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From the Wisdoms of the East (2)

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Dedication

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

Introduction by the author

It has been known that spiritual light and nourishment are needed to us as food is needed for our survival. For this we are in need for such spiritual affiliation, and this can only be found in literature and in particular in poetry. Therefore reading is the enlightened word in Man's life although reading must be in the name of your Creator God (Allah) where the ultimate end of reading is knowing Him which paves the way to life's happiness, particularly when we come to know that happiness is dripping while difficulties are flowing rather overflowing on man yet man should not submit to the monotony and hollowness of time.

The heavy burden that Man carries during his life-time is life itself, the thing that is imposed on him without an outlet at all; and that he is overpowered by time, but when he tries to exempt his burden he is dead, for he is already defeated from the moment of his birth.

However time and life is the main subject that made the poet here lives a whirlpool of his thoughts. He looks at Man pitying him for he is victimized by time whose main target is nothingness which is a soldier of time who stands awaiting Man's advent.

From here the reader may find an outlet to his worries reading these short philosophical poems that put him on the same distance with reality of life and may shorten the way towards a thorough belief in the Oneness of God to whom you are restored. The reader here finds his or her quest turning over the pages of this collection which includes most of the channels of life. The rhymed quarters included in this short collection are the shortest but the heaviest in exposing life's colors.

Dr. Jamil Al-Asmar

8/4/2014

Quit Not (1)

Quit not thy premises now my love
Stay in and let me look from above
For both of us, dove, are going to quit
So call me or let me call you in to sit.

5/4/2014

Quit Not (2)

So beloved (A) age is galloping to its end
Come to me love before the last blow of wind
But if you want to quit, quit and leave me alone
For if it is lost here, there I am not to moan!

5/4/2014

Quit Not (3)

Quit not my love for quitting is life's necessity
So come to me for you are the glory of this city
Quit if you like, it is not going to quit, my heart
Better to meet now for the coach is ready to start.

5/4/2014

A little price

Man, life is full of pleasure for only the smart one!
It is full of depression for the one whose hope is gone
The pleasure to have the belief of joining His paradise
So paradise after paradise there for only a little price!

4/4/2014

Swore to Corrupt Us!

Man, your prayers and worship, Him do not benefit
Although it gives Him all pleasure, your obedience!
You are thrown here as a consequence of that bet
Between Him and Satan who swore to corrupt us.

4/4/2014

To Rummage Your Days

To rummage your days for your lost days is in vain
For the rumble days are rumbling, causing your pain
Among tedious, tiresome, toneless and days humdrum
Ruffle your feathers or shuffle your feet, it is a conundrum!

2/4/2014

Pregnant Days

Pregnant days are advancing, Man, with blocked news
Grey days could come: you cannot distinguish your shoes
What is the out let then? No out let, it is a predicament!
That you are involved in; no safe-haven for you is meant.

2/4/2004

The Saw of Life

The saw of life is ever sharp, never be blunt!
Your life is trifle and you are a very dear hunt
The hunter is never enticed by your wealth!
Nor the saw flinches due to your fine health!

17/3/2014

The Cake Seller's Cries

Early in the morning I everyday hear his cries
He does not cry to sell, he cries for life is harsh!
He cries to wet his life, that life his life once dries
How difficult it is to walk through life's marsh!

24/3/2014

Or

He cries to wet a throat droughty by the need
Or cries to accelerate his steps for more speed
Towards the crest of life he made of dry boughs
Or towards a bed of life dicked with many a rose!

1/4/2014

An Application for Satisfaction

A prayer is an application for Allah's satisfaction
It could be turn down or taken into consideration
And the alms-giving you give to Him is as a loan
When you are in need, as you stand alone to moan.

26/3/2014

The Fruit of Man is Woman

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

1/4/2014

The Vale of Life

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

24/3/2014

Then I Departed

Before the final departure Hareer comes
I decided to depart but with sad drums;
For your departure urged me to depart,
Then I departed and departed my heart,
But the enmesh to you will never once die
Since the soul is still, it does not say bye.
Then I departed from my old golden place
Where infatuation to thee was my grace,
Then I departed from a place where a dove
Settled once; guided me to thy path, love
Then I departed from a holy place to me
Departed to ignore thy memory, not to see
For nothing is left to me A but the torture
You ignored the smell of an imagined rapture

I departed to release a heart with love torn,
Departed to forget a day on which I was born.

6/3/2014

To Criminate You Jack!

I will not crminate you, but your deed, you, crminates!
For you are muffled in ill-well, bad even to your mates
You straddle and bestride haughtily over everything!
You find yourself all alone: an obituary song you sing.

26/3/2014

They Close the Door

You, Man, bestride over the whole Earth
And think that life is only to give you birth
You spend your rigid time gathering more
Of its debris, you go they close the door!

15/3/2014

To Tracy (1)

Ay! Stop here or gently pass! Tracy is there!
Or pass if you want, Tracy is the whole fair!
As if you were descended from the high sky

As if your touch wets the Earth after being dry
For you are life, and life with you Tracy is life!
What a lucky man who embraces you as a wife.

Please Tracy, keep in touch to feel your beauty
If I fail to be with you Tracy, it is a loss, it is pity!
If I travel all over the world Tracy, I won't find
A girl, beloved sweet and a doctor of fresh mind
As you! So, Tracy of a flower age, of a flower age!
You will be the best ever drawn on my eager page.

30/1/2014

To Tracy (2)

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

30/1/2014

What is there?

What is there in it, dear, that delights?
What is there in it does not need fights?
Which channel in it is not full of rocks?
Which discourse in it is not full of shocks?

15/3/2014

Won't Reject You

The gluttonous funnel of life won't reject you dear
It is already installed for you, before your door here!
Rebel, revolt, repent, repulse, repugn or repudiate
You are in it; it won't erase your written short date.

11/3/2014

You Fool!

Dear, first of the first is the first of you!
Second of you and third too, what to do?
But first of the last is the last of you too
Who are you then, what can you do?

19/3/2014

When Your Coach Rattles Away

When your coach, man, rattles away
Nothing is then left to you here to say
It takes you to the brink of that grave
You stay under then return the brave!

