

# Riyad Al Kadi

## The Book of Reflections

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### The Complete Works

Part II

**Translated by: Mahmoud Abdulbaseer**



## The Massacre

## The Massacre of the Country



I beg your pardon, O humanity,  
O Syrian mountains and cities,  
For we are still ignorant  
And our origins are unknown.  
We are the murders of literature,  
The principles and jurisprudence;  
We are the killers of the lore of shyness,  
The forefathers' manly dignity,  
And the thieves of Yarubiye.  
We are the ones who split the ink

And took up the banners of ignorance.  
So, tell me, O tents, O desert of our proud nation,  
O you who become the thieves of love  
And the Bedouins of the stupid politics,  
O remnants of Satan's residue -  
How manhood renounced you.  
How could you sell your history to the foreigners?  
Your men, just like your women,  
Lack the qualities of manhood.  
So, how can I find a man in this barren nation  
To save us from the destructive sectarianism?  
To save a child, one of the remnants of a home  
A child who is called...Syria.

\*\*\*\*\*



## A Man Challenges a Woman

\*\*\*\*\*

Be careful about your love to me,  
For the powerful hurricane is part of my nature.

Be careful about my madness,  
For it is blazing like the fire of jealousy.

My lines are full of desires

That only your lips satisfy.

Accept me as a man or a high cloud,

Or as a painter of love;

When he draws your eternal picture,  
He portrays you in the image of sleeping doves,  
Whether you were clothed or stripped naked.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Exile of Love

\*\*\*\*\*

All religions sent me into exile;  
All governments executed my freedom.  
I experienced the jails in the east and west;  
They welcomed me as a prisoner.  
As for the files of human rights,  
They all dropped me.  
I roamed the west and the east  
And wrote on their trees, rivers,  
Forest trees' trunks, and swamps.  
I tied my requests around  
The legs of the doves,  
Recording some reflections  
Of an executed man:  
Tell me O people  
Where to find my destination.  
My home was executed  
And the darkness of love  
Betrayed my sweetheart;  
They put her to death,

And then raped my poetic verses,  
As they were written for my nation  
And for my sweetheart who lost everything -  
Even her virginity was not saved.  
After the fall of Marawan's grandsons,  
Cordova is not my capital anymore,  
For the lines of poetry were torn apart  
And Kahramana was thrown from the window.  
When will the time of Tariq Ibn Az-Ziyad return so that  
The hooves of steeds race in liberating Constantinople  
And opening the gates of Andalusia and Cordova again?  
When will you, O my direction of prayer,  
Be liberated from the Bedouins?  
When will the words flourish  
In the heart of the poetic verses,  
Enabling me to write sets of love poetry?  
When will the time of betrayal and injustice end?  
When will the people doing wrong to the poor  
Be buried in their graves for good?



## **The Amazing Women**

\*\*\*\*

Every new date is another book of verses  
Whose lines are the womanly, colorful ink.  
I add the book to my calendar of flirting,  
As an occasion, victory and festival.

\*\*\*\*

## The Challenge

\*\*\*\*

Do not play the role of a lover  
As long as you do not play it well,  
For I have a long history with women,  
And stubbornness and pride are in vain.  
If you ask the leaders of war about me,  
They will tell you that I am  
The founder of the state of women,  
And the first heart to melt in the hand  
Of my age, the age of red wine.  
Various kinds of the palaces of love  
Melt into my hands.  
So, keep quiet before me,  
As let me see you in the way I want.



## **A Female Enslaving Men**

\*\*\*\*\*

After I was killed  
At the colonies of your breasts,  
And crucified on your waist, and  
Drowned in the veins of your hand,  
I decided to confess that you are  
The mistress of all women  
That separates the words from their letters,  
And buries men in the lines of her hand.

\*\*\*\*





**With the Most Amazing Woman**

\*\*\*\*\*

I acknowledge that you are the only woman  
That threatened the civilizations of men.  
I bear witness that you have burned the letters,  
And took them out of the dry lines,

And that you are the owner of the cat's scratches  
That made the poets lose their mind,  
And tore them at the point of womanliness sword  
As the papers of the magazines.

\*\*\*\*

## The Emperors' Confessions

\*\*\*\*

I was Shahrayar of woman;

I did not care about them,

And they were like a ring in my hand.

As an Arab leader,

I declared my occupation of their cities,

But once I saw you, I surrender,

And abandoned the throne of pride,

Breaking the emperors' rules

\*\*\*\*\*





## The Disadvantages of Love

\*\*\*\*

One of the disadvantages of love  
Is that you love more than one woman  
At the same time.

I am ambivalent about the one  
I should plant the seed of manhood in,  
Taking her as a captive of love,  
As a horse owned by one knight.

\*\*\*\*\*



### **Occupation**

\*\*\*\*

Only few woman occupy my thought,  
And play the strings of my nerve,  
But when I loved you,  
My manhood became your slave.  
I became a man who is burned tirelessly  
By the fire of your breasts.

\*\*\*\*



## A Way

\*\*\*\*

The way to your eyes is difficult,  
Though I open my heart to you,  
And did not rebel.

My great love to you, little jealousy  
And some craziness are enough  
To set an unquenchable fire.

I may be stupid in love  
And ignorant about the women world,  
But I know your philosophy.

I can't think about loving  
Anyone but you;  
Loving another one is impossible.

\*\*\*\*

## After Midnight Messages

\*\*\*\*

I don't know how to describe my love to you,  
By God, but for shyness, I would kiss you,  
Embrace your tears, and make you wear  
The angelic light and the worshippers' blessings  
O you...O you who...  
Do you know who you are?  
You are the sittings of wail,  
And the gardens of periwinkle and basil.  
Return, as you were, a bouquet of jasmine,  
And the crown of the palms of the two rivers.

\*\*\*\*\*

## To the Purple Flower

\*\*\*\*

You have gone, O pretty woman  
After you engraved your messages and senses  
In the veins of my mind.

\*\*\*\*

You have left me after planting your face  
As a jasmine flower in my veins.  
These words became more than mine,  
Bigger than our lips,  
And loftier than our dialogues.  
You left to write the sweetest love story  
In a legend of our tiring time.  
You have departed as a musk rose  
That was crowning the hills.  
You have gone, leaving the fingerprints  
Of the sun bidding farewell  
To our world at the sunset.

\*\*\*\*

You were a healer, a doubt and pain;  
You were a child asking about love,  
And I was the student  
Who cannot answer the question.

\*\*\*\*\*

O my deer with rosy eyes,  
O my silent sweetheart  
Whose heart make me get lost,  
O virgin of my poetry,  
And the lamp of love  
That lights the nights  
In London and Baghdad,  
Penetrate, o lazy woman,  
Into the flesh of my body and muscles,  
And spread your words in my books' lines,  
And in the threads of my clothes.  
You flow in the veins of the hands  
And your spring of womanliness enters my house.  
If you were rain, be pure and fine,  
Like April's rain;  
And do not be like Septembers' water



That is silent and bears sadness.

\*\*\*\*

With guidance, I cover a face like the moon,  
And a forehead from the paradise,  
And recite from the verses of your virginity  
The songs of festivals and hymns,  
For I am only some lines  
In the presence of my mistress.  
The complex of the cultured people  
And my feelings is the poem  
That I melt when I write it.  
I would be buried in the dust o her eyes  
If I forgot her for a moment.

\*\*\*\*\*

I won't forget you as a piece of news,  
Or a disappearing light of the moon,  
For I derive from you  
Unforgettable feelings and emotions.  
O my mistress of my time and childhood  
Who forgives my sins, I fear,  
I fear the darkness of the night,

And my weakness before the mirrors' tears.  
I gifted the white flag and the keys of my city  
To the one who set my blood on fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

O bottle of fragrant perfume,  
O my garden,  
I am lost in the sea of your lips  
Like a ship searching for a port.  
My map is your eye,  
And my boundaries are your waist.  
When I anchor at the ocean,  
I remember the pains of wailing  
Among the mountains

\*\*\*\*\*

To me, you are a paint of love,  
So return as a drunk or attentive,  
Wearing clothes or stripped naked  
To lean with your stature to me  
To be sure I have touched  
The impossible dream.  
Be a thunder deep inside me,

And do not leave me as a rose in the snow,  
Or a cactus tree burned by the sand's heat.

\*\*\*\*\*

My sweetheart, I am looking in my travel  
For a companion, a free woman who  
Share love with me,  
And be very hot like the red wine.  
I am looking for you, O earthly paradise  
That wiped sadness from my writings and language.  
I bear witness when I am sent into your eyes' exile,  
I become a free lover.  
I scatter hearts and nectar so that  
The dream flies and reaches the destination.

\*\*\*\*\*





## Baghdad

## Baghdad

\*\*\*\*

Our dreams are dying  
In the abandoned city.  
Everything abandoned the city;  
Even the ghosts are sick of killing,  
And even the ants and the butterflies  
Left their home and travelled.  
The only thing to remain  
Is the dead bodies and blood,  
In a city that used to be called Baghdad,  
Now it is dying.

2

They killed everything called man  
And killing and slaughtering became  
The hobby of the parties.  
Briefly, greenery is non-existent in my home,  
Except in the area of the president's palace  
That is luxurious and protected.

3

Our dreams became simple;  
We only think about bread and air.  
Our ideas became reckless;  
Nothing makes us happy,  
And we have no festival  
But the normal official ones.

4

Nothing new in Baghdad  
Except the dead bodies and killing,  
For everything in Iraq was occupied.  
We are circling in a round circle,  
For the minister is not satisfied yet  
With the misses with their laughter,  
Swaying stature and expressive voices.

5

When will you wake up, sir,  
And leave the remains of Baghdad?  
When will you stop your fake speech  
And leave us for good, for  
Our ribs were either crumbled or broken?

Killing prevailed in Iraq,  
But the criminal is unknown.  
Women forget their nails,  
And the poet forget writing his poems  
To Layla, the virgin girl,  
For Hizbullah's troops  
Infiltrated to his love's bed  
And violated her virginity.  
He did not shoot them,  
And the raper was not accounted,  
Even the dog did not bark,  
As honor was destroyed  
And the Arabs abandoned their manhood,  
Sleeping with the invaders,  
And burning all our files.  
After all of that,  
Can we be called Arabs?  
No, we are Bedouins.

\*\*\*\*



## Words in Lines

\*\*\*\*

I am a man, so her triviality

Cannot kill me.

I live for loving her,

But if she denied our love,

I do not seek another love.

I'm inspired my poems

From the darkness of her night.

One thousand roses spout out

When I revenge against her lips.

I am not the cop of her ideas,

I am a lover planting love in my poems

After perfuming it from her breasts.

On the beds of love

The sins are committed

And I write love in her lines

And flirt with the sound of her life.

I cannot live for one day  
If I left the world of women.  
I water the basils from the nipples,  
For but woman the dimensions are not broken,  
The worlds are not organized  
And the stars are not fixed.

\*\*\*\*

## The Seasons

\*\*\*\*

I put my coat on my exhausted body,  
To face a merciless winter.  
At the snowfall and rain,  
I long for listening, as a child,  
To the sleep stories of my mother.  
On her voice, I breathe slowly.  
Passing by the yellow leaves,  
My eyes look at the empty streets.  
I ask her about the time when  
Spring would come.  
I wonder where the butterflies are hiding.  
In my imagination, I create  
A rosy city, and a lover composing  
Poetry for his love.  
And the time of autumn comes,

Bearing sadness and playing with

Our lifetimes.

My friend, do not worry,

All the seasons are inevitable,

And your imaginative, lasting season

Cannot be created.

\*\*\*\*

## **I Won't Write about Her**

\*\*\*\*

I thought she became wise,  
Leaving her bad qualities;  
But once I saw her filth,  
And her longing for men,  
I realized she is a toy in their hands.

I cannot stain my pen  
With writing phrases about her.

I swore to abandon her,  
For her cup contains filth,  
And her womanliness is just whims.

I regret the words of love  
That had filled many pages.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Forbidden

\*\*\*\*

I love you, O the one who  
Forbade me from mentioning her name  
In my poems and reflections.  
I love you, O the one who  
Burned my days with her fire.  
After knowing you are occupying my mind,  
You became a key to all my secrets.  
I am courageous that I never reject  
The love which is destined.  
Even if they veiled light from my eye  
And cut my joints,  
I won't love anyone but you.  
O light of all lights,

Your looks are the springs of life,  
And your lips have the letters of love.

As for your eyes,

They are the pearls of the oyster.

Your face is lighting like a moon,  
inequivalent to any other moon.

I don't say I am strange for loving you,

But when I feel jealous about you,

I smoke ten cigarettes in five minutes.

If you forbade your love, I would be

An exhausted, crazy, and thoughtless man.

If you concealed you love to me,

I am weak, so I can't conceal mine.

\*\*\*\*

## **My Cigarette and the Glass of Red Wine**

\*\*\*\*

I have changed a lot,  
For before you I was nothing,  
And after you I became an angry hurricane.

If I get drunk,  
I flirt with your ghost,  
And with the last glass,  
My dying gets harder.

My years decreased  
Due to cigarette smoke;  
I am like a tired child,  
Who denies his wounds.

Is there a doctor here  
To heal the wounds of a drunk man,



And offer his condolences to him?

In my eyes, I hide my poems,  
And my life became miserable after you,  
For there is no dating or flirting anymore.

After you, I wrote meaningless poems,

My pulpit became without roses,  
And my room lost the scent of incense.

I have exposed myself before you,

And you have the decision,

So please abandon your pride!

\*\*\*\*\*

## Her Purple Dress

\*\*\*\*



Your purple dresses allure me;  
When you were a purple dress,  
You look like a peerless moon,  
And my verses of flirting

Find it difficult to describe you.  
I get killed once seeing your dress,  
But you are not the criminal.  
The dresses are swaying charmingly  
On your naked body,  
Turning the world upside down.  
Your eyes are dark red,  
Like a wild tiger.

\*\*\*\*\*

I scratch up in the depth of waves  
And search in the oysters  
For the most beautiful pearls  
To gift them to the woman  
With purple dresses.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Meaning of Words

\*\*\*\*\*

Do you know what is the meaning of night,

O one who has left me?

Do you know there is no big difference

Between my bed and my grave?

I long for embracing you when I hear

The thunder and the fall of rain.

I become like a child longing for

A very, very long hug.

O mistress of my heart,

I love you, for you are

The will of the sky.

I love you, O most beautiful name,

Whether you are blond or brown.

You are my heart, for  
Even if your love is a calamity,  
I confess you are the gift of heaven.

\*\*\*\*\*

Without you, my poetry is incomplete,  
And dancing is unimaginable,  
For our love is not like the tree leaves  
That become yellow in September;  
Our love, my sweetheart, is a spring,  
Dancing on a long music.

\*\*\*\*

## A Trial

\*\*\*\*

I tried to love another woman,  
But I could not forget your image;  
I tried to touch another breast,  
But my fingertips became rigid.  
I can't deny that you are my heart,  
For you are the healer of my illness  
So I will marry none but me.

\*\*\*\*

## The Voice

\*\*\*\*

I heard her calling yesterday,  
So I roamed as a crazy in the living room,  
Searching for her, but in vain.  
I opened the page of the book of verses,  
And wrote another poem about my craziness.  
I sat in the gardens of night,  
And longing for her was burning me.  
In my foreignness, I forget my family,  
But your love was like the glass of wine  
That cures me.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Book

\*\*\*\*\*

I searched in the pages of her book,  
And thought her heart is disloyal;  
The harshness of pride overwhelmed her.

We used to get in touch...

I used to be her life.

I got angry and held the pen

To omit her name,

Yet my stupid hand hesitated,

And I realized that her lines

Display the sadness of a woman

That does not hide her bewilderment



And sleep does not cover her eyelids.  
At night, I feel her sleeplessness,  
And the greatness of her love.  
Her love can't be omitted  
Because I am her book,  
Even if she burned it with her fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **I Love You as a Man**

\*\*\*\*

I either love you as a man  
Or abandon your love totally,  
For my jealousy about you  
Is stronger than the hurricanes,  
Singing for you like the sparrows,  
And recording my love to you  
In the minds, books, seas and clouds.  
I love you, O my musk rose  
Who is sweeter than stories and legends.  
I love you because I'm a man,

And refuse that any other man  
Has a share with me in my love.  
After all, I am a man who feels jealous  
About you even from myself,  
O most beautiful woman.

\*\*\*\*

## Traveler

\*\*\*\*

Nothing remains in the city of fog  
After its betrayal except a glass of wine.  
I spilt it and imagined her silence,  
Lying down cryingly on my bed  
Due to the barrenness of the days,  
And suffering her wound.  
I imagine her picture before me,  
As a cunning, oppressive woman.  
I roam around London, smoke cigarettes

And play with the smoke,  
Cryingly and smilingly.  
The morning does not come  
To relieve me from thinking about her.  
I have self-esteem and only seek  
The pleasure of my soul.  
Will a man whose days were  
Pursuing her steps die?  
Will my days turn upside down  
And I no longer have a good tiding?  
My heart did not accept my plead,  
Our nights became too long  
And our unlimited secrets were exposed.  
Our years decreased  
Due to the displeasure of her perfume.  
She did not care about leaving me,  
So I departed from the city of fog.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **The Words of Festival**

\*\*\*\*

I congratulate you for the festival,

O most beautiful sweetheart.

I became like a child when I melt

In the sweetness of your words.

I did not know that loving you

Is a type of craziness and obsession.

How would I imagine that festival

If you were not with me?  
How would I be able to draw  
The slogan of love without loving you?  
Every love but yours is impossible.  
How can I start?  
I still think I am a student  
Who stealthily reads your lips.  
I love you, though  
I know your love will defeat me,  
For if I resisted your charm,  
That would be a wonderful event.  
I won't doubt your love one day;  
It is a beautiful part of my history  
That compensates me for one thousand eras.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Where is her Heart

\*\*\*\*

I wonder if I am writing love

On the walls of delusion.

Or do I dig the surface of a river

To enter into your heart?

Does what I experience imaginative?

I tested the feelings inside me

So that they can know your secrets,

For your secrets are greater  
Than that of the starts and sea.  
Will the heart cry again for your departure,  
And long for your return?  
I burned myself to write about you,  
While you do not see me as a lover.  
O my sweetheart, do not despise my love,  
For my days became roses and volcanoes.  
The climax of my longing  
Lies in loving you,  
As I am drowning  
In the sky of your imagination.

\*\*\*\*

## **I Love the One with brown Eyes**

\*\*\*\*

I love you,  
O woman with brown eyes.  
If I sit before you,  
I become dumb,  
Overwhelmed with your beauty.  
I keep silent, and my body shivers.  
When I sit before you beauty,  
I found speaking is a major sin,  
Displaying the ignorance of a lover.  
The charm of your words



Make my heart shiver,  
And plant the fragrant basils.  
When you stop speaking,  
My inner being suffers.  
Your words are the product  
Of your lofty lips.

I suffered for many years, but nothing  
Is more difficult than leaving Nisreen.

The heart cheers when I see you,  
And I keep silent in the presence  
Of the woman with brown eyes.

\*\*\*

## **I See Love in Her Eye**

\*\*\*\*

The feelings were contradictory  
And the pen of the poet fell on the ground.

Who said love will end?

Love is false if it does not

Go to visit her memory one day.

If you are not thinking of your love,

Why then you drink wine and smoke?

