

The Book of Reflections

The Complete Works

Part I

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Nisreen



Nisreen

.....

O Nisreen, O princess on whose border
The flowers of periwinkle and basil sleep;
O pretty woman about whose departure
Coffee, its beans and the cups complain;
After your departure, I am looking for
Your blond hair and beautiful lips.
I am searching for the emperor
Who stole Nisreen from me.

.....

O most beautiful woman, if only you realized;
If only you kept loving my lines of poetry.
Where are you now?
I cannot find you in my exile,
Or between the great poets' lines
Or even in the volumes of verses.
So, tell me how I can find you.
I want to apologize for what I have done,

And to look for you in the years' calendar.

.....

You sank as a pearl in the depths of the gardens,

As French coffee beans in a cup of coffee.

So, tell me even with a fake message

In which ear of wheat you are hiding.

I travelled to all the fortunetellers

To ask where Nisreen was residing.

Aimlessly, I wandered the streets

In denial about the princess of basil's vanishing.

I searched for you in the records of the lovers,

Yet I found nothing but the lines of my sunset,

Clearly visible under my eyes.

.....

Who will wrap the cashmere shawl

Around your beautiful shoulders?

Who will kiss your soft hands

That are more precious than crowns?

O Nisreen, when you run through my mind,

I visualize you as a basin garden.

To me, you are greater than Solomon's kingdom

And more pleasant than the perfume of jasmine.

.....

The Longing of the Jasmine

.....

O beautiful flower of the North lilies,
O musk rose of the heaven and mountains,
O woman of fortresses and perfumes,
I performed ablution with the water of your love.
So, the fire of love in my bowels went out
And the flames died down.

.....

I have praised your name for forty years
Until my fingers got tired of writing.
I was stained with Nisreen's name,
And my woman forgot tons of love messages.
It was a love mounting the cloud of love
Before the watcher's scissors cut our love.

.....

How can I forget the pretty one
After I was stain with the rains of affection?
O lovers in the outer space,

O dwellers of the heaven,
Tell me for God's sake:
Can love in poetry and books be good
Without the mention of the beloved's name?

.....

Here I am, swimming in her ocean;
Kneading her breasts in the lines of love;
Refusing to give my books in marriage to another.

So, for God's sake tell me
How to reach this charming woman,
The close to me yet far away.

.....

Whenever I Recall Nisreen, I Weep

.....

Whenever I Recall Nisreen, I weep.
My poems, books, and the palm trees
Of Mesopotamia also cry with me.
Whenever I recall the calamity of love
I release my spirit into death, weep and groan,
Crying so greatly as if I were a child.

.....

Whenever I recall my love, I get thirsty
And so do the doves and poetry.
I cast myself on her yellow locks of hair,
But from her flours and her mention
I do not quench my thirst.

.....

Does her cup of coffee cry?
I wonder why I did not bow to her.
Was that because of pride or the flesh
Of false manhood I was clothed?
Was her love a mirage?
Or was I clothed with her powerful breasts?

Nisreen, my love, O lover's prayer,
O my undying love and the northern eyes,
After your departure, I greatly suffered.

.....

The tide surrounds me, so tell the sail
Of your beasts to mobilize the olive horizon.
Embrace my love, for had you been my fate
I would not have come to an end.

.....

O Nisreen, you are my past, present and future;
Your are the perfume of the North.
When I fall sick,
The perfume of your breasts is the cure.

.....

Four Barren Years

My sweetheart, come forward and end the thirties

With your white knees and red breasts

That are like a collar of basils.

Come forward, scatter the dust of the twenties,

And remove the curse you put on the forties.

I have reached the age of hopelessness,

So do not expect anything from me

Except that I will drop my name

From the list of the lovers.

.....

I have committed major sins and misdeeds

Because I loved the sun,

Abandoned the Masonic love,

Refused a bouquet of flours,

And opted for dying under the canopy

Of the leaves of the musk rose.

.....

Come forward with your womanliness,

And imitate the children in your love,

For the lip of my beloved one
Is dripping the fire of the garnet,
The pleasant taste of the sour lemon,
And the collars of henna and musk roses.

.....

O woman with frivolous breast,
Attractive, fancy perfume,
And legendary waist,
I implore the Most Merciful
That you do not travel.
Save me from my addiction
To the pills of Aspirin.

O my lady, my home and time executed me
And love destined that I'm a miserable lover.

So, O woman with conceited breasts,
Do not be a stab in my chest,
Like a severe stab of a spear.

.....

Brutal Words

.....

Out of the eagerness of a blackbird,

The yearning of a lover,

The groans of a lily,

.....

Out of the oppression of the musk rose,

The nectar of the violet,

And the hymns of the lyre;

.....

