



# THE EAST

The face of time and the school of man

Professor Dr. Jamil AL-Asmar



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*The East*



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# *Dedication*

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



# *About the Author*

## **The east: The face of time and the school of man**

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### **A short CV**

**Dr. Jamil Yousef Al-Asmar** is a professor of English literature at AL-Azhar University-Gaza. Obtained his B.A and M.A in English/Punjab University-Pakistan in 1980. In 1990 obtained his (PhD) from Wales University in UK. In 2009 he was promoted to an associate professor at Al-Azhar Uni. And in 2014 he was promoted to a full professorship.



# *Blurb*

Nothing can be bestowed upon man than possessing a valuable book where he or she finds his or her quest, or at least be a source of amusement and entertainment in hard times. Hence comes my guide-like tutorial book of poetry which springs from the ancient, wise, curative, sunny land of the east, in particular the near east. This, in general, compatibles with the old Arab poet who found that the best friend in life for man is a good book: “...and the best companion in time is a book”

And since the ultimate end of man is pleasure achievement, therefore, the reader here finds hospitalized poems in a most convenient atmosphere a man can achieve. It is far away from political humbug and fake labyrinths. The poems directly address man’s heart and mind paying no importance to man’s color, sect, belief, creed, or language. A seeker of spiritual happiness and settlement of thinking may browse the pages of the book, he or she will find affiliation to the book where the quest of man is there among these pages, the quest that has been touched by a long-life experience turning over life’s days and the irresistible fate of man in an eastern tranquility and contemplation.



# *To Journals*

*Let man stop here at the gate of this publishing house  
For the kind treatment they provide, and the smiles,  
The client and customer leave your company satisfied  
For we could smell lavender scent through your miles.*





## *Introduction*

Nothing nourishes the mind more than the feeling of being loved and enmeshed by the others which hides the feeling of ecstasy, the poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him. Therefore I write for an audience and that I avoid the introduction of any discordant in the shape of the deeper and darker social problems of man's time. I write for the funereal gloom of man who is relieved by the gleam of hope for the future; the man who receives the scathing attack of time that must be relieved by one word of encouragement, and one word of smile through the furrowed roads of hope by the realm of verses, by which the readers would again a kind of satisfaction through the lines of, particularly, the short poems. It is the discovery in my new production which plentifully rewards the readers a new understanding of life; its harshness, toughness and hope (if it is found).

I meant by this new collection to throw the light upon the weary man, whosoever, at pains of his being. I meant to disperse, vanish and erase, to some extent, the misty dusty and or gusty channels of life that had been acquainted by man since his foot touched the land of Adam and Eve descending from the celestial abode of heaven. The readers could be enticed to the best way to follow in life jumping over the siege of brain, open it and let it consume what is wrong and what is right in this life although it seems easy to detect and follow, but in fact it is the most difficult question; the question of life's acute choice.

## *Poems*

### **Welcome readers**

I won't forget to welcome you after my  
book is done

For I have no place except you- into your  
hearts to run

Open your mind, a portion of your patience  
to me grant

For living in your heart and mind, in my  
poems, I want.

■ 2/2/2017 ■

### **The front cover**

As soon as you cast a look at my front cover  
You, before going into poems, are my lover!  
For you will see the path on which you walk  
And realize its endlessness, it is a dusty chalk.

■ 5/7/2016 ■

**It is said**

It has been said that the East is the face of  
the time  
And the east, through its depth, is the school  
of man  
This you are going to see when you entrust  
my rhyme  
You will hanker for my speech, my speech  
that can.

■ 14/7/2014 ■

**Face of time**

The east witnesses the human developing  
action  
Here is the halo of light, to wisdom no  
sanction  
The east witnessed man's bones as they  
initiated  
Attended them as they were courageously  
baited.

■ 20/1/2016 ■

### **You are not astray**

If you have a strong deep belief, you are  
not lost!

And your lady, beautiful, is beside you a  
nice host,

In the latter position, you gain a whole life  
pleasure

In the former, you guarantee the here after  
treasure.

■ 23/1/2016 ■

### **School of man**

The school of man is ever erected in the east  
Under the dome of the sky that shades minds  
Ever an open divan for the knowledge of man  
A person finds nothing anywhere, here he finds.

■ 20/1/2016 ■

### **The face of time**

If man has a face, a face of which he is proud  
Its roots are ever to be, in the east, but found

Man leaves time, and time leaves man's will:  
Wherever you are, here come, dwell and still.

■ 7/1/2017 ■

### **Good morning**

Good morning the world, for the whole  
world is you

Good evening sun, it fades away for shy  
of your shoe

Good morning A, get up and distribute,  
to all, beauty

For women are waiting for you, you the  
most pretty!

■ 29/1/2016 ■

### **The advent of my book**

The advent of my book, it is the advent of  
tenth book

It is the tutorial work, strengthens man's  
awareness

It is strong in its lines, in educating man is  
as a rock

It pours pleasure in me, and it pours, in  
man, fairness.

■ 7/12/2014 ■

### **I am eager**

I am eager to thy honey, you are my honey  
Eager to thee more than anything even money  
What does it mean life if you were not its face  
Filling everything around me, that is the race.

■ 3/2/2017 ■

### **Let all concede**

Let all, and I among them, let all concede  
That your beauty is a subject to all to read  
Let all concede that no one can store respect  
To you as I do, what beauty I have to depict.

■ 29/1/2016 ■

### **The school of man**

In schools we usually learn alphabetical setting  
But the east is the school of man's life and beast

The east is a school of great ones since the Greeks  
Since the Roman- creeping to ladle from the east

Erected their castles and forts from eastern rock  
And stood there armed facing the world in shock.

■ 7/1/2017 ■

### **Mischievous deeds**

The very many mischievous deeds people do  
Make us say: if there is no body to hate you  
That means: you are doing something wrong  
What a trend! What a tendency! What a song!

■ 23/1/2016 ■

### **Like a bough**

A person is just like a tree green bough  
If hewed, it dies, it dries then to ash law  
And when you leave your relatives, near  
You won't face a person to you so dear.

■ 29/1/2016 ■



### **To A**

Nothing delights my ear but your voice  
I wish to remain around and be my choice  
Thy voice reflects the rest of yourself dear  
You are so dear to me, but be ever near.

■ 29/1/2016 ■

### **Cry not for life**

It is ever so: you often lose what you love  
And find yourself as unable as a sick dove  
That is the granter, and that His judgment  
To which we have to yield with no argument

■ 19/1/2016 ■

### **The beautifulest day**

It is said that the most beautiful day is  
The day that still has not its own light

■ 19/1/2016 ■

### **How shy!**

How shy is the moon, and how shy is the sun!  
To send their light, in your presence, they shun

Thus, the light surrounding us is not theirs, all  
But the light of your face, damsel of the whole.

■ 18/1/2016 ■

### **The self**

Yourself, sometime just like fire- brings torture  
How often separates a brother from his brother  
The conflict yet remains tough if it is to prevail  
It could separates children from an eager mother.

■ 20/1/2016 ■

### **The trumpet (1)**

When the trumpet of the end being blown  
And you are unable to pay back your loan  
And no doubt, you are then left all alone  
Either to pleasure or to torture is drawn.

■ 17/1/2016 ■

### **The trumpet (2)**

Since no time is left for the time you do  
not feel  
As your conscious is absented and flesh  
on wheel

For to rise up from death no time will be  
my dear  
It is the place: work your choice, the place  
is here

■ 18/1/2016 ■

### **How delicious!**

How delicious, for man, a dish of fish,  
what a dish!  
And how delicious the flesh of man for a  
Shark-fish!  
The dish of fish for man is ever a lasting  
wish, a wish!  
A conflict between man and nature, you  
strife to finish

■ 27/9/2015 ■

### **The ugliness of going**

The ugliness of going surpasses the beauty  
of our coming!  
For it is life: given freely to us and forcefully,  
pitifully taken

Despite that, we embrace it hotly and heartily  
all the time  
It is on the door of end that we are paralyzed  
and shaken!

■ 17/1/2016 ■

### **Its only muzzle**

I will embrace its muzzle, for its only muzzle  
That will show land-occupier a deadly-puzzle  
Either you depart from where once you came  
Or to the muzzle let me go, who should blame?!

■ 5/10/2015 ■

### **To A**

A whole beauty encompassed by nice qualities  
comes  
Your beauty, my lady, speaks, heard with no  
drums  
It is in your face, beauty ever stops, and in my  
voice  
Man comes and announces: it is a universal  
choice!

■ 28/1/2016 ■

## **Darkness**

*As if you, man, were created to darkness!  
Passing from the darkness of nothingness  
To the darkness of grave, passing the womb  
Darkness into a short life-light to the tomb!*

■ *4/8/2015* ■

## **Your thought**

*Contaminated thought contaminates the  
mind  
This is my speech, follow the sage and you  
find  
For deeds ever dominate man if they are  
kind  
And deeds bad degrade man and man they  
blind.*

■ *21/1/2016* ■

## **Merciless your action!**

*Merciless your action, burier, in the eyes of  
the living!*

For the ugliest hole is there awaiting after a  
soul-giving  
So, put off thy vanity, fakeness and pride of  
immortality  
You may acquire a portion of His care, the  
Omni-ability.

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **The bees**

From the top grass bees feed on sweet flavors  
Be like a bee, ever select, for yourself, the best  
You'll find it already waiting for you, the next  
Because of others respect, you may stay in rest.

■ 21/1/2016 ■

### **You are the source**

If you're the source of generosity first, be first,  
Therefore, you won't be followed in this list;  
You'll be soaring before all creatures, a hawk!  
Hovering proudly in Heaven- no worldly rock!

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **Internal examiner**

Here I am sitting on the stage as internal  
examiner  
Before discussion goes on, my mind has but  
to swim  
Into the past: years and years before this old  
sitting  
When I used to drink the cup of farming to  
the brim

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **A good feeling**

A good feeling thus, and in a nourishing jubilation  
I find myself before initiating my lecturing classes  
When I used to lead our sheep, in the harvest days  
So, I wonder: my hair is white and my time passes.