I gave life to the letters of your name

And your perfume lives inside me.

I undertook many revolutions and wars;

I was a crazy lover,  
Not like any normal revolutionist.  
Did love die in your heart?  
Or are you still crazy about killing me?  
Does my crucifixion make you happy?!  
I bid farewell to many women before you,  
And recorded major sins on their bodies.  
Do you claim you are innocent  
While you stabbed me with your dagger!  
Tomorrow will be our final meeting,  
I will sadly bid farewell to you.  
So, pour the glasses of love  
As much as you womanliness desires.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Moments before another Love**

\*\*\*\*

The heart fell in her arms  
In a new, cold winter  
When I was suffering the bitterness  
Of my foreignness and sadness.  
My heart loves the roses in her eyes  
That my eyes can't see.  
So my heart loved invisible roses  
And the ear of love has ripened.  
The separation of love is painful,  
And I am sick of the roses

That are gifted and then thrown away

On the road of separation -

Their leaves are harshly trampled on.

Does not she long for our love,

Or did hatred overwhelm her mind?

I was holding a ring

To confess my love to her,

But she left me between the nights

Of abandonment and the days.

The days suffered for forgetting her.

I was living a love that still

Has not been born in her heart.

The lover only longs for the old love,

And cry in the chamber of love,

Without sound or reverberation,

For the chest of the lover

Was the home of her exile.

\*\*\*\*\*

**In the Era of the Loftiest Woman**

\*\*\*\*

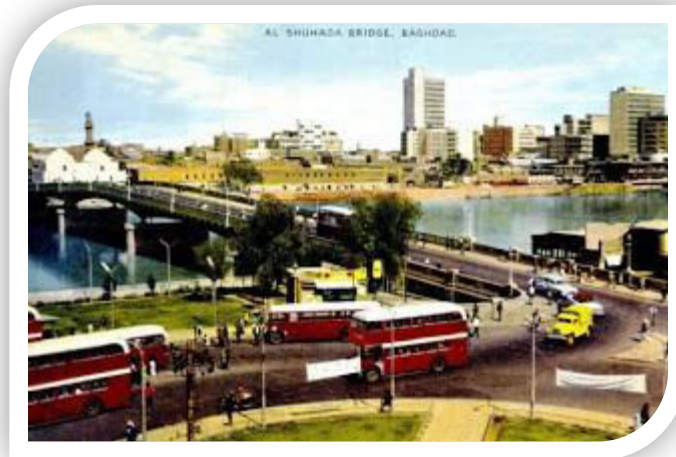
Years have gone by,  
Yet you remained eternally,  
For despite our quarrels,  
You are my woman and love.  
Your stubbornness is like a child  
That I love, as it provokes me.  
The words of anger broke between us,  
Yet our love is still like the sea.  
O love grew in an ear of white,  
We were two children in our wars;

We were foolish when we stopped  
Sending messages and gifts.  
Our sadness was like a rain  
Falling on roses and basils in April.  
How can I forget her laughter  
And her brown eyes?  
If I forget you,  
Which is impossible,  
History will burn me.  
Your era is that of meteors and stars,  
For the smile of your lips  
Increases my jealousy and volcano.

\*\*\*\*\*

## They Assassinated Baghdad

\*\*\*\*



I have worn the black dress  
And mourned the death of Baghdad,  
For in April they declared



The assassination of Baghdad.  
O woman who is asking about me,  
Do you know the soil of my forefathers?  
It became a barren land,  
Ruled by the Magians.  
They destroyed our land tirelessly  
And my dear died in the battle.  
They killed poetry and burned my books  
And then declared Jihad.  
They omitted Abu Nawwas...and Al-Mansur,  
And turned out cities into ashes.  
Baghdad, I lament your fate;  
All the parties intervene in you  
And the people fought each other-  
Neither of them compromises  
And stubbornly exchange insults.  
Today they declare unification  
And tomorrow division and corruption.  
They killed our children and old men,  
And wove the black dresses for our women.  
They brought about destruction, not roses,

And my sweetheart did not come back.  
The countless dead bodies of our beloved ones  
Filled the dead house.  
After the assassination of Baghdad,  
Do you still call for civilization and leadership?  
Shame on you of people of locusts;  
You do not deserve to belong to Baghdad.

\*\*\*\*

### **To my Child**

\*\*\*\*

Did you really kill my family?  
Did you really steal my happiness?  
Is it not enough that you made  
My child an orphan,  
And quenched her innocent smile,  
Increasing my sadness in my grave?  
You said you came for my freedom,  
But you gave my country to the killer,  
Kidnapped me from among my family,  
Buried the innocent people beside my grave,

Then gave the perpetrator a flower.  
Where is the blood of Ma'mur,  
Sa'd, Sana' and Mudar?  
O my family, I am asking you:  
Will you not support me to revenge  
For the blood of my beloved ones?  
They destroyed our mosques and churches,  
Sold us in the market of slavery,  
And stole peace from my revolution  
So that I die away from my beloved ones.  
Coldly, you burn fire in my body  
To be a rose given to my sweetheart.  
No one visits me in my grave.  
You tore Iraq and my identity  
Do not blame anyone who says  
There is no sunrise or justice in Iraq.  
So woe to both Sunni and Shi'i parties.

\*\*\*\*

## **Endless Series of Man**

\*\*\*\*

I became like a book  
Whose parts are endless.  
A woman came to make  
Me forget the previous one.  
Will I write for brown or blond!  
I want to rest from the fire of women.  
I melt like ice in her lips,  
And her fire burns me.  
To whom should I cut my heart  
And gift it: the Greek, Persian or Arab?

No, the Kurdish was always  
Drawn on my walls,  
And her love words were printed  
In the notebook of my poetry.

\*\*\*\*

The stars rotate around the moon,  
And she does not believe  
That I am her destiny.  
I love you beyond your imagination,  
And despite our quarrel,  
For you are my love and heart.  
Your love perfumes my shirt.  
I love you, O most beautiful dance  
Of a musk rose in April.  
I am not a Don Guan,  
O woman with brown eyes.  
I love you whether you  
Are sweet or bitter.

No woman stole my mind like you,  
For you are my balsam and crown.

\*\*\*\*

### **A Woman in Man's Life**

\*\*\*\*

Here I am drinking the glasses on wine  
And sadness overwhelms me once again.

I do not know who is the perpetrator:

Is it you or me?

You make my days sad

And then claim you are innocent!

\*\*\*\*

You ask for love jestingly,

And pick my palm with your hand.

Do not flirt with the color of the sea

And hide love from your lips,  
For you harshness surpassed  
All the meanings of longing.

\*\*\*\*

Do not kill me twice,  
For I used to be like a green branch,  
But today I am full of wounds,  
And, as a human, I have finished.

Do not say you love me,  
For your rejection destroyed me,  
And the hurricane drowned me.

\*\*\*\*

My soul was filled with sorrow,  
So who will cure me?  
Is it you?  
Or will you provide me  
With your false love?  
You love got me tired  
And on my exhausted body  
The pains are spread.  
My shoulders are tired,

For wine is not helpful,

Nor is the time.

\*\*\*\*

My hair went grey,

So how can I deny

Or resist my blond woman?

With her hatred, she oppress

The remains of a dead man.

\*\*\*\*\*







[dreamstime.com](http://dreamstime.com) Kahramana and the Invaders

## **Kahramana and the Invaders**

\*\*\*\*\*



O sorrowful Baghdad,  
Do not be sad,  
For this makes me shed bloody tears  
That I went grey.  
Ask the birds in Baghdad  
About pain befell it  
When the Safawids stabbed  
The children of Baghdad.  
O Baghdad, O wound of time.  
Won't someone come to wipe  
Blood from your history?  
What has happened to my home  
That the calamity covered its sky,  
And the dreams became dark?

Kahramana angrily poured her water  
And mercilessly burned the thieves  
Who stole her home.  
For God's sake tell me, O Baghdad,  
Tell me what has happened to you  
That your hills and valleys became equal.  
Tell me what has happened to you  
And how you mourn and wail  
When you see your sons burned  
And your women's honor violated.  
This is called God's sign  
And that is called pious,  
Yet under the turban  
Lie bottles of wine and glasses.  
The people of Taqiyya  
Are with blind insight;  
Their major Jihad  
Is keeping silent.  
They forgot that Baghdad  
Was precious and honored,  
Until its preciousness became cheap

When they cowardly destroyed its glory.



\*\*\*\*\*

## To a Brown Woman

\*\*\*\*

My mistress, I have loved you  
Deep inside me for long years,  
So do not blame me for our separation.  
I love you, O woman went far away,  
And inhabited behind the western borders.  
O one who planted light in my heart,  
My homes, lines and books,  
You exist in the sky of my love.  
O unforgettable voice of love,  
Your love is my purple roses;  
And your fragrant perfume  
Is the aroma of rosy longing.  
O blocked way, beautiful, proud birds,  
And a light shining in darkness,  
As long as your illness prevailed my body,  
How can I shun my love to you?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Woman's Fiery Messages of Love

\*\*\*\*

You write these fiery messages

While listening to music,

Turning papers into ashes,

And breaking the still stars.

O one who lived in my eyelid,

And killed that knight,

How will be the condition of the days

If you stopped writing to me?

How will be the weather,

If you left the air.

The coffee beans of this cup dried,

And the fortuneteller could not decide

What prophecy to tell you.

These poor letters lost their dots,

And this piece of music lost its sound.

Without you, I am nothing.

The stars are twinkling

Out of happiness for seeing you.

Today, darkness is shrouding the sky,

So where are your fiery messages?  
Or did you love another one?  
Do not uproot me like a dead tree,  
For love inside me is flowing as a river,  
And water the garden of roses.

\*\*\*\*\*





## A Woman loves Creativity

\*\*\*\*

Behind their mirrors,  
There is a woman called Maya  
That broke the mirrors into pieces.  
She turned me into fragments,  
And make me drink the death cup.  
This is Maya, the houri.  
She thought about killing me  
To be distinguished among the victims.  
With her laughter and womanliness,  
She writes the lines of the novel,  
And wears the anklet  
To confused my reflections.  
This crazy Maya turns men  
And children into embers of fire.

\*\*\*\*

## Woman's Words

\*\*\*\*

Your reflection is like the feather of ostrich,  
And meeting you is like roses covering my body.

Your farewell ruins my night,  
And makes the teardrops fall on my cheek.

O close, yet far, predomination,

When will this man come?

My love to him drove me crazy,

And I poured the tears of sadness.

The heart is longing for the sweetheart,

Despite the long years of separation.

O man who broke my heart,

You have driven me crazy.

I was not an addict to alcohol,

But your love was my wine;

I have not become an addict to poetry

Until I wrote your first verse.

So, tell me, O selfish man,

How can I forget you,

While I see our painful separation

In the ear of white?

\*\*\*

## When the Thrones Bow to a Woman

\*\*\*\*

Who are you, woman?  
You manipulate me as a hurricane  
Destroying my small boat  
That destiny led it to the deep sea.  
Who are you, O brown woman,  
To attack my kingdom?  
You turned me into naught  
And assassinated me in that room.

\*\*\*\*\*

## New Miss

\*\*\*

The world may not be devoid of love,  
Though women attack like waves  
In the life of that lazy adventurer,  
Ling in the sorrowful east,  
And starting a new journey  
With a new beautiful miss.

\*\*\*\*\*

## You are my destiny

\*\*\*

I love you, for you are my destiny.

I wrote about you until

My poems went grey.

To where will my boat take me?

To where will my love,

Attached to my liver, lead me?

O woman who is the legend of love,

O chalk by which I write

The love of Baghdad on the wall.

I roam with you around the east and west,

And stay up in your eyes like Shahrazad.

If your love burns me, this is my destiny.

O green color clothing the weeds,

And giving your color to the roses,

Shall our love be buried like the dead,

And we shed tears before its grave?

The nectar of the roses would end

And our perfume would go to heaven

After separation overwhelmed our love.

So love me again and do not refuse,  
For wine will kill me one day;  
It did not quench thinking about you,  
Rather increased my tears and sadness.

\*\*\*





## Bags of Breasts

\*\*\*\*

I carried these bags of breasts in my journey;  
I carried all the colors in this leather bag.  
I started my journey since my childhood  
Until I raised the white flag to this princess,  
And returned to the era of ignorance.  
How shall I start my journey  
With this clear, yet vague, woman  
Who is rebellious and Nazi.

\*\*\*\*

This pearl that rejects my love  
Has refused my will,  
And I get lost in her brown eyes.  
I loved you as though  
You are the final woman  
That confuses the shores and seas.  
I wonder how you will take that decision.  
This wine made me forget how to speak  
And crucified me on the trees.  
I wonder how you will take the decision.



## Good Morning of Love

\*\*\*\*



Because I love you,  
I sent you this greeting.  
Because I love you,  
I left the two cups of coffee empty.  
I sit in front of your picture  
And write "I love you" on it.  
Your mention burned my heart,  
But I refused all women  
And loved only you;  
I refused to quench your fire  
That is burning inside me.

\*\*\*\*\*

## From the Windows of this School

\*\*\*

From the window of this school,

I stealthy looked at her.

I whispered words of love

To the door that she opens

To get in and teach me.

I stole three locks of her hair

And planted them in my heart:

Love, craziness and hallucination.

I only look for her love

And the looks of her sleepy eyes.

Her mention burns me,

For the sweetheart is loved

Even if that teacher gets angry.

I love her forever, for

After I was a seeker of knowledge,

I became a seeker of love,

Even if this dear deer went away.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Traces from my Love to Baghdad

\*\*\*\*

In London I fell in love;  
Here I entered the market of women,  
But I was not devoid one day  
Of the love of women.  
O my sorrowful home,  
My love to you and her made me a poet,  
So I held a sword in one hand,  
And in the other I held affection.  
I loved a woman who was created  
From the perfume of your soil;  
Her silken hair was woven  
From the eyes of Baghdad.  
O love with destructive force,  
My body shakes for her womanliness  
And I yield to her.  
She is from Baghdad with Kurdish origins,  
And her love is like a crown on my heart.

## Decisive Words

\*\*\*\*



[spicerecomments.com](http://spicerecomments.com)

You are my splendor.  
I love you, and don't ask why.  
Return to your stolen home;  
Our homes were torn apart  
And love was stolen from us.  
They broke with their legs all the toys.  
The winds of childhood fade away  
And our dove lost its way,  
So shall we blame the fate or the killer?  
And is blame useful  
After the execution of our dreams?

They give our homes colorful dreams,  
Culture and lines of speeches.  
Will the world care  
If it knows about the reality?  
O my friend abroad,  
We have got into the spot,  
So when will we stop imitation  
Under the darkness of the west?  
I thought about what would happen  
If I did not plant your love in my garden,  
And did not decorate your love with mine.  
Were these promises false,  
O blond woman?  
I would not have written  
If I were not in need for your love.  
My writing after your departure  
Are hidden under my books.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Words About A Woman

\*\*\*\*

Which kingdom other than yours  
Will be built with pearls and alabaster?

I do not say I am your hero,

Knave or lover,

For the earth without the sun

Is devoid of an expected dawn.

\*\*\*\*



## The Confessions of the Morning

\*\*\*\*

I confess that no woman but you

Has shaken me;

I don't stay up except for you,

And I don't write except about you.

When I open the notebook

Of my poetry I wrote

My truthful words: "I love you".

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Sea of Women

\*\*\*

I dived into the sea of women  
And collected the pearls and ambers,  
And when I got back,  
I found that my love is suitable for them.

\*\*\*\*

I do not deny that I wrote poetry about them,  
And that I only felt sad for their sorrow.  
I do not deny that I attended regularly  
To their lessons,  
And turned from sanity to insanity  
Due to their beauty.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wrote my poems about them,  
And they defeated my haughtiness,  
And all my cards failed.

\*\*\*\*

I am not a normal person,  
Nor a mummified Pharaoh,  
Rather I am a diver of love,

Who is the killer and the killed.  
When I dived in that sea,  
I found that their love made me bleed,  
And the one who does not know how to swim  
Is seized by the weaves  
To live among eternal death and oppression.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Ridiculous Woman

\*\*\*\*

Your words were ridiculous,  
And your cowardice was heinous.  
You like playing with eggs and pebbles,  
And ringing the bells of guile.  
Do not worry, I won't kill you,  
For I am not a betraying man.  
I fear that your playing  
Will affect my quick anger.  
Your womanliness is killed  
With the sword of my manhood.  
So, my stupid beautiful woman,  
Be careful to not be an example  
From which all people learn.

## The Memory of Sad Love

\*\*\*\*

My heart is still yearning for you;

Do not think I have forgotten

The words of your lips.

So return to me once again

So that the springs and roses

Gush forth out of my heart.

In you, lie love and shyness,

And a mixture of anger and pardon.

My sweetheart, I beg your pardon.

When will you know

How much I love you?

If you asked for the sun,

I will throw it in your palm.

O daughter of Eve,

Take the stab of separation

Out of my body.

When you departed,

My eyes shed bloody tears.

So when will you end the stories of weep?

Return, for your love,  
Stripped me of my pride.  
The birds expose my secret,  
An I wrote on broad windows  
The memory of our love.  
When will you know,  
O mistress of women,  
That I'm in love with you?

\*\*\*\*

It has been said: Coffee is feminine and the cup is masculine. And the containment of the cup to coffee is like the relationship between the man and woman; the man contains the woman, and the woman fills the man, as coffee fills the cup.







The Diary of a Sad Man

## The Confessions of a Sad Diary

\*\*\*\*

The life and its conditions

Closed in on me,

For my days without her

Became calamitous.

Vainly, I disregard her anger,

And cry like a child at her house.

Do you still enjoy my tears?

Do you not know

How much I love you?

I became like an old, sad night,

When her light covered the stars.

\*\*\*\*

I wrote my books of verses for you,

And wept for your hurting of my feelings

That I have become a meaningless body.

I lost myself when you

Trampled merciless on my feelings.

If only I did not love your eyes.

If I do not love you,  
What else do I love in this world?

\*\*\*\*\*

O stubborn blond woman,  
Do not trample on a loving heart,  
For the morning has a light,  
And the rock has a heart,  
So stop acting madly.  
My lady, read my words well;  
With another woman I become  
A waterfall of sadness:  
In a cell with a glass of water and a cigarette.  
Your love roams around my head,  
Like the clouds in the sky.  
My voice expresses my silence and pain,  
O most beautiful woman of today.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Two daily Messages to a Woman

\*\*\*\*

Her eyes are my glass of wine,  
And her words are an unsetting sun.

Did our love die?

That is not true.

Your eyes are the shelter of the roses,  
So how can poetry deny them?

\*\*\*\*

The aroma of perfume follows you,  
So do not blame me for my love.

I love you, so how can I

Set our love on fire.

Give me your hand to kiss it,

For you are an unsetting sun.

\*\*\*\*\*

Let me, my sweetheart,

Send two messages to you,

As you are the pretties woman I know.

My love is floating in the stars,

So how can I not adore you?  
No woman will replace you  
Or become the object of my poetry,  
For but for our love,  
I would not get up at the dawn  
To send the morning greeting to you,  
And stay up at night waiting for your sleep  
To sent you a good-night message.  
Will you complain one day  
That my love is false or hypocritical?  
I don't think so, O pretties woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Three Hours Behind Dinner Table

\*\*\*\*

Behind the dinner table

I swore to take revenge.