With the warmth of the jungles,

The love of the words,

And the hymns of a minaret -

I write my fiftieth book of verses,

Knead the oleander and musk rose in its lines,

Play like a child between your brutal fingers,

And walk up ivory stairs.

.....

Will the years pass by

And the legends of your waist go away?

Your barbaric breast runs through my mind,
As a crazy person glaring like a wheat ear.

.....

I let your red line manipulate me.
Your love looks like a devil's student, mincing.
I am wondering, my queen, who will collect
Your wandering breast after me?
Who will make it round and reshape it?
If I were not God's gift to you,
I am the best present to your virgin land.

Save Me from Death

.....

Come to me, Come to me

Get me out of death,

The yearning of the lover,

And the intoxication of wine.

Do not act haughtily,

Come and provoke the banner of longing,

For I am in a desperate need for you.

So, do not act proudly,

O child of the musk roses

And the perfume of the basil flowers.

.....

Come to me like the rain,

As an awakening and as a song.

Do not act haughtily like a peacock,

Dripping its feathers as a fire.

Carve me on your breast,

Like words engraved on a rock.

Knead on my mouth your childhood breast,

For nothing remains for me

Except to fall out of fear.

Before seeing you I was

A hungry man coming to naught.

.....

I will beg your pardon if you want,

But do not throw my rigid body

Between a cigarette smoke.

Love me away from Baghdad,

Away from the cities of fear and civilization.

Love me, for you are my pride and victory.

.....

Come to me, O forest of henna,

Come to me and split my mouth,

And write your enjoyment on my hand's lines,

For after you there is neither poetry nor stability.

.....

Come and chew the flesh of distances,

For my loves have no addresses,

And I do not know a home

But your eyes and the letter Nun;

I write them in my expatriation every night -

From the beginning of the right
To the end of the left.

.....

My novels and books died;
Everything after you died,
For you are the pearl
Of the gulfs and oceans,
And the blueness of the seas.
Come and knead me with your palm;
O my eastern woman, put and hide me
Somewhere in your hand,
For I have been fighting for years
On the records and books
To fill them with your name
And write about you,
Recording your victory over all women.

.....

Winter Messages

.....

You are bright in your white dress

Like a moon in the sky,

Lighting the ways of the stars.

Smilingly, my eyes shed tears

On your white body.

It is as though your bra

Is a man loving you passionately, like me;

His two hair parts have become weak,

And helplessly let your plot

Against him come to pass.

.....

O letter Nun, I love you,

Even if you cruelly kill me

With your poisonous dagger.

I like to fly, like the birds of October,

Through your powerful breast as a dove.

Your green love overwhelmed me,

And rarely I forget

The prevailing scent of musk rose.
I count in the ways of your breasts
The windows and the streets,
For one day you may be lenient,
Out of compassion,
Be lenient towards the one yearning for you.

.....

I Love You and the Rest are Mythical

.....

You sound is highly addictive,
Your womanliness is oppressive,
And your beauty is tyrannical.

So, how can I be blessed,
After you, with forgetfulness?

.....

Kissing you is like a prayer
With which I am blessed every day.
Your lips suckle the velvet love.
As for your white knee,
It breaks the womanliness of the worlds.

.....

I will build a temple
That I call the Nisreen temple,
And fill it with the images of basil and jasmine.
Your steps penetrate the way,
When you change your direction,

The garnet groans,
And glory forgets the knights' history.
I love you, and everything after my confession
Is mythical account that religions renounce.

.....