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **Sure and true**

Sure and true that the miser is God's enemy!  
Enemy, for the latter should follow the deity

Generous to the end- and open-handed, ever  
Imitate Him to reach the level of being a piety.

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **What is that...?**

What is that headstone!?! How a high  
The triviality of life made me ask why  
You cannot enjoy the highness of stone  
Now nothing here and there is but bone!

Your stone, oh dead, could horn the sky  
That shades thy damp bones brittle dry

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **True it is**

True it is: that to wet to the end  
Is far better than being a drown  
To instruct, this message I send  
Be satisfied- get up from down.

■ 26/9/2015 ■



### **To A**

You could have transcended all beauties  
And become pride of all the eastern cities  
For it is gorgeous the scene where you are  
Alas millions times, form you we're so far.

■ 29/1/2016 ■

### **Fie on thee**

Fie on thee life, deception, thy main gown  
Since we are fast going, a swindling mass  
Never content in it, never high the down  
Never profit in it, never stay, but to pass!

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **Santiago's marlin**

Santiago is the man, he is but the man  
He achieves what, I and you, never can  
Battling the marlin attracts his harpoon  
The marlin submits its soul that left soon.

■ 29/1/2016 ■

### **Men's vanquishing**

Men's vanquishing, is men's humiliation!  
Humiliated: you'll never reach thy station,  
In it, you ever stumble in your hard walk  
In it, you have a weight of a dusty-chalk!

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **Here in the east**

Here in the east, we form the face of time  
Since time has a face, we're that with grace  
For time started here, and time will stop here  
When you lose face, find it here, your face!

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **I have seen**

I have seen happiness, all through your eyes  
And the heart bents over your heart everyday  
I have plucked roses and did not want that,  
For being near, filling my cup to the brim I say.

■ 13/8/2015 ■

### **My goal**

Life gives you beauty then takes it openly,  
It does not shy stealing your time among all  
It has no shyness confiscating your gay days  
Flinching not to say: your end man is my goal!

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **To A**

Let the world know the source of light  
And men know the source of all delight  
It is there lies the eternal face and beauty  
And manner source for a whole humanity.

■ 28/1/2016 ■

### **Thy creation, God!**

Nothing exceeds thy mild beautiful creation  
God  
When your creation is represented in this  
pretty lad  
A beauty walks on land, the creation of your  
hand

Great wisdom lies behind: created from muddy  
sand!

■ 8/8/2014 ■

### **She**

She is the whole light, and the light is she,  
The light asks her: if from hers springs he  
She replied: why do not you light the whole  
Light replies: as you appear I have no goal!

■ 28/1/2016 ■

### **Whence we come**

Whence we, people, were born?  
The seeds of life we are, acorn!  
But life could not, days, adorn!  
Our days are on a ram's horn!

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **Write history**

Write history that the whole world  
conspired  
Against Palestine: granting the land  
to strangers

Confiscated Palestine through the UN  
trap, ugly  
Ignoring the dimension of this deed,  
the dangers

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **The love I store**

The love I store for you surpasses every love  
My love to you surpasses even the angels' love  
My soul and being, all I sacrifice for your sake  
My love is true to you, mixed with fear, no fake.

■ 28/1/2016 ■

### **How we stand before fate?**

Fate's gate is opened, it is an ever open gate  
We are the ones who are unable to penetrate  
Fate's teeth are ever thorny- our souls to rape  
Where we stand unable to pass it, but agape!

■ 5/8/2015 ■

### **Hypocritical world**

The whole world: civilized armed with technology  
Technological hypocrisy leaving my country- lost

Among the UN fake rules and 'human right's' scale  
Hypocrisy: becoming to the conspirators: a host!

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **The gate of life**

The gate of life is never a full open gate,  
Nor days, assigned to us, filling the plate!  
The gate of life is always and will be ajar  
Not allowing all of us to go: a distant far!

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **Never avertable**

Never avertable days and never avoidable  
As never the days on earth are countable;  
As never penetrateable the fathomless sky  
The azure is on watch- as to life we apply!

■ 27/9/2015 ■

### **Notorious enemy**

You may take utmost precaution and  
awareness  
Against any enemy, but that which with  
you sleeps

And wakes you up, and dine with you:  
time it is,  
Keeping this enemy with you; our souls  
he reaps.

■ 22/1/2016 ■

### **They say**

They say: the poor is the poor of mind only!  
If he is so, wind plays with him as dry leaves  
As wind plays with cypresses in a windy day,  
Never reaches or complete what he weaves!

■ 13/8/2015 ■

### **Aleppo**

Arabs! Halap, Aleppo groans the last breath  
You leaders paralyzed, enjoy much of wealth  
But never money construct or make real men  
It makes a man of carton, to flap easily, it can.

■ 21/12/2016 ■

### **In every movement**

In every movement she says: when will  
it come?

That shows the depth of belief in His  
kingdom,  
To her western counterpart, an idea never  
hailed  
She wades into the world of flesh: a person  
failed

The first, she is my mother old, this world  
she sold  
She lived and died full of hope of next heavenly  
life  
And died on it: the depth of belief in oneness  
of God  
The thing which pleases Him: not to call Him  
'dad!'

■ 26/9/2015 ■

### **Man**

Man is weak, and when he becomes weak  
He does not know what to do, what to seek.

■ 30/9/2015 ■



### **Never repent**

*Never repent anything you did nor do  
For what fits your foot, but your shoe!*

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **Sometimes**

*Sometimes the eye can see, ay see  
What the heart feels, what will be!*

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **A woman**

*A woman can often feel the thing  
Which lies in man's heart to sing*

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **The living**

*The living takes from life his lot, his lot!  
He leaves yesterday, the only thing he got.*

■ 30/9/2015 ■

## **Wisdom**

Three things destroy love among people  
To err much, to lie much and less to care.

■ 21/12/2016 ■

## **If you are worried**

If you are worried about others' issues  
Know then that it is your kind origin  
And if you see beauty in others, know  
Then that you have all beauty within  
And if you keep others' favor to you  
You know then that you are a faithful.

■ 28/1/2016 ■

## **Of God's signs**

A. what moments were spent talking to you!  
The fruit is ripe, but what can I do, or can do  
Ay! You are among females, the God's sign,  
What obstacles before your being only mine?!

■ 30/9/2015 ■

## **You**

You could have been mine  
If time had served me fine,  
But I think thorny, the way!  
We men ever have a grey day!

■ 30/9/2015 ■

## **The Jews**

The Jews are here just passing, they ever  
destruct  
The Palestinians are here ever to build  
and instruct  
The Jews occupation is just meant for  
destruction  
The Palestinians are devoted to virtuous  
instruction.

■ 24/1/2016 ■

## **People**

People welcome others, and people others  
receive!

And people farewell others, others unable to  
deceive  
The universe is ever well-populated with you  
man  
For from the heaven the order is for man as  
he can.

■ 5/8/2015 ■

### **Who pushes us?**

Who pushes us to perish except the loved  
ones!  
They push us to come-thus humming a  
kingdom  
Up we stay in the world of flesh, and sure  
there  
Beneath this world a world of bones, of  
no hum!

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **All are young**

Young girls of this class having no worry  
Except success and how, one day, to marry  
All are young, of enthusiasm to overcome

Difficulties, but who get through just some!

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **E. Hemingway**

E. Hemingway: 'which I was born for' you  
ask

I say to you: to worship God, how simple a  
task!

Neither you nor your Santiago for nothing  
created

Nor we are at the end, like your fish, folly  
baited!

■ 29/9/2015 ■

### **Black file**

The worst thing in life that you reach your end  
Through the dung of your mind that you send:  
Fraud and lying job, through a large deep smile  
While black it is your steps and black is your file

■ 12/8/2015 ■

### **I won't attend**

I won't attend a banquet of silly end although rich,  
In which the host may play a role: Macbeth's witch!  
For food never attracts me: hypocritically to fraud  
Because ever my page is white: on the top of board

■ 12/8/2015 ■

### **My gash**

I won't attend thy meal for very deep is my gash  
I won't attend among those who are as light as ash  
For I am fed up of hypocrisy: a colored lizard's skin  
I see wading through your so tasty a meal is but sin!

■ 12/8/2015 ■

### **Never stretch your hand**

People remain, people advance and victorious  
they stay  
Through their kindness that does not know the  
grudge's way  
So never stretch your hand to fill your stomach  
with hell

Until you are sure of the intention: your dignity  
never sell

■ 12/8/2015 ■

### **Oh death!**

Oh death, what did I do to you to plough the land  
Beneath all of us, I just seek my beloved you took  
Yesterday, but if you possess a sword to fight me  
I may conquer you, or as my beloved- below rock.

Oh death, I searched you everywhere around her  
But I did not find you, I found but all stones bare  
Here you quenched your appetite, the unsatiated  
You make ugly of the beauty, here she was baited.

Oh death! Who are you? And what are you?  
You are but a vanquishing enemy, but hard!  
You are a following enemy, ever following us  
Your black face never beautified by any bard.

An enemy never feds up and never in fatigue!  
An enemy never leaves us and never persuaded

An enemy, never changed, or diverts your way  
An enemy, into our souls, day and night waded!

We, human beings, equal nothing in its red eyes  
Never in result a request with it, and no appeal  
And never gives any promise to do or not to do  
Nor a rank shakes him, nor head nor a fast heel.

Never benefited the authorized and never to redeem  
Never beguiled or attracted by money or by beauty  
If it is sellable, it is bought, but never, never of both  
Never admires civilizations nor the lights of the city!

Never affected by the shape of weather day or night  
And never deters him long distances, cold nor heat  
Nor famine, nor thirst diverts him from his big job  
Nor a wealth benefits with him, all are under his feet!

Nor deters his job women beautiful, young or any age  
Nor its own ugliness does deter him from doing work  
Nor force, nor weakness, can intercept his ugly way  
Nor sickness, nor health, their heaviness is as a cork!



Never intercepted by mountains nor the World Rivers  
Nor seas, nor oceans' might, could push him away  
Form fulfilling his mission that comes from heaven  
And never stand before him any state night and day.