24/3/2014

Scurried You Stay!

Man, scurried you stay on it, and scurried you leave
You vomit its days and nights, the last shirt you weave
Stillborn my dear, embracing your stillness the horrible
Never able to renovate its doubtful pleasure the terrible.

21/3/2014

Life is but Mirage!

Life is but mirage, now explored my maturity large!
You go in it, it is decorated, but soon sails the barge!
It is an eternal sailing where navigation does not do!
Nor your identity then equals your worn-out shoe!

Wednesday 19/3/2014

Nor You Can

You are born, dear, with a surrounding pleasure
But soon you discover that life is a lost treasure
For nothing in hand! You weak, a paralyzed man
Or nothing can humanity do for you nor you can!

5/3/2014

Nothing Nourishes...

Nothing nourishes your mind man in this weary life
Except the lovely music and a sweet face of a wife,
For beauty lies there with a portion of good food
And a portion is left for health and your youthhood.

5/3/2014

Ends in Pain

The scale of loss and the scale of gain are set up
And that you have to empty your leaking cup
But the scale of loss goes heavier than the gain
Forget not that everything about you goes in pain.

16/3/2014

As Goes the Wind

The end comes dear as goes the wind
Your life goes as the road has an end
Then again nothingness has to prevail
For in grasping eternity for sure you fail.

15/3/2014

From my Veranda

From my veranda that overlooks the sea
I feel the cozy life sitting on my twisting chair
From this new house where the sea I see
I feel happy gaining the portion of life fair.

15/3/2014

The Secret of Life

What does life give us except the delusion?
Since we are unable to bridle an intrusion
That launches from time to time a battle
Which leaves us but as a fear-terrified cattle.

10/8/2013

The Puzzle of Life

What is in life, nothing, but its puzzle!
Its light does nothing, it is but a dazzle
It drags us compulsory into the unknown
It shines our ways as in the past shown.

8/8/2013

Life is a mirage

Life with its pleasure is ever merely a mirage

Though it is abound with temporary pleasure

It is still devoid of happiness as a wrecked barge

Its richness and hope are but a dusty treasure.

7/8/2013

O Pity!

Did you stay A. near about last night?

That was why an extra prevailing light

Overflowed our quarter and the whole city

I knew that through your man, o pity!

3/8/2013

On my Wheel-chair

When I am, most of the time, sitting on my wheel

People think that this wheel, my wound, could heal

As life judging: my sitting on my own wheel-chair

Has not, in my point of view, any touch of any fair!

2/8/2013

Life is a Detached-death

Life is a detached-death, leads us to an eternal death

Pleasure is short in it as short your being a man blithe

And as short as dust raised by a violent bolted horse

On a dusty road soon quenched for a new dust course.

27/7/2013

Two Pictures

Two pictures: the first is a lady-beggar whom he wants to possess

The other; a hewed-legged man to imagine you are in his process

So man, better to keep in rather than out to the outside tumult

Where all could melt in sins: the young, the old and every adult.

8/7/2013

Your Two Bathes

Man, you don't remember your very first bath
Nor remember your last bath for you are dead,
For you allowed all to your page, so to be read
You went astray into its vision: select any path.

4/7/2013

Even If

Even if your health, man, or large wealth is okay
You are still wheeling and accelerating to decay.

3/7/2013

If I fall

If I fall, they will love and love my departure!
If I am strong, I am the master of their rapture
So, vomit out tension, since good is your health
For nothing equals it, immeasurable by wealth!

3/7/2013

As Going into a Pool

Once it grants you lilies and all scented roses,

It, in the same time, silently your eyes closes

It may light the way, light bright to the fool

Who makes it all easy as if going into a pool

That is life which is tender and may be bright

As it seems, but it drags you to a deadly fight!

27/6/2013

Take Your Lot

You, take your lot and turn your back

For it should suffice you, your heavy sack

You never look at others' own possession

For who writes is in an everlasting session.

28/6/2013

If You Seek Satisfaction

If you seek satisfaction, seek it lawfully

Otherwise treading on a way, awfully!

So, grasp what you have if it is your right

Otherwise you are all exposed to a plight.

29/6/2013

An Inevitable Fight

Not all that what a man wants to achieve can achieve

For most of his effort goes as goes water into a sieve

It proves that life's light on the long run is a dim light

Soon you are defeated my dear in its inevitable fight.

24/6/2013

Lavender

What an eagerness I store, my dove, for you

In this cold weather what are you going to do?

O fragrance, I myself do not feel cold,

O lavender, for the heat my heart hold,

I have never dropped you from my vision

But I ever take you as my white pigeon.

Are you asleep at this night end?

Will you receive my devotion I send?

Oh! A. how dear a tenant you are

In my heart, how long the way and far!

I contemplate into the old remains you left

Is it what you left to me, is it your gift?

Nay! It is not, but I long for your heart

To join me forever and never affection depart.

So come back for a forsaken man just now

Come repenting and before me you just bow.

13/12/2013

Oh Young lady!

Among the kind ladies you are my lady love

Among the beautiful birds my beloved dove

Beauty and youth in you do tenderly speak

Showing me the way to thy kindness, I seek,

A person won't fed up looking at your face

Oh my lady, would you allow me then a place?

24-12-2013

Beneath His Need!

I have just come back from a tour, but what a tour!
From Artificial Parts Fixing Production Center's door
Delusion it is, that these parts can once a loss substitute
The loss of parts or elevate the burden of life the brute.

Senseless parts, fixed to you, a heavy weight to carry!
Aching hindering you even to feel the sense of merry,
Look Man to His deeds- how your parts leniently move
With His parts, easily you go round the world and rove.

The shock I receive moving between the center's parts
Sarcasting our trials to substitute His solid eternal arts
The shock of the shortage of admitting His great deed
Of forgetting His oneness; enslaved beneath His need!

23/5/2013

The Cart of Life

As you are dropped, immediately you join the cart
That is awaiting you, rolling towards a counterpart
To the next station, that is not far, that is not far!
Soon you find yourself in it, alight from your car!