She poured some wine in my glass,

And I felt that the wounds were healed.

Killing Ar-Rashid is impossible,

And if he wages a war,

He will not lose.

\*\*\*\*

I converse with her as a white dove,

And I was about to pick the cherries from her.

But she did not allow the prince to pick them,

Even as a gift from her.

She said, 'Did you get drunk, lord,

From drinking a half glass of wine?

I asked her whether she had

Given me a glass of wine or more.

She said, 'Are you serious?'

How beautiful love is when evening comes,

And I keep silence before the most beautiful woman!

Everything here is shouting  
That you are Eve,  
So make the rain of your love  
Fall on my soil and sand  
After I became a waterless land,  
A desert deprived of your wine.

\*\*\*\*

Thank you, for  
I omitted the name of all women.  
Thank you for teaching  
The vocabulary of love to me.  
The water of September has gone,  
Being defeated by the beauty of your eye.  
Thank you for accepting my invitation,  
O my brown lady.

\*\*\*\*

## My Glass of Red Wine

\*\*\*\*

I pour wine from the drops of your lips,  
And I fight the fire of leaving you like a bird;  
I can't fly or seek the help of the birds  
Falling on the pillow like a child.  
Love turned me into a small lover,  
Hugging the pillow affectionately.  
You lightened the stars with your eye,  
Invaded my cities with your breaths,  
And crucified me on the book of verses.

\*\*\*\*

So, why do not you forgive?  
Do you not have feelings?  
You talk to me as though  
I am the committer of sins.  
You hold me accountable as though  
I am the creator of life  
Or someone who stole love from the hearts  
And destroyed the dreams.



Here I am getting drunk on wine

And whisper to your photos.

I roam around the room,

Sitting in darkness or light.

\*\*\*\*\*

Everything has come to an end

Like the last drop of wine.

By Allah, had I known

That your love is addictive,

I would not have drawn close to it.

Had I known that I will be martyred

On your land, I would not have come.

O woman who challenged many men,

If you ask me, I will kill all the knights,

And wage wars against the kings.

Stop acting the role of the crazy woman,

And return to me as a rain.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Dancer of Sadness

\*\*\*\*

I walked at night to think  
About her invitation,  
And I wished I had not  
Intervened in her affairs.  
Her affairs contain rain,  
Thunder and sins.

\*\*\*

If she calls me to dance,  
I think how I will start,  
And touch her hand.  
Shall I dance on Beethoven  
Or on the playing of the piano?  
My dance with her is a dream,  
And if I dance with her,  
The music will be her eyes.  
When I see her eyes,  
I become like a child,  
As her eyes gush forth roses,  
And stop the flow of my blood.

So, shall I refuse the invitation  
Of a crazy love.

\*\*\*\*

I am the color of her hair,  
And I am the devil of pen.  
I yield to her and lived  
In the exile she sent me into.

Love does not know  
How much I love her,  
My jealousy about her  
Is a fire that burns forever.

Let the morning drink  
From the nectar of her breaths,  
And let the sunset take its breaths.

I gift her a bouquet of roses  
That were planted in my feelings.  
She is the secret of my life.

\*\*\*\*\*

## To a Very Special Woman

\*\*\*\*

My special woman,  
Let me tell you who you are,  
And what you mean to me.  
Even if you departed,  
You will recall my words and stories.  
Even if someone else touched you,  
You won't love him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Let me explain to you  
That you have a heart  
That does not forget me.  
I remember you every night,  
And my pen and poetry  
Belong only to you.  
My lady, my feeling are amazed  
And sick of my repentance.  
Whenever I repent your love,  
My heart inclines to you,  
And my chest suffers from separation.

\*\*\*\*

You live inside my body,  
So how can I leave my home.  
You are the scar of love on my cheek,  
So do not be reckless, O child of love,  
For you are not a toy in my hand,  
Or a rose that I smell.  
You are the spirit of my body,  
And your warm voice  
Pleases my ears.

\*\*\*\*

## A Stupid Man

\*\*\*\*

My love was too beautiful  
When I loved you,  
And my fingertips were gentle  
When they touched your cheek.  
I suffered a lot from you, my dear,  
When your hand harshly stabbed me.  
Your abandonment threatened me  
And deprived me of your eyes.

\*\*\*\*

I did not apologize for you.  
How can I be your hunter,  
Or a captain leading your ship?  
I waged war against the notebooks,  
The lines, pens and colors  
Because I know that the sun  
Does not rise except  
When you are awake.

\*\*\*

I love you despite that many women

Will say that I am stupid.  
I know that my heart  
Will be taken from my body  
And will be given to you.  
I know you will kill me,  
Fall in love with my jailer,  
And keep the sword that killed me.  
Why is the victim crying for the killer?  
Why does the heart love  
The one who humiliates it?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Brown Wolf

\*\*\*\*

Get into my silence,  
And write with your ink on my paper  
That you are my love.  
Give me the glass of wine,  
For when I write a verse about you,  
My love gives you a bouquet of roses.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am pleased to be  
Your captured prince.  
You are hidden inside me,  
In my clothes and perfume,  
In my morning and thought.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your perfume was sprayed on my body,  
So how cannot man long  
For the one living inside him?  
I loved the church where you pray,  
And snatched a kiss



When she was thinking humbly,  
So how can I fear fire,  
When I am burned everyday  
With the fire of her eyes.

\*\*\*\*

O my lazy woman,  
I have no problem  
If you burned me.  
Why was I cuffed  
With all these shackles?  
Won't you ask why  
I do love you?  
Why I was waging  
A fierce battle with you?

\*\*\*\*\*

With you, I became like a cultured mouse  
That was playing with the cheese.  
I became like Cindbad, sailing  
Hopelessly through the sea of your eyes.  
In a legendry journey,  
I roamed with your ghost.

I lived love without feeling safe  
Except with the brown princess.

Why was not your love  
Like wine, bread and water  
That no lover does without?

\*\*\*\*

## A Message to a Poet

\*\*\*\*

Tell me for in a minute

Who are you.

Are you an angel or a poet?

The only words that occupied

Me were your words.

The way you recited poetry

Had torn me into pieces,

And provoked love inside me.

\*\*\*\*

Allow me to call you

"My sweetheart" in my messages,

Whispers, dates at dinner,

And in every morning I see you.

Let me bid farewell to you

In an extraordinary way.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your love is a lofty summit,

And a waterfall of adoration.

Please wear me like the bracelets

Of the pearls around your wrist.

Make me the silken shawl

That covers your shoulder.

\*\*\*\*

Your love gives wisdom to the lover  
And teaches women how to be beautiful.

The twinkle of your eye

Turns the lover upside down.

O ship sailing in the deep gulf

I get lost after your departure,

And I have no room on earth anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Separation

\*\*\*\*

I won't forget you even if you would,  
For your name is planted in my heart,  
And written on the papers of my life.

I will only write to you, my dear,  
And I hide my feeling towards you,  
Because you are my life

Like a mother with abundant affection.  
One day you will understand my madness.

\*\*\*\*

Did you love to me die?

As for me, it is still alive.

I remember you whenever

I look at the cups of coffee.

I roam the street and remember you.

I pray...and your separation exhausts me.

I weep and lean on the bar wall.

My weep increases at the sunset.

O Nisreen, my history is running

Behind your eyes.

How did you leave me,  
While you are my spirit?

You are the blood  
That flows to my heart.

Your love ended  
The life of a traveler.

\*\*\*\*

Your love is not a past  
Because you will remain my sky,  
Like the dizzy bird that flies around  
its nest, but does not see it.  
Your eyes are the shelter of my spirit;  
I carry you in my mind and conscious.

\*\*\*\*

How can I forget a love  
That taught me how to know myself?  
I became a man after I was nothing,  
And my life was like a burned candle.  
Your love set me on fire  
And your farewell destroyed in my kingdom  
The great palaces and the lofty minarets.

\*\*\*

I will face a cold winter,  
But will my love come in summer?

I will write to her  
As long as I am alive.

If I stopped writing  
That would be due to death.

\*\*\*

## Her Love Was My Weapon

\*\*\*\*\*

I chose you from among  
The love stories in the world.  
I excelled all men in writing  
The beautiful words that you read.  
I love you because I cannot  
Say anything but the truth,  
As I do nothing think about  
Loving anyone but you,  
Despite your harshness  
And the ferocity of your love

\*\*\*\*\*

My poems get used to flirting  
With you and your lips.  
So how cannot I think about you?  
Such love cannot be repeated again,  
If you willed, I would tear  
My heart into pieces.  
I most precious love, O my dear,  
Do you still want to bury me



Alive in my pain,  
And refuse to listen to me?

\*\*\*

I will complain to God  
About your injustice and oppression.  
O mistress of women,  
How can you kill a man loving you?  
Within seconds, you make him a martyr.  
Your majesty, you bid farewell to me  
Before I grant you the permission,  
And forgot all my love to you,  
As if your loyalty was false.  
You departed prematurely,  
Travelling unprepared,  
And without an appointment for farewell.  
So, you were so stingy that  
You refused to stay for a short time.

\*\*\*\*

You did not care about my illness,  
So how can you claim that  
You are falling in love?

Are the hearts underrated

In your point of view?

\*\*\*\*\*

The coldness of winter has come,

So what will cover your body,

And who will protect your kingdom?

Or did you opt for loneliness

And hiding in a room?

\*\*\*\*

## The Final Message

\*\*\*\*

If you were my love  
And understood these words,  
You would realize that our love  
Is undying and eternal.  
Hade you understood  
The cause of my jealousy,  
You would realize that  
It is the jealousy of a man  
Who gifted you his life.

\*\*\*\*

Today, I have written my message to you  
To end the history of my birth,  
For I am caring for nothing after you,  
As all the pains and the reasons of harshness  
Are explained in my message to you.

\*\*\*\*

I have written to you the last message,  
Realizing it is the calamitous end of my journey  
With the most beautiful eyes.

I wrote that I have been weeping for hours  
And prayed at the grave of my end.  
I have sadly written to you my last message  
While sitting in my dark room.

\*\*\*\*

I have written a message to explain to you  
That it is foolish to think I would forget you.  
You are the woman who loved me,  
And then left me for a small mistake,  
Neglecting me harshly.

\*\*\*\*

Cryingly, I have written my message,  
Though I only complain to Allah.  
I explained to you my condition;  
What it would be after you.  
I showed you my great love  
And I do think you found in my message  
Anything other than my weakness,  
And some words you may consider trivial.

\*\*\*\*

I confusingly wrote my message,

Thinking whether your decision was a nightmare,  
Or just the jesting of women.  
I have written my message  
While I was suffering a bitter death  
Because I was sure that sending  
My last message is the end of my life.

\*\*\*\*

## Man Wants his Love's Congratulation for Birthday

\*\*\*\*

My sweetheart, had you been with me  
In my birthday party,  
You would not feel sad,  
And receive the sweet days with tears.

\*\*\*\*

I was glad at my destiny,  
And the love of my life  
That I spent loving you,  
Though I know for sure  
That the day I loved you  
Is the day when I dug my grave.

\*\*\*\*\*

Why have you promised me then?  
Why did we exchange bouquets of roses?  
Why had you offered your love to my heart?  
Why have you chosen the way of weep for me,  
While you knew I was miserable before you?

\*\*\*\*

How can I book a dinner table,

Light the candle alone,  
And sip the coffee without alone?  
My love has gone and left  
A garden without roses behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Why am I too sad on my birthday  
That only comes once yearly?  
Why do not you pardon a man  
Who wrote the loftiest words about you?

\*\*\*\*\*

## When You Bid Farewell to Fake Love

\*\*\*\*

Yesterday I bid farewell to a love  
That I thought it has penetrated the heart,  
But it was like a fleeting cloud  
That rained in an unknown land,  
Making the lover feel miserable.

\*\*\*\*

I realized how stupid I was;  
I was a toy in her hand,  
Doing all what she wants.  
What should I call you now?

\*\*\*\*

I was not her princess as I thought  
But rather a soldier,  
Martyred on the chess board.  
So, I decided to wipe the tears  
And get prepared for facing loneliness,  
For she is no longer my princess.

\*\*\*\*

O lover, you roamed around the world,



And she stabbed you with a poisonous lie.

She scratched your chest

To set your heart on fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

You hastened to sell love, my little child,

But tomorrow you will discover

That you are not a princess

But a slave to your new lover.

I won't cry for a woman

That has sold love,

For her body is like an abandoned island

That the devil manipulates.

The lovers will abandon you

And strip you of you womanless,

And then you come into an end.

\*\*\*\*\*

Do not expect anything or think,

For no man will accept to drink

From the cup of the wild dogs.

So, you are an abandoned woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

## I Am Her Martyr

\*\*\*\*

I love you and do not know  
The limits of my love;  
I love you tirelessly and manly.  
My love to you is like a hurricane  
That strikes everything.  
In your eyes there are  
Many beautiful poems.  
I love you because you are  
The reason why I am still alive;  
You are the spirit and the woman  
Who settled deep inside me.

\*\*\*\*

Despite my calamity and poverty,  
I love you, O you whom  
Allah sent after my prayers.

\*\*\*\*

Before you, I used to sit on my chair,  
Smoking and thinking about the unknown,  
For loneliness and writing

About trivial things exhausted me.  
How can you explain the love of a man  
Whom made you the charming star of his life.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was humbly weeping for my condition  
Beside the heater in winter because  
You have left and crucified me.  
I have offered a great love to you,  
Now I ask what my condition  
After separation would be?

\*\*\*\*\*

I drew you as a reality  
And you drew me as a delusion.  
I drew you in the stars and clouds.  
I say thank you before your farewell,  
For I regret the love I lost  
In the fog of the days.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Listen for Some Moments Before Farewell

\*\*\*\*

Today I do not know  
What has happened to me.  
I was thinking about you  
In every minute an second.  
I wept today an walked confusedly  
Under the heavy rain.  
Sadness overwhelmed me,  
And I just wrote some words  
On the falling yellow leaves  
To which the branches bid farewell.

\*\*\*\*

My light, I do not know  
Why I feel confused  
When you pass by my thought.  
I wonder if I still love you  
Or I am deceiving myself.  
The charm of your eyes visits me  
And the best drops drip  
From the sea of longing.

\*\*\*\*

I thought I would wipe you  
From my notebook,  
And get rid of your love.  
However, you live inside me,  
And you are flowing in my blood,  
Whether I liked it or not.  
Finally I realized  
My story with weep.

\*\*\*

## To My Princess

\*\*\*\*

I do not know how to describe myself.

This is my heart, O woman,  
For I carried your love on my back.

You love destroyed me  
And your mention settled inside me.

I adored your poetry and spirit,  
And longed, like the birds,  
To land on your shoulder.

\*\*\*

How can I send you my congratulation

For your birthday?

Your words are contained inside me,  
Burning my bowels tirelessly.

\*\*\*\*

In the sky of our love

Two stars split open,

And in the garden of our revolution  
The two most beautiful roses flowered.

\*\*\*\*

O woman with beautiful eyes,  
I do not love anyone but you.  
I will soon celebrate you birthday  
Sing for you, and scatter the leaves of roses,  
Though the battle of our love  
Destroyed our affection,  
But you will be my love forever,  
And will flower in the spring of my days.

\*\*\*\*

## A Message to the lofty Love

\*\*\*\*

We separated and our love came to an end.

We swore not to long to each other,  
So my words of flirting become a past.

\*\*\*\*\*

How can I ask you to return  
While you do not accept any apology?  
How can I apologize while knowing  
That the love of men to you means submission.

To whom will I write poetry and flirting,  
And how I sit under the light of the candles?

O love, I knew you would not become

My poem in a certain time,

Though destiny prescribed tears for us.

O Nisreen, I know that what I have written

For you is true for sure.

You love me but you are too proud to confess.

Our love story was the best one to be told.

I love you, and here I am

Writing about you despite my pain.



I am not shedding tears  
But rather burning like ambers  
Due to separation and groans.

\*\*\*\*\*

Shall I say thank you  
Or speak silent words  
That the eyes express?  
O shall I would reproach you,  
With a fruitless reproach?  
Your burn the book of our love  
And drown the boat of love  
In the river of sadness.

\*\*\*\*

To whom will you belong?  
I will lead my life facing calamities;  
I will morn and retreat from the world,  
Away from the sweet sun  
That has risen in my port  
And added color to my love.

\*\*\*\*

## Your Love Is My Hope

\*\*\*\*

I tried to kill you love  
In my heart, but I could not.  
I tried not to write about you,  
But I did;  
And I tried to ignore your perfume,  
But I failed.  
When I remembered you voice,  
I forcedly yielded.

\*\*\*\*

To where I shall go  
While all they days belong to you?  
What poetry shall I write  
While it all belong to you?  
I swore not to drink wine  
But I drank, yet the intoxication  
Of recalling you is stronger  
That one thousand glasses of wine.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your are a houri twinkling

Like a light in the sunrays.  
Shall you not be merciful to me  
And stop punishing me?  
Or do you love torturing the lover?  
You give me poison instead of wine.  
So, shall you not give me a love  
That I live happily with?

\*\*\*\*\*

It is enough for me that I met you,  
And made you settle in my oceans.  
I drew you picture of my forehead,  
And your love is flowing in my blood

\*\*\*\*

O my love, expect my death,  
And visiting my grave  
For this may reduce your harshness.  
You know how many women I loved,  
But you are the one for whom I died.

\*\*\*\*\*

## As You Want Me to be

\*\*\*\*

What do you want me to be?  
How you want me to be fire?  
I can't be a man without feelings,  
For man without love is like a rock.

\*\*\*\*

I feared your love because  
It leads to an endless destination,  
So I became a mad man with weak body.  
How can I live in the sky without you?  
Your love is my school of thought,  
Though I knew it is not easy  
To belong to a man created of ember  
Whose jealousy ends doubts and certitude.

\*\*\*\*

So, do not depart at night, my lady,  
And do not leave our love at the door.  
Do not make me like a dead tree  
That is covered by dust  
Or burn as firewood

To be ultimately ashes.

\*\*\*\*

## When a Man Cries

\*\*\*\*

When a man cries  
The flowers dry up,  
The leaves of the branches fall,  
And the tears fall on the cheek.  
The festival is coming soon,  
So who will congratulate me?  
My tears were like the picture  
Of a wounded child who stopped smiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

I omitted many words of my books  
Except the words: I love you,  
And the letters of your name.  
I have forgotten all the faces  
Except for your beautiful face;  
I neglected everything  
Except for your eyes.

\*\*\*

How can I put an end to my poems  
And my reflections about you?

How can I prevent the eyes from crying?

After you, I have forgotten who I am

And that I have written the sweetest

Poetry to the most beautiful woman.

I became a weak man,

Filling his cup with the wine of sadness.

\*\*\*\*

The pains overwhelmed me

And sadness became my companion.

The festival is coming soon

While my face is exhausted.

If I were buried in the graves of sadness,

Who would visit me and cry?

I will be buried like the remnants

Of our love and I become a past.

The only things that would remain

Are some words written in lines,

The trace of the tears,

Which were the ink of the papers,

And some ashes of incense.

\*\*\*\*\*

## An Apology to A Woman

\*\*\*\*

Because you are my love,  
I got angry at you one day;  
Because I adored you,  
I wrote everything beautiful about you.

You are my sweetheart and will  
Be engraved on my heart forever.

