of the dear’  
Ay, husband dear: ‘look there down the road!’  
News is come dear from the celestial board
****

Husband dear: look down the road, he comes
Who comes, lady? I see nobody I hear no drums.
The parents could see, at a distance, a running boy
In no time the running boy proved to be their joy.
Ay! The boy was my brother, loaded with a letter
It shattered their hearts' vague, it was their sitter
Naji, my brother, the running boy came to relief
My parents' hearts, coming to shatter their grief
April 21st 2003

You possess what you do not possess
You possess what you do not possess
So, judges life's deep eternal process
Sometimes you possess where to go
And sometimes when exactly to go,
But you never possess what will be;
Or control the wind or the huge sea.
***

A machine-like you spend your life
Business here, business there in rife
You are so busy forgetting all around
Ready to sell your parents for a pound!
***

Pound over pound you are a millionaire
You go out haughtily in a tidy suit, Sir!
All your concern is where to go this night
Then you shamble away heavy and light.
***

Does it occur to you, once, mighty man!
That every day you draw a line in your plan
The plan of your fast disappearance Sir!
To reappear among the hands of the Fair

Thy visiting shadow A

It is pleasure to have to live the life of your fading shadow
It is pleasure to shade under the trees of your delicate meadow,
Although it is a short time, the seconds of thy visiting vision
It will stay a happy source of pleasure: a moment to imagine!
I wish I had stayed, with your memory green, unawaken
Rather than awaken and finding myself harshly forsaken.
8/9/2012

What ails thee?

What ails thee man? What puts you in perplexity and trouble?
Since you possess the cause of happiness, it is to you double,
Since A is around, you are the happiest in my humble account
Even if you are always to move the Earth mount after mount.
10/7/2012

Scent from the East: A new flavor
Find It in Abeer

A source of inspiration to me, you are Hareer
A moment in life with you, is the best career
Blame me not, for she is my poetry source
Blame me not for she is the secret of my force.
***
A moment of time with Abeer equals the age
Of man, my age, his age and the history page
Perfection if you seek, find it only in Abeer
If you see her man, seeing her you won't bear.
13/12/2004

Cold and frost

I hate cold, for the cold I hate most
It deprives me being your nice host,
This morning made my person lost
It kept your door banged, it is frost,
Thy wooden door, a scene of a ghost
Through this atmosphere, I am lost.
19/12/2004

Who is she?

You won't know her, with whose name
I always sing, she is buried with no fame
She is dead but she is there if her you wed!
She is dead in life; to me she is not dead.
***
She is not young; she is not old but a woman
Years did not advance her fort the Roman
Your wit man fails here before my high wall
You won't be able to know my exact goal!
23/12/2004

The valley

If that nice partnership once is made
And in that tiny valley I myself wade
The world will be mine with that maid
She is Hareer, on whom I make a raid.
23/12/2004

Go now

Where are you going, going to settle
Who knows but among hurting nettle
God only knows the fate and the route
Knows where you intend to direct boot
These millions of the walking funerals
Are too blind to distinguish the colors
You caused their blindness of the light
You're going to be asked for their plight
You know the light, you know its source
But dignity in pride took you of course,
Go now to an unknown fate, go this day
For our sagacity shows your next play.
Responsible for millions, who are astray,
A time has come to you, the time is grey.
You got the fame, you enjoyed your life
You can't rend the huge rock with a knife.
You go now empty handed of any share
Of eternity, before its blessing you are bare.
You go loaded with these people, sinners
Bear their sins all, they may be the winners
Nobody is to be blamed, the light is clear
But you are to be blamed now, you'll bear.
8/4/2005

An elegy on conduct

It pained me, Kurfan, what you said
But I may count you among the dead,
Kurfan! By the ear you are to be led!
And with great lies you are to be fed
Yes, to hypocrisy you're to be wedded.
And through the devil's eyes, are read
Kurfan! You are Shyloob's dear kid
Under his bower you are to be shed*
Thy poisonous cup with lie to be filled
You offered your cup for us to be killed
Your will is ever confiscated to be willed
Conduct, in you and with you, is hulled*.
O destroyed conduct! We have to build,
Conduct, in you, with humiliation celled
Conduct, in you, is insulted and edged.
When the conference of conduct be held
Come please, and say: "Kurfan is dead.
29/11/3003.
*to sit* goes to hell

An elegy on respect

I bet if Shyloobk knows respect on earth
Or whether respect has known of his birth
Respect! Farewell respect among his gang
They thrashed thy door with a heavy bang,
We do pity you as inhabitant of their barn
We are sorry - unable to exhort you or warn
List you should be shocked falling in his net,
Farewell, for we die trying to make him regret
Regret the shortcoming in his very dirty court
That becomes an asylum for respect and port!
Shameless is their biggest, shameless is the rest
Farewell respect, you're blemished at the best!
In Shyloobk's kingdom, respect, you are stained,
In his kingdom, nothing but lies are to be gained.
Having horns! They say Shyloobk is having horns
Shyloobk is with them, with them he lives on corns.
People! Vomit this gang, people vomit this gang,
Erect the scaffold so high, here do his body hang.
Sat. 29th of Nov. 2003
Thank you readers
I am unable to present you any more than thanks
You are my source of knowledge, knowledge banks
Keep my pages around you readers, you are my light
Go through my second book that disperses your plight.
4/6/2014

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