Turning your back to the scented glimmering life,
Not willingly turning back, but it is the end of strife.
Stunned you will be, your life was at utmost speed!
Nor your tears, nor repentance, nor a rebel can feed.

You keep there in this ambiguous station as long as
Thy Lord wants you to stay, a man among men but has
Nothing to alternate the position or play with His will
Or possess a will to move from its place a worn shell!
Then the cart has to move by His obeyed command,
Then you look, people are divided, band beside band
Where the scales of eternity are sit in a dignified scene
Then you astounded agape ask: 'where have we been'
Where the answer is seen, the answer could be heard
Be supplicant to Him, to avoid what makes you dread.

23/2/2013

Who am I to stop for me!

Who am I to stop his or her life's activities for me?
Was he or she any time, among time me eager to see?
I do not know why his school or his large university
Is to stop that day? Pretending that they have pity

On me! I do not know why his factory or enterprise
Is to stop too or even that woman or that child cries!
Nor a mellow-seed seller would stop his greedy sale
Nor the soaked lupine's does that a minute, or hail,
For what I wish they halt everything in their hands?
For what thing the farmers have to quit their lands!
What for all that? For this day witnesses my death!
Stop not thy daily life, for stopping it, is life's myth!
Few moments and the land will be leveled over me
That is the whole story of man, try to pass and see!
Pass by me if you have courage, pass any day you like
Pass, it will be melted between you and me the dike,
Together we'll be down then, no remain will remain!
You'll leave this tumult, life is encumbered with pain!

10/4/2013

Wait There

I, now, realize how time creeps with its sharp teeth
And how these teeth go through young hood wreath
You are, now, my dear, bent down like a dead branch
Your tongue is dry and your legs can't make the march
Your eyes glittering is gone, and hearing, too, is gone

Blood through your tissues goes slowly, it cannot run,
The whole body is dry, wait for an evitable and shy cry;
Stay waiting until your time comes and people say bye.

3/9/2007

Are these Class-rooms?

Are these class-rooms where students achieve goal?
Or a vault where dead bodies are, or an obituary hall!
The floor is full of life scattered onto a narrow passage
What ail thee friend to read this fantastic message?
There is a portrait of a dead lecturer above every room
As if the message says: dumbness follows life's boom!

9/3/2013

Sky Number Seven

Every day they tell me of a person died there
And another, somewhere, lost also his share!
Do these people feel fed up of their rocky bed,
Do they cry for an ignoble strife of their head?
What made them obey the unheard death call?
Is it because they feel the life's cold heavy wall
Hist my dear, for the answer comes from heaven

The orders come in haste, from sky number seven.

30/3/2013

No Better

No better than a scarecrow with a tattered pail-coat

You are! Nothing is uglier than you as you lie dead

Everyone around is anxious, of the corpse, to get rid

Even the seas reject you, as you are in a holed boat!

But we may endure looking gazing at the scarecrow,

As for you, looking at you as a dead, aches the heart

You are in your best moment as you leave and depart!

Be angry not my readers, it is seen, it is a daily show.

30/4/2013

Life Makes

Life makes you wade into the realm of its ignorance

It throws you aside, succumbed to it, what a tolerance!

Life is ...

Life is but an unavoidable and un-understandable game

You cannot eschew its peevish ways to its temporary fame.

28/11/2013

Even the Brave! (An Elegy)

Ay! Even the brave, this life, has one day to depart
So, my friend, the brave, could not exempt its dart
Abu Ahmad! You have gone yesterday, on Friday
And left life's hubbub to us, you left its day gray
You left its ado, the noise we still happily embrace
Still I remember your stand with me, what a grace!
You go; we are supplicants to the mercy endower
To have mercy upon you under His celestial shower
The end of the string we hold until we slink away
And flung off life scurfy with tires into unknown way
Until a person can see nothing of a dead but tumulus
There, tumuli stretched before sight into lines, fabulous!

16/11/2013

What Blesses and Distresses?

There are in life what distresses
And there is in life what blesses,
But the amount of distress is more
Than that of blessing on its shore!

16/11/2013

A Poverty Show

Psychological deviation under the fleece of defeat
The defeat, maybe, of origin, in origin and of blood
That the one of us is unable to detect even his feet
Everything is gone by the need of current and flood.

The one feels that he is holding, compulsory, his breath
For he is no more able to carry himself in this weary life,
Everything has become a burden on his shaken health
Look at us here toiling in vain over an edge of a knife.

The one is lost, neither finds confidence nor can excel
In fields of life, for bankruptcy is the dominating dastard
Nothing to buy- we smell things with those them who sell
The sense of smell is lost; it is confiscated by that bastard.

8/11/2013

Our Torn Calendar

Does he smile sarcasting or praising life?
Is it the way to face life's compulsory strife?
Or is it a perplexity of man's life he leads!
Every one of us on the triviality of life feeds.

There is a dim light at the end of that tunnel
The tunnel leads you and me to an eternal funnel
From which no escape at all, but a full surrender!
This is, for sure, is written on our torn calendar.

15/11/2013

Belfour and the Settlers

What are you among humanity, if you have there a place?
What are you, in this large human kingdom, what a race!
Never ever surpassed by others in your disgusted deeds!
Never ever had been there uglier than your ugly weeds
Along the depth of history from Adam passing by Rome
We never heard of a sect nourished by demolishing home!
You demolish the Palestinian houses for you possess power
You hew the Palestinian olive-trees under an Arab shower;
You demolish here and build there, enemies of the stone,
Our sun, on Palestine, will shine again as it once shown,
The olive-trees will grow again with new strong generation
Who will drag out your rotten remains, remains of no nation:
The houses will be erected in the sky again, full of honor,
Collect your dirty flocks and leave, for you have no manner.
We are the owners of the land and sky, the sky is our cover

For the land is eager, and the olive-trees are too, for the lover
Belfour! Drag out your settlers whom you promised a land
For the land has its owners, the owners have the upper hand.

2/11/2013

On the 96th anniversary of Belfour's promise

Leadership without Sovereignty!