You will accompany my spirit  
In my life and my death.

Even if you departed,  
You are my love and the blood  
That flows in my veins.

\*\*\*\*\*

You are written in the papers  
Of my destiny as my love,  
And the pleasure of my heart.  
I won't ask you to depart,  
Because I love you whatever you do.  
You are the first love to be engraved  
On the walls of my heart.



\*\*\*\*\*

I love you, O musk rose  
That makes my winter a spring.  
I love you while I am full of sadness,  
As the flash of your longing  
Has set my pride on fire.

\*\*\*\*

I overstepped the boundaries of jealousy,  
But you, my lady, do not know love,  
As I am the man who taught you how to love.  
O my princess, are you worry about your love?  
Do not get angry at me,  
For I am only a man created to love you,  
And I am searching for your love.  
So how can I apologize to you  
To be forgiven for my stupid mistakes?  
I love you, O my princess.

\*\*\*\*\*

## How Can I Write About Her

\*\*\*\*



What shall I write about you:  
My longing, love or silence  
Under the lights of the candles?  
The sea of longing has dried  
And separation became our state.

\*\*\*\*\*

How shall I write if my love  
To her was normal or a lie?  
My words were coming out  
Sincerely out of my heart.  
I long to her when I sent  
Her a poem to her to read in the morning

\*\*\*\*

Her birthday is coming soon,  
And despite her travel,  
I bought a necklace to her  
To wear while we are at the dinner table  
I am not truthful if I say I hate her,  
For she exists in my vein, chest and ribs.

\*\*\*\*

I will name everything after you  
And let the oceans, rivers and land  
Attend your birthday party.  
I wished I could gather the kings  
To be slaves before you.  
I will order the kings of the jinn  
To be the keepers of your door.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wonder if love has died,  
Or there is a little hope  
That she will return.  
I am tired out of separation.  
I say to you, my princess,  
I love you.





Nisreen

## Eve

\*\*\*\*\*

Eve, I see you hide something.  
Is it a group of men or private secrets  
Related to women?  
You turned my cities into ghosts,  
And my flesh was torn into pieces.  
Is this a frivolous game,  
Or a calamity of pride,  
Or the craziness of love  
That you provoke in me,  
Or longing for touching the breasts,  
And kissing your lips warmly?  
My little love, talk to your body,  
Desire, hair and bed about  
The moment of love between us,  
And how I turned your crazy world into fire,  
A fate that all the daughters of Eve desire.  
So, do not block my way and open your borders.  
Do not be like a four-year-old child  
Or a rigid stone breaking love with separation,

For I am not a Chinese pottery  
That you break like a dish  
When you get angry.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A Dialogue

\*\*\*\*\*

O sunrays, bring one of your rays closer.  
How can I sell your love to the love buyers?  
This child came closer and whispered in my ear,  
'O wretched lover, you have stripped me  
Of my belongings.  
My well is deep  
And won't let my possessions go.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Watch your words and be reasonable.  
I cannot sell my love to you.  
The times ended my longing  
And I can no longer seek your love.

\*\*\*\*\*



## When the Thrones Bow to a Woman

\*\*\*\*

Who are you, woman?  
You manipulate me as a hurricane  
Destroying my small boat  
That destiny led it to the deep sea.  
Who are you, O brown woman,  
To attack my kingdom?  
You turned me into naught  
And assassinated me in that room.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Lost Geography

\*\*\*\*\*

This is her spot; starting  
From her chest to her waist.  
She is busy with travelling.

When she leaves me,  
I remain her captive.

Her breasts call me  
In her cursed night.

Away from her lines,  
In the French sea.

Under her violent waves,  
She collects the volcanoes of love.

My fingertips can't reach her,  
And my reflections protect her.

She takes the lift  
Of Eiffel tower as a butterfly.

When she sits to drink her coffee,  
My words, recorded on her womanliness,

Pass by her mind,  
So she gives a big smile.

## A Woman loves Creativity

\*\*\*\*

Behind their mirrors,

There is a woman called Maya  
That broke the mirrors into pieces.

She turned me into fragments,  
And make me drink the death cup.

This is Maya, the houri.

She thought about killing me  
To be distinguished among the victims.

With her laughter and womanliness,

She writes the lines of the novel,

And wears the anklet

To confused my reflections.

This crazy Maya turns men  
And children into embers of fire.

\*\*\*\*

# The Cup Reader

\*\*\*\*\*



O reader of my cup,  
I wonder where you are now.  
You have been always  
The one who knows my grief.  
I wonder if you will understand the cause  
Of my grief in case you meet me.

.....

Where are you to open your cup and  
Relieve my sorrow with your words?

I suffered a bitter taste of love  
That tore the tissues of my heart.

Both of us foolishly killed  
The letters of adoration and love

\*\*\*\*

I climbed the hill of sorrow alone  
And sipped the concerns of separation.

O cup reader, will you foretell  
How my uprising will end?  
I do not want to lose my battle  
With the love and the rose of my life.

\*\*\*\*

I am neither an extremist nor an atheist;  
I am a man who has fallen in love,  
And I do not think there is a room  
In my heart for another woman.

I am an ocean of love  
And purity is the leaves of my trees.  
I love her crazily and frivolously,  
For she is the princess of all princesses.

\*\*\*\*

O my lady, open your cup and read  
These lines and interpret them for me,  
For I am waiting for reading my destiny  
In my overturned cup to end  
The misery of my sleeplessness and pain.

\*\*\*\*

She said, 'O lover, I see in your cup

What I have never seen before;  
I see a bird looking for the nest  
That it has lost before,  
And searching for a love that was  
His savior from sorrow in the past.  
O lover, I see crazy lines in your cup:  
I see two hearts living in exile  
And the flames of their longing are leaping up.  
So, what is the matter with you, son?  
Why are you seeking pain?  
Your love to her is your destiny  
And adoring her is inscribed  
On the drops of your ocean.  
So, how can you sleep at night  
Without flirting with your princess?  
I see your destiny in your cup;  
Her heart is inscribed on your name.  
Act wisely and send your heart to her,  
For from destinies no lovers  
Like you can run away.  
I see you like an amber, burning

In the hell of your longing.  
I see your paradise without loving  
Her like a desert full of sands  
And bereft of water.  
My son, without loving her, You are  
Like a rose without perfume and leaves.'

\*\*\*\*\*

If only, O cup reader, you could know  
What is in her heart and mind.  
I love her and I am full of hope  
To be her man, and she my woman.  
Her womanliness captures me  
In all my battles with her.

\*\*\*\*\*

She said, 'Hearts are secrets,  
And the ways of love, my son,  
Is the greatest suicide;  
Your night becomes a day,  
And your day a night full  
Of bewilderment and thoughts.  
So, do not leave the one

Who adored your handsomeness,  
And make your heart a bird, singing  
The best flirting poems for her.  
She is your home that will end  
Your sorrow and foreignness.  
So, act wisely, O lover.'

\*\*\*\*\*





## My Sweetheart and Iraq

\*\*\*\*

Tomorrow, you will be in the arms of clouds.

Tomorrow I will miss you,  
And become the captive of tears,  
And the companion of concerns.

\*\*\*\*

Tomorrow, you will visit and kiss your beloved ones,

And I will remain like a strange blind man.

The fire of longing for your returning  
Attacked and burned my heart.

Who will end my loneliness after you?

I send my morning kisses to you.

My sweetheart, you will go away,

But you are my heart, madness, and happiness.

\*\*\*\*

I flirt with no one but you,

Adore nothing but your eyes,

And love you despite my sorrow.

Only some miles separate us,

And what gathers us is only a love story that

Is more beautiful than dreams and imaginations.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Is There Love in the City of Fog

\*\*\*\*\*

I promise you I will not  
Love you once again,  
Or kiss your lips or  
Adore you as a crazy man.  
You will not live anymore among  
My memories as the most beautiful dream,  
Living inside me in every minute and second.

\*\*\*\*\*

My lady, I promise you to omit you  
From the lines of my notebook  
And to drop your name  
From the dictionary of my memories.  
I promise you to scatter the slips  
Of my book of poetry among  
The waves of the winds  
To take your memory,  
Written between the lines,  
Away from my longing.

\*\*\*\*\*

I promise you not to touch your breast again,

As I used to flirt with your breast

When I reach the climax,

For there is no longer any

Love in the city of fog,

As all people became the captive

Of migration, without beloved ones.

\*\*\*\*\*

I will not stare at you closely

To draw your face with my fingertip

On water surface anymore.

I will not mention your name

Among my beloved one,

For I swore to abandon everything

Even the companions and the friends.

\*\*\*\*\*

I got used to living in the coldness

Of the city of the fog,

And to drinking alone.

Tranquility overwhelms me

And some tears fill the bowls of the eyes.

I am determined once again to leave  
And lie under the veil of the long night,  
To be for a while away from the world.

My lady, I am a man full of love;

I am not from London to be devoid

Of the fire of Love.

\*\*\*\*\*

I will dance shortly with my shadow and  
Play with the flame of the candle at one time;

At another, I will sip the red wine

And play with the strings of the guitar,

Playing a musical piece other than ours,

Repeating the hymns of loneliness, and

Increasing my abandonment and loneliness.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **The Moment of a Birthday**

\*\*\*\*

My day of birth was when I met you;

When my eyes contacted yours,

And my heart beat for seeing you.

The most pleasant moment to me

Was when I kissed your lips.

\*\*\*\*\*

The hosts did not fill the place yet,

For the happiness of the party is incomplete

Until my sweetheart comes

To congratulate me for the birthday

Of the happiest lover.

My sweetheart, I love you forever,

And will always remind you

About my wholehearted love.

When we have a night dinner

Away from all the people,

We will have a romantic night.

I will play with your locks of hair,

Touch your cheeks and flirt with your eyes

That give the most beautiful looks.

You are the queen of the party,

Even though it is my birthday.

\*\*\*\*

I will remember you however

Long is the distance between us.

You will live inside me and become

The princess of my kingdom.

I will remember you in my dreams,

Imaginations and consciousness.

You are the festival of my days,

O sweetest love to ever happen to me.

I love you, my sweetheart,

And happy love and adoration year.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Confessions of a Defeated Man

\*\*\*\*

My blond love, enough to  
Your separation and abandonment.  
After our separation, I could not bear  
The hours, minutes and seconds.  
So, how would I bear a day or a month?  
My sweetheart, the wounds of time  
Were stabbed in our hearts.  
As we persisted is stubbornness,  
Do you accept the compromise  
Of a man defeated on the battlefield  
Of your beautiful heart?

\*\*\*\*\*

My life and eyes are writing about you.  
Come and lie your exhausted body on mine.  
Come to melt your body into mine,  
To cover my face with your golden hair,  
And perfume my spirit with your breaths.  
Come to utter groans together in bed,  
To cover you with my manhood,



And show you the outcome of our actions.  
My love: I talked to everything about you;  
I talk about you with the trees and birds,  
And even with the butterflies and roses.

\*\*\*\*\*

I can shed no more tears from my eyes,  
And nothing remains in my body  
To bear that wound;  
My body turned into bones,  
And my years became dull  
Only some days after your departure.

\*\*\*\*\*

By whom should I beg to make you return?  
I am the captive of your love and spirit.  
O the one who made me a knight,  
But today I became a weak captive,  
Come back! Come back!  
Come back before my anger burns me  
And makes my body dry.

\*\*\*\*\*

I still love you;

Just give me even a little hope  
Of your return so that  
I become a seeing man once again.

Come back, please!  
Every teardrop became  
An ember on my cheeks

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Hymns of Love

\*\*\*\*\*

Everyone longs for something;  
The longing of the lover to his sweetheart  
Is one of the laws of love.

All the lovers quarrel, but  
Their quarrel is a sign of madness.

\*\*\*\*

Separation has gone crazy,  
For the days of quarrel were  
Burned by the fire of longing.  
Where are the words of jealousy?  
Where is the oath of the two lovers  
Who swore angrily not to meet again,  
Or forgive, or give each other  
The morning kisses?

\*\*\*\*\*

My sentiments were provoked inside me,  
Gathering between anger and love.  
So, I abandoned the world and separated  
Myself from my inner being.

\*\*\*\*\*

At that time, I decided not to love,  
Sleep with a woman or write poetry,  
But after seconds, I remembered  
The most beautiful eyes and was ambivalent  
About carrying out my decision.  
Meanwhile, all the sentiments of love  
Opposed my body and mind.  
Even my bed opposed me,  
Because I sleep alone, without you.

\*\*\*\*\*

Loving you is a school that not everyone joins;  
Loving you is a university whose graduates  
Are the extraordinary lovers.  
Call your love "The bachelor of adoration."  
I call it a doctorate in dissecting the feelings,  
And measuring the heartbeats when I  
Get away from the pretties lips and breasts.  
I have a master degree in the legal intimacy.  
When you rise over me, and stimulate my desires,  
I go crazy, and distrust my arts.

Your womanliness, long hair and breasts

Burn all my decisions.

\*\*\*\*\*

I have become the captive of time,  
And out of pain, I am longing for you.

I suffer because my senses received

No speech from another woman.

When I talk coincidentally to another woman,

I imagine your facial features;

When I uttered her name,

I uttered yours, provoking her anger,

Though we just met shortly in a coffee shop.

I did not care, for indulging in love

Without you is like a tasteless fruit.

You are the woman who burned me,

Because I greatly love your eyes,

And every spot of your body manifests

The sweetest and the most precious meanings.

Why did not you bear my words?

Why did you belie my longing for you?

Or, do you want to punish me,

And enjoy the pains I am suffering  
From your abandonment?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Winter of Foreignness

\*\*\*

I wonder when the end of separation is!  
I was sitting alone, feeling cold in autumn,  
    Counting the falling yellow leaves,  
    And omitting one day of my lifetime  
    For every leaf settling on the ground.

\*\*\*\*

One day, I counted the number of the blond,  
    Brown and yellow women I slept with;  
    And the breasts I tasted with my tongue.  
    I was yearning for many relationships  
    Where I felt I am a princess ruling them,  
    Sitting on my couch like Harun Ar-Rashid,  
    And watching them dance.

\*\*\*\*\*

I counted the winter seasons since  
I have gone abroad, and how many times  
The image of the beloved ones passed me by.  
At the time of the snowfall, I was looking  
    From my window at a white sky;

There were no roses, life, or sound,  
Except that of my heater, and the winds  
That stuck the inanimate things.

\*\*\*\*

Barren years have passed by  
When every beautiful thing died,  
And the storms seized all my green leaves.  
I suffered many wounds that once I treat  
Stronger ones befall me.  
All the wounds are easy except for the one  
Caused by women, for it is special.

\*\*\*\*\*

One day, I longed for returning to the past,  
To the age of toughness when I spilled  
Wine on a pretty women's body, and  
Sipped it from her waist and lips.

\*\*\*\*\*

I yearned for bidding farewell to loyalty,  
And sorrow, but I do not know how.  
I longed to be a teenager practicing  
Some kind of romance and adding,



To the flavor of privacy, telling lies  
And beating around the bush like a fox.  
I got tired of honesty and the people;  
If I am truthful, my sufferings increase  
To become the captive of words,  
And the sickness of my body overburdens me.

\*\*\*\*\*

I change my love like a chameleon.  
We make love on the bed and make her listen  
The sweetest talk in the evening to undergo  
The experience of a tireless Don Juan.

\*\*\*\*

## Stop Blaming Me

\*\*\*\*\*

Stop blaming me, for nothing  
For which my heart can be blamed remains.  
Do you blame a man slaughtered before you,  
And drew the sweetest kiss on your cheeks?

\*\*\*\*\*

Will you go away now, while your heart  
Has not offered its condolences to me yet?

Remember that one day we were  
Two hearts that hardly separate.  
You were my love and piece of music  
That lives deep in my consciousness.

Today, you ask me whether I  
Proved my manhood or not in declaring  
The death of our undying Love.

My heart will forget  
Neither you nor our love.

\*\*\*\*\*

I thought our love superseded  
The stories of Romeo and Juliette,

Alas, I left myself between your  
Hands that ended my story.

What do you want now?  
My heart has already been killed.

\*\*\*\*

Or do you want to kill everything?

In my weak body,  
nothing remains to be killed,  
For everything inside me  
Paid the price of love.

Nothing remains but futile bones  
And the remnants of broken feelings.  
Will you keep on blaming my remains,  
Even though I am barely called a human?

\*\*\*\*

## Go away from me

\*\*\*\*

Go away and make the sun  
Of your memory set,  
For today you killed my dreams,  
And tore my love into pieces,  
And then scattered them like the  
Leaves of the roses on the thorns.  
Could not you do anything better  
For a wan sanctified your love  
And died out of longing for you?

\*\*\*\*\*

O woman, I declare my resignation,  
For loving you was my major sins,  
As loving woman is only  
A calamity and a perdition.  
Do not forget I did not cry for a woman  
Who easily and toughly sold our love.

\*\*\*\*

O best example of a saleswoman,  
O most frivolous woman who claimed

That before our love she was lost,  
Here we are at the end of our story;  
I will put it to an end myself.  
You have played your role well,  
But I died once your role had ended  
And those around you had left.

\*\*\*\*

I am not seething with anger anymore,  
And I am not shedding tears any longer.  
I swore I would not make you the sweetest  
Of my pieces of music anymore,  
And would not make you the words  
Of my love poetry and address.  
Go away! Why are you staying?  
Go, for from now on, you do not  
Mean anything to me.  
How did I write my best words about you?  
How did I describe you  
With the sweetest descriptions?  
You are an example of falsehood;  
You are the greatest devil.

I made a mistake, and I confess  
That your love made me the weakest man.  
But the time has come to tear you memories  
Into pieces and to neglect your talks.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Nisreen

\*\*\*\*\*

Nisreen, O the most sweetest name,  
Coming from Zakhw by air and land  
Until it crossed, with its longing,  
The mountains of Hamreen

\*\*\*\*\*

O most precious love to come to my age,  
O most beautiful story of love,  
O ornaments of longing,  
Decorating every palace,  
You are the one I need,  
You are the one who flew in my veins,  
From a vein to a vein.  
O daughter of Tigris,  
O you who are more beautiful than  
Every rose that the palm trees adore.

\*\*\*\*\*

O you who are more beautiful than  
All the purple roses,

An even the love fairy tales.  
O my sweetheart, healer and love,  
You are my heaven and my idol.

\*\*\*\*\*

I used to fear death because it is fearful,  
But now I fear it because it deprives me of you.  
So, I challenged the reality and destiny;  
I determine to live for you,  
And to dedicate my life to you -  
This is my final word,  
And the most amazing decision.

\*\*\*\*\*



## **I bid farewell**

\*\*\*

This is the day of farewell,  
As I knew that love is deception.  
Today, I felt sympathy for harshness,  
For I cannot bear seeing your words  
In a song, poetic verse or flirting.  
I cannot bear thinking about returning,  
So why are you staying?  
Go to the one who will give you more  
Love, respect and faithfulness.

\*\*\*\*

The crisis of love has come to an end,  
And the words of longing have gone as well.  
I fed up with lighting the matchsticks,  
And playing with smoke.  
I'm sick of anxiety and fearing of her departure,  
Thus I am disinterested in love, for it does not  
Benefit me at the time of loneliness.

\*\*\*\*

I am sick of dreaming about,  
Being a father one day,  
Or a man ending his foreignness,  
And making her his home.