The Philosophy of Love

The Planet of Your Eyes

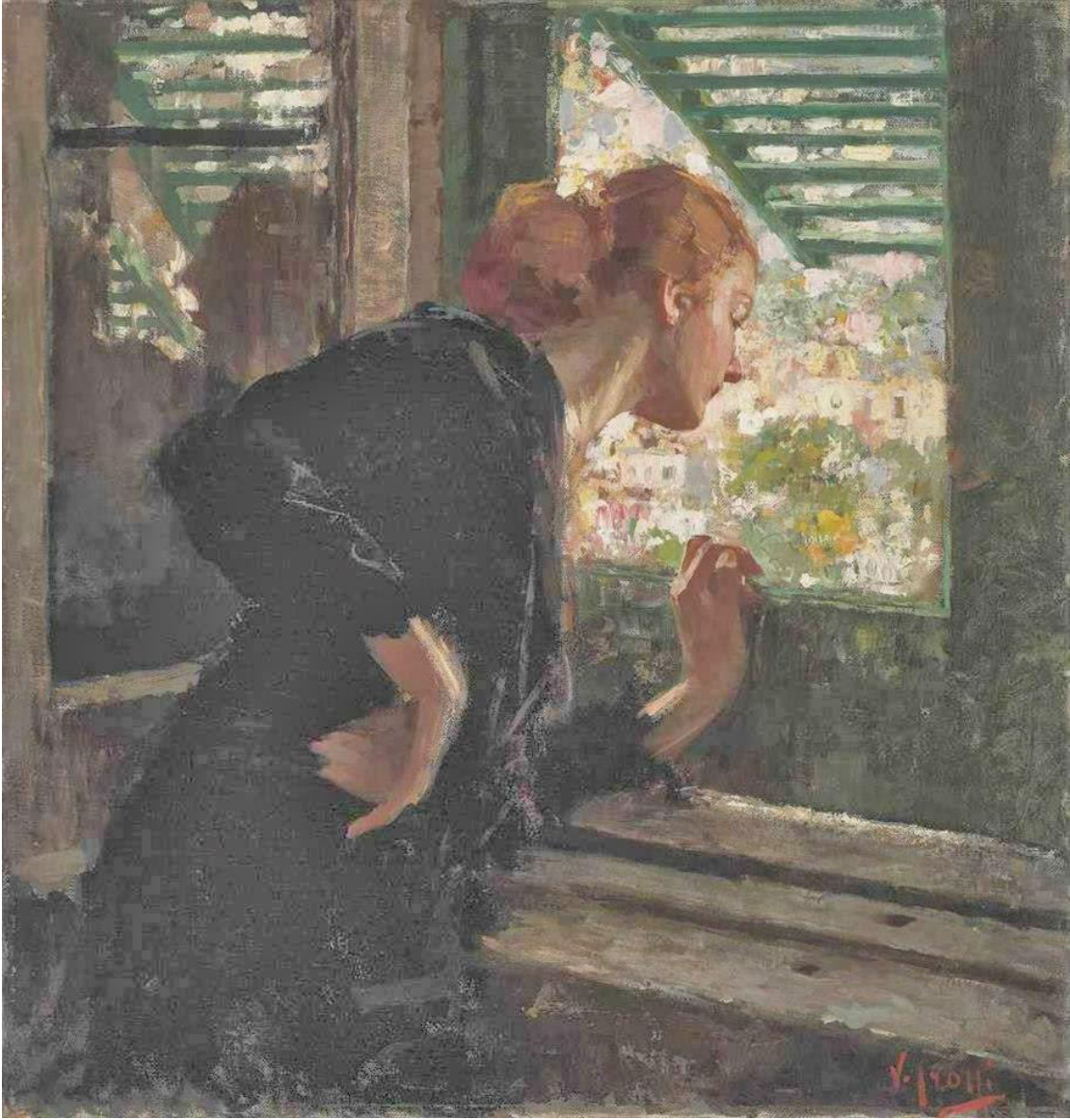
.....

Will I treat the injuries
And sleep on the forearm of love?
The company of my childhood
Has gone for good;
So, why are you wailing?
Your braided hair
Is far away from my mouth;
The letters are bare
Over the hills of your breasts,
And over the pains of the injuries.
O you who were like the bottle of wine
And the sound of a waft at night.

.....

Should I resign or should it be
The time to cleanse myself from this love?
O lazy canopy, come with your cooed dress,
And give me some of your breasts perfume.

.....



A Woman's Divorce

.....

Today, I recorded the Satan's victory
And each of us threw the papers and pens.

Her mellow sound came, wailing;

She said, 'He betrayed me.

Where did his faithfulness evaporate?
Accusing him is like a stab of a miserable dagger.

Today, I closed the door of love
And to him, my tongue could no longer utter love.

I was like a small bud, believing his words.'

The blood was pumped,

As a thunder, to his eyes.

I hate her when she cries, blames,
And asks fearfully, 'Did you betray me?'

She said, 'For plentiful nights I was like

The pearl of snow, embracing him.

He threw me as a toy,

And pursued his base desires.

From the river of my body,

He drank the wine of his sweet days.'

Does love accept what happened to us,
Recording our love memory in its books?
Let Satan cheer up with the cup of our separation,
And give the glad tiding of our failure to his assistants.

.....



Untitled Message

Under your feet I want
To make the aroma of sugar melt,
And to scatter the periwinkle and jasmine
On you, O my blond love.
I imagine the stars as grains of pearl
Under your red breast.
So, do not cover your curly hair
With the lemon juice and the ambergris,
And spread the words of love and adoration
So that the ashamed destiny may wake up
And apologize for separating us and hiding
In the locks of your glaring, blond hair.

.....



The Glasses

.....