Nor armies can do, nor weapons, nor nuclear ones  
Never in his account nights or days or the time even  
Never have mercy on the weak nor shows the strong  
Never terrified by authority nor dwellers of heaven.

All creations are of one level to him, a lover of an end  
Knows all languages and tongues and that of a dumb  
Moves on earth among his dwellers showing big claws  
Of his being among us, how to walk on a road, hump!

Moves, ever moves in a continuous purposeful aims  
Moves here and there, flinching not for fear of fear  
For he knows no fear, fears themselves him do fear  
As he goes to work, none of us (here) is his so dear.

Never moves by distresses nor by the hardship of life  
Nor moves by enjoyment, nor relishes any pleasure,

For food, drink, women, money all in a rubbish bin  
For taking our souls is only his target- is his treasure

Nor moves by slumber's sharp claws, nor of sleep  
Never supplicates to his Master for human's sake  
Never stops time for us, nor prolong anyone's age  
Never tired of us all, ever true straight, never fake

Nor affected by our agony of pain, nor of our souls  
Nor affected by our happiness, nor thorns nor honey  
Takes whatever he likes, he is up to his Master's love  
Takes his command from Him, never consulted any.

■ 20/1/2016 ■

### **Who brought us her?**

Why are we given life then taken?  
What is the loss if we stay forever?  
Why are we left struggling hard?  
Why do we, for this loss, shiver?

■ 32/1/2016 ■

### **The truth**

The truth is to be said that the life I had spent  
Was spent beautifully, full of study and study  
Full of beautiful things, never a day was sad  
I enjoyed food and love, nourishing my body.

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **As if forcefully**

As if forcefully we are ordered but to come  
As if forcefully we are ordered here to stay  
As if the rule of life we all have just to obey  
Thus, what life entrust to us in this kingdom?

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **The best thing**

The best thing is to find yourself in your premises  
Away from the hilarious life of cities and the dens  
And the best in this life is to keep your promises  
Otherwise you are accumulating the world's sins.

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **You may lose**

You may lose everything, but not a true love  
You may hear things, but the voice of thy dove  
You may relax looking at her beautiful face  
Have your beloved under your wing, it is a race!

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **The ugly play**

From Japan in the Far East to America in the west  
Our waiting is not only for wait, but also the best  
In waiting, although we have not attended courses  
Because we are compulsory to wait even on horses  
We are obedient as the caller calls, we go, no delay  
But faces looking behind, unwilling of an ugly play!

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **The chaotic Arabs**

A person is unable to write on the Arabs retreat  
Retreat in moral, on the front and in the ugly light  
They fight each other, in the one country, savagely  
In Iraq and in Syria wars within and lost is the right

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **Even in Yemen**

In Yemen, Saudi Arabia, in Libya and in Sudan  
The scales of war and killing to the zenith reach  
The borders between Arabs countries are closed  
No power on Earth can thrust love or can teach!

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **Never rush**

Never rush to achieve a demand in thy mind  
For He watches: wrong and right below chair  
His chair that filling the skies and earth, all  
So, entrust your case to Him, the Omni fair!

■ 29/9/2015 ■

### **What I saw?**

What I saw today makes hair stand to the end  
Not because its savagery and or disturbing wind  
But due to realization of His fair steps and fair  
In His kingly affairs does what you do not dare!

■ 29/9/2015 ■

### **Do not retaliate**

Do not retaliate for yourself, for He retaliates  
We do nothing here, we sit just counting dates  
Leave the thing to Him, His name is just and fair!  
Relax over the result he gives, do go and dare?!

■ 29/9/2015 ■

### **Unknown tomorrow!**

We are the people of this hour in which we  
sail through  
To an unknown tomorrow, it is an unknown  
tomorrow!  
And that we dream in it: dream of a beautiful  
treasure!  
That we may not enjoy, for dry has become  
the marrow!

■ 5/8/2015 ■

### **That is sure**

That is sure dear, that beauty broods over  
thy face,  
It is sure that you are the sign of God Godly  
make

Thy beauty originated a tender world- full  
of grace  
Your beauty is so speakable, audible and not  
fake!

■ 28/9/2015 ■

### **O man!**

O, man is the son of a just today  
And yesterday is a buried past,  
And tomorrow is a new dream  
We jumped over it but very fast!

■ 5/8/2015 ■

### **Anad**

Again, these few seconds level the whole age  
of pleasure  
For thy tune of voice revives and restores my  
life treasure  
Thy voice Anad tinkles through my ears into  
my brain  
Fasting in Ramadan, thy voice quenches thirst,  
and pain!

■ 15/7/2014 17th of Ramadan 1435 ■

### **A dead narrates for a dead!**

Everyone is but a dead narrates for another  
dead!

This line, the moment you were born, you have  
read

So your story is known to me, to you, to him  
and her

This life-weight my dear we were obliged to  
share!

■ 8/8/2014 ■

### **I won't**

I won't succumb to the murky light of envy:  
That pierces the rock solid and hurtles a mass  
Down to the valley. But I know how to eschew  
The arrow of thy grudge and thy color the brass.

■ 13/8/2015 ■

### **Gratitude**

Forget not the generous benevolence of the Amir  
He is the Prince Hamad towering all, do you hear?  
Gratitude must be paid to you- forever our prince!  
We are supplicants to His Almighty, you to near.



Under His shadow when there is but His shadow  
O, prince Hamad of Qatar, your dwelling on earth  
Is the heart, kindness only grows in your meadow  
For we do not want to see who matches your birth.

■ 12/2/2017 ■

### **What a beautiful morning**

What a beautiful meaningful morning with His  
Majesty!  
With His Majesty your life never passes steps  
so misty!  
For His being with you guarantees your being  
with a King!  
Whose orders and commands are just 'be' for  
the thing!!

■ 15/9/2014 ■

### **Decease is hovering in our sky**

It is true that decease is hovering in our  
guard sky  
It is ever fluttering over us with its furious  
wings, dry

Decease seals totally the doors of man's green  
hope  
It is haunted with oppression, it is our velvet  
rope!

■ 17/7/2014 (19 Ramadan) ■

### **O Abeer!**

Thy tender shadow passed so fast last night  
That is the dream of happiness and delight!  
You were in blue dark scarf with a round face  
I was with you to witness before all thy grace.  
If this is the way that brings me to thy realm  
Let dream be forever thus, you be my dream.

■ 11/8/2015 ■

### **The shadow of life**

The shadow of life never gives much cool  
But its years alternate the learned to fool  
You are in it with no value, but if humble  
Then you are the king of life, being simple.

■ 7/8/2015 ■



That made me live in darkness: a raven  
wing flood!

■ 11/8/2015 ■

**These few poems are sent to  
Dalia as a reply to her letter  
which is full of philosophy**

Life's shadow

As if we are all sneaking our way in life's  
shadow

As if we are all unsatisfied although in many  
a meadow

You could see people conflicting embracing  
the vexing void

Still they hanker after what in fact they  
should avoid

■ 21/2/2015 ■

**To anchor peacefully**

What ails thee man to anchor peacefully on a  
white shore?

It is greed which made us unheard suppliants  
at His door

Nay, for envy that blindly blocks our ways-  
Him to beseech  
Nor our prayers are congenial to anchor or  
peacefully reach.

■ 21/2/2015 ■

### **Aging polishes minds!**

Hypothetically it should be true that age is the  
mind polish,  
Not muddling through our temporary life by  
being but raffish  
Ay dear young pretty friend whose mind is so  
brilliantly shines  
Through whom I am guided, through thy speak-  
able tutorial lines

■ 21/2/2015 ■

### **At night**

At night the Earth (loaded with man) takes  
big relax!  
At day time man's place is swarmed with a  
heavy move.

Man, however, does not succumb to reaching  
the climax,  
But insist on living longer and longer, snaking  
around!

■ 6/8/2015 ■

### **You are**

You are waiting for something, you have but  
to have!  
You spend your life scrambling upon others'  
shoulders  
Showing your lineament: you succeed reaching  
profits  
Ignoring the fact that, the big sin, you are the  
holders.

■ 6/8/2015 ■

### **Man's step**

Man's step is heavy for it is loaded with sin  
Trying to escape these oceans for without fin  
Into the streets teeming with people's tempest  
Smuggling some fake happiness as life's best!

■ 6/8/2015 ■

### **It is a game!**

It is a game, you find yourself the main player!  
You are absorbing in disturbing its sereneness!  
Doubting the blood in your veins, what a stayer!  
Stop thy phony laughter: you are the defeated.

■ 6/8/2015 ■

### **No stream**

Heart dear, no stream could hide our worries  
as they erupted  
So we may conjure Allah to prevail love before  
us and behind  
Behind which we can hide, a barricade conducive  
to mild mind  
Only love and respect that keep our minds from  
being corrupted

■ 21/2/2015 ■

### **A lover's eyes**

A lover's eyes ever reveal and his secrets  
expose,

Never show relax and towards worry never  
pause.

■ 10/8/2015 ■

### **Snaking around**

You could find people, even in educational  
circle, snaking around!

Selling their cheap conscience, hypocritically  
with no facial values!

Ending their lives sneaking here and there  
losing all, for a pound!

We should all be aware of this kind of people  
lest they should strike.

■ 22/2/2015 ■

### **Whom should I blame?**

Whom should I blame: time or fate, or fate?

What can a person do as dry is his tiny plate?

Whom to blame, what to do, what a plight!

Whom to fight to acquire luck, whom to fight?

■ 10/8/2015 ■



### **Rainbawal prints**

We should leave behind us solid but useful prints  
Not rainbow al prints dispersed by the first hints  
Our ideas should be useful and not bubbling up  
We know each other when on a flint stone to rub.

■ 22/2/2015 ■

### **To pay attention to**

To pay attention to what people do not, shows thy  
brilliant mind!  
For you know what they know, they may not know  
thine, I find,  
So, it is the sign of greatness, it is in my humble  
opinion and view  
Therefore, alike you dear, scanty to find in this  
world but very few!