I am not longing for a time  
But the one when I was a child,  
Sleeping and resting in my cradle.

\*\*\*\*\*

My letters ended because of you,  
As I thought you would be my golden age.

With your love,  
You crown my foreignness,  
And you act childishly  
With your womanliness.

I sleep with you  
Despite our quarrel.

\*\*\*\*\*

The princess of my love died,  
And left sadness with me,  
Shaking everything inside me,

And planting groans, tears,  
And deprivation inside me.  
What shall I say?  
How shall I recompense  
The daughter of Eve?  
I thank and praise you only  
For your farewell and abandonment.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Complains of Love

\*\*\*\*

I will complain about you  
To the chief judge of love,  
For being fond of you exhausted me;  
I am now in a terrible state.  
I will level my report, complaining  
And yearning for the verdict.  
I will not be satisfied except with a verdict  
Recompensing me for my sleeplessness  
And my yearning for her every night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tonight, if you do not stop torturing me,  
You will be jailed in the prison of love,  
In accordance with a verdict returning the right  
To a heart, which you have tortured.  
I am fully yearning for the decision.

\*\*\*\*

I will be content with nothing but a stern  
Verdict deterring your stubbornness;  
I will accept only one thousand kisses,  
And will embrace you in a way  
Whose warmth destroys the mountains.

\*\*\*\*

I want nothing but your heart,  
Kindness, love and emotions;  
I only yearn for you, your stubbornness,  
Sadness, contentment and a whisper  
In my ear while we are in bed,  
Saying, 'I love you.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Say what you want,  
And wage a war against my body,  
Just as you wish and love,  
For wherever you go, the letters  
Of my name are engraved on your heart,  
Whether you like it or not.

\*\*\*\*

## Good Morning

\*\*\*\*

It is as if our meeting was a dream,  
For I did not expect to see an angel.

Whenever I write to you,

My longing and love increase.

I kissed and embraced the pillow

Before I sleep, as I imagined

How you will make my day.

I imagine you will meet me

Whenever I wake up in the morning

With a charming smile,

Making my morning the best time ever.

\*\*\*\*

I imagine you before me sipping your coffee

And listening to Fayruz.

You sit like a princess

And look with childlike innocence

At the butterflies that surround

Your pink roses.

Our quarrel was unintentional;

It was due to my love and adoration.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your eyes are gardens;

You are my heart and consciousness.

How can I leave you,

While my life is inside you?

How can I love another woman,

While you are occupying

Important spots in my senses?

How can I stop flirting with you,

While the poems and the meters

Are befitting only you?

I beg your pardon for not flirting with you

One day or not saying to you,

"Good morning" at every dawn.

How can you explain my madness?

I madly wake up to send you

This message: "I love you."

\*\*\*\*

I don't think any other love

Surpasses my love to you.

I will abandon the world and live

In the loneliness of your memory;

I chose to live instead of dying for you.

Who can be my sweetheart but you?

Forgive me, for whenever I try to

Alleviate my pain with my writings,

My longing, pain and dying increase.

So, forgive me, please!



## **The Night of Lovers**

\*\*\*\*

How sweet flirting after moments

Of separation and quarrel is!

How sweet the passing of your dove

By my mind is!

It plays with you by its feathers

And blames you for neglecting it.

Reproaching is sweet under the light of candles,

And in the loftiest state of coldness,

Thunder and rain that accompanied

A tone of kindness and tears.

\*\*\*\*

She acts angrily and almost suffocates

Out of her great jealousy regarding you,

As she has not heard your flirting for days.

But after reconciliation she will become  
A tame cat in your hand, for she is under  
The umbrella Of the sultan of love.

\*\*\*\*

How sweet you are when you  
Return to ask for forgiveness!  
In you, lie pride and a woman's  
Passionate love of a man whose lips  
Were her breakfast in every morning.  
My reflections and poems are meaningless  
Unless they are written about you,  
For the words were inconsistent with  
My false feelings towards another woman.  
So, the letters waged a war against the pen,  
And did not accept any kind of truce.

\*\*\*\*

O my sweetheart and sultan,  
I have suffered a lot in my life to find you,  
And my heart underwent hardships to love you.  
I am fully belonging to you;  
All my senses are possessed by your heart.

Here I am once again, kissing your breast  
And recording the amazing victories in your bed.

\*\*\*\*

I will wipe her tears and won't leave her.

She won't groan once again,  
And will make my arm her pillow;  
I sacrifice myself, my spirit and life  
For you, O most amazing woman.

There is no need for separation  
To test the truthfulness of our feelings,  
For the heart is always longing  
For meeting his dear sweetheart.

How sweet it is to say, 'I hate you  
Because I cannot forget you.'

But I answer, 'I love you, O you who are  
More amazing than all love words,  
Because my heart cannot disobey you.'

\*\*\*\*\*

## **A Woman in Men's Trap**

\*\*\*\*

For some moments, I stopped alone to mourn  
At the grave of my murdered friend's memory.  
He was killed by a woman fearing the unknown;  
She loved him secretly, but her sin  
Is more terrible than her lame excuse.

\*\*\*\*

She said, addressing her victim,  
'My sweetheart, you love always  
Dwelled in my imagination,  
And your separation  
Has never come to my mind.  
The letters of your name always crown my words,  
And your love phantom accompanied me everywhere.

As for today, I beg your pardon,  
For asking you to forget our bygone days.'  
He asked her, 'What is the matter with you?  
Have you gone mad or become impatient?  
How can you talking about separation  
After this passionate love and longing?  
Has something unbearable befallen you?'

She said, 'I fear that our love story  
Becomes public, known to our families,  
And spread in the streets and districts.'

He said, angrily, 'Are you fearful of a great scandal  
About a man loved you and refused any other woman?'

Do you fear that our love become public  
And not that you kill our feelings?  
Are you hiding me from the people,  
And concealing our love from your acquaintances,  
As if our love is a cup of water, or a great word  
You dropped from your terms?'

\*\*\*\*\*

She smilingly left him despite the severity  
Of separation and vanished.

She disregarded their good times,  
And the words of longing he told her.

\*\*\*\*

She executed him and all the love poems  
That he composed for her.

She left him unreasonably and  
After some days, she dated another.  
She disregarded the people's words  
And looked down on all the feelings.  
My friend became alone, as usual.

My friend, throw the purple roses in your bin,  
And burn every letter of her messages;  
Throw from your window all her locks  
Of hair you collected without her notice.

Women claim to appreciate loyalty, yet their guile  
Is severer than the calamity of Kabula'.  
Tomorrow, she will make her new lover  
Listen to all the love songs, like you;  
And will lie before him as though  
He is the first love in her life.

As she left you, she will leave him,

So, be wise, my friend;  
I do not want to compose  
Mourning poetry about you.  
Do not trust women's heart,  
As they are like winter sun.

\*\*\*\*

## **A Woman makes Me Groan**

\*\*\*\*

I groan because of a woman  
Pretending loyalty an love,  
While her eyes hide  
Nests of cunning and guile.  
How can I believe you  
After veiling your paper from me,  
Claiming to be like the virgin Marry?  
You pretend to be cultured and civilized  
In all your dialogues with me,  
Nay, you are a real foolish woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am regretful, yet not sorrowful,

For dropping you from my notebook,  
Without any permission or petition  
To remain with me.

I regret describing you as an angel,  
And making you the idol of love.

I blamed my heart strongly,  
Because it opted for my perdition.

\*\*\*\*

I opted for living alone,  
As loneliness is free from concerns,  
Away from thinking about love and sex.

It is not a strange world,  
For I live therein alone,  
As a king whose delusions  
Make him happy and glad.

\*\*\*\*\*

I spent many years in prison,  
And was stripped of my freedom,  
clothes, books and even my watch.

So, what can make me fear -  
A failing love or a dead heart?



\*\*\*\*

Do not imagine I will think one day  
Of returning you or making you angry,  
For my manhood does not allow me  
To even spread the blanket that  
Belongs to someone else.

\*\*\*\*

Go away from me before stabbing me  
With the dagger of your crazy betrayal.  
I will never return you, for I told you  
That however beautiful you are,  
You should not betray my manhood  
Or make use of my love to you.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **The Word 'Love' is Forbidden**

\*\*\*\*\*

My love, I search for my soul in you,

Your eyelid, eyes and lips.

I am looking for myself in every word

Within a letter, point or a line.

I am looking for the smooth words

That your lips utter; I live therein,

The sweetest adventure.

Because I love you crazily, loving you

Became the most dangerous adventure.

Return me to my childhood and the time

Of my recklessness with women,

When I slept with them,  
And our exhalation reached the sky.

\*\*\*\*

I am waiting for your saying 'You are my life.'  
You will say it one day,  
But I do not know when and where.  
Will you recognize it when you are in my arms,  
Or will you write it on slips of paper,  
And set my history and legends to flames?  
I am still waiting for this word  
That will come out warmly from your mouth,  
Like a pearl coming out of an oyster.

\*\*\*\*\*

O one thousand years that remind us  
About our bygone time,  
O love that provoked, within myself, my longing,  
Madness and the jealousy of the son of Baghdad,  
O woman who taught me love and reminded me  
About the time of playing an jesting.

\*\*\*\*\*

When will you lift your sanction against me,

And send your longing to sing for me about  
Two lovers whom time veiled their dream,  
But with their patience,  
They fulfilled their dreams?

\*\*\*\*

Is your sanction against my love word existent?  
Do you still believe that my hands can be  
Stopped if I touched your breasts?  
I do not think so, for there is no woman  
That I touched her breasts  
Except that she yielded.  
I challenged the most beautiful women,  
As a knight challenging a genuine horse.  
So, do not think that your sanction  
Will end my longing and speech.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **My Sparrow, Do Not Be Sad**

\*\*\*\*

O my life and sweetheart, I heard  
You are sad, so my sun of my sky set,  
And misery and sorrow overwhelmed my face.  
How can I smile while you are shedding tears?  
How can I think about rest when my sweetheart  
Is groaning and shedding tears?

\*\*\*

O my blond woman,  
And most beautiful dove,  
I mourned my death,

For no love word I will utter  
To another woman,  
And my arm will not hug  
Any brown or blond woman.

I will make your memory conquer the world,  
Plant your purple roses in every spot and state,  
Drew the words of love on the walls and papers,  
Make the people write with your red color,  
And drop the words 'separation'  
From the dictionary of love.

\*\*\*\*

My dove, I am sorry,  
For between you and me  
There is more than one bed,  
And greater than the love words  
That I made you listen of my poetry.  
O my happiness and my eye's apple,  
How can I befriend an eye other than yours,  
And taste a breast other than yours?  
Can I end the story of my life,  
And the legends of my love

Without the sweetest princess?

\*\*\*\*\*

I am sorry, I am awfully sorry  
About any inappropriate or emotionless word,  
For every love word I whispered to you  
Was mixed with honesty and full of emotions.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Do Not Be Senseless**

\*\*\*\*

O woman, is this how longing should be?  
How can I get absent for a while,  
And then find you senseless,  
And find the inbox empty?  
You treat me toughly and stubbornly,  
As if we are on a battlefield.  
Who are you?  
You are a princess, but I am a king,  
Capturing you in my heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

I came to you full of emotions,  
Recited my peerless poetry to you,  
Described your body as a ship  
I am its captain who determines its direction;  
And you are a cloud in my sky,  
A tree in my land,  
And a river in my ocean.

Do you still believe you will execute me  
And make everything rebel against me?

\*\*\*\*\*

O blond woman with the body of a houri,  
I yielded my body to you  
To the last moment we slept together;  
Your breasts did not want to leave my lips,  
And your yellow hair was spread on my chest.  
Our feelings were hotter than the embers,  
And we went drunk out of love -  
We were captured by our desires  
Without the glasses of wine.

I hated the brownness



And loved the blondness.  
Loving you is so sweet  
Comparable to the works of magic.

\*\*\*\*

### **My Love's Rebellion**

\*\*\*\*

Thank you, for I have received your message today;  
Thank you for making me the captive of sleeplessness,  
Bidding farewell to smile and sleep.

\*\*\*

I wrote "thank you" without hesitation,  
For you proudly stabbed me with your dagger,  
And forgot all the verses of longing  
That feelings wrote for you  
In the lines of poetry and prose.

\*\*\*\*

Much has been said about women,  
And how they are satisfied with little  
At the beginning of love,  
Accepting to live in a house  
Furnished with modest carpets.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is said they love the light of candles,  
Glorify love, wipe out tears and adore coddling;  
And their jealousy is greater than the mountains.

\*\*\*

Do you have the same qualities,  
And did my phantom pass you by?  
Did you long for me or send your  
Charming message to me?  
Or did I become the symbol of mockery  
For all the words of kindness?

\*\*\*\*

Thank you for your loyalty.  
Thank you for your longing.

\*\*\*\*

## **Whispers from a Heart to a Heart**

\*\*\*\*

How can I sleep if I did not whisper

In her ear, "I love you."

I wake her up every morning

With the most beautiful words,

For I am crazy about her.

How would my life become without you;

Without touching your body or playing

With your breast and womanliness?

To me, the world is unquenched fire  
When I am away from you.  
I cannot imagine how a day will pass  
Without embracing you to my chest?  
My chest is your pillow...  
Make it your small home.  
I am still taking care of my garden,  
For every purple flower meets your request  
And every leaf or rose is perfumed by you.

\*\*\*\*\*

How can I bear not kissing the hands  
Of my princess one day?  
How can my eyes bear a scene  
Different from what I see every morning  
When the most beautiful lips  
Sips the cup of coffee or tea?

\*\*\*

I was waiting for the coming of the evening  
To see you listen to the sweetest music  
And then start dancing on your smooth toes.

\*\*\*\*

O my sweetheart, love and light of my eye,  
My body does not sleep with another woman  
And I am not a slave except to your eyes.

\*\*\*\*

## **Do Not Be a Teardrop**

\*\*\*

How did she love me and exchange  
Her emotions with me, though I am poor?  
I want you to be my fate, for no poetry  
Will describe you better than mine.

\*\*\*\*

Allah created the feelings inside me  
And made me the kindest man.

I was looking for a love  
And the most amazing prisoner.

\*\*\*\*

O birds, trees, and sky, keep quiet,  
For I am in the presence of the kindest woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

My sweetheart, in my foreignness  
I experienced the severest prisons,  
And was so hardly tortured that  
Weakness overwhelmed my memory.  
Vainly, I cried for years in my jail,  
As I am an Iraqi without a friend or shelter.  
My soul became a burning ember,  
For I did not find a prison  
More beautiful than your eyes.  
You sweet talk is dripping  
From your lips, a drop after another.

\*\*\*\*

O my foreignness, how many  
Surprises have you hidden from me?  
Today, all my senses write poetry and sing.

I will write the best legend of love for Iraq  
And for the most beautiful Iraqi woman,  
And sing for her all the lofty pieces of music.

I will write on the clock of London,  
Between the minutes and the seconds,  
The first letter of our names  
And some of Qabbani's lines of poetry.

## **To My Cinderella**

\*\*\*\*

How can I start my talk with you,  
While you are a senseless woman?  
How can I forget you, while you are drawn  
On the veins of my hands?  
How can I betray you, while you are  
In the middle of my eye?

How can I mention, after Allah's Name,  
Anything other than your name?  
Your letters are the crown of my lips  
That they always repeat.  
I fast for years, and the moon is before me.  
How can I write about another one,  
While you are all my subjects and words?  
It is not important to start your love  
From your breast or even your waist,  
Rather I should start my journey  
With you on your naked body.  
I am a man but I am like the grains  
Of ice, melting in your palms.  
Do you have any doubts  
About the seriousness of my love?  
What is the difference in your opinion  
Between the earth and the sky,  
And the clouds and the stars?  
Do you feel the suicide of safety,  
The love of men and their despair,  
Or constraining their groan in their chest?



O my sweetheart, my Cinderella,  
O love of the century and this miserable age,  
How can I betray you or sleep with another woman,  
While the wound of your farewell is incurable?  
I did not forget, despite the long years,  
The woman with the most beautiful breasts.  
My eyes see no other woman on the earth.

## **A Legitimate Question**

\*\*\*\*

Tell me who you are, for longing  
And yearning attracted me to you.  
Tell me even the titles, for your phantom  
Surprises me even in my dreams.  
Tell me for a moment about your concerns,  
For your eyes' looks made my heart melt.

My sweetheart, I engraved your letters  
    Inside my body, for no lover,  
Sweetheart or friend for you but me.  
Before seeing you, I was concerned about myself,  
    Yet you became my sole concern.  
    How cannot I love you, while  
My love to you is my greatest issue  
    That has one thousand fragments?  
    I did not find a heart providing  
    Me with a sense of affection.  
I groan for a foreignness without a love,  
For the lovers' stories here became strange.  
Vainly, I started to beg the time for love.  
My life is like an oyster devoid of pearls;  
    I am retired and alone.

\*\*\*\*

## **Crazy Admiration**

\*\*\*

My admiration of you was great,

Beyond your imaginations.

At the first step you take to my heart,

I crumbled the thorns of retirement.

You made me love you crazily,

Have illegitimate, banned dreams,  
And think about taking you up to the sky.

I stealthily used to watch you,  
So how can I start speaking to you?

Save me by a simple question  
That renews my hope of sitting  
Under your loyal, beautiful umbrella.

Unfortunately, I received from you  
Nothing but dreams and delusions.

Despite that, they were beautiful;

I use them to deceive myself,  
Thinking that I am watching you.

I am constrained with the cuffs of bad luck,  
Forbidden from getting what I want.

Allow me to be a slave

In your innocent kingdom.

O my lady and queen, do not worry,  
For I won't allow myself to touch your breasts;

And won't put an apple in my basket

Except the apple belonging to me,

As you are possessed by another one,

And beyond the boundaries of my zone.

## **Do not ask for Love**

\*\*\*

You asked me one day to write about you,  
So what should I write, and how should  
I describe your hair, body and steps?  
The sound of your beautiful steps

Reverberates in my ears, increasing  
Your conceitedness, guile and pride.  
You asked me if I have written  
Poetic verses about you.  
You are the most amazing poem  
That has been, and would be, written.  
You are the one I am repeating her name  
Until it becomes my destination.  
You are the one who convinced my tongue  
To say to you openly, despite fear,  
"You are my sweetheart."

## **Sweeter Than Honey**

\*\*\*

The heart shivered and was confused  
Because you are leaving tomorrow.  
How can I see the city without you?  
Will my morning be sweet without

Writing "good morning" to you?  
I know the sound of the bird song  
Will become groans instead of songs.  
Tomorrow, my city, sky and clouds  
Will be totally different and strange.  
Loving you destroyed my heart,  
And your absence increased my night's darkness.  
I love you, and I know you do not love me,  
I adored you, though I know you will kill me.  
I know if I knocked the door of your heart  
To love me you would not answer.  
I loved your red color, and used it  
To decorate and write my reflections.  
O my houri and my legendry woman,  
I was inflicted with love and weakness.  
O my sweetheart, tomorrow my senses will revolt.  
I wish I was a dress to cover your white body.  
O deer, is it not the time to heal  
A man crazy about you.  
I got drunk on you without drinking;  
Your whispering is stronger than wine.

I will wait for you in the street,  
Even if your return is a mirage.