It is not strange: there is leadership without sovereignty
Everywhere from the gulf to the ocean, paralyzed ability
The leader comes with his new suit and the leader goes
But the leader is un able to clean his dirty fluting nose!
This is no matter to the leader, but what exactly matters
Is his leadership, despite his being under dirty gutters!
No matter their stingy smell and the role of enslavement
The loss of esteem and reverence, what an employment!
This report is for you history to list it among your lines:
Thick-skinned; muddy-minded under a sun with no shines!

25th of August 2013

Find Your Creator

Find your creator in it; find if you have a mind
Find Him here in this little insect, the size of a dot!

A dot from your pen man, a creature like you man
This creature has what you have and you have not.

This tiny nearly unseen creature has its own feeling
It is living; it needs oxygen, it feels, it hates and loves
It pains, it marries, it dies, it shares you this very life!
You should know that its creator respects it and loves.

Find this great immeasurable and unimaginable God
Find His greatness here, here you stop to contemplate
Think of your way back, make it a satisfactory return
Embrace Him, before you cannot love, for it is too late.

8/7/2013

Occasion: a little tiny nearly unseen insect stops on my page while reading,
I just looked at it and contemplated in it and said these lines.

An Unfinished Elegy

Came resounding the news of your health, ay, resounding came!
Announcing your resounding failure, unable to acquire life's game
I still remember thee, ascending the brown she-horse as a bride!
On your wedding day, now descending towards those who died!

Now you're this horse alighting, you could not ride life, you failed!
As those who failed to grasp life, into their ships they have sailed-
Sailed to an everlasting destination, from which there is no return!
Their lesson is left to us, who remain temporarily living just to learn.

Still I remember days, and days deep into the low land, the Ghore*
When our flocks of sheep found a wide heath to graze with no door
You were strong and holding your life as if forever you were to live!
Forgetting this day as others who forgot the day they were to give.

I write these lines as an obituary for they told me you are wheeling
Neither could I resist the wind holding death news, nor my feeling.
I am not going to finish this elegy, for still you are my living sister!
The news will soon come, but it will not come through a silly jester.

(12/7/2013)

The expected news is due now, and you have, for sure, now gone!
Then you are dead, an everlasting absence, and the burial is done!
Life is not a heterodox; its happiness is ever covered with a tiny peel
A thin peel, dominated by His order, to which we have but to kneel!

20/7/2013

- Ghore in Arabic means the low land that lies between Jordan and Palestine

It is a Message

It is a message, that I am holding my husband's hand
Do not be bold; find for yourself another piece of land
Ay! Man, do not destroy my garden, abound with life!
With love, don't even approach; it is as sharp as a knife.

Yes, it is a message I try to convey to you, it is a message
Do not tread on my grass, or try to approach my passage!
Here it is my hand in his hand, you look clearly, you old
He is my man whom I love, find another way be not bold.

O my lady Layaly: I am here not to destroy your mild fort
For I have high manner, I will evacuate happily your fort.
4/7/2013

Tied to a Huge Rock!

Tied you are since birth to a huge solid flinty rock
But smooth as it goes or as it seems hiding a shock
That is the shock of time, the harsh legal intruder
Into your life's privacy but breaking your shoulder,
A rock, unable to move an inch out of your way!

Finding yourself a fatigued swimmer on life's bay

19/6/2013

Why People Depart?

Why do people leave while others their dresses weave?

A question is but pronounced by a person, so naïve!

For interests are there or should they stay behind mind

Tell me then, why they depart leaving hearts behind

For A has left an old premises, for torture it is meant!

To torture a statue, although stony, but for her bent!

11/6/2013

As you like

Life does not go as you like or as he likes

For it is full of obstacles and many dikes

Sometime he or she puts off a scabby skin

And shows you that you're the next of kin

Hypocrite camouflaged behind his tongue

Adopted a silly speech over his own dung.

14/6/2013

Who will pipe then? (An Elegy)

Who will pipe for the people after your death?
You have gone for deterioration in your health
I do remember, as a boy, the tune of your pipe
The beauty of your tune is hard, dear, to describe

You have gone and the beauty of your tune too
In this way life judges us, to accept, what to do?
For how many wedding-parties have you piped?
Thy fruit has fallen, for your fruit now is ripped.

The wedding horse used to dance for your tune
The trees; the dust used to dance, even the moon.
O knight of beauty, alight for you are unable to ride
Alight, go into the realm of ambiguity, there to abide.

Still, your tune Jabber is, resounding in my ears
It is a source of my enjoyment through my fears.
The wind you used into your pipe has gone now
The fingers that played the tune are now in bow.

Stay stagnated there as long as Allah wants you to stay
Nothing benefits you now except His mercy, full of gay.

2/7/2013

Ever Thanks-giving

I am not as that lady who shows all ingratitude
Ingratitude for her Creator, what an attitude!
She appeared on the screen after a journey long
With cancer disease, priority to her speech-song!
No, not thanking the One who enroots her disease;
The One who uproots it, He has ability to increase!

Do not you be a lady thankful, or your faith is blocked
Don't you mention Him at least, having a heart of a rock!
Nay! I am an ever thanking Him for the bless of my health
I am an ever thanking person for His continuous wealth
Even if He takes it, I am an ever thanking His mercy great!
For no passage to pass except through His celestial gate!

14/12/2013

Beloved Deity

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

14/12/2012

An Elegy to Khalil Bashier

Ay, Khaleel Bashier, a name much means
Khaleel, a close friend the name indicates
Bashier, the good tidings are on the way

You went forever and closed life's gates.

**

Towards your Creator, the Glorious God!

You paved the way towards His paradise.

After this sincere supplication what to add

You were so kind and gentle, get the price.

**

Now the page is turn over, we are to follow

Widen the gate for us when we come to you

We never forget you and your good deeds;

We are ever the victims here, what to do?

1/10/2009

Can You Step a Step!

Who can, among you moaners, step a step?

Towards rescuing your man or move his lip!

Who can, among you weepers, cross the line?

Who, among you, can say that life is but fine?

Here you are dear moaners, coming to elevate

A prevailing sadness, we are next, won't be late

To moan you tomorrow and tomorrow is short!
Shouldering your cloth waiting on the same port!