■ 23/2/2015 ■

### **The throne is fine!**

It is said previously that ascending throne is  
so fine  
I invite you all when I am enthroned with me  
to dine,

The throne of poetry that is awaiting me since  
long,  
To fit its owner, I invite you reader to sing my  
song.

■ 13/6/2015 ■

### **What lurks there!**

That which lurks there, that ever lurks there!  
That abhorred threat that is seen and unseen  
You'll see it and feel it as it once to show teeth  
It is coming, a process of end that is to be seen!

■ 4/8/2015 ■

### **For sure**

For sure man, you are waiting not for a *delight*  
But you are waiting compulsory for your *plight*  
Live as long as you live, you are unable to *fight*  
Every one of us has to feel, to see the *fatal sight*.

■ 4/8/2015 ■

### **You won't say**

You won't say: 'I do not like' or 'I do not want'  
For you are doomed to be a prey: as deaths hunt

It is a glass and you are thirsty for such a drink  
It is the heavy water for you swimmer, in to sink.

■ 4/8/2015 ■

## **Death**

Death is the thing that dominates my whole  
It is the thing that is apt to take our goal  
It is the thing that is shining as the sun-sky  
It is the ugly thing that drives all of us to die

■ 4/8/2015 ■

## **Pleasure**

Pleasure is so delicious but encompassed by  
horror!  
The horror of old age and end that begets all  
terror  
Pleasure is temporary but agony is longer to  
dominate  
Our whole life, thus Allah creates us and the  
big fate.

■ 4/8/2015 ■

### **Age**

Whatever the length of your years you are  
to live

You are to come back with no take and no  
give

Your age is limited in His long file above the  
sky

You are to leave whether you agree or you  
cry!

■ 4/8/2015 ■

### **It is the same land**

It is in His land your full siege of sterility

It is His hand too sieging your fecundity

Appeal to this power only to grant a child

Deviate not from His face not to the wild.

■ 19/7/2014 ■

### **A man seeks**

A beautiful tree in my garden, it has many  
branches all dandling

What a beautiful time talking to each other  
and tea-cups handling

And what is more beautiful than touching  
the dimple of thy cheeks?  
What satisfy a person more than you my  
young filly, a man seeks!

■ 2/9/2014 ■

### **If you want to ask**

Hey readers, if you want to ask about the  
bravest fighter  
Ask the Israeli soldiers about our guerilla,  
a wind lighter  
Ask the Israeli soldiers about us in the hot  
battle field,  
Who were fasting in today's battle with no  
protecting shield!

■ 22/7/2014 ■

### **I see**

I see what I see, I see skeletons wearing  
skins and flesh  
I see but people being hunted by swarms  
of greedy fish

I see traveling people with no luggage to  
their final station  
I see swarms of birds immigrating to their  
final destination  
I see kids and lambs journeying in joviality,  
all are in funs  
I see them entangled to the fangs of time, a  
thing is done!  
I see people scorching together eating from  
the same dish  
People gluttonous are eating although the food  
is not fresh  
And I see people searching for happiness in an  
open heath  
The heath is welcoming them, a place to them  
after death!  
I see people in a tumult of life, everyone of  
them is to shun  
It is meant for them willingly or unwillingly  
for them to run!

■ 14/9/2014 ■

### **A six-day war**

Broad news, local news and the whole worlds  
news

All are to cover the war on Gaza that does not  
lose

Its dignity. Here it is the sixth days of huge  
destruction

We are the ones who turn enemy's days into  
resurrection

■ **12/7/2014 14th of Ramadan 1435** ■

### **A war in Ramadan**

What do the Arabs leaders do these days, days  
of war?

On the seventh day, for fair they do, they are  
not late!

They do much for us, they do eat; drink and  
copulate!

Why to do, my dear reader, let each enjoy his  
whore!

■ **13/7/2014 the seventh day of war on Gaza** ■

**As usual**

*As usual dear reader, a war is launched on us,  
and they  
In the Arab world keep watching us as if a dance-  
theater  
They swim in a misty ocean of power, their ocean  
is grey  
Thanks God they always come if they come, they  
are later*

■ **13/7/2014** ■

**A bulky chimpanzee is there**

*A bulky shameless paralyzed chimpanzee in the  
desert sand  
Shows his shame shamelessly, thinking his gown  
a big honor  
Semi man, losses manner, wining weight, a king  
drummer  
Lays on the world-treasure, pissing to wash his  
dirty hand.*

■ **12/7/2014** ■



### **Image of others**

I enjoy the images of others' paradise  
For my plate is full, yet empty of rice!  
It is a lot you have to accept satisfied  
Otherwise to be there, many applied!

■ 14/9/2014 ■

### **Your voice Anad**

More beautiful and delicious than an oasis of  
warbling birds  
Thy glamorous face speaks through many a  
hungry flower  
For they are entrusted to your beauty and to  
your utter fair  
On a sultry day through the Empty Quarter\*  
you are a shower.

■ 15/7/2014 ■

\*Empty Quarter is the name of a large vast  
desert in the Arab Peninsula

### **The soul chanting**

The soul says: I am still throbbing in thee  
How much air-life remains for you in me?

What ail thee if I leave your bone and body?  
Soon I am going to flap away, you be ready!

■ 18/7/2014 ■

### **For the children**

For the children I have installed, to a tree, a  
swing  
To this swing they sang, and now to it I have  
to sing  
For the leaves of my spring have all become  
yellow!  
And nearly dry in my bones has become the  
marrow.

■ 27/9/2015 ■

### **In this life play**

Are you a shining halo of reality or a shadow  
of a ray?  
What ring, what jewelries dare adorning thy  
beautiful hand?  
What seeds, what plough dares ploughing  
through your land?

Thy voice may alternate a call for a decease  
in this life play!

■ 15/7/2014 ■

### **Despite the whiteness of clouds**

Despite the whiteness of the clouds and the  
shiny sun

I see thy gloomy face, O Sea, where has thy  
glory run?

What ail thee Mediterranean, owner of the  
bright face?

It said: 'I moan the disability of Arabs; the  
loss of grace!'

■ 14/7/2014 (Ramadan) ■

The eighth day of the Israeli war on Gaza

### **The Arabs said**

The moon gives light and the star  
gives light, calm

But never the star be moon nor a  
herbaceous a palm

■ 7/8/2015 ■

### **Your days**

I cannot, dear, have my days and your days  
I cannot confiscate, as mine, the sun's rays  
Here my autumn has prevailed, ay prevailed  
And my boat is waiting for me, as once sailed.

■ 18/7/2014 ■

### **Best cravings**

What beauty is more beautiful than  
victory ecstasy?  
What beauty exceeds that except thy  
glamorous face?  
Both these beauties resurrect man's  
best cravings  
Towards his beloved which I think is  
the best saving

■ 21/7/2014 ■

### **The cracks of dawn**

See, the cracks of dawn at man's night  
Are easy detected through a face light  
That could be full of plight or the opposite

However you won't overcome time's site!

■ 21/7/2014 ■

### **It is true**

It is true that you are the sign of God  
Where man cannot, to thy beauty, add  
You the full moon as you rise- thy face  
Go man if you find her alike, win a race.

■ 27/9/2015 ■

### **Running after happiness**

Man spends his time running after happiness  
but in vain

It is unattainable target among us here the  
easterners

Here in Palestine where we, to the world,  
distribute pain

Along with distributing dignity of which we  
are lenders!

■ 20/7/2014 (Ramadan 22) ■

### **Gaza space**

What hold thee blueness of the sky?  
But the straw of fate that is not to die  
Thy immortal color reflects the sea page  
Of Gaza space that has no limited range

■ 14/7/2014 (Ramadan) ■

The eighth day of the Israeli war on Gaza

### **Your face**

Your face is a star shining in our blue sky  
Your lips are a stream amid meadows dry  
Thy tears are to water our thirsty lands  
Thy breath thrust fertility in our sands

■ 14/7/2014 ■

### **A woman**

A woman stays as a woman, and when she  
loves  
She becomes blind and she becomes vision  
blind  
She does not care whether her lover rich  
or poor

A shepherd or a king what matters her  
heart is sure.

■ 8/8/2015 ■

### **This life**

This life has honey and this life has colocynth  
And but for the evil we won't taste goodness!  
And but for diseases we won't enjoy health!  
This life, my son, has oppression and fairness.

■ 8/8/2015 ■

### **Cheerfulness be lost**

Will thy cheerfulness man once is to cast away!  
And the tranquility of your days is to be gray!  
I think both are alike to the long hand of fate  
That settles in our depth searching for our date.

■ 14/7/2014 ■

### **Thy nightmare**

You step inside life or step outside its walking buds  
Where grieves revealed themselves in dream of muds  
You then find yourself in an estrangement everywhere

As you awakened you find yourself in thy nightmare!

■ 14/7/2014 ■

### **Al-Ajami\* ancient place**

The mountains chain surrounding Biet Foureek\*  
Each one of them has in depth of time a sunny peak  
All are horning haughtily the endless misty space  
And sink in an endless greenness of a large plain face

■ 14/7/2014 ■

\*Al-Ajami is an ancient shrine in the eastern side of  
Nablus city in Palestine

\*Biet Foureek is a name of a town near Nablus

### **Are you a dim-witted man?**

It has been known that a president should  
be a president!

Ever supplicant to the welfare of his people  
as a resident!

What a scrawny attitude you took towards  
our war today!

Get in thy hole, are you a dim-witted person  
riding on hay!

■ 19/7/2014 (*The twelfth day on Gaza war*) ■



### **To swallow your souls**

To swallow your souls, defiant men are in boats  
Our men are the real ones, not those men of goats  
For we are the ones who will jump to liberate land  
We are fighting over our land and not inside sand.

■ 10/5/2014 ■

### **It is the game, then!**

No cave, no cavern is hollower than this life's  
hollow  
Where you stand alone knowing not what to  
follow?  
Particularly when you find yourself at war on  
the ground  
And find yourself at war, as you lose both, in  
your mind!