Today, I have worn glasses
Along with my parted hair
To increase my brightness.
I thought about our love
And realized it was not at all love;
It was just revenge and quarrel.
O my companion in the cold, quiet night,
Will you not ask about my condition?
Our imaginations are discontent
And love plays with us.
Out of coldness, my eyes
Are yearning at the crossroad;
They are not sleepy out of warmth,
Rather, shivering like the drunks.
So, was your stubborn in love an arrogant act?
O My mirror, only you see me puzzled
About my grey, cooed hair.
I surrendered to a memory provoking

The waves of longing,
And wafting like the cooing of doves,
Music and cigarette smoke.

A Woman Claims to be cultured

.....

A woman claims she reads for me,
Scratching my poetic papers with her nails,
Destroying the meters and disclosing to others
That she loves the rocking of my words,
And loves my romance like
The crazy waves when they clash at the sea.
You are a liar like your breasts and April,
Whose dust is falling on my lifetime;
Like the bra hiding the crazy jealousy
And the colors of my burden.
You claim you are a female
When you read my lines,
But you are only a woman,
Putting herself in my way,
And tearing with her guile
The hymns of my poetry.

O Iraq, Hide Your Poems

.....



O Iraq, hide the love poems
And spread out on the earth
The coffins and the teardrops.
Do not talk to your children now,
For they became legions,
Killing the basil of honor
And scattering the crowds.
Hide every teardrop of an orphan,
Shedding blood and licking the rock.

Hide in his bowels the periods of misery
And some pride of humbleness.

.....

O Iraq, O my home, O power of the forefathers,
O ocean of wonders, O umbrella of Rihab,
Bandage yourself up the widows' clocks
And with your martyrs' coffins.
O knights, a day will come when the minarets
Announce the news of your returning.
O Baghdad, by Allah, every teardrop
Of a deprived in his festival and wedding
Will dance in the presence of the dignitaries
And decorate your patience
With periwinkle and prayers,
Beautifying your land with humble Takbirs.
So, hide your poems today,
For celebrating them will be crowned
With teardrops.

.....

A Letter to Anyone Called Nisreen

.....

Who am I after Nisreen?

Who am I after the almond breasts

Sent me into exile?

Who am I after your departure?

There is no need for amulets,

For my love and youthfulness are dark.

So, how and how and then how can I

Hide the steep ways of my night from you?

How can I make your loud voice

Utter some compassionate words?

You are a random flower that

Struck my sands like crazy waves,

Trampling on my remains like a horse

That only passes through the sadness way.

I wasted my language and prayer,

My identity and imagination in my room.

On the books of my library,

I lost my words and ink to write

About you and your historical breasts;

They are the breasts of Nisreen.

.....

Your hair, which is obsessed with killing me,
Your twenty-seventh chandler, eyes and guile-

All made me compose poetry.

I am still living somewhere

In the corner of the dead spirits.

Tell me how my words formed

An approach and a literature

With ideas are loftier than the moons;

They are the outcome of our discussions.

.....

So, to where are you ascending?

To what level will these thoughts send you?

After all, we will not live forever or

Travel through this stupid eternity.

So, to where are you ascending?

Stop that, O Nisreen.

.....

Poems on Fire

- From the series of Falling Branches -

.....

Now I realize that no woman
After your sorrowful departure
Has decorated sadness
With smooth spoken words
Like the spices of the south.
I know you will not come back,
And I will remain exhausted and captured
By the cigarette smoke and paleness.
I stretch my hand to feed the morning birds
And plant in every spot of my garden
The Cardinal flower, some periwinkles,
And some lean memories, the remnants
Of the frivolous destiny.

.....

O graveyard of the autumn,
Which one of us will return?
Was I looking for the mirage
Of sunset in your eyes?

While sitting on the shaky garnet,
I hear the breath of your breast
And how your nipples are burning,
Like a rose embraced by a fearful man
Deterred by his nightmares and lost
Among his waves of imagination.
Will your womanliness not call me
To a pleasant, passionate and final meeting?
From your nipples, I still smell the perfume
Of your name and the Cardinal flower.
So, disregard your heart and burn my poems,
For compassion may bring you back
With your beautiful, attractive revelation.

.....

Apologizing Is Forbidden

.....

As I have become aware of
The true meaning of women,
I decided not to apologize,
However grave my mistakes were.

.....

(Riyad Al Kadi)



The Hymns of an Ornerly Woman

.....

You have not been created yet
When I extracted poetry from your breasts.
So, I asked the shadow of your poetry
And the imagination of your waist
To create a destiny for me
From between your ribs
To fight the rigged breasts
And scatter my papers
On the balcony of the lovers.
Whenever I bid farewell to a love,
Injustice increase in your heart;
You refuse that I look handsome,
A poor, loving man or a sparrow.
Tell me, O brown-skinned woman,
How I can learn the lovers' hymns.
Do not take me out of your heart;
I beg you to love me,
For the sins are sick of our apologies.