For the ship seems on horizon, will anchor soon,
Today, Nahed's ship departed, but yours at noon
Smile or frown if you want, to sail now is a must
Depart to nothingness, flesh and bone form dust.

13th of April 2010

Do we Fear Destiny?

Knowing our fate doesn't frighten us at all
But what does is when or how do we fall?

The Desert's Law

Among the Arabs the desert has its law
That a colocynth will never be a palm!

The Arabs Said

The Arabs said previously every living has his cup
The cup is not shared with others drinking it up.

The Snake

The snake's being shows that: stronger than us is fate

For it is one of fate's soldiers which is ever on wait!

A Harmful Creature

A harmful creature that doesn't belong to our society

Is for sure from destiny's group; upon us has no pity!

16/10/2013

This Life

This life, to us Muslims, is not counted by wealth

But by the end: counted by the spiritual health.

26/10/2013

Man

Man is the maker of happiness and distress

Man's deeds and needs control the circle of life

And life makes men tough or wade in bless

For pride, vanity, envy and love make the strife.

23/10/2013

An Ultimate End

The ultimate end of man is pleasure

For we all go to possess this treasure

Having achieved our end, we go back

To life's tumult shouldering its sack.

We may not live to attain that peak again

Ever forget: pleasure is compassed by pain!

24/10/2013

All Unaware Leave

The most I ever fear, and what I fear most

Is to go into poverty or the disease's ghost

For both are the enemies of man, the naive

Going in life unaware, for unaware all leave.

24/10/2013

You Settlers

You won't occupy a tiny spot from the world manner

For you lose everyday a place meant for human honor

You hewed the Palestinian olive trees of thousands years

You do not care for the world appeal, you have no ears!

Where from you came to go through this land, the holy

But why should we complain from this group the silly?

I think we are nations heedless to let free this sick race

To let them have a hand over ours or to have a place.

Who are you settlers? Devoid even of human shape

Palestine is not that land easy for your alike to rape

Better for you leave this place or for the current wait

It will take you before you finish your last meal-plate.

23/10/2013

A Silly Race

Dear, in this way life, among us, judges,

It fills us with love, pain and grudges,

In it, we walk in the same futile place

It makes us go stunned into its silly race.

20/8/2013

A. As a Potato Seller

Oh potato seller! How much you sell the sack?

‘Oh man’ she smiles: ‘each has in weight no lack’

I bought one sack then turned flourished of her face

Then I came back to buy another, I saw her grace

Then another I bought, till I finished her treasure

‘Why didn’t you buy all once?’ To renew my pleasure!

15/8/2013

If the poor

If the patient poor keeps his patience to the end

He is holding paradise key that patience is to send

For the difficulties of life he faces are so many

For he is fed on simple food and others on honey

The prize is there, we may not have two enjoyments

Justice is awaiting him, leading him to his settlements

12/11/2013

A Child Prisoner!

Your smile child is apt, but apt to defeat

Your jailers, for you have so strong feet

Thy look says, thy look does command

Others to obey: evacuate soon this land

Your eye does speak hard a language!

Your forehead reflects the map of age,

Thy ears tiny do hear your jailer's step

Thy tongue understands only their lip.

Thy general outlook is great, what a face!
What a leader! What a child! What grace!
What toys are these! What cap and a suit!
What a man! What voice among the mute!

Thy jailers fear you child, child of time
They fear thy tiny steps, and my rhyme
They fear everything, for you are there
They fear you, Yousef, for you'll dare.

20/5/2009

An Iron Fist

The angel of death looks deeply at your face
He looks anxiously at least five times a day
He makes you shudder to abandon your place
He looks whether your role is ended in this play.

**

If it is not finished, He, willingly, folds your file,
Then goes to another, and looks at his ripe list,
He does not leave far away, He is within a mile

Then He comes for your souls, He has an iron fist.

**

He doesn't listen to your wish, to bribe with money

He performs His job with no temptation of the Earth

He does not take your wish if you promise with honey

He takes your soul now, for another child has a birth.

14/9/2007

On The Well-Curb

On the well-curb, this night let us stay and sup,

Let us stay all shepherds, here around our cub

Stay in Al-Ezeb estate, the sun is coming down

And the nightly breeze starts lulling every fawn,

Let us stay, let us wait for them morrow-morn

For the villagers will come for the fields of corn,

For the night is long and we have here to sleep

To sleep before we go to these fields and reap

The corn-ears; legumes fagots and barley ears,

Let's here abide– the pipe of each other hears

On this well-curb let's stay boys, the night stay
Before our sheep and cattle graze the straw-hay
Get thy flute, let us hear thy melody and tune
And you boy, place the kettle on the fire soon
Let us drink tea with melody in this quite night
Lit your fire boys to select our cups in the light
Let us sleep then under this huge vaulted sky
Before the night ended, for the nights may die.

16/6/2004

Hail thee Dana

On this day, a new fair beautiful Dana comes
She comes to life, to swim in its noisy tumult
Starting her first inhale and exhale with drums
We say welcome among this thorny sweet life.

Hail my first granddaughter in this happy spring
We wish you a long joyful life and delicate time
We wish you a happy journey on this hard wing

We wish you pleasure with your parents young.

Tuesday, 13th of April- 2010- Gaza

Is Life Just a Lie?

He who said that life was a big lie, did not lie
Since the end of all: I, you and he, is but to die
He lies then who says that, of glory, life is full
Since mirage, lie and its pleasure is deceitful,
Life is empty of glory; it is full of soil and decay
And its shining days are but sadness and grey!
He lies, who goes smoothly in its dark realms
And says that he enjoys it, he is just in dreams
Say not to me "you're a pessimist" say not that
Since your end is no more than the end of a bat;
Say not that it is full of happiness and of pleasure
Since darkness, soil and cold are its dear treasure,
Say not to me, it is full of youths, glory and power
Since you possess nothing of it except your hour,
How dare you say that life is life: full of beauty?
Since man deceives man, it is a broken sincerity!
Say not life is nice and happiness is its only ways
Since your life is deteriorated counting your days,
You live and die in it, and nothing remains of you

Dragged into it or to it, compelled of what you do
Un consulted you came, don't possess your name
Un consulted you go, for both to you are the same
Then say not life is pleasure but say a trick and trap
Since your stay is the duration of your uneasy nap!
Therefore, if you don't understand now my speech
Leave it; read it when you are able to my page reach.