■ 22/7/2014 (Ramadan 24) 1435 H ■

### **Happiness (2)**

It seems that happiness finds it difficult to  
stand staying,  
At our premises for a long time, it likes, to  
us, adieu paying

Then it goes unflinching unrepenting and  
uncaring at all  
For us! It seems that this end is happiness  
main burning goal!

■ 22/7/2014 ■

### **An academy of death**

More known than Oxford academy or of Cambridge  
Known much for it forms man's ever erected bridge  
It is the academy of death: an inevitable registration  
It is a must for your degree is at the end of the station

It is not a far academy, charges no dollar nor any yen  
Its fees are souls, bodies, life mixed with many a sin  
Attendance to this academy is not compulsory, never  
For the academy is to attend you, for you are its lover.

■ 24/1/2016 ■

### **Sadness (2)**

It seems that sadness does adore, among us, its  
warm place  
For it seems not leaving us most of the time as if  
it is a grace!

It does not like to leave our den, for here it ever  
likes to abide

Because its horse saddle is woven at its size, our  
horse to ride!

■ 22/7/2014 ■

### **A nosegay of life**

It seems a nose gay life is, instigating an eternal  
power

The power is meant to demolish happiness in  
an hour

It leaves us unable to have a bath under its dirty  
shower

It mocks us dead, it paves our path in it, goer  
after goer!

■ 21/7/2014 ■

### **The creak of door**

As we come to realize that the creak of door  
is life's creak

Life has never a sound breath, it has a rough  
sound bleak

If you listen to your door's creak, get your  
luggage in a cart  
Then prick thy horse to gallop, for our carts  
slowly depart!

■ 27/7/2014 ■

### **The hardest catastrophe**

Sometimes from the hardest catastrophe comes  
the hardest smile!

The smile that springs from distress that lies  
around, about a mile

That never leaves its home which shared with  
us on the land face

You often smile as you do not know how to  
adjust your shoe-lace!

■ 10/8/2014 ■

### **Am I so imbecile!**

I want to live not because I want to live  
But because I want to see you not live!

The ocean is unable to quench our gall  
Let's burry our moan beneath life's dole?

■ 22/7/2014 ■

### **I wonder**

I wonder for a Moslem poet who writes  
Lines in praise of tavern and the glass  
Blind to realize darkness from lights  
You try to make the impassable pass

■ 27/7/2014 ■

### **Separation is written**

It is ever known among us that separation  
is written  
Written on our brows, so your will is ever  
confiscated  
The eastern lives within this frame, the  
unavoidable!  
We believe that this atmosphere is never  
ever deleted.

■ 28/7/2014 ■

### **Oh my sun and shadow**

Oh, my country the country of sun and of shadow  
Oh my country the country of many a big meadow  
Oh my country the country of honey and of milk

Here we dine on honey and here we wear but silk!

■ 20/2/2015 ■

### **In life**

In life every one of us is detecting his own route  
destination

Unaware, going into it, of that giant inevitable  
abomination

We all are blind but to select a compulsory un  
avoidable lot

So, we go into it against our will: shoulder what  
we have got

■ 2/8/2014 ■

### **Love is life and war is blood**

It is true dear readers that love is life and  
war is blood

Life is where your beloved flow upon you  
love as flood

Whereas you gain nothing out of war except  
hot tears

Although sometimes you gain venerability  
out of fears

■ 2/8/2014 ■

### **How large!**

How large the universe is! And how large!  
How brittle the boat of your sail and the barge!  
How large the creation for home, for our home!  
At last you are in a halo of foam out of foam!  
Where I found that the whole world is one route  
Where finally you follow your last timid root,  
You are accumulating nothing under this shadow  
Under the ground, repulsive over its meadow  
The longer you are left, more repugnant you are!  
Despised by all as old, where all around are far  
The length of time given to you is very short  
As you come, you look at your luggage at port  
What a busy port life seems around you man  
Where you cannot sail any longer nor I can!\*

\*it should be 'nor can I' but the inversion here  
comes for rhyme purpose.

■ 30/7/2014 ■

### **Thy whole absence**

Thy whole absence, and presence love dwells  
in me

I sling your being on my shoulder, agree or  
don't agree

My beloved, thy attainment is a genre of  
impossible

Therefore I see myself much negative and  
much cripple!

■ 8/8/2014 ■

### **Success she was**

Success was she who embowered under my  
delicious shadow

Who with few pats on drum, shows her  
beautiful meadows

Where nothing in this life, this universe  
equals that blessing

When both lovers were busy in handling  
a shower of kissing

■ 10/8/2014 ■



### **Stubbornness kills wisdom**

It is very true that stubbornness may, in us, kill  
wisdom

For when you are stubborn, you have a paralyzed  
mind

The Arabs said: when wise, you possess every  
kingdom

When stubborn: glow and decease are in conflict  
lined!

■ 23/8/2014 ■

### **'Terrorism' (2)**

It is a word not to be found in the eastern  
dictionary

It is a word that every reactionary embraces  
in hurry

It is a word strange, heavy to utter in our pure  
throat

It is never ours, it is theirs to trap the ill-will  
to do a lot.

■ 24/2/2015 ■

### **She was going**

She was going to adjust everything for a sleep  
Jack was ready to settle in, on her page to peep  
When a person disturbed them, a keeper of sheep  
He annoyed, prevented them from going in to leap!

■ 10/8/2014 ■

### **Oh moon's face**

O moon, I was going to assimilate your face  
to my beloved face  
Now I am watching you at dawn descending  
towards the sea  
In the same sitting the sun rose from the east  
tracing your grace  
The sun erases your face, in the sun, my  
beloved face, I see!

■ 11/8/2014 ■

### **Since everyone is to go!**

Since everyone is to go and to bow  
How do you pride over others, how?  
The road before you all is one road

You can't deviate from such a load!

■ 24/1/2016 ■

### **She lames**

*She walks, lames terribly, she lames*

*She lames, but whom she blames?*

*She lames leaning on her sticks*

*That she holds and she ever picks*

*Leaning on her left side but lame*

*She fights the distance, she has a name*

*She fights the air, the road and the sun*

*The heat, the windy rain and everyone*

*She lames for she lost the rule of games*

*She lames among people, lovers of names*

*She lames walking to her destination*

*Whom to blame for brittle is her station!*

*She lames among people who do not*

*Lame, who looks in sympathy or may not*

*She blames no body but the responsible fate*

*Who draws he life's lines and blocks her gate*

*She does not want to lame, she has no mate*

*Laming, leaning, creeping but she got late!*

To reach her goal, her goal has no gate  
She does not care, she does not dare  
To ask us, to make us, her to share!  
We cannot share her lame  
For it is her only frame,  
Her only game  
Is to lame.

■ 15/8/2014 ■

### **Thy whole**

Thy whole dear D. ascribes me to my tortured  
whole  
But thy being a dove ascribes me to my beautiful  
goal  
Thy whole ascribes me of my whole as you are  
around  
If you are lost, God forbids, who can then be  
found?

■ 18/9/2014 ■

### **A scuttle of fatal sins**

Here your life man is merely a scuttle of fatal sins  
A wisp of hay, a canteen of decease and gray lens

It is no use flipping the heavy papers of the past  
Then at its door you, as a mendicant, you are lost!

■ 24/8/2014 ■

### **Life's files**

Life is hard: you spend your time jumping from  
file to file

For that you are compelled to cross life mile after  
mile!

The best file you endeavor to achieve is the file  
of love

When you find yourself between the arms of your  
dove

■ 25/8/2014 ■

### **To my dove**

I wait for your letter as a child for his mother  
waits

And I am eager to thy lines as the hungry to his  
plates

Neither I need food nor milk, I seek to see thy  
face

That gives me, among the tumult of life, all the  
grace.

■ 30/8/2014 ■

### **The way to know God**

The shortest way to know God is the depth of  
the universe

It is to contemplate into His creation, here Him  
you thank

If you turn your back, tolerate life from worse  
to worse

Follow the right path but do not sink as those  
who sank!

■ 4/9/2014 ■

### **It is a journey!**

It is a journey to an abyss or an asylum or to a  
haven!

I do not think so since it is insulted under a silly  
raven

A journey of life into an abyss of bones, into dead  
worms

A journey of multi-faces full of frauds: hypocritical  
forms!

■ 17/9/2014 ■

### **A blue scarf**

Oh, beauty in thy dark blue scarf  
Oh dear beauty, o dear my second half  
It reflects thy white childish face  
The thing that I grew just to embrace.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **If everyone**

If every one of us does a favor has fear  
That his favor may alter into evil deed  
None of us would do a favor through life  
No, my son, proceed in thy virtuous deed.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **They say**

They say that the wealthy person is the one  
Vulnerable for respect and camel is the poor  
A scabby one, all try to avoid, be away from him

But I say nay, his moral and kindness on us pour.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **I protect myself**

I protect myself with wisdom and with tender mind  
Not a killer, but a good word can restore a criminal  
To his right way. For nothing can prevent the wolf  
Of bloodshed but force, he is bloody for being animal  
Deprived of mind bless, but man was given the mind  
Just to use it, not to throw it behind our heavy backs.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **How many people**

How many people, the devil led them to crime?  
But when Allah guided them, they got rid of fault  
And become good ones, for you cannot hide the sun  
Behind the shadow of thy finger, you cannot halt

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **In this life**

In this life the capital of man is but his good  
deed



And people's love to him, for the wise hears  
his mind  
Not his heart, for the wise knows where his  
limits are  
And there he stops, the unwise nothing can  
he find.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **The Arabs said**

The ground ever whispers with dangerous  
tales  
The tales of man the matter much he or she  
Hails.

■ 22/5/2016 ■

### **Man**

Man is ever overturns with death all the  
time  
How if he stands on its shores, how would  
he be?

■ 12/8/2017 ■

### **What is distend!**

*What is distend is written on us as fate  
Never ever we escape what is written!*

■ **3/7/2015** ■

### **If**

*If every barking dog, will be belt with a  
stone  
All stones will be finished, and dogs are  
not gone.*

■ **18/9/2015** ■

### **A stranger**

*A stranger, dear, should be polite ever  
Otherwise he values no torn sheet-cover*

■ **5/9/2016** ■

### **Night**

*Night is the clothes of the whole earth  
That hides our shame clothes cover!*

■ **4/4/2016** ■

### **Trust**

Being on the top of the tripe  
Is not something to show off,  
It is but a heavy duty to do!  
Who encircling all with trust.