\*\*\*\*

## **Faithfully I Write to You**

\*\*\*\*

You missed me for one day,  
But I missed you all days,  
So I knew it is the first and the last



Message to express your feelings.  
Should I call you my sweetheart,  
Dear or friend when I write to you?  
A volcano of love erupts inside my chest  
Once you go through my mind and heart.  
If I compose poetry about you,  
You say I am just a hypocrite;  
If I withdraw from your love,  
You say I am acting roughly.  
Where did you learn to conceal your feelings?  
How did you dare to assassinate me?  
I love your breaths whatever you do.  
The fingertips of your smooth hand wrote  
What you were forcedly concealing inside you.  
Or did your heart incited you to disclose  
This serious secret willingly to me?  
What should I love...what should I love?  
Should I love a yellow hair like the sun rays,  
Or two eyes like a tiger's eyes  
That make me talk crazily?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Peerless Words

\*\*\*\*

You are like the sun and the moon;

You do not grow older, but make

The one who loves you age.  
Many hearts are yearning for you  
An rotate around your beauty,  
As the moon rotates around the sun.  
Your silken hair is the light of the day  
That touches our faces and perfumes our air  
Your are like Eve and the apple of the Paradise.  
Your sound plays the best pieces of music  
That the sweetest birdsongs sing.  
How can I describe your beauty,  
Body and steps?  
Your beauty is superior to Cleopatra's;  
And your body is like Aphrodite's.  
Thousands of feelings and warm,  
Perfumed whispers lie in you,  
For you are the queen of queens,  
And make my heart feel  
The most amazing words.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **When will Our Love Be Mutual?**

\*\*\*

How can I reveal my love to you?

It is heavier than lifting thousands  
Of tons of iron on my shoulder.  
How can I confess my jealousy to her?  
How can I make her leave the world  
To stay with me?  
Shall I send her the hymns that express  
How I am crazy about her?  
Or will she grant me the opportunity  
To stand under the mercy of her eyes,  
While I am only a student in her love school?  
I am a passionate lover of her minute details.

\*\*\*\*

## **Last Night's Message**

\*\*\*\*

Last night, I wrote a message

To the sweetest sparrow.  
I was provoked and my hands  
Shivered while printing the nicest expressions  
To the most beautiful houri.  
I could not describe her beauty, and  
The sweetness of her smooth spoken words.  
I mentioned in the message:  
To the most beautiful angel of Allah  
On the earth of His pious servant,  
Good morning or evening.  
Whenever you read this message,  
My heart will inevitably beat.  
You are a moon in both times.  
It is an honor for me  
To pass through your land,  
And watch the reality of beauty,  
After only hearing about it.  
I loved and adored your name;  
Every letter inscribed love  
On every part of my body,  
And it became an indelible tattoo.

I ask you, 'When will we meet?'  
Or should I exert my utmost effort to get you,  
And express my love to my beautiful houri?

22-3-2011

## The Confessions of a Sad Diary

\*\*\*\*

The life and its conditions

Closed in on me,

For my days without her

Became calamitous.

Vainly, I disregard her anger,

And cry like a child at her house.

Do you still enjoy my tears?

Do you not know

How much I love you?

I became like an old, sad night,

When her light covered the stars.

\*\*\*\*

I wrote my books of verses for you,

And wept for your hurting of my feelings

That I have become a meaningless body.

I lost myself when you

Trampled merciless on my feelings.

If only I did not love your eyes.

If I do not love you,



What else do I love in this world?

\*\*\*\*\*

O stubborn blond woman,  
Do not trample on a loving heart,  
For the morning has a light,  
And the rock has a heart,  
So stop acting madly.  
My lady, read my words well;  
With another woman I become  
A waterfall of sadness:  
In a cell with a glass of water and a cigarette.  
Your love roams around my head,  
Like the clouds in the sky.  
My voice expresses my silence and pain,  
O most beautiful woman of today.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Two daily Messages to a Woman

\*\*\*\*

Her eyes are my glass of wine,  
And her words are an unsetting sun.

Did our love die?

That is not true.

Your eyes are the shelter of the roses,  
So how can poetry deny them?

\*\*\*\*

The aroma of perfume follows you,  
So do not blame me for my love.

I love you, so how can I

Set our love on fire.

Give me your hand to kiss it,  
For you are an unsetting sun.

\*\*\*\*\*

Let me, my sweetheart,  
Send two messages to you,  
As you are the pretties woman I know.  
My love is floating in the stars,  
So how can I not adore you?

No woman will replace you  
Or become the object of my poetry,  
For but for our love,  
I would not get up at the dawn  
To send the morning greeting to you,  
And stay up at night waiting for your sleep  
To sent you a good-night message.  
Will you complain one day  
That my love is false or hypocritical?  
I don't think so, O pretties woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Three Hours Behind Dinner Table

\*\*\*\*

Behind the dinner table  
I swore to take revenge.  
She poured some wine in my glass,  
And I felt that the wounds were healed.  
Killing Ar-Rashid is impossible,  
And if he wages a war,  
He will not lose.

\*\*\*\*

I converse with her as a white dove,  
And I was about to pick the cherries from her.  
But she did not allow the prince to pick them,  
Even as a gift from her.  
She said, 'Did you get drunk, lord,  
From drinking a half glass of wine?  
I asked her whether she had  
Given me a glass of wine or more.  
She said, 'Are you serious?'  
How beautiful love is when evening comes,  
And I keep silence before the most beautiful woman!

Everything here is shouting  
That you are Eve,  
So make the rain of your love  
Fall on my soil and sand  
After I became a waterless land,  
A desert deprived of your wine.

\*\*\*\*

Thank you, for  
I omitted the name of all women.  
Thank you for teaching  
The vocabulary of love to me.  
The water of September has gone,  
Being defeated by the beauty of your eye.  
Thank you for accepting my invitation,  
O my brown lady.

\*\*\*\*

## My Glass of Red Wine

\*\*\*\*

I pour wine from the drops of your lips,  
And I fight the fire of leaving you like a bird;  
I can't fly or seek the help of the birds  
Falling on the pillow like a child.  
Love turned me into a small lover,  
Hugging the pillow affectionately.  
You lightened the stars with your eye,  
Invaded my cities with your breaths,  
And crucified me on the book of verses.

\*\*\*\*

So, why do not you forgive?  
Do you not have feelings?  
You talk to me as though  
I am the committer of sins.  
You hold me accountable as though  
I am the creator of life  
Or someone who stole love from the hearts  
And destroyed the dreams.  
Here I am getting drunk on wine

And whisper to your photos.

I roam around the room,  
Sitting in darkness or light.

\*\*\*\*\*

Everything has come to an end

Like the last drop of wine.

By Allah, had I known

That your love is addictive,

I would not have drawn close to it.

Had I known that I will be martyred

On your land, I would not have come.

O woman who challenged many men,

If you ask me, I will kill all the knights,

And wage wars against the kings.

Stop acting the role of the crazy woman,

And return to me as a rain.

\*\*\*\*

## The Dancer of Sadness

\*\*\*\*

I walked at night to think  
About her invitation,  
And I wished I had not  
Intervened in her affairs.  
Her affairs contain rain,  
Thunder and sins.

\*\*\*

If she calls me to dance,  
I think how I will start,  
And touch her hand.  
Shall I dance on Beethoven  
Or on the playing of the piano?  
My dance with her is a dream,  
And if I dance with her,  
The music will be her eyes.  
When I see her eyes,  
I become like a child,  
As her eyes gush forth roses,  
And stop the flow of my blood.



So, shall I refuse the invitation  
Of a crazy love.

\*\*\*\*

I am the color of her hair,  
And I am the devil of pen.  
I yield to her and lived  
In the exile she sent me into.

Love does not know  
How much I love her,  
My jealousy about her  
Is a fire that burns forever.

Let the morning drink  
From the nectar of her breaths,  
And let the sunset take its breaths.

I gift her a bouquet of roses  
That were planted in my feelings.  
She is the secret of my life.

\*\*\*\*\*

## To a Very Special Woman

\*\*\*\*

My special woman,  
Let me tell you who you are,  
And what you mean to me.  
Even if you departed,  
You will recall my words and stories.  
Even if someone else touched you,  
You won't love him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Let me explain to you  
That you have a heart  
That does not forget me.  
I remember you every night,  
And my pen and poetry  
Belong only to you.  
My lady, my feeling are amazed  
And sick of my repentance.  
Whenever I repent your love,  
My heart inclines to you,  
And my chest suffers from separation.

\*\*\*\*

You live inside my body,  
So how can I leave my home.  
You are the scar of love on my cheek,  
So do not be reckless, O child of love,  
For you are not a toy in my hand,  
Or a rose that I smell.  
You are the spirit of my body,  
And your warm voice  
Pleases my ears.

\*\*\*\*

## A Stupid Man

\*\*\*\*

My love was too beautiful  
When I loved you,  
And my fingertips were gentle  
When they touched your cheek.  
I suffered a lot from you, my dear,  
When your hand harshly stabbed me.  
Your abandonment threatened me  
And deprived me of your eyes.

\*\*\*\*

I did not apologize for you.  
How can I be your hunter,  
Or a captain leading your ship?  
I waged war against the notebooks,  
The lines, pens and colors  
Because I know that the sun  
Does not rise except  
When you are awake.

\*\*\*

I love you despite that many women

Will say that I am stupid.  
I know that my heart  
Will be taken from my body  
And will be given to you.  
I know you will kill me,  
Fall in love with my jailer,  
And keep the sword that killed me.  
Why is the victim crying for the killer?  
Why does the heart love  
The one who humiliates it?

\*\*\*\*\*

Brown Wolf

\*\*\*\*

Get into my silence,  
And write with your ink on my paper  
That you are my love.  
Give me the glass of wine,  
For when I write a verse about you,  
My love gives you a bouquet of roses.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am pleased to be  
Your captured prince.  
You are hidden inside me,  
In my clothes and perfume,  
In my morning and thought.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your perfume was sprayed on my body,  
So how cannot man long  
For the one living inside him?  
I loved the church where you pray,  
And snatched a kiss

When she was thinking humbly,  
So how can I fear fire,  
When I am burned everyday  
With the fire of her eyes.

\*\*\*\*

O my lazy woman,  
I have no problem  
If you burned me.  
Why was I cuffed  
With all these shackles?  
Won't you ask why  
I do love you?  
Why I was waging  
A fierce battle with you?

\*\*\*\*\*

With you, I became like a cultured mouse  
That was playing with the cheese.  
I became like Cindbad, sailing  
Hopelessly through the sea of your eyes.  
In a legendry journey,  
I roamed with your ghost.

I lived love without feeling safe  
Except with the brown princess.

Why was not your love  
Like wine, bread and water  
That no lover does without?

\*\*\*\*



## A Message to a Poet

\*\*\*\*

Tell me for in a minute

Who are you.

Are you an angel or a poet?

The only words that occupied

Me were your words.

The way you recited poetry

Had torn me into pieces,

And provoked love inside me.

\*\*\*\*

Allow me to call you

"My sweetheart" in my messages,

Whispers, dates at dinner,

And in every morning I see you.

Let me bid farewell to you

In an extraordinary way.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your love is a lofty summit,

And a waterfall of adoration.

Please wear me like the bracelets

Of the pearls around your wrist.

Make me the silken shawl

That covers your shoulder.

\*\*\*\*

Your love gives wisdom to the lover  
And teaches women how to be beautiful.

The twinkle of your eye

Turns the lover upside down.

O ship sailing in the deep gulf

I get lost after your departure,

And I have no room on earth anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Separation

\*\*\*\*

I won't forget you even if you would,  
For your name is planted in my heart,  
And written on the papers of my life.

I will only write to you, my dear,  
And I hide my feeling towards you,

Because you are my life

Like a mother with abundant affection.

One day you will understand my madness.

\*\*\*\*

Did you love to me die?

As for me, it is still alive.

I remember you whenever

I look at the cups of coffee.

I roam the street and remember you.

I pray...and your separation exhausts me.

I weep and lean on the bar wall.

My weep increases at the sunset.

O Nisreen, my history is running

Behind your eyes.

How did you leave me,  
While you are my spirit?

You are the blood  
That flows to my heart.

Your love ended  
The life of a traveler.

\*\*\*\*

Your love is not a past  
Because you will remain my sky,  
Like the dizzy bird that flies around  
its nest, but does not see it.  
Your eyes are the shelter of my spirit;  
I carry you in my mind and conscious.

\*\*\*\*

How can I forget a love  
That taught me how to know myself?  
I became a man after I was nothing,  
And my life was like a burned candle.  
Your love set me on fire  
And your farewell destroyed in my kingdom  
The great palaces and the lofty minarets.

\*\*\*

I will face a cold winter,  
But will my love come in summer?

I will write to her  
As long as I am alive.

If I stopped writing  
That would be due to death.

\*\*\*

## Her Love Was My Weapon

\*\*\*\*\*

I chose you from among  
The love stories in the world.  
I excelled all men in writing  
The beautiful words that you read.  
I love you because I cannot  
Say anything but the truth,  
As I do nothing think about  
Loving anyone but you,  
Despite your harshness  
And the ferocity of your love

\*\*\*\*\*

My poems get used to flirting  
With you and your lips.  
So how cannot I think about you?  
Such love cannot be repeated again,  
If you willed, I would tear  
My heart into pieces.  
I most precious love, O my dear,  
Do you still want to bury me

Alive in my pain,  
And refuse to listen to me?

\*\*\*

I will complain to God  
About your injustice and oppression.  
O mistress of women,  
How can you kill a man loving you?  
Within seconds, you make him a martyr.  
Your majesty, you bid farewell to me  
Before I grant you the permission,  
And forgot all my love to you,  
As if your loyalty was false.  
You departed prematurely,  
Travelling unprepared,  
And without an appointment for farewell.  
So, you were so stingy that  
You refused to stay for a short time.

\*\*\*\*

You did not care about my illness,  
So how can you claim that  
You are falling in love?

Are the hearts underrated

In your point of view?

\*\*\*\*\*

The coldness of winter has come,

So what will cover your body,

And who will protect your kingdom?

Or did you opt for loneliness

And hiding in a room?

\*\*\*\*



## The Final Message

\*\*\*\*

If you were my love  
And understood these words,  
You would realize that our love  
Is undying and eternal.  
Hade you understood  
The cause of my jealousy,  
You would realize that  
It is the jealousy of a man  
Who gifted you his life.

\*\*\*\*

Today, I have written my message to you  
To end the history of my birth,  
For I am caring for nothing after you,  
As all the pains and the reasons of harshness  
Are explained in my message to you.

\*\*\*\*

I have written to you the last message,  
Realizing it is the calamitous end of my journey  
With the most beautiful eyes.

I wrote that I have been weeping for hours  
And prayed at the grave of my end.  
I have sadly written to you my last message  
While sitting in my dark room.

\*\*\*\*

I have written a message to explain to you  
That it is foolish to think I would forget you.  
You are the woman who loved me,  
And then left me for a small mistake,  
Neglecting me harshly.

\*\*\*\*

Cryingly, I have written my message,  
Though I only complain to Allah.  
I explained to you my condition;  
What it would be after you.  
I showed you my great love  
And I do think you found in my message  
Anything other than my weakness,  
And some words you may consider trivial.

\*\*\*\*

I confusingly wrote my message,

Thinking whether your decision was a nightmare,  
Or just the jesting of women.  
I have written my message  
While I was suffering a bitter death  
Because I was sure that sending  
My last message is the end of my life.

\*\*\*\*

## Man Wants his Love's Congratulation for Birthday

\*\*\*\*

My sweetheart, had you been with me  
In my birthday party,  
You would not feel sad,  
And receive the sweet days with tears.

\*\*\*\*

I was glad at my destiny,  
And the love of my life  
That I spent loving you,  
Though I know for sure  
That the day I loved you  
Is the day when I dug my grave.

\*\*\*\*\*

Why have you promised me then?  
Why did we exchange bouquets of roses?  
Why had you offered your love to my heart?  
Why have you chosen the way of weep for me,  
While you knew I was miserable before you?

\*\*\*\*

How can I book a dinner table,

Light the candle alone,  
And sip the coffee without alone?  
My love has gone and left  
A garden without roses behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Why am I too sad on my birthday  
That only comes once yearly?  
Why do not you pardon a man  
Who wrote the loftiest words about you?

\*\*\*\*\*

## When You Bid Farewell to Fake Love

\*\*\*\*

Yesterday I bid farewell to a love  
That I thought it has penetrated the heart,  
But it was like a fleeting cloud  
That rained in an unknown land,  
Making the lover feel miserable.

\*\*\*\*

I realized how stupid I was;  
I was a toy in her hand,  
Doing all what she wants.  
What should I call you now?

\*\*\*\*

I was not her princess as I thought  
But rather a soldier,  
Martyred on the chess board.  
So, I decided to wipe the tears  
And get prepared for facing loneliness,  
For she is no longer my princess.

\*\*\*\*

O lover, you roamed around the world,

And she stabbed you with a poisonous lie.

She scratched your chest

To set your heart on fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

You hastened to sell love, my little child,

But tomorrow you will discover

That you are not a princess

But a slave to your new lover.

I won't cry for a woman

That has sold love,

For her body is like an abandoned island

That the devil manipulates.

The lovers will abandon you

And strip you of you womanless,

And then you come into an end.

\*\*\*\*\*

Do not expect anything or think,

For no man will accept to drink

From the cup of the wild dogs.

So, you are an abandoned woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

## I Am Her Martyr

\*\*\*\*

I love you and do not know  
The limits of my love;  
I love you tirelessly and manly.  
My love to you is like a hurricane  
That strikes everything.  
In your eyes there are  
Many beautiful poems.  
I love you because you are  
The reason why I am still alive;  
You are the spirit and the woman  
Who settled deep inside me.

\*\*\*\*

Despite my calamity and poverty,  
I love you, O you whom  
Allah sent after my prayers.

\*\*\*\*

Before you, I used to sit on my chair,  
Smoking and thinking about the unknown,  
For loneliness and writing



About trivial things exhausted me.  
How can you explain the love of a man  
Whom made you the charming star of his life.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was humbly weeping for my condition  
Beside the heater in winter because  
You have left and crucified me.  
I have offered a great love to you,  
Now I ask what my condition  
After separation would be?

\*\*\*\*\*

I drew you as a reality  
And you drew me as a delusion.  
I drew you in the stars and clouds.  
I say thank you before your farewell,  
For I regret the love I lost  
In the fog of the days.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Listen for Some Moments Before Farewell

\*\*\*\*

Today I do not know  
What has happened to me.  
I was thinking about you  
In every minute an second.  
I wept today and walked confusedly  
Under the heavy rain.  
Sadness overwhelmed me,  
And I just wrote some words  
On the falling yellow leaves  
To which the branches bid farewell.

\*\*\*\*

My light, I do not know  
Why I feel confused  
When you pass by my thought.  
I wonder if I still love you  
Or I am deceiving myself.  
The charm of your eyes visits me  
And the best drops drip  
From the sea of longing.

\*\*\*\*

I thought I would wipe you  
From my notebook,  
And get rid of your love.  
However, you live inside me,  
And you are flowing in my blood,  
Whether I liked it or not.  
Finally I realized  
My story with weep.

\*\*\*

## To My Princess

\*\*\*\*

I do not know how to describe myself.

This is my heart, O woman,  
For I carried your love on my back.