The constitution of my body changed
And everything deteriorated.
Even the facial expressions of laughter
Become violent and packed their luggage,
Leaving me so happy and delighted.
So, I decided to mount the clouds
And to plunge into the breasts of another
Woman that knows nothing but
The glass of wine and the cheap cigarettes.
Stop! Do not kill me, for I want
To be buried with the remnants of flesh.
Death has become a merciful fate
At the time of misery and challenges.
So, how would I relax if I left you
And embraced another drunk woman?
I enjoyed the civilized words
That grant the green light
To start with your breasts
And end with your waist,
Ending the miserable words.
I smell from your nails

The perfume of longing
And pray the Dawn Prayer
Between the memories.

Will you become an audible light one day?
Or will you remain like a dust on my books
And on the candle of my memory?

.....

To Whom Should I Complain about You?

.....

Do I cry for a love or a crime?

She complains about neither

Separation nor love.

Our lovers were like perfume

In our arms,

But when they departed,

They tore our love into piece,

And left like a boat in the sea.

O woman pretending love, stop.

Does not your heart show

Compassion to a lover

That weep burned his heart?

Go away under my Lord's care.

Do not stop, for you are going

To the arms of another man, a cheater.

You should neither recall my manhood

Nor get used to the messages of dawn.

I have decorated these letters

With the mirrors of my poetry

And the sincerity of a worshipper.

.....

From Private to Public

.....

I am still captured by the eastern women;

No rebellion against the myths of the east.

The enslaved women of the east forgot freedom;

They were taken away from the sun

And were put in a black tomb.

They are the victims of false dreams

And their eyes as set out to diaspora fields.

There is no trace for their womanliness,

And even for the blue shores.

Their coasts are sandy and abandoned.

They become slaves without freedom

And were given the jasmine dresses

To look like the houris.

The ceilings of the houses collapsed,

So what remains from the architecture of love?

Are they still virgin girls, thinking of having

A wedding and a bed full of purple roses?

-2-

Will I stab the flesh of clouds with my nail?

Where is the destination of my love?
In the water of the abandoned beautiful mirrors
Whose love is scattered here and there.
I will write verses of poetry,
But no one will knead them on the breast;
The verses are abandoned
Like the scattered fluff.

-3-

Our religion was written by scholars
Who are ignorant about writing,
So the issue of love became like
Falling cities that will not be rebuilt.
They carry the luggage to the borders
And carry their hymen in their ribs,
But they are not saved.
O women of the east
Who look like the doves of the mosques,
I am crying for you, for there are still
In the Arab lands some oppressive men
Who tear your papers into pieces.
So, how abundant my tears are!

-4-

How can I remove the sealing wax?
How can I release the eastern woman,
while I am ashes burned at a dark night?
I am undying and cannot commit suicide,
So, how will I confront this diaspora?
How will we kill the velvet society,
While we are killing the messengers of love?
The angels observe them until
They are cut into pieces and ascend
To the Paradise of the righteous people.

.....

Was That Love?

.....

Shall I say she loved me?

No, she had a desire

And I was the Don Juan.

You are a failing actress

And I am a tree of fire,

Foolishly playing with these breasts.

I thought you are a child,

Playing your words on my forehead,

Like the child of the oak.

I chewed the snowballs out of longing

At every balcony of a new date.

Ultimately, I become a toy

In the hands of two people.

O woman with rosy, red, or brown headscarf,

The clocks of London used to set their time

According to the width of your eyes.

I pray within the fold of your shawl.

When I approach the edge of your lips,

A state of dizziness overwhelms me.

The jungles of your black hair amazed me;

Poetry cannot describe you anymore.

Even the wooden horses

Cannot whinny anymore,

For on the light of your guile eyes,

I was crucified.

The waves of my voice and writings

Reflect the beauty spots of your breasts.

.....

The Sultan of Poetry

.....

The Sultan of poetry removed me
And from my poems and desires,
She cleansed me.

This spring occupied me in all my travels
And shared madness with me.

.....

Do not worry, for you are my cities
Do not be sad, for you are my capital.

O last woman to quench
The heritage of my glory,
To me, you are like a summer star
Or the ears of wheat.

I flirt with your waist, and hair
Which is connected to your breasts.

Put your nails smoothly
On my lock of hair.

.....

Do not worry, for I will abandon

Women, and leave the coffee shops,
And delve deep into your age.
I will not compose a line of poetry
Or write an account of history
Without crowning them with
The inspiration of your breasts
And the fortresses of your waist.
I will kill the noisy civilization
And I promise you to break
The rules in my prose,
And to collect bouquets of roses
To gift them to your lips.