■ 26/7/2015 ■

### **Darkness**

Darkness takes from the night its share  
You still with no shade under its candle.

■ 19/6/2016 ■

### **If the ear**

If the eye deceives and the ear is deaf  
What then your position among us be?

■ 2/8/2016 ■

### **Men's breath**

Men's breath revives the other men  
If their arms together hold rocky den

■ 19/6/2016 ■

### **What a sweet death**

*What a sweet death when its bitterness  
Is its ardency that has no consultation*

■ 22/7/2016 ■

### **I fear death**

*I fear death' pain and disdain  
That puts us in vain and pain.*

■ 2/5/2016 ■

### **Will enforce you**

*What empowers you is his face to your  
face  
And what is in him is in you, both give  
grace.*

■ 17/9/2015 ■

### **Tyrant's blood**

*You will never be in unless we smell the  
tyrant's  
Blood mixed with our men's soles in the  
field.*

■ 1/2/2017 ■

### **My fear**

Oh my fear of few minutes stealing him  
away

From my sick heart, the heart enjoying  
his sickness

■ 1/1/2016 ■

### **Patience**

Patience is a key that needs a strong  
hand and strong

To open its box and I do not think that  
your hand is tender

■ 5/5/2015 ■

### **Oh**

Oh God, strengthen the heart of men  
worriers

Let not their horse flinch, throw not in  
their way wails

■ 2/9/2016 ■

### **The eye**

What a beautiful death when you meet  
The eye of the lover cares much, ever cares  
For the sake of our right, and of our dignity

■ 16/7/2015 ■

### **The Arabs said**

The hand that gives is sure far better  
Than the hands that take and shiver.

■ 5/5/2016 ■

### **Wealth**

Wealth is life's dirtiness: we do not  
promote  
Our wealth is our reputation good  
among Arabs.

■ 3/8/2015 ■

### **Physician**

Physician, you're the biggest pleasure when  
you remove

Our pains, or cure a patient of his painful  
disease.

■ 9/7/2016 ■

### **A mountain**

A mountain with a mountain does  
not meet

But man with man can meet since  
he has feet

■ 2/2/2015 ■

### **I am a tree**

I am a tree never shaken by love  
But a day is coming when you are  
Shaken by, for love is man destiny  
He who does not know its meaning  
Knows nothing about life's meaning!

■ 8/8/2015 ■

### **Man spends**

Man spends his life learning where science  
is a sea

You can see its beginning but never reach  
its end.

■ 11/4/2015 ■

### **I am finished**

I am finished, and the sun of my life deviates  
Towards its west, days are countable, o mates

■ 30/12/2015 ■

### **He cured himself**

He cured himself but recovery is in the  
hand of God

You did not forget us when we were in  
pain and now

We do not forget your family in your  
approaching end.

■ 8/11/2017 ■

### **Love**

Love does not distinguish between rich  
and poor



When we love we love out of our wishes,  
that is sure

■ 17/7/2015 ■

### **The Arabs**

The Arabs always enjoy the morning  
breeze

And evening breezes that cure their  
disease

■ 28/4/2016 ■

### **Now you are**

Now you are in your young age, youth  
is a season

For love, and the Platonic love is not a  
shame, never

■ 15/6/2014 ■

### **Poverty**

Poverty is a cloth of fire, unbearable to  
wear

I am fed up of it, poverty that I cannot  
bear!

■ 12/12/2015 ■

### **Poverty (2)**

Poverty is never counted as a shame  
And wealth is not the beauty of man.  
But man's beauty is in his soft moral.

■ 14/3/2016 ■

### **Physician**

Physician career makes me the wealthiest man  
I have never run behind wealth, as others ran!  
Had I done the same as they did- throwing away  
My conscience, I would have been rich, I say!

■ 7/8/2015 ■

### **My son**

My son. Physician is a golden river of wisdom  
Physician is the mercy of God, granted to us all  
To cure man it is, but He never say: hoard money  
On the account of paining people and never at all.

My son, cure the rich of what suits you, never add  
And cure the poor for the face of God, face of God

■ 6/8/2015 ■

### **The Lupine Seller**

He calls life to come, if it comes flowering!  
But it comes joyously turning its ugly back,  
He calls in this eve to sell his soaked lupine  
But life's worries are heavier than his sack.

I stopped him to buy in a cold chilly evening  
He complained of the pain in his worn teeth  
His more pain if he does not sell his goods!  
If unable to sell here, does it fit going to heath!

He carries, along with his staff, life's two pains  
The one of them is bitterer than the other,  
I left him and his voice filling the atmosphere  
Whom should he blame, he blames his mother!

■ 4/1/2014 ■

### **What**

What can tame and quench a vanquishing in me?  
It was deep furrows from my colleagues at work  
They flex time as they wish although it is so hard!  
It is a way before me I do not know to which fork?

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **What I fear?**

What I fear most, is the invasion of heart-  
attack  
For I am carrying the world in a torn rusty  
sack!  
But how can I consume the shock but by  
kindness?  
That will shine the murky way before tar  
blindness.

■ 9/8/2015 ■

### **Man!**

Where are you going to reach on this beach?  
Did you ever think of the safety of your reach?  
Never, I say on thy tongue, blinds you its hilarity!

Blocks your mind the ambiguity of its infinity!

■ 30/9/2015 ■

### **What is that crystal?**

Only beside that white velvet crystal trunk  
A man can stretch his branch for being sunk  
For in that canyon life nourishes its meaning  
As you face the beauty and hers to the ceiling.

■ 23/1/2016 ■

### **The searching men**

They search for the door, for lost is the door  
Here could be the door of Palestine and shore  
Men went down piercing the earth from beneath  
To overlook the whole land, the Palestinian heath.

■ 30/1/2016 ■

### **Seven martyrs**

Yesterday was a funeral procession of seven  
martyrs  
Who cleaved the land from beneath the enemy's  
stand

On the point where to start from for the next  
mission,  
But the land betrayed them, it was the enemy's  
hand.

■ 30/1/2016 ■

### **The soul of my soul**

Blame me not if I address you as the soul of soul  
For your beauty and young age equal the whole  
It is an oriental love that spreads under your feet  
Let us ladle from this well, the best of love to eat.

■ 31/1/2016 ■

### **Innocent they were**

They never approached the deadly and the  
forbidden,  
For they knew where the demand of life be  
hidden  
You could honey thy ear and mind of their  
speech  
I lived such an ecstasy, a delight but how to  
reach!

■ 31/1/2016 ■

### **Never heard**

I've never heard a tune like the sound of your  
voice

I decided, if you agree, to be the best of my  
choice

A voice never be found in humanity, east and  
west

I wish to achieve but thy whole, you know the  
rest.

■ 31/1/2016 ■

### **Oh beloved**

A. time is my enemy, and your young hood!

You are mine and I know what do I should\*

If this gap is not wide between two hearts

Oh, death, come if she, my beloved, departs.

\*It should be: What should I..., but the  
inversion comes for a poetical purpose

■ 31/1/2016 ■

### **What an easy word!**

Most of the time we hear, he died or she!  
We cohabit with the word, of us it becomes  
Under its shadow we lurch the rest of life  
Where we wish to stick to a tree of gums.

■ 2/2/2016 ■

### **He only can**

Man, if you go into life to the end  
You find it all vacuum but of wind  
The heaviest creature on it is man  
Who fills it with sins, he only can!

■ 2/2/2016 ■

### **Hypocrisy**

They debate loudly for a dry torn skin  
Swindling each other, they try to win  
Even their winning all trifling things!  
Every one of his opponent's song sings.

■ 2/2/2016 ■



### **To our fellow**

Our university fellow, in Gaza, is sick there  
And since we know that he is among the Fair  
None of us visited him, or be in his pain-share  
None visited him to elevate his pain, or share.

Timidly looking at the falling, we do not dare!  
My lady, look at us, how of goodness we bare!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **Deteriorated the place is!**

What is more deteriorated place than this?  
Where you have to settle, forcefully, gone!  
And be foisted in harshly, just to disappear  
And there you alone lie unable even to run.

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **A deteriorated place**

None has ever come to give his report  
Therefore how can we judge the place?  
It may be a garden in heaven to enjoy  
It is according to your virtuous grace.

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **To anchor**

To anchor there at thy port, dense with sharks  
A shore but where a person, his heart, parks  
Why has time become an obstacle in this life?  
Lest a good person should, once, have a wife!!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **When the moon**

When the moon stood at his velvet cozy gate,  
I found that my tongue was in unsolvable knot  
Why is that? Is it because time drew my fate?  
Leave away all the years that, once, me shot!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **You are the signs**

You are the signs of God, His signs on earth  
Thy heart and thy soul, I believe, all, I worth,  
The whole universe, could you, could swindle  
My admirations to you is never ever dwindle!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **I am listening**

I am listening to Abdul-Baset voice reciting Koran

I am soaring with him to zenith of the sky, so high  
You cannot imagine the depth of belief, I hold!  
It is Islam with which I am boasting until I die!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **They lose**

Those who have no reciter like my beloved one  
Lose not only love here but also in the here after  
Thanks, Allah, you created me a good believer  
In thy entity as a whole nothing before and after.

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **My lady**

My lady, I am in my bit land that is beside yours  
A stream of love gushing down into yours, pours  
Non in this universe has, to you, an equal respect  
This person all time trying your picture to depict.

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **Rich I am**

Rich I am in my belief, and in seeing your face  
Which is to me ever a source of a whole grace!  
Never deprive me of this garden, scent to pluck

Where from a person can wet love but only suck.

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **Time is seen**

Time is seen, who said that it is not seen?  
Look at my face, look at his face and hers  
You'll find the effect of time with big shares  
We are the silly victims before its soldiers.