You love destroyed me  
And your mention settled inside me.

I adored your poetry and spirit,  
And longed, like the birds,  
To land on your shoulder.

\*\*\*

How can I send you my congratulation

For your birthday?

Your words are contained inside me,  
Burning my bowels tirelessly.

\*\*\*\*

In the sky of our love

Two stars split open,

And in the garden of our revolution  
The two most beautiful roses flowered.

\*\*\*\*

O woman with beautiful eyes,  
I do not love anyone but you.  
I will soon celebrate your birthday  
Sing for you, and scatter the leaves of roses,  
Though the battle of our love  
Destroyed our affection,  
But you will be my love forever,  
And will flower in the spring of my days.

\*\*\*\*

## A Message to the lofty Love

\*\*\*\*

We separated and our love came to an end.

We swore not to long to each other,  
So my words of flirting become a past.

\*\*\*\*\*

How can I ask you to return  
While you do not accept any apology?  
How can I apologize while knowing  
That the love of men to you means submission.

To whom will I write poetry and flirting,  
And how I sit under the light of the candles?

O love, I knew you would not become

My poem in a certain time,

Though destiny prescribed tears for us.

O Nisreen, I know that what I have written

For you is true for sure.

You love me but you are too proud to confess.

Our love story was the best one to be told.

I love you, and here I am

Writing about you despite my pain.

I am not shedding tears  
But rather burning like ambers  
Due to separation and groans.

\*\*\*\*\*

Shall I say thank you  
Or speak silent words  
That the eyes express?  
O shall I would reproach you,  
With a fruitless reproach?  
Your burn the book of our love  
And drown the boat of love  
In the river of sadness.

\*\*\*\*

To whom will you belong?  
I will lead my life facing calamities;  
I will morn and retreat from the world,  
Away from the sweet sun  
That has risen in my port  
And added color to my love.

\*\*\*\*

## Your Love Is My Hope

\*\*\*\*

I tried to kill you love  
In my heart, but I could not.  
I tried not to write about you,  
But I did;  
And I tried to ignore your perfume,  
But I failed.  
When I remembered you voice,  
I forcedly yielded.

\*\*\*\*

To where I shall go  
While all they days belong to you?  
What poetry shall I write  
While it all belong to you?  
I swore not to drink wine  
But I drank, yet the intoxication  
Of recalling you is stronger  
That one thousand glasses of wine.

\*\*\*\*\*

Your are a houri twinkling



Like a light in the sunrays.  
Shall you not be merciful to me  
And stop punishing me?  
Or do you love torturing the lover?  
You give me poison instead of wine.  
So, shall you not give me a love  
That I live happily with?

\*\*\*\*\*

It is enough for me that I met you,  
And made you settle in my oceans.  
I drew you picture of my forehead,  
And your love is flowing in my blood

\*\*\*\*

O my love, expect my death,  
And visiting my grave  
For this may reduce your harshness.  
You know how many women I loved,  
But you are the one for whom I died.

\*\*\*\*\*

## As You Want Me to be

\*\*\*\*

What do you want me to be?  
How you want me to be fire?  
I can't be a man without feelings,  
For man without love is like a rock.

\*\*\*\*

I feared your love because  
It leads to an endless destination,  
So I became a mad man with weak body.  
How can I live in the sky without you?  
Your love is my school of thought,  
Though I knew it is not easy  
To belong to a man created of ember  
Whose jealousy ends doubts and certitude.

\*\*\*\*

So, do not depart at night, my lady,  
And do not leave our love at the door.  
Do not make me like a dead tree  
That is covered by dust  
Or burn as firewood

To be ultimately ashes.

\*\*\*\*

## When a Man Cries

\*\*\*\*

When a man cries  
The flowers dry up,  
The leaves of the branches fall,  
And the tears fall on the cheek.  
The festival is coming soon,  
So who will congratulate me?  
My tears were like the picture  
Of a wounded child who stopped smiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

I omitted many words of my books  
Except the words: I love you,  
And the letters of your name.  
I have forgotten all the faces  
Except for your beautiful face;  
I neglected everything  
Except for your eyes.

\*\*\*

How can I put an end to my poems  
And my reflections about you?

How can I prevent the eyes from crying?

After you, I have forgotten who I am

And that I have written the sweetest

Poetry to the most beautiful woman.

I became a weak man,

Filling his cup with the wine of sadness.

\*\*\*\*

The pains overwhelmed me

And sadness became my companion.

The festival is coming soon

While my face is exhausted.

If I were buried in the graves of sadness,

Who would visit me and cry?

I will be buried like the remnants

Of our love and I become a past.

The only things that would remain

Are some words written in lines,

The trace of the tears,

Which were the ink of the papers,

And some ashes of incense.

\*\*\*\*\*

## An Apology to A Woman

\*\*\*\*

Because you are my love,  
I got angry at you one day;  
Because I adored you,  
I wrote everything beautiful about you.

You are my sweetheart and will  
Be engraved on my heart forever.

You will accompany my spirit  
In my life and my death.

Even if you departed,  
You are my love and the blood  
That flows in my veins.

\*\*\*\*\*

You are written in the papers  
Of my destiny as my love,  
And the pleasure of my heart.  
I won't ask you to depart,  
Because I love you whatever you do.  
You are the first love to be engraved  
On the walls of my heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

I love you, O musk rose  
That makes my winter a spring.  
I love you while I am full of sadness,  
As the flash of your longing  
Has set my pride on fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

I overstepped the boundaries of jealousy,  
But you, my lady, do not know love,  
As I am the man who taught you how to love.  
O my princess, are you worry about your love?  
Do not get angry at me,  
For I am only a man created to love you,  
And I am searching for your love.  
So how can I apologize to you  
To be forgiven for my stupid mistakes?  
I love you, O my princess.

\*\*\*\*\*

## How Can I Write About Her

\*\*\*\*



What shall I write about you:  
My longing, love or silence  
Under the lights of the candles?  
The sea of longing has dried  
And separation became our state.

\*\*\*\*\*

How shall I write if my love  
To her was normal or a lie?  
My words were coming out  
Sincerely out of my heart.  
I long to her when I sent  
Her a poem to her to read in the morning

\*\*\*\*



Her birthday is coming soon,  
And despite her travel,  
I bought a necklace to her  
To wear while we are at the dinner table  
I am not truthful if I say I hate her,  
For she exists in my vein, chest and ribs.

\*\*\*\*

I will name everything after you  
And let the oceans, rivers and land  
Attend your birthday party.  
I wished I could gather the kings  
To be slaves before you.  
I will order the kings of the jinn  
To be the keepers of your door.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wonder if love has died,  
Or there is a little hope  
That she will return.  
I am tired out of separation.  
I say to you, my princess,  
I love you.





## Women Under the Lord's Care

## Women Under the Lord's Care

\*\*\*\*

Throughout the ages we repeat  
We were great; we were enveloped...  
We do not understand except "we were"  
And conquered and captured.  
We were driven out of our homes  
And we still talking about the past.  
Our children are asking:  
Are we like our forefathers?  
Or the stories of our forefathers  
Were just committed to papers  
In order to be read and memorized,  
And then we boast about and say "we were."

\*\*\*\*\*

When can we forget about the past and burn it?  
When will we understand that freedom is obligatory?  
When will we understand that women are equal to men?  
They make the musk roses flower  
And the leaves of the basil green.  
When will we renounce our false manhood.

\*\*\*\*\*

Liars wearing turbans are ruling us  
And under their banner, the militias  
Killed us and took woman as captives  
In the name of the religion.  
They trampled on the roses  
And destroyed the countries.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our country does not know peace;  
Peaceful days pass yet war takes years  
When killing, destruction and slavery take place.  
We expect reformation from corrupt rulers  
Whose tricks deceive the peoples.  
They issue fatwas and the voices shout  
Jihad...Jihad.  
The minds get confused;  
Is this Jihad for Allah  
Or for prostitution and bankruptcy?

\*\*\*\*\*

Women under the care of the Lord  
Are waiting for mercy, that never comes.

On the signs of my country

"No culture" was written.

Here is the land of death and militia.

Women are still given birth in the prison

For there is no limits for rape, murder and theft.

Everything is poisonous in my lost country.

Freedom and life are forbidden there.

\*\*\*\*

We should have declare the bankruptcy of our manhood,

For we are worse than the stupid people and donkeys.

We still cry in the platforms of liberation

"The people want the fall of the regime."

We have written on the banners

Some names and decorations.

In a false home, the bread and water

Are stained with fear.

If you keep silent or speak,

You will be killed.

The detectives of the rulers are tracking us

And intervene in our dreams.

They prevent thinking and reflection;

To them belongs immortality  
And to us mortality.  
Despite the hurt and pain,  
Our women keep on giving birth.  
In their eyes there is a dream  
About a knight who saves them  
And gets our country of its miserable fate.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our bread is stained with fear,  
And we neither sleep nor slumber;  
All our rights are forbidden.  
We slumber out of tiredness,  
And they drive us out of our home.  
Our leader is a coward mercenary,  
And the clergies are liars and oppressive,  
And the ruler in my country is a pander.  
When will you understand that religion  
Is not all about prayer;  
The religion means ethics.

\*\*\*\*\*

The daggers of the gangs

Are cutting the breasts and heads;  
They know nothing but killing,  
And consider the scholars disbelievers.  
Even Satan fled from the country,  
And the Angel of death settled in it.  
Poverty and ignorance prevailed  
And their channels are still declaring  
The victory of the president without shame.  
Why do not we understand till now  
What is that victory?  
O nation invaded by obscenity and prostitutes,  
You labeled the west as atheist and disbelieving  
While your laws are calling for oppression.  
At that point I realized that our nation  
Is calling for transgression and disobedience  
While the west has supported the truth and humanity.

\*\*\*\*\*

This is a brief account of my country;  
It is calling for a savior...  
the country of death and hell.

We still did not understand and say



With tired eyes: "we were,"  
That the mules and donkeys are making fun of us.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Marry

\*\*\*\*\*

She said innocently,

"Name me anything you want."

So, I named her Marry,

After the name of our virgin marry.

It is as if Allah has created her to me.

I write with light my poem

About love, adoration and morning.

I mourned for myself,

And cried like children.

O Marry, save me

And make the virtues descend to me.

O marry, I ask you for mercy,

And to be always in my mind.

Do not be a delusion

Like the mirage of my future.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **You Claim Innocence and Depart.**

\*\*\*\*\*

Where have you gone?  
Your time was full of gardens and green,  
Your memory is a sparrow in my mind,  
And your history is perfume and musk.

You promised to love me,  
But you did not fulfill your promise.

\*\*\*\*\*

I would not be late to your love  
Or stop thinking about you.  
In every night the red wine  
Remind me about you,  
And I bleed for your departure.  
Our life in this land is crumbled,  
And the swordsman of life is waiting,  
So I have an excuse and so do you.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Man's Hallucination

\*\*\*\*

I am a broken man searching for my home,  
And for the perfume of my mother.  
My hopes were shattered after your departure,  
And I lost a home that wars tore into pieces.  
I am a broken man looking for a savior,  
But the savior stabled me in my waist.  
I am looking for a home like a bird  
Returning to its nest at night-  
Where I sleep and think about my love.  
I am a broken man who does not  
Find anything but a destroyed home.  
So, to where shall I travel  
After my books were torn apart.  
I am walking in the darkness without a lamp  
Or a love that guides men.  
I only have the nightmares of foreignness,  
The pains of the ribs and the bitterness of longing.  
So, where should I go?  
Will I find my way in your eyes?

The honey of your lips saves me  
And I have become a sound man.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A Secret Message

\*\*\*\*

I love you despite the separating long distance;

I love you whether I live long or short.

You are in the thirties and I am in the forties.

I man diving in your love and my books

Are still confused when they describe you.

I must write poetry about you,

For you are the woman that

Controlled the fate of the men,

And is perfumed with wine and orange.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Welcome

\*\*\*\*

Where is love?

Where is the sweetheart?

Shall the poor be buried

And then be forgotten?

Our ports and valleys became tight

And the papers became dry.

O healer of love,

Do not you have a heart?

Do you not fall in love?

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Carrier of the Cross

\*\*\*\*

I hate you,

O false carrier of the cross.

Where eis the Christ to complain

To him about your betrayal?

I really hate you,

But your eyes win.

\*\*\*\*\*







Letter Written By A Man In His Forties

### Woman Never Coming Back

I dreamt about a woman shocking the letters;  
Assassinating the women in the eye of lovers.

She is called 'the Poem of All Homes';  
Greater than the words, vaster than the stars.

She sets the sides of the pages to flames,  
And is the master of free verse, letters and rhymes.

My lover is created from the sea foam,  
With eyes more precious than a thousand pearls' home.

When she approaches, I smell the jasmine,  
And her lips hotness seizes me when touching mine.

I lament the poets of pre-Islamic era and our crazy phase,  
For losing the honor of making her the object of praise.

My love burned the fields

With her walk.

Jealous of her are the brown,  
the blond, and those like red wine.

She brings about the light  
That makes everything bright.

.....

Her breasts look like two domes,

Twinkling in the sunset.

O ambassador of love, do not run away,

As fish fleeing to the rivers.

Do not disappear from my land,

As the sun disappears from the sky.

I wrote all my amazing poems about you,

Being out of breath between the lines of books.

What should I write after my blood

In shedding tears Has been lost?

.....

The visions and the glasses of wine made me bleed

And on your eyelid I was crucified.

Your girlish behavior made my nerves jangle;

I yearn for your tempting breasts like an eagle.

How amazing female you are to cause me to die!

Under my window your night passes by.

The legions of fire in my temple burn me.

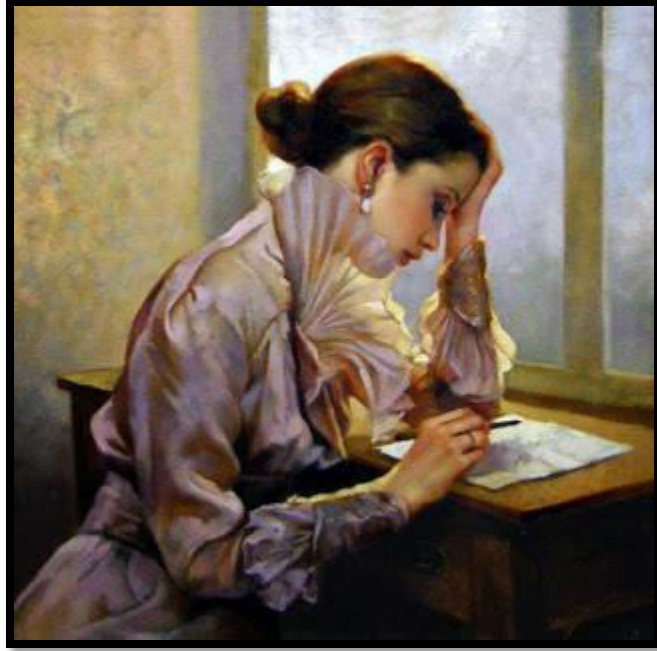
O woman with heavenly lips, tell me.

O woman whom the spring seasons weaved her breasts,

When do you break your covenants?

O woman with long strands of hair, when do you seek

My chest in all evenings and think about returning?



### **Dancing on the remains of love**

We will never fall in love once again, for from scratch  
We have rejected imitation, separation, and sleeping on two beds.  
It sufficed you to dye my hair with the words of poetry,  
Making my breasts like a fruit on your eyes' food table.

.....

We went on believing the lie of love: you cannot  
Dispense with me, nor can I dispense with you.  
We caused the stars to fall into each other's hands,  
And the warming ears to fill the fields of our burning desires  
After our separation we found that all our talks  
To each other were insincere and hypocritical.

.....

You loved another one and I was embracing death.  
O poets, you are telling a big lie: you think that all  
Women are ink you use to draw the pictures of sex;  
And that they complement the enjoyment of wine.  
You are slaughtering the pride and killing all kinds  
Of women with the weapon of your desires.

.....

From now on, I will not listen to poetry, for I lost virginity

In every verse and rhyme - your delusions recovered me.

The eastern poets differ from the western ones;

They do not abuse the words and respect

The glass of wine, and sitting with women.

You, sir, is a dead poet;

Your lips laugh yet your hollow verses weep for you.

So, which one of us, mate, is frivolous?



## **Womanliness in the Painting of Ash**

O woman, life draws your picture as man wishes;

As slave-girls, not ladies, men desire women.

Their problem with clerics is displaying adornment;

Considering the love of women indecent is their judgment.

They do not prohibit men from beating women though

Beyond their authority there is no law.

At wars, women are slaves with burning breasts;

Soldiers' gunpowder forbids the babies to breastfeed.

The wrongdoer enjoys that event as though

Treating women kindly is not Allah's divine law.

.....

Putting the female in the lily farm is unpermitted,

And collecting her womanliness in moon class is prohibited.

O easterner who is fond of miserable rodomontade,

How would your protection of women with a brown twilight fade?

How would the worlds run if they stopped dancing?

How would the islands be secure from drowning?

The seaports no longer seek the help of the seagulls.

Everything is disordered; without women life is null.

The wars made violating the girls' virginity possible,



And lovers' passing through warm emerald is no longer accessible.

.....

The woman with long earring stopped dancing,

And on her toes she quit standing.

With her dancing, men's hearts are no longer burned,

For all what's around her into ashes turned.

That dancer is sitting at the detour,

Offering condolences to the remains of war.

Flirting came to an end, and manhood no longer exists;

Men were torn into pieces and ceased to exist.

Nobody wears the full dress or dance with the pretty one;

That is what the invaders desired and the countrymen have done.

\*\*\*

London, 2013

## **A Love Dialogue with a Parisian Woman**

Nothing calls for bowing, as this woman

Is not similar to any other woman.

She likes drinking her coffee in a special mode,

Sitting at the French River as her abode.

If she gives her broad smile,

All conditions change at that time.

Nothing calls for bowing, for did I bleed?

Or has longing under the dust of her white legs streamed?

Nothing calls for bowing, for her clothes do not fit;

She has not worn the ceremonial attire yet.

Womanliness would spurt from between her breasts,

Germinating with the poets' verses and water streams;

And sleeping in the warmth of the letters.

Nothing calls for bowing to the ear of poetry;  
Her golden face is like the Dinar, the Umayyad currency.  
She smiles and converses with her coffee cup as she sips  
Her coffee express with her lips.  
She devours me with her womanliness brutality,  
Destroying the books of my history.  
Nothing calls for bowing to this French woman who is tall;  
She walks inside me and oversteps my wall,  
Picking my flours, and watering my darkness  
With the aroma of her coffee express.  
Nothing calls for bowing to this French woman;  
Her scandal appears on romantic newspapers cover.  
All people fear to fall in love with her;

After travelling through her womanliness sea,

No one returned safely to the port of her eyes.

Nothing calls for bowing to this French woman;

She burned the streets and lanes of France;

And separated women from their husbands.

She surpassed the streetlights to be the source of light.

The honor of being crazy about her is men's plight.