.....

The Honey of Women

.....

My sweetheart, do you say
You yearn for morning honey?
I will provide you with a drink
From my breast, the warmth of jasmine
And the roses of my cheeks.

I am a palm tree created

From the waist of rain.

My sweetheart, shall I give you
A waterfall of light from my hair,
And unremitting aroma of hymns
From the nipple of my body?

.....

For two years you have gone
To Europe and I am in the east.
I reproach your pictures and sit
On the curly, marble seat.

When will you return
To lift me in a child's seesaw

And flirt with the nails of my black hair.

O my countryman, return,

For my body has not been touched

Except by you, the smiling man

Who has traveled abroad.

.....



The Cup Reader

The Cup Reader



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

.....

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

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

Both of us foolishly killed
The letters of adoration and love

I climbed the hill of sorrow alone

And sipped the concerns of separation.

O cup reader, will you foretell

How my uprising will end?

I do not want to lose my battle

With the love and the rose of my life.

I am neither an extremist nor an atheist;

I am a man who has fallen in love,

And I do not think there is a room

In my heart for another woman.

I am an ocean of love

And purity is the leaves of my trees.

I love her crazily and frivolously,

For she is the princess of all princesses.

O my lady, open your cup and read

These lines and interpret them for me,

For I am waiting for reading my destiny

In my overturned cup to end

The misery of my sleeplessness and pain.

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

I see you like an amber, burning

In the hell of your longing.

I see your paradise without loving

Her like a desert full of sands

And bereft of water.

My son, without loving her, You are

Like a rose without perfume and leaves.'

If only, O cup reader, you could know

What is in her heart and mind.

I love her and I am full of hope

To be her man, and she my woman.

Her womanliness captures me

In all my battles with her.

She said, 'Hearts are secrets,

And the ways of love, my son,

Is the greatest suicide;

Your night becomes a day,

And your day a night full

Of bewilderment and thoughts.

So, do not leave the one
Who adored your handsomeness,
And make your heart a bird, singing
The best flirting poems for her.
She is your home that will end
Your sorrow and foreignness.
So, act wisely, O lover!



My Sweetheart and Iraq

Tomorrow, you will be in the arms of clouds.

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

Tomorrow, you will visit and kiss your beloved ones,

And I will remain like a strange blind man.

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

Who will end my loneliness after you?

I send my morning kisses to you.

My sweetheart, you will go away,

But you are my heart, madness, and happiness.

I flirt with no one but you,
Adore nothing but your eyes,
And love you despite my sorrow.

Only some miles separate us,
And what gathers us is only a love story that
Is more beautiful than dreams and imaginations.

Is There Love in the City of Fog

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

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

Written between the lines,
Away from my longing.

I promise you not to touch your breast again,
As I used to flirt with your breast
When I reach the climax,
For there is no longer any
Love in the city of fog,
As all people became the captive
Of migration, without beloved ones.

I will not stare at you closely
To draw your face with my fingertip
On water surface anymore.
I will not mention your name
Among my beloved one,
For I swore to abandon everything
Even the companions and the friends.

I got used to living in the coldness
Of the city of the fog,

And to drinking alone.

Tranquility overwhelms me

And some tears fill the bowls of the eyes.

I am determined once again to leave

And lie under the veil of the long night,

To be for a while away from the world.

My lady, I am a man full of love;

I am not from London to be devoid

Of the fire of Love.

I will dance shortly with my shadow and

Play with the flame of the candle at one time;

At another, I will sip the red wine

And play with the strings of the guitar,

Playing a musical piece other than ours,

Repeating the hymns of loneliness, and

Increasing my abandonment and loneliness.

The Moment of a Birthday

My day of birth was when I met you;

When my eyes contacted yours,

And my heart beat for seeing you.

The most pleasant moment to me

Was when I kissed your lips.

The hosts did not fill the place yet,

For the happiness of the party is incomplete

Until my sweetheart comes

To congratulate me for the birthday

Of the happiest lover.

My sweetheart, I love you forever,

And will always remind you

About my wholehearted love.

When we have a night dinner

Away from all the people,

We will have a romantic night.

I will play with your locks of hair,

Touch your cheeks and flirt with your eyes

That give the most beautiful looks.

You are the queen of the party,

Even though it is my birthday.

I will remember you however

Long is the distance between us.

You will live inside me and become

The princess of my kingdom.

I will remember you in my dreams,

Imaginations and consciousness.

You are the festival of my days,

O sweetest love to ever happen to me.

I love you, my sweetheart,

And happy love and adoration year.

The Confessions of a Defeated Man

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

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

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

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

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

I still love you;

Just give me even a little hope
Of your return so that
I become a seeing man once again.
Come back, please!
Every teardrop became
An ember on my cheeks

The Confessions of a man's Remains

When I write about her, I think
I have emptied all what is in my chest.