4/12/2009

It is but a Plight

On the shore of this great vast sea I see myself here
Find myself all alone to pay adieu for my beloved fire
This vastness drags me into a larger forgetfulness;
Into the realm of its beauty into waves of kindness
For it is futile trial to gain any profit of my approach
For it is too long a distance, and it is a broken coach
Hail thee fleet of departure; hail thee to a virgin land
For in this semi real life everything is mixed with sand,
Hail thee ecstasy of forgetfulness, hail thee forever
Hail thee sun of this heat; hail thee a life of ill fever
There I want to relax, for the fox said: 'o sour grape'
For I won't spend the rest of my days fully in agape,

Therefore take thy oars, split your way into water
Leave thy ill-beloved to her lot, as a sick daughter
Come again blue dream, come please every night
For I am fed up of torture, her love is but a plight!

25th of May 2009

This poem talks about the triviality of life

Life is but a Trick!

Life is a big trick
For in it, the sick
And the healthy
Are but the same,
Where all are equal
In the life's game.
We are the losers
In this endless play,
Where our shining day
Is but grey!
So how would you
Hail this life and hail?
Since it is full of wail!
And that it takes us

Into its deep dale!
How would you hail?
This short dizzy life
Since you possess in it
No value of a nail!
How would you hail?
Your short temporary life
Since your ship is ever ready
To take all into its eternal
And unreturned sail!
My dear readers think not
That I say these words
Out of pressure of sickness
Or out of poverty,
I am healthy wealthy
And the whole praise to Him.
I say these words
Out of the reality of man
The crying reality that
I see and you see everyday
I say these words out of
My long experience and deep

Where I came to be sure
That in this life you reap
Only tired, sorrow and pain
And you wish more of this rain!
But to get rid of this nightmare:
Go deep in worshipping God;
Renew your belief in Him,
For to Him your return only
And with Him the deal only
It is under His shadow only
And under His protection
The out let is only,
No place to escape but to Him
No way, no outlet but His,
Therefore, I and you and all
Are to go back to Him
To reconcile with Him
For with Him reconciliation could be
Otherwise, everything is false
Everything except His way
And except His route is false,
And every prosperity

Except His is to decay.
Therefore, I say to humanity
To sects, to all religions
To all channels on His Earth:
The way is only His
The protection is only His
The asylum is only His
And the return is only His
And He is found on this route
The route of Islam!
This ship-religion
Is the only safe way
Towards your land,
Towards your satisfaction;
The satisfaction you long for
The end you are eager for
The fate you ever enjoy
There under His protection
When there is no protection
Except His large endless protection
This is meant for you man
If you return to Him now

Before the inhale is dear
And before the exhale is dear!
I have informed you man;
I have told you man and
In the language you understand.
O Allah be my witness
On Your great day!
5/12/2009

The Dust of Island

It is not what it is called Nemesis who now avenges
It is God's signs greater than the Nemesis' revenges,
For the last week Europe has been under the dust
That erupted from Island's volcano, a revenge lust
Revenge of blasphemy, ingratitude to God's blessing
Everyone into his kingdom goes like a snake's hissing
Ingratitude and un thankfulness, it is nature's wrath
That surrounds us here, for all go into a wrong path
It is no more than an ear twist for you haughty Man
The greater may come, can't you imagine, but I can!
Four hundred million dollars Europe loses everyday
Due to the flow of dust, the dust is a soldier but grey,

How if the raged volcano's mouth is larger than this?

How if it goes for months or years, imagine or guess?

If only Island's volcano goes from now, goes forever

No life is then prevails, you'll have no time to shiver.

22nd of April, 2011

Loser You Stay Behind

Never a man goes smoothly in this harsh dry life!

Mountain after another you pass entering strife!

Join life's tumult under the sky, find what you find

The strife will overcome you, loser you stay behind.

4/7/2012

You lose, Man

You man, you are everyday to lose

A thing you would not like to choose

But you lose it dear out of your will

It is a slipped time, of it you can tell.

6/8/2004

Before You Crowded to the Sea

Before the sand is soft and before the shore is narrow
Before the water is bitter and before the sea is shallow
Before the space is not spacious and the way has furrow
Before every bucket is empty and from none to borrow
Before you have no idea and before you have no marrow
Before the dilemma is great and no time even to sorrow.

Before you crowded to the sea under the force of to be
Before even the friends and the nasty foes come to see
Before the dust is filling your tearing eyes to see the sea
Before the court is held, and the caller calls he and she
Before the time is not yours to do what you do so free
Before the wasp is buzzing, provoking you to pay fee

Before these days come and before the avengers come
Wind your way through your *deeds* with a soundly drum
Before we say to you: 'stop, no subterfuge is to be taken'
To justify these horrible *deeds* which make you awaken
Take *all* with you from where you came with temptation
Otherwise *they* take you, you are among Palestinian nation.

4/1/2008

Finish your strike or do not finish it

Finish your strike Jo-dwellers prisoners for you have a king!
Who, if he wants, could make you out with a telephone ring
Finish your hunger strike, your lord is a nationalist enough!
To plow the land beneath your jailers and make it but rough!

Ay! You prisoners, I say to you keep your hunger strike
For your king is a person devoid of magnanimity you like
Do not think that he is foaming and fretting for your benefits
He cannot leave his western manger, around which he sits.

Die now or die tomorrow for you are never his priority at all
He has something else: to cement his chair is his only goal
So, strike as long as time gives you space, he has not grace
Strike and keep on your strike for your man has a plastic face!

Wait not Lilluputians, for your dwarf is never a sorrow-laden
With your case, he rather enjoys your flesh in his own ugly den.

8/7/2013

Your gate

Since how long can a large gate

Protect its owner or delay fate?

But never a gate has to do once

with fate!

I passed by your decorated gate,

I gazed and gazed, I had to wait

But a big gate has nothing to do

with fate!

Tall green trees shade your gate,

Never a shade prolongs any date

And never a shady gate can help

to smooth fate!