■ 3/1/2017 ■

### **What man gathers?**

What man gathers is gone in a minute  
So what he gathers is not his, but a shirt  
That he wears and a morsel he swallows  
The rest is not his, it belongs to life's dirt!

■ 3/1/2017 ■

### **The dead**

You the dead, what is that horning the sky?  
Did you know that life was just a big, big lie?  
Since it was given and taken: leave us beneath  
A pile of stone damp, brittle into this large heath!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **What can?**

What can thy high head-stone do? Can it do?  
Its highness equals a much torn and dry shoe  
You are nothing there, thy stone sniffs the air  
Have you realized now: you have gone bare!

■ 3/2/2016 ■

### **Hemingway the novelist**

Are you, Hemingway, the one who overwhelms  
our ears?  
With the humming teaching of patience and  
fortitude?  
Why were you defeated, unlike your heroes,  
what fears!  
That you suicide leaving your teachings, what  
an attitude!

■ 2/3/2016 ■

### **Put off**

Put off thy haughtiness, for thy dwelling is  
beneath!  
Life's tumult and glamor, its sword never in  
sheath,

Instead of asking the increase of the sinned  
deeds  
Furniture a grave beneath, sow the virtuous  
seeds.

■ 3/2/2015 ■

### **The kingdom of waste**

The inhabitants of that kingdom are ugly  
They welcome every kind of oppressions  
To wrong others, they are ever in sessions  
How to dominate, how to humiliate a plate.

The king of that country lives in hallucination  
He blesses his subjects' deeds, blind to the end  
He is blind, deaf and unable to sniff the wind  
A kingdom and subjects are digging their decay.

■ 26/11/2005 ■

### **The one who stays**

The one who will, here, stay  
Is the one will have to pay  
The one who pays will gain  
What on the land will remain?

All his deeds- his olive trees  
Kissing the land in the breeze.  
The one who will stay here  
The one who will grow dear  
The one who feeds on mallow  
Will mock the weaker, shallow.

The one who stays, feeds on thyme  
Will mock the weak through rhyme.  
The one who will stay will suck mint  
And sage fragrance, it won't be sent  
To them those who will depart away  
With the piled skulls in sacks one day.

For right is connected to His name  
Who distributes only fair and fame.

■ **Friday, 7/2/2003** ■

### **The pig**

It sounds strange dear that a university  
has a pig!  
For he is in the habit: behind his fellows  
has to dig,

The university has a pig, the pig is in his  
pink color  
Called a pig, for he lost the remnant of  
his honor!

The pig stood against any progress and  
or welfare  
The pig is old enough now that he does  
not dare  
He took off the clothes of sympathy and  
kindness  
That he behaved, as I saw him, pride of  
madness!

The pig is a retired mass now; he is in his  
dirty pen  
Kicked out for his mates do not tolerate  
his noisy din.

■ 7/8/2012 ■



### **The pink fawn**

I saw today beauty goes in appeal  
Asking Jehan, a Tunisian creature  
To grant it from her own beauty,  
For she owns the beauty's seal.

I have never ever seen her alike  
Or an equal to her tender kingdom  
I've never seen such a shining face  
Ay, I have never seen her alike.

Say whatever you like on her  
You won't find her realm here  
If you try to find her among us  
You're mistaken for she is fair!

You roam the seven seas and earth  
You won't find a female like Jehan!  
For she dwells in that green land  
She is man's beauty and his hearth.

■ **23/3/2004** ■

**To Robert, the American writer who  
committed suicide**

What do you want more than what you  
have wanted?

You have spent a life of a hunt-man, but  
now hunted!

What ail thee to accelerate your untimely  
sever death?

What ail thee to substitute beauty of life  
with no health?

What ail thee to get rid of holy life, Allah  
granted to you?

What ail thee to submit to mind diseased,  
what to do?

You threw yourself, unflinching from the  
tenth floor!

For you spent your life blind knowing not  
life's door!

For life needs a smart one to lead rightly its  
dim ways

Robert! You did not distinguish life's night  
from days

So this is the way of those who are opened-  
eyed, yet blind!  
Blind of vision and sight, astray to truth,  
astray to find,  
In doing so, you man succumbed to devil  
and to his will  
At the fork of life's road you failed the way,  
but this is hell.

■ 14/1/2014 ■

### **The polar bears**

The polar bears have come my son  
Hand in hand with European tramps  
Into the land of the poor Squire!  
For the weather here is fine!  
For everyone they created a line.  
They lit their way with olive's oil  
But every time they find skulls  
The skulls that terrify them  
But the foster mother keeps them  
In her lap with lullaby after lullaby.

Tell them my son, the wide white land  
Is better for them, for their remains  
The soil is booked and every ventilator  
Is blocked lest they should once look.

But if they go, my son, very now  
They may keep their skins safe  
If they do not my son go in time  
They may have their skins flayed  
For they do not know how a person  
Can be respected or can he be obeyed.

It is good, my son, for the polar bear  
To search for a prey in the white land  
Not in the gray red and deep muddy  
For this land is ours, it is not theirs  
Nor to their notorious guests strangers  
Who accompanied them from the west  
For here is not a place for their boons  
We do not receive gluttonous guests  
No more guests they are but looters  
They never deserve a place for bones?  
But it seems that they do not want  
To move kindly and satisfied

They drive towards the other probability  
The probability of exterminating them  
From the root, as they came for the  
Same purpose, but our roots are so deep  
To uproot them easily, that is the root  
That is the root my son  
That is the root my son  
That is our root my son!

■ 23/2/2000 ■

### **The pride of brides**

Let my beautiful bride be my pride  
Let me hide her from the world, wide  
Bless her steps towards her new nest  
And her paces towards her man, best.  
I'll open the world for her new advent  
Hand in hand, lavender smell she sent.  
Widen the gate, receive us at this gate,  
For how long my bride I had to wait?  
Let us both tread wherever we like  
For treading here and there is alike.  
She reached her new room the warm  
She reached her house in my farm.

Shut the gate, please, my loved ones  
Shut the windows, for my heart runs  
Shut everything, till the striking sun  
Awakes us, and my sons one by one.  
Let all come to congratulate me in her  
Let all witness how my beloved is fair.  
How did you, critic, find my late fun?  
Could you visualize this? Or you run.

How can I resist a rebel head of me?  
Since it sings of her name, it is to be!  
Feelings flow in flood, but abundantly  
They've their nest, it's not accidentally  
Is it silliness to have such a late heart?  
Which is fully busy erecting a new cart  
I drive the cart but Ab. is my passenger  
I, fast, go with it away from any danger.  
A thing imposed on by that lovely part  
That part which has every kind of art,  
Vacuum the world, get to another field  
We're Adam and Eve, Ab. is the shield.

■ 25/4/2005 ■

### **The project**

The national basket cuts your back  
When you emptied it into your sack,  
The sack which is a gluttonous one  
For which, Sir, you have sold a son!

The paint you use is so faint, so shallow  
The fair you pretend is so fake to follow!  
We read the goal of thy shameful advent.  
You stupid, our intelligence is not spent  
The highly sophisticated technology of today  
Left you behind, as everyone knows the play.

Trim not the plant you insist but to grow  
Leave it to wither or rub it against thy brow  
Otherwise the bullets will rule and prevail  
Where there will be no outlet for you to sail.

■ 16/3/2001 ■

### **The queen of the place**

You'll give your life for a touch of her face  
For a touch of her, to handle her shoe lace.  
For you are the only crown of human race

You're the distributor on women, the grace  
Stand among all as the queen at your place  
To entice men, to your love, you enhance.  
You'd swap, for heaven, listening to her voice  
If you were given the alternation and a choice.

■ 6/2/2005 ■

### **The rain that washes**

The rain that washes all things  
Is unable to wash man's sins-  
His pride which never him wins  
But into the hell, him brings.

The wind that blows very well  
Couldn't blow out man's pride  
Nor reminds him of them- died!  
I wonder- he embraces the hell!  
Awake man awake, be responsible,  
Praise be to the One the irresistible.

■ 18/2/2000 ■



### **The remains of an empire**

Would you like to retaliate?

Or would you like to wait?

If you wait, is he the Godot?

Do you wear your fate, inscribe a dot

Does the whole Empire imagine the past?

Does the whole nation ignore so fast?

Are you hyenazed, like us, in the west?

We are made to wear time as the best

Will you retaliate the factual delusion?

Or you accept the defeat as the conclusion!

■ 31/12/2001 ■

### **The resounding news-(an elegy)**

A resounding news came from the West Bank

The news announced that: the great ship sank,

The news came resounding, it came at eleven

To say that her soul has risen across the seven.

But the benevolent lady this very day has gone

Under the shade of her virtuous deeds we run,

From Gaza here, to the world from Gaza shores  
The news sailed to knock sadly on human doors.

Mother, we are not worried, for your kind deeds  
Left a stamp on all, everyone feels it and reads  
Thursday, the first day of the Hijra calendar year  
Was your day of an angelic departure of no fear?

Ever supplicants for Allah's mercy to be upon all  
For your obedience was her target, and her goal,  
She left this world, heavy-loaded of a virtuous gear  
Mother, make room for us, we're following my dear.

■ **Thursday, 10/2/2005** ■

### **The rifle of Ayoon (6)**

You man, would you lend me your rifle?  
Can I pass by, and my cup you fill, fill?  
Was it, as they said, an old rifle dear?  
Would you place it, for purgation, here?  
You Palestinians, break not his sleep,  
Demurely pass by and never at him peep  
For he has an early job to do, a job to do!  
The job is among the foe, among the foe

The job is there at Ayoon among mounts  
There his job, hark! His horse he mounts.

In yon hollow vales who could him emulate?  
To martyrdom! But it came too late, too late!  
You puzzled us, why did you leave it there?  
It is your job dear! Perhaps it is fair, it is fair!  
So, we ever owe you our souls, all our souls,  
Inscribe his picture on million walls, walls!

■ **Saturday, 23/3/2002** ■

### **The roomy well**

The roomy well can still consume  
If my pail is in, pouring to resume  
I am ready to have the wasp's fig  
For it is sweeter than any one big.