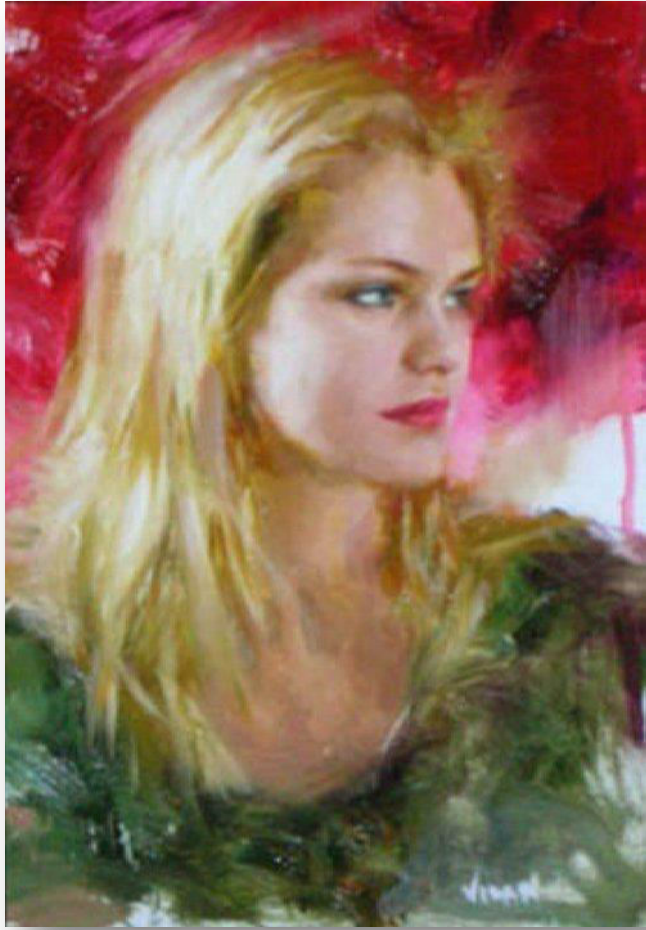
So, how can I imprison her, as a full stop of a sentence?

Or be protected from the volcanoes of her eyes?

How can men bow to her?

On the rocks of her Parisian breasts, they were smashed.

.....



## A Woman from Sea Waves

Write in poetry and jasmine books about a woman

Created from flour perfumes and moon glass.

A woman created from my ambitious imagination,

Scattering my loveable verses on her black, dark hair.

She sleeps on smooth marble and enters

Into the season of absence when she slumbers.

.....

She attacks as sea waves and refines me like sand,

Making me like a dove madly running in her mind.

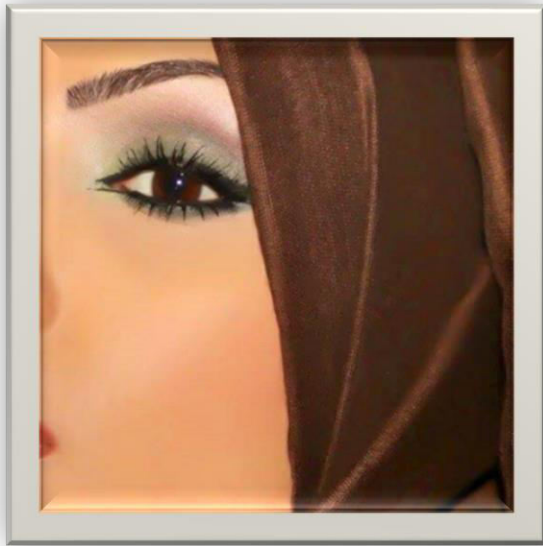
The coldness of her womanliness fills

The coffee shops on the sidewalks.

She is garden full of womanliness fruits,

And in her way I sit to have rest.

Then love takes me on a long journey,  
Travelling to the gulfs of her eyes.  
I become a tub-thumper and seethe with rage,  
Stabbing aggressors on her womanliness got drunk.  
I have tried since I learned to love women  
And reached the stage of manhood  
To make the dust of the stars  
On the book of my poems fall.  
In the sea, be a special kind of waves,  
Incomparable to any other wave,  
Burning the gulfs and making a colorful planet  
With the same color of a silver ring.





## A Virgin Geography



O virgin, I am ambivalent about what you should wear;

The blue, the black, or the color of my life?

On the seaports of love,

You are lying and laughing.

In London bars, women's dresses are torn

While you are dancing.

.....

On a symphony of music, the letters are broken,

And my fingers move as we are dancing to bed;

They play with your piece of music.

Over the clouds you ascend,

Destroying the dancing crowd.

So, how cannot men bow before your waist

That attracts the attention of the audience?

With your full womanliness you are dancing.

.....

After all these years I became like a baby,

Crawling and looking for my placental rope.

I am trying to be sinless, but in vain;

For your breast are before my eyes,  
Burning me more and turning me into  
Two sugar cubes in your cup of coffee.  
As for you, you deceive my manhood  
By scattering it, so it came to an end.

.....



## My Lover Asks Me What Her Name Is

.....

O woman with persisting breast,

Are you asking me for your name?

In your name a praise and explanation lie.

You! You are not a song,

For between the sides of your waist lie

The poems of the Levant and Baghdad.

I assumed the position of an emperor

Over the women's breasts before your coming.

But after seeing you, I do not think

I did not assume a sultanate rank.

.....

O woman with olive eyes, be soft

And spread your silken hair on the two wrists.

Take care of my heart when you sway,  
for, in your good walk, streams and rivers lie.

.....

So, my love, do not ask me for your name

Or how you destroyed the barriers of time,

For it is me who was killed;

On violin strings, I was crucified.

.....



## A Woman Shuns Love

\*\*\*

No love sleeps in my bones anymore  
And on behalf of a man, no heart intercedes.  
No blame for men if they do not love me anymore,  
For love windows and whims came to an end  
After I have been burdened through men  
With the husk of honor and humiliation.

.....

My naked body, stature, waist and womanliness -  
Everything in my constitution ceased to exist.  
My eyes, the gulfs pearl and moon caravans,  
Were begging to touch and kiss poetic words.

But now I have divorced men and shunned  
The love sittings and all the eastern words.

And what a shame!

.....

Everything was lost in the star garden  
And even in the novels written by two periwinkles.

Even your one hundred poems ended,  
And by my virginity, they were denied,

As the symphony of my virginity  
Was played by the sidewalks.

It slept without obstinacy  
On my sadness river.

.....



## My Love, Even the Mountains Separate

O benevolent woman, thank you;  
Your absence did not happen and I've changed.

You will ask one day  
If separation had destroyed me.  
I was not destroyed, except that I  
Broke hearts during your travel away.

.....

O periwinkle of my poems,



Into a delusion you reduced me.  
You made me embrace the belief  
That mountains will inevitably separate.  
Their stillness will not breed love,  
Nor will destroying them yield love.

.....

Your territorial boundaries are in my mind  
They keep on growing even wider.  
They penetrate every forehead,  
Destroying the stillness of the eye.  
My hallucination has exposed me;  
I imagine ever women I see as the musk rose.

.....

O woman with these two lips, You are a child.  
With me only you fall in love.  
You cannot read the adoration book  
With anyone except for me.  
I am not surprised at your departure,  
For the disasters separate even the mountains.  
That is due to disasters, not love,

But even affection cannot reunion them.

.....

O island of poetry, O chest of ruby,

O woman with a silken hair, on day,

You will get hungry in bed,

Though you would be listening to poetry and prose.

You will get hungry despite your coffee

And the dish of biscuits filling a dish,

Because, as I told you, I am no longer

With you to passionately love you.

.....



### **To a Complex Woman**

I wonder if you are hearing the whinny  
The clashing of swords and knight's yearning.  
Then tell me why you have complexes?  
Men are fighting over your eye's kingdom.  
Tell me where your boundaries are.  
Are they like that of birds',  
Expanding from the east to the far south?  
Or do you fear the extension  
And love to be hidden

In the darkness of Dove's cage?

.....

Your are lost in the womanliness of a rose,  
Yet rising like a palm tree inside my manhood.  
I will immerse myself in the beauty of your eyes,  
Drowning in your streams' coasts and symphony.  
So, stop having complexes.

.....



### **Letter Written by a Man in His Forties**

Do not worry, for you are my capital;  
What I have learned from other women  
Was only a training, preparing for loving you.  
So do not worry, for you are the lines  
of my poetry and the fruit of my homes.  
My wars with the ashes parties destroyed me  
After exhausting all my manhood.  
I am sensible man now, as I am heading

To the stage of the forties;  
I will stop flirting woman to begin the madness age.

.....

How do you leave me now?

How do you love now?

I am still a bleeding man.

Teach me the language of the forties.  
Teach me the dialogue of the sparrows.  
Teach me how to create a new language  
by which my manhood converses  
with the battle of wine and your breasts.

.....

I still fears your wild womanliness;

Your womanliness makes me worry.

I am afraid to forget myself in my forties,  
Crawling once again like a two-year-old baby.

Between you and me are short distance  
And a few drops of wine to lose my mind;

To be a conqueror or a conquered;  
Or to be a prey among your unique civilizations.

.....

Madam, read to me a few of Shahrazad 's stories.  
Let me smell a little of your womanliness' perfume.

Do not get tired trying to find me,  
For I smell your perfume.  
In the darkness, I tickle you,  
like a cat playing with a pompom.  
I am a zero; a white book  
Deriving its words from your far country.

.....



### **Man's Tweets**

Many women blame me  
For opting for loving you;  
For choosing to knead the poetic words  
And warm my feelings with your eyes' heat.  
The women blame me for choosing  
To put your eyes on my year's calendar,



Taking you from the achieve of my history  
And putting you in a book of legends.  
With you celebrate the Pomegranate Blossoms,  
As well as the happy birds.

.....

From loving you I have learned not to cheat;  
Or write poetic verses for another woman;  
Or pretend or act as an enamored;  
Or imitate the crazy lovers;  
Or break the rules of the normal love  
To reach a stage beyond the qualm,  
Melting into your breasts' and lips.

.....

We, men, do not love, full stop.  
We get anger and regard love  
As a hot bread burned by our madness and lusts.  
We overweigh the hurricanes that destroy cities.

.....

Cleopatra's time has come to an end;  
Now, this is your time.  
Whether you wear modestly or strip naked,

Men's love for you will not surpass mine.

I will change your history,

Clothing your hills with manhood's green.

I will make your womanliness a symbol

In my quite crazy age.

.....



### **The Rain and I**

My love, I am no longer afraid of rain;

I am not fearful anymore.

I am walking like a rock, embracing

Compassionately the drops of rain.

I do not hesitate to melt, without precaution,

Like a sugar cube on your breasts.  
What kind of glory and civilization is it  
To write your legendary womanliness  
On the violin's strings that we play?  
The love stories play us  
Like a guitar's pieces of music.  
Some ages I lived between women's joints  
And phrases of the poetic verses of love.  
Today, how can I stop under the thunder,  
Losing my balance and suffering the rains' coughs?  
Forcedly, I walk in a black, dark street,  
From me all kinds of danger flee.  
What can frighten me after your departure?  
It is getting colder as though  
I am stripped naked in the winter.  
Nothing shows Mercy towards us  
Except for the warmth of the rain.

.....



### **Woman Rejected Peace**

I talk to you as though I am  
Addressing my poems to granite rocks.  
What have you done to me to reduce me  
Into yellow leaves falling on these breasts?  
To my poems, I translate my sighs;  
The poetic style cannot bear the severity of sorrow -  
Even though, you were my spirit's balm,  
The ink of my papers and the words of longing,  
I am wondering if I have gone mad  
The longing has exposed me to all eyes.

.....

O cursed woman,  
Where are your smooth-spoken words?

Where am I among your colorful dreams?

Where have our love words gone?

Do not say you are a woman

Created from April's raindrops.

.....

After your black hair covered me,

And your eyes created the peaceful abode,

You forsake me, so I came to know

You are the coward delusion.

So, do not tell me from now on

You are an angel created from religions' light.

.....



## Declaration of Ending Love



I need millions of years to forget you;  
To forget how many times I stole  
Some of your locks of hair  
To tie them around my little finger,  
Linking your mention to my life.  
You taught me how to write novels  
And planting the roses' longing  
At the doors of my history.  
Your body perfume made my time flourish,



So, how can I forget you while I am  
A captured knight between your mention's breasts?

.....

## The Blood of Arabism



-1-

O lofty Arab world,  
The eyelid was not closed,  
Nor did the pen die down.  
You are a revolting lion  
Since the beginning of your time.  
O Home of the forefathers,  
With abundant goodness you are surrounded;

No hunger, fear or sickness.  
Your history neither fades  
Nor loses its freshness.  
In the name of Allah, you will Remain  
Forever lofty and high.

-2-

O great Home with history and glory,  
You are discontent with bearing injustice.  
O my sleepless Home with restrained sadness,  
They plotted evil plan against you,  
Calling it the evilness of storm.  
Our books in the lavas were burned  
By a small riffraff and rabbles.  
But we did not withdraw, turn back or give up;  
Our free people have never been deterred.

-3-

O my Arab world, you are my master.  
You are the giver of love and bounties;  
You fulfill hope and end darkness.  
Whenever a wronged one seeks refuges,  
You saddle the horse of hardship to help.

You will forever nurse glory;  
The good people's blood is still unweaned.

-4-

These hands vainly seek to destroy you.

Whom does it seek to destroy?

They do not realize they seek their death,

For the brigades of my Home's knights

Are lions roaring on the summits.

My Home, do not yield,

For you are massively great,

Filling the horizons of the sky

With the most precious glories.

.....



Some of Riyadh Al Kadi's works  
(You can find the complete works at Amazon)

1-Fire and ash

2-Illusion

3-Kahramana and invaders

4-Cup reader

5-Diary of a sad man

6-Eve

7-Baghdad

8-The era of women

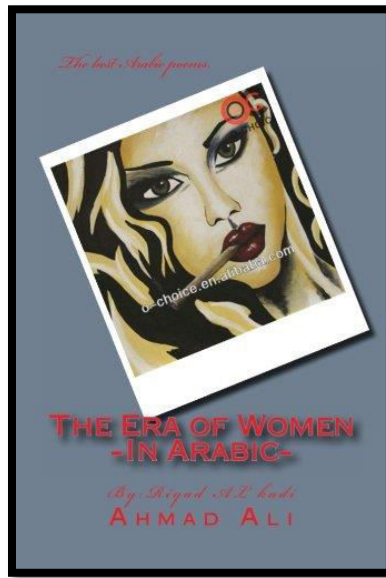
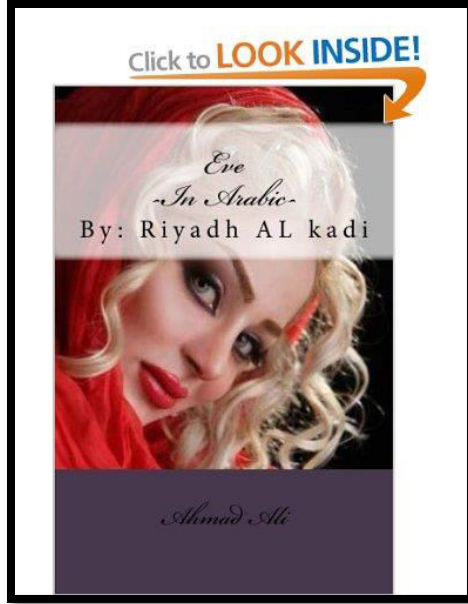
9-Nisreen

10-Reflection

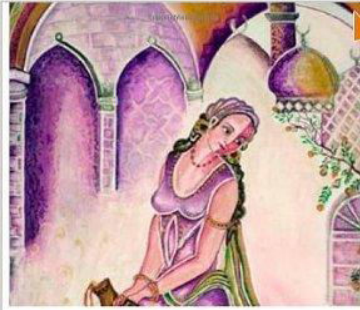
11-The massacre

12-Istanbul

13-The real story of a Secret agent



Click to **LOOK INSIDE!**



*Kahramana  
and invaders  
-In Arabic-*  
Ahmad ul-Hi  
Diyadi Kadi



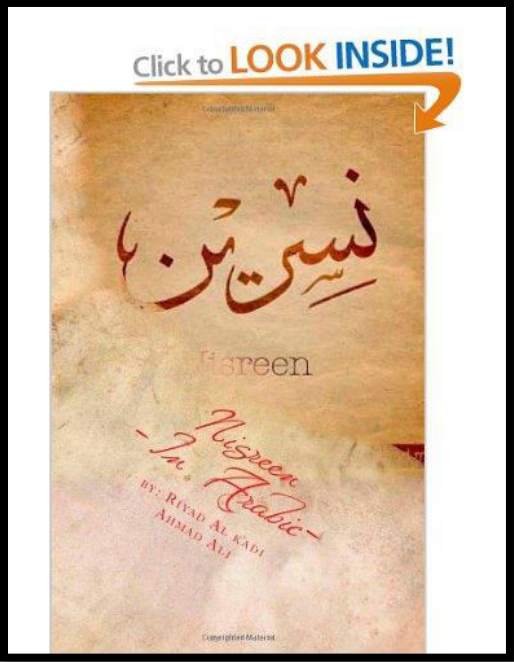
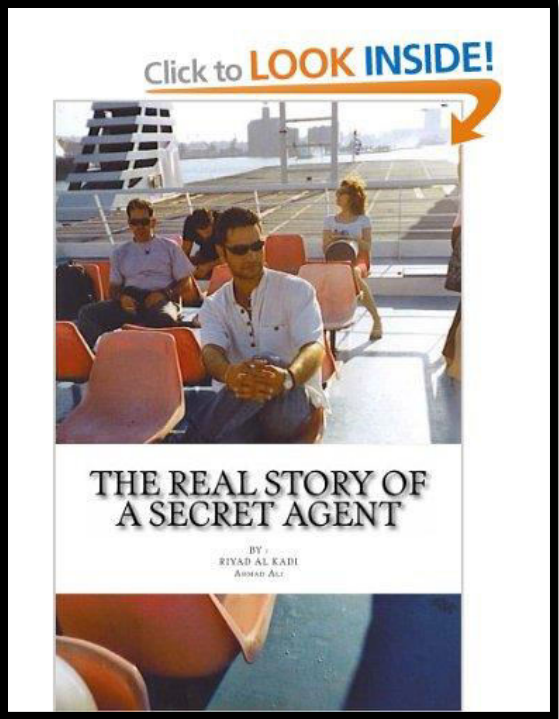
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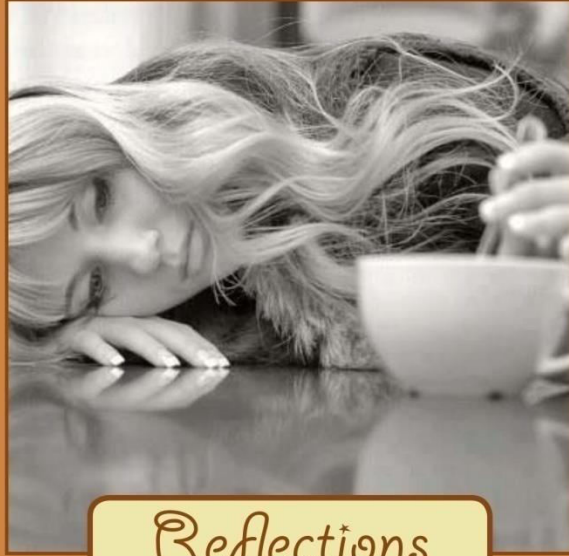


*Illusion  
-In Arabic-*  
Ahmad ul-Hi  
Diyadi Kadi









Reflections  
-In Arabic-  
By: Riyad Al Kadi

Ahmad Ali