Nor the tall wall can, at any rate,

Deter, for a moment, your date,

Since how long can a huge gate

prevent a fierce mate?

Nor the vast garden behind gate

Can attract thy guest or make late

Since how long fate is enslaved

by a garden and a gate.

30/12/2005

To Helena Mount of Hebron

Who said you were conquered by a Queen?

The Queen was Helena who once had been

Your vanquisher, nay, I say; nay and nay

They were all wrong saying so, how to say?

That, for you stand haughtily and frowning

Roaring, showing your teeth, never bowing

To the play of time, to which we all yield;

Nor to the adversity of an existing shield

You ever stand overlooking Bethlehem north

You ever stand watching Hebron. The fourth

Mountain in Palestine which had a history

And still, waiting to witness a creeping victory,

And overlooking the ancient eastern Dead Sea,

Still, attentively, listening to the wronged plea

Where are those who pretended subduing you?

None of us can do what can you Mountain do,

Peoples went, and states buried by your feet

New ones came to have a place on your seat

But none of them remained touching the sky

Except your purged summit that will not die.

Stay, and register the daily oppression we receive
On the hands of a handful fugitives who believe
That you belonged to them- to a non-human race!
Stand as a hindrance to their never achieved grace
Stand instigating fairness from thy Creator Might,
Let's stay beneath you, gazing at your lofty height
Let the enemies of the man, from Dead Sea drink
Let them stand on its ridge, push them into to sink.

2/9/2004. Thursday

Your meal

When are you going to send the hungry from your meal?
When are you going, the wounded by your touch, to heal?
Today we came to know that you are the mistress of a feast
This is why your hungry knight needs a dish of it at least!
Ay! You are just few meters away, just few meters away!
When are you going the bill of this patient with love to pay?
Here he is waiting for some remedy, a remedy for his heart,
So, before you leave let prevail the eye's speech then depart.

22/3/2013

If you Count the Blessings of God

Look Man! Listen, have patience

Reading these lines!

Then if you like tear the page;

Revolt against me-

Put me into a cage,

Lest I should write again

And lest you should read in pain:

If you count the blessings of God,

Them, you won't count,

For His bounty does fit Him,

For He has the amount!

If you are to adjust your lung

You will have to be busy

Day and night, otherwise

What song is thus to be sung!?

If you have to work your sight

And you store time for that

You will lose the taste of night:

Exhausted shouldering your plight

Lest you are defeated in the fight,

For you have to keep away gloom

Lest it should prevail along your way,
And through your room!
If you were left to control
The blood system of your heart,
And you accumulate time for that,
You won't then raise your back,
For you are busy at work:
Carrying your blood sack
Lest it should become dry,
There you will have no time-
No time even to cry!
If you were asked, time to spare
To keep vigilant on your kidney stream
Lest it should stop,
You won't then stop to scream,
For the lost drop,
It is the drop of life!
That takes you, it puts you
In an everlasting strife!
If your digestive system
Is your own responsibility
Where would you stand?

Will you work the system?
Or pile and pile food?
From here and there
For the *dear* process of life,
Is there any time left for you?
To eat or to breathe!
To pump blood into your heart,
That worn heart!
Tell me then what should come first?
If you are created deaf and dumb
And you have to search for that
Should you knock the door of a bat!
Or the hole of a mole
For light, for eye-sight, but
From which store
You bring hearing,
From which cave
You bring a tongue?
If you are ignored the blessing of smell
Where from can you bring that?
And if you are deprived the blessing of taste
From whom can you borrow?

The ability of taste
The ability of smell
The shortage of these
Puts you in sorrow
For the lack of taste and smell
Is sure to bring you
Face to face with hell.
In this case, you are measuring
Your life with a thrown shell!
The urine system is so dear
To keep you alive
To keep you stand here
You do not control this too
Because the space left for you
Is granted to you by Him
By Him, to let you enjoy hours,
Because you do not have time
To adjust the string of your shoe!
Imagine that you are to keep
The job of your throat:
To be careful for the slipping
Of water, food and air

To watch the air in its way
And to let the way for food
Then to close the way for this or that
You will sit cross-legged in your hat
And you will appeal for an end
That could be so dear to lend.
The jaw, the tongue and the teeth job
Could send you to Bethlehem
If you are their dominator
Because only the Creator who control
These systems, and given to you free.
The brain's complicated jobs
Are beyond your capacity
And beyond your reach!
All these systems and devices
Are working automatically
With no need to your attention!
Do not you thank Him?
For these blessings
Are given to you free,
Do not you feel shy from the One?
Who watch your quietness and movements?

If you were a millionaire
And one of these systems stopped
What hell your life is then?
You will pay your wealth to work it.
If two of these systems stopped
And you possess the Earth full of gold
You will easily swap that to work them.
Thus, everything works in you
Without your consultation
For you, in this matter, have no choice.
But a semi choice of cutting your nail
And in this, Man, very often you fail!
Remember, you silly idiot Man!
That every system works by His order
The order of to be, and that is done!
Thank Him; hold Him in your heart
Glorify Him, for Him is to be glorified
For from Him if we are dignified!
Thus, we possess nothing except
Paying an everlasting thanks.
If we do not, our life cradle is empty
Empty of delicious life,

Full of deadly strife!

We bow before you my Lord

Appealing to Your mercy and forgiveness

For we are to decay and you to remain

You are the first without a start

You are the last without an end.

Know you Man if you want to know

That you are surrounded by life

But by life's triviality

And that you work for what?

You work for life's superficiality.

You know Man that you work

For what you work

For a life that overflows of futility.

Thus, you have to infer

The depth of your being here

And that your being is just

In His hand and that His hand

Has colored your leaking fate

Where your days are counted

Counted on you, in a rusty plate

Know you Man that you have to know

And realize the Oneness of who is
The first without a start
And the last without an end!
Know you Man that life is not impassable
It is passable and those who once passed
Its lanes and routes and its ways
Had stumbled at its clumsy forks
These forks lead you to many tunnels
None of these tunnels is lighted
Even when you are alighted!
Know you Man that you are
Perfectly equipped
With tools of life,
But you lose these tools everyday
Equipped with mind that works,
So let it work in His fields
His fields produce only one fruit
The fruit is His Oneness
So, do not be much brute
For you are in the presence
Of who is the first without start!
And the last without an end!