When I think about her,
I feel I was created to love her.
At that point, the whole universe,
The hours, minutes and seconds all stop
So that she becomes my destiny,
My earth and moon.

My lady, I wish I had been part of you;
Or a vein or a blood vessel in your body;
Or the valve that pumps love to your heart.

I wish I had been a baby
That you embrace in your arms;
Or even a small water stream,
Passing by your garden.

I neither stopped shedding tears
Nor retreating with the candles light,

Because they remind me about moments

When we were together

In the most amazing states of humility.

I have never touched the breast

Of any woman after you;

Or even think about playing

With another woman's cheeks;

Or sleep with another woman;

Or say to her, 'I love you.'

I did not think, despite my sorrow,

About changing the color of my red book;

Or forgetting the purple color

Of the roses that you prefer.

When you wear your purple dress,

You look like a child.

I will never forget your love,

Even at the last moment of my life.

Unfortunately, your stubbornness was

A black cloud that put out my light.

Allah has created four seasons,

But, out of my imagination, I
Will add another one called "Nisreen"
She is undying and accompanying
All the seasons all the times.
To them, she adds beauty and splendor,
And all the seasons, without her,
Are prone to come to an end.

When you are beside me,
I am the strongest man,
Feeling I am a skillful competitor
In everything.

But after your departure,
I feel I am the weakest person,
The remains of an old,
Ageing, and broken man;
Nothing resides in my hear
Except for despair

I still live in a whirlpool;
In a conflict with my inner being,

Because I have fallen in a peerless love.
I love you from the depth of my mind,
Heart and consciousness;
I love you from head to toe.
I wish I could spread myself under
Your feet like my loyal red carpet;
And become everything around you,
Turning into a waft, playing
With your childish face;
Or a pearl decorating your beautiful bosom;
Or a guitar playing for you
The romantic music to sleep.
In your eyelids at the time of sleep
Lie my excitement.

The Hymns of Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your womanliness, long hair and breasts

Burn all my decisions.

I have become the captive of time,

And out of pain, I am longing for you.

I suffer because my senses received

No speech from another woman.

When I talk coincidentally to another woman,

I imagine your facial features;

When I uttered her name,

I uttered yours, provoking her anger,

Though we just met shortly in a coffee shop.

I did not care, for indulging in love

Without you is like a tasteless fruit.

You are the woman who burned me,

Because I greatly love your eyes,

And every spot of your body manifests

The sweetest and the most precious meanings.

Why did not you bear my words?

Why did you belie my longing for you?

Or, do you want to punish me,

And enjoy the pains I am suffering
From your abandonment?

Winter of Foreignness

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stop Blaming Me

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

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

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

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

My heart will forget
Neither you nor our love.

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

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

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

Or do you want to kill everything?

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

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

Go away from me

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nisreen

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

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

O you who are more beautiful than
All the purple roses,
An even the love fairy tales.

O my sweetheart, healer and love,
You are my heaven and my idol.

I used to fear death because it is fearful,
But now I fear it because it deprives me of you.

So, I challenged the reality and destiny;

I determine to live for you,

And to dedicate my life to you -

This is my final word,

And the most amazing decision.

I bid farewell

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

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

I am sick of dreaming about,

Being a father one day,
Or a man ending his foreignness,
And making her his home.
I am not longing for a time
But the one when I was a child,
Sleeping and resting in my cradle.

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

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

I sleep with you
Despite our quarrel.

The princess of my love died,
And left sadness with me,
Shaking everything inside me,
And planting groans, tears,
And deprivation inside me.

What shall I say?
How shall I recompense
The daughter of Eve?
I thank and praise you only
For your farewell and abandonment.

The Complains of Love

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

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

I will be content with nothing but a stern
Verdict deterring your stubbornness;
I will accept only one thousand kisses,

And will embrace you in a way
Whose warmth destroys the mountains.

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

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

Good Morning

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

Whenever I write to you,

My longing and love increase.

I kissed and embraced the pillow

Before I sleep, as I imagined

How you will make my day.

I imagine you will meet me

Whenever I wake up in the morning

With a charming smile,

Making my morning the best time ever.

I imagine you before me sipping your coffee

And listening to Fayruz.

You sit like a princess

And look with childlike innocence

At the butterflies that surround

Your pink roses.

Our quarrel was unintentional;

It was due to my love and adoration.

Your eyes are gardens;

You are my heart and consciousness.

How can I leave you,

While my life is inside you?

How can I love another woman,

While you are occupying

Important spots in my senses?

How can I stop flirting with you,

While the poems and the meters

Are befitting only you?