If I have, in this soft garden, a shade  
Even after the other's righteous wade.  
I've seen the owner of the little fawn,  
After satiated himself, he came down.

If the other leaves that sweet fruit  
And leave me the way and the route,  
I'll handle the task, the lovely task  
I'll perform the job, other won't ask.

I'll irrigate the fig tree to be so green  
I'll leave her with eagerness and keen  
To conjure me to the same workshop  
She'll enjoy the greenness of my drop.

The garden is that- beautiful Ghadeer  
The garden seems mine as all appear  
Ah, the roomy well can still consume  
If my pail is in, in pouring to resume.

■ **10/9/2004 Friday** ■

### **The rope of hope**

But the idea of our hope  
Works if tied to His rope!  
Hope only works in His face  
Where you see eternal place,

The poor looks at your wealth  
As you look losing your health  
You gain both when you give  
Give the poor, know how to live.

■ 3/5/2001 ■

### **The ruling cripples!**

Deterioration doubled makes deteriorations  
Funeral follows funeral to the graveyard  
A time never passed so hard, so hard!  
While these cripples ruling over the nations

On this day, the sixteenth of December  
Palestinian funeral succeeds each other  
Brothers are unable to assist the brother  
What an Eid day! What to remember?

The child is crying in front of the vehicle  
Crying the loss of his father, the dead,  
Cripple rulers, but nothing to be said!  
Surrounding us, dead but with no vehicle!

Oh! An age of deterioration, witness now  
Witness against these ruling cripples  
Who pass through history, scribbles,  
Ay history would you for Palestinians bow!

For others are nations ruled by cripple ones  
Even the young ruling clay class  
Is cripple, unable to hold a glass!  
Scared from a white shadow, dashing sons.

Write history, register, bravely write down  
That this age is the age of the ruling fawn!

■ 16/12/2001 ■

### **To the summit conference of 2000**

“Damn you!” Everyone says  
Cockroaches scattered into hays  
Great gathering, gathering of foams  
Of spider’s webs building your homes  
In the deep corners of this world  
We are awaiting you being sold  
While others surely laugh at you.

You do not know who knows who!  
Paralyzed, stunned even to speak  
Everyone runs in to his own freak  
Plague! Disaster which we live in  
Professional only committing a sin.

There, fifty-six stickless shepherds!  
Are unable to defend against leopards.  
They, in a huge decorated hall,  
Are all scattered without a goal,  
Terrified, horrified in this way  
Dumbs, so dumb! What to say.

For the masters are lurking there  
With a stick if they utter any fair  
Conferring there in a worldly display  
Of suits, of cloaks, but what to say!

Go, hide, lest the children's stone  
Should strike you, awake for it is dawn,  
Shame on you, on you, we fight with slings:  
"Dance round your rusty weapons" she sings.

■ 13/11/2000 ■

### **The saddle is mine**

If that mass heavy, one day, lie deep down  
And under the ground goes its color brown  
And the embroidered saddle is left behind  
For me to sip fragrance that cure the blind,  
The saddle is mine, cozy, not devoid of life,  
Its desert is not tonsured but leaves in rife,  
Its utter isolation is cool and wet, not wild  
Its parched land is encumbered with a child  
I sow my seeds into thy youthful exuberance  
And await a bumper harvest and its entrance  
Then sprawl into thy shade on a searing day  
Into my bower, under thy dribbling tiny bay  
I say: 'here I am overflowing with pleasure'  
For Nada is my everlasting blessing treasure.

■ 11/4/2007 ■

### **The same gang**

Our superciliousness, prophet, is all lost  
Nonchalance, instead, prevails and settles  
We have nothing, even a bunch of nettles  
To thrive on is dear, harsh is our ugly host.



Prophet, as usual, nothing has been changed  
We, every day, go back many steps and steps;  
We are being abused by the world's large lips  
A trap, but traps are fixed to us and arranged.

The same wicked gang of your critical days  
Is still, but today they are able to prevent air  
From us; from your nation large everywhere!  
Your nation is a gaped, stunned and in gaze!

This morning I am writing among shelling  
Of the gang, they dam all channels and ways  
Before us in Palestine! What terrible days!  
Our relatives, to them cheaply, are us selling.

Selling cheaply to the same wicked dirty gang,  
Our relatives are unable to open their eye-lids  
And unable to raise, for fear of them, the heads  
The nations, before us, every door they bang.

For the gang orders, and the rest of us obeys  
And we, in complete servitude and slavery, are

Our relatives escape the battle-field, they are far;  
We all are to the meadow, we are all to graze!

■ 10/4/2006- 12, *Rabia(I)* 1427 ■

### **The Saraya of Nablus**

Tell me then  
Who is the one  
Who allows his own symbol  
Symbol of veneration  
Symbol of esteem  
To be demolished  
In front of his eyes?  
If he says I don't know  
He is a liar, he lies!  
Is he but an undignified!  
He lies saying: 'it is not mine'  
He is of a so timid line,  
He has no zeal,  
He has nothing to feel,  
Has no dignity or zeal.

Yon, there on the foot  
Of Gerizim the mount

Lies Saraya building.  
A century has passed  
And the building is still  
    Horning the time  
    With no boredom  
    With no weariness  
Horning indefatigably  
    Till the mean came  
    On a foot lame,  
    But has no name!  
Oh builder of this fort  
    Don't you feel shy!  
Don't you make the lie?  
Have you forlorn your dignity  
    To this mean race?  
    Which has no grace!  
Or you are one of them  
    In the same place!  
It is an English building,  
    It appealed for aid,  
But found no intrepidity

2

No bravery in you,  
Why don't you care?  
For your identity  
For your race?  
Do you lose the grace?  
Ay Government of England  
Don't you care  
For those who penetrate  
Into your dignity,  
Into your state,  
Into your estate!  
And demolish all  
As if it is your goal!  
In front of your eyes  
Even with no cries!  
Then what great lies  
You export to others.  
You lost your weight  
If there is any!  
Can you rise again  
And prosecute

Those who did it?  
In the clear of the day  
Without flinching from you  
Without any account to you  
Who are you then, who?  
Once you were dignified:  
No ant could once hide  
From your weight  
Which was so heavy  
But now it seems light  
If there is any!  
Can you rise again?  
And prosecute  
Those who did it?  
Or the heavy load  
Cuts the back of the camel?  
Which will remain in prostration  
With no sensation!!  
With no jealousy to a building  
He erected once when he was a man  
When he was dignified  
Ay! You the English listeners

Peep if have the power to peep  
Into a narrow hole to see  
What is done to your castle?  
Castle of your once a glory  
If you cannot peep now  
Burry yourself and ever be in bow  
Ever be in bow  
And ever be in bow  
And ever be in bow

■ **Friday - 30/8/2002** ■

### **The Savage Is Bombarding!**

Have you ever seen such a savage!?  
Savage, savage to the depth of word  
Savage they are! It is not a courage!  
Your nation's attitude is so deplored!

With no avail difference in the weapon  
The believers face the savage's resentment  
The snow-hearted have to face the baboon  
Whose relation with hypocrite, they cement

Savage, savage he is shamelessly dehumanized!  
Savage alliance with every hypocritical prince,  
The savage bridled them, they aren't surprised!  
But the victorious is the alliance of Providence.

■ 27/10/2001 ■

### **The Secretary General of the United Nations**

Did you come to legalize the built wall?  
Did you come Anan from the UN hall?  
The hall of tyranny behind these far seas.  
Did you come to make us pay the fees?  
And come the whole way to compensate  
Us; for you gave our land in a silver plate.  
You can see, but you prefer to be blind!  
You embrace tyranny with working mind,  
Represent the so called: the United Nations  
Your nations dive into tyrannous oceans.  
You know, they know, even brutes know  
A tyrannous unity you lead, lies you grow.  
How hypocrite you and your offices are!  
You only know to facilitate for your calf,

Hypocrisy and fraud, you divide half, half  
You and your paralyzed nations aren't able  
To dismiss a strange calf out of your stable;  
You rather admitted the calf into your pen  
He became the cock among many a hen!  
Your glutinous calf abides in others' field  
It has become a giant with a strong shield.  
You Secretary General of this false unity  
We won't be merciful, or show any pity

And you the new secretary Ban Ki- Moon  
You walked on the same route of lying soon  
You admitted the calf and the caws in thy lane  
You stood enjoying the oppressed loss and pain  
You knew the Palestinian land was stolen  
By your alike in the west who too have fallen  
Into an abyss of oppression in the day light  
Turning your back to those who for right fight  
Where all became paralyzed but to admit  
That calf who now with big horns, there to sit.

That he has become an ox, but so a mature ox  
More cunning than a million of oxen and a fox



Realizing not that we are growing into power  
And one day we are going all calves to shower,  
And our knives are sharp for an ox and the fox  
We are coming to snatch our right, to gnaw rocks.

We did beware you and the one who will come  
Not to dance on the tune of hypocrisy and drum  
When the day comes we will slaughter them all  
Our land is our crown, our lost land is our goal  
We will cut the throats of all calves who doesn't fit  
And throw meat to dogs, for a heap of flesh we bet.

■ 15/3/2016 ■

### **The set back of 1948**

Should we blame the Indians for our setback!  
You are to blame and you had once the lack!  
It was the kings of the time who were mastered  
By their lords who dragged to us every bastard,  
But now we are alone, all alone are suffering  
Forced to pay the ransom of dignity's offering  
Offering its remains with no shame or care!  
Offering it on their altars with a whole dare!

It was them who deceived our case  
And who agreed to be low and base  
Yes it was them who embraced an image  
Of mirage which deceived their courage.  
Sit there at your foddors with pleasure,  
We are to restore Palestine the treasure!

■ 15/5/2001 ■

### **Thank you readers**

You are the capital of my heart in the  
scope of love  
That is hovering over you readers in the  
sky above  
Having read my book and my poems the  
whole  
Your minds be lightened with sagacity of  
my goal

■ 18/2/2016 ■

**Professor Jamil Al-Asmar**

**Palestine**

**2017**

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