In this case I have warned you Man

What to do, what to embrace

And before I leave,

I would like to remind you again:

Do not read my lines in pain

For they are the light for you

When you need light to know,

I may remind you again

Of the One, who is the first

But without a start

And the last but without an end!

Know you Man that you take

With you to your end nothing

Nothing of life's affluences

Even the fill of a tea-spoon!

Therefore, utter the word of Oneness

For it is a haven for you

From a terrible end,

Go, live with it

For it is a solid ground

Where you stand trustfully!

With it you cross the huge

Ocean of life to eternity
That either decorated blissfully
Or with a sad torturous end,
And know you are with it
Is acceptable to His gracious steps
The steps that lead you
To the One who is
The first without a start
And the last without an end!

16/2/2013

If there is no fear

If, in this world, there is no, no fear to fear
I will sling, on my shoulder, my love Abeer
And fly to an island but, far away with her
And start a life of love, with Abeer to share.

A kiss in the morning, a kiss on the cheek
And mount my horse with her to that peak
To overlook the world and my celestial love
To dine both love under the wing of a dove.

Then back in the evening, to our tiny bower
To satiate from each other all time; and hour
To say to this world: 'a true love but here lies'
Then say to all: 'come to me here, to the wise!'

Let other learn how a true love could be done
And how to run from her to her again but run
And the fruit of our love is to see, to see a son
And to show the world that she is my only one.

5/5/2005

If You Were

If you were with me riding above the ocean
I would have no fear for the crew's caution
If you were with me Abeer in this trip abroad
I would prove, with you love, a world's lord
If you participated with me the Holiday Inn
We would then swim each with his own fen
If you shared with me the Marriot's dwelling
I would have the world, in my hand selling
If you had a place in the Homewood Suites

I would have in my lap the whole world sweet
If you had the large bed of the Ambassador East
I would have that everlasting memorial feast
If you were with me over that foreign far land
I would stick to that, although it is strange sand
If you were there to enjoy your being my lad
But unfortunately, I continued alone, but sad.
But alas! Every dream and every vision is lost
So life itself without you is a meaningless post.

5/11/2008

Written in Chicago city / USA

The Barge Is Large! (4)

Our barge is so large!
But nothing except mirage,
The barge is full of savages
Who only make marriages!
With the world females,
Even with those of whales!

It is cracked from within

It is a revolt against Heaven.

It is we who wickedly hailed it

It is we who were really in fit.

The barge's smell is violent

It is of rot and resentment

The whole love is of dollar

Dollars with every color

You smudged us with defame!

You can't walk, and we lame.

Leave the barge into waves

And leave villas into caves.

31/1/2001 -Wednesday

The Foggy Morning in Rujeeb

Listen! The barking is of a dog

The surrounding smoke is fog,

Fog envelops everything here,

You cannot move easily dear!

Scented trefoil, their heads tossing,

The corn ears, each other kissing,

Almond trees, fig and every oak

Stands still watching every rock

The fog mattresses every patchy land,

It ascends every mount and every hand,

It prevails everywhere, around every grave

The pasture flocks, the shepherds the brave

The ploughmen and their oxen the yoked

The trained horses and astray foxes rocked

All are stunned in this coy foggy morn,

Man and birds, trees and everything is born.

Friday, 22/3/2002

The Head of the Triangle

The head of the triangle is for sure the dirtiest head

What did he say is nonsense, nonsense is what he said

If a thirty-two-year period of friendship will not now do

What will do then? Who is then the friend in deed, who?

This long period of working together has then been in vain

Am I not faithful to you? Wasting of time is it, am I insane?

Do we have to infer a new type of friendship to suit you?

You are a shame on humanity; you do not level the wild gnu

Who stays watching his friend being torn by a fierce alligator?

A deceiver of his friend and a swindler, to his country is a traitor

Thirty two years have passed but were insufficient to rub your mind

What have you got from humanity, or your consciences have died?

28/12/2013

Butchers

Grudge, hatred, jealousy, envy and fraudulence over you dominate

You are blinded to the extent that each other and others you hate

Your biggest youngest wades into hypocrisy to the bald of his head

The other two were old, unable to consume the lesson they read

All manner and moral were thrown behind, for their ignorance

Butchers like they were, not education that keeps their balance!

I thought that they were loyal to me or sincere and real friends

As they were put on the rub, every one of them my heart rends

Although I have known the band for the last thirty three years,

An incredible story they left; the story of which everyone fears

I was the first victim to them although there were salt and bread
But these values were thrown away by them, I was left in dread.
(Haj) is their abbreviation each of them carries a beautiful name
But unfortunately when they move, they move, walk and lame
The defects were not in their limbs, defects were in the minds
Disabilities are there, disabilities in them in flux, in many kinds.
So you go alone and I go alone until we leave, until the end
For loyalty is dead, faded away from your paths, oh come wind.
31/12/2013

The Birds Of Ayoon* 8

For who birds shall you soar and scream?
For the hero has no epitaph to see in dream!
Nor hawthorn nor any green bramble to shade
Any tomb, nor in jubilation you soar or wade
Through this glen under the wings of the night,
Nor fly over any shrine for our sincere knight
For our brave high-spirited knight is still alive!
Pouncing and swooping upon enemies or dive.
For whom shall you, birds, soar or and scream?
For our hero has no shrine to see in the dream!

Oh, knight thy deeds crown the history's pages

It was here, you wrote among its many foliages,
You are in a time where wrong needs resistance
The wrong deeds are now given full assistance!
So keep swooping, for the time is dangling down
Taking all and all, but to no prosperous town!!

1/5/2002

*Ayoon is the name of a deep valley in Palestine

Thank you readers

Thanks for you my readers for my poems you endure
For the effort of reading my words that is your cure!
For you live in a world blocked-eyed, vision and mind
Wait for my next production if you like, you are so kind.

8/4/2014

The end of this book

All praise be to God