I beg your pardon for not flirting with you

One day or not saying to you,

"Good morning" at every dawn.

How can you explain my madness?

I madly wake up to send you

This message: "I love you."

I don't think any other love

Surpasses my love to you.

I will abandon the world and live
In the loneliness of your memory;
I chose to live instead of dying for you.
Who can be my sweetheart but you?
Forgive me, for whenever I try to
Alleviate my pain with my writings,
My longing, pain and dying increase.
So, forgive me, please!

The Night of Lovers

How sweet flirting after moments

Of separation and quarrel is!

How sweet the passing of your dove

By my mind is!

It plays with you by its feathers

And blames you for neglecting it.

Reproaching is sweet under the light of candles,

And in the loftiest state of coldness,

Thunder and rain that accompanied

A tone of kindness and tears.

She acts angrily and almost suffocates

Out of her great jealousy regarding you,

As she has not heard your flirting for days.

But after reconciliation she will become

A tame cat in your hand, for she is under

The umbrella Of the sultan of love.

How sweet you are when you

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

O my sweetheart and sultan,
I have suffered a lot in my life to find you,
And my heart underwent hardships to love you.
I am fully belonging to you;
All my senses are possessed by your heart.
Here I am once again, kissing your breast
And recording the amazing victories in your bed.

I will wipe her tears and won't leave her.
She won't groan once again,

And will make my arm her pillow;
I sacrifice myself, my spirit and life
For you, O most amazing woman.
There is no need for separation
To test the truthfulness of our feelings,
For the heart is always longing
For meeting his dear sweetheart.
How sweet it is to say, 'I hate you
Because I cannot forget you.'
But I answer, 'I love you, O you who are
More amazing than all love words,
Because my heart cannot disobey you.'

A Woman in Men's Trap

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

She said, addressing her victim,
'My sweetheart, you love always
Dwelled in my imagination,
And your separation
Has never come to my mind.
The letters of your name always crown my words,
And your love phantom accompanied me everywhere.
As for today, I beg your pardon,
For asking you to forget our bygone days.'
He asked her, 'What is the matter with you?
Have you gone mad or become impatient?
How can you talking about separation
After this passionate love and longing?

Has something unbearable befallen you?'

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

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

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

She smilingly left him despite the severity
Of separation and vanished.
She disregarded their good times,
And the words of longing he told her.

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

After some days, she dated another.
She disregarded the people's words
And looked down on all the feelings.
My friend became alone, as usual.
My friend, throw the purple roses in your bin,
And burn every letter of her messages;
Throw from your window all her locks
Of hair you collected without her notice.
Women claim to appreciate loyalty, yet their guile
Is severer than the calamity of Kabula'.
Tomorrow, she will make her new lover
Listen to all the love songs, like you;
And will lie before him as though
He is the first love in her life.
As she left you, she will leave him,
So, be wise, my friend;
I do not want to compose
Mourning poetry about you.
Do not trust women's heart,
As they are like winter sun.

A Woman makes Me Groan

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

I am regretful, yet not sorrowful,
For dropping you from my notebook,
Without any permission or petition
To remain with me.
I regret describing you as an angel,
And making you the idol of love.
I blamed my heart strongly,
Because it opted for my perdition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Word 'Love' is Forbidden

My love, I search for my soul in you,

Your eyelid, eyes and lips.

I am looking for myself in every word

Within a letter, point or a line.

I am looking for the smooth words

That your lips utter; I live therein,

The sweetest adventure.

Because I love you crazily, loving you

Became the most dangerous adventure.

Return me to my childhood and the time

Of my recklessness with women,

When I slept with them,

And our exhalation reached the sky.

I am waiting for your saying 'You are my life.'

You will say it one day,

But I do not know when and where.

Will you recognize it when you are in my arms,

Or will you write it on slips of paper,

And set my history and legends to flames?

I am still waiting for this word

That will come out warmly from your mouth,

Like a pearl coming out of an oyster.

O one thousand years that remind us

About our bygone time,

O love that provoked, within myself, my longing,

Madness and the jealousy of the son of Baghdad,

O woman who taught me love and reminded me

About the time of playing an jesting.

When will you lift your sanction against me,

And send your longing to sing for me about

Two lovers whom time veiled their dream,

But with their patience,

They fulfilled their dreams?

Is your sanction against my love word existent?

Do you still believe that my hands can be

Stopped if I touched your breasts?

I do not think so, for there is no woman

That I touched her breasts

Except that she yielded.

I challenged the most beautiful women,

As a knight challenging a genuine horse.

So, do not think that your sanction

Will end my longing and speech.

My Sparrow, Do Not Be Sad

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

O my blond woman,
And most beautiful dove,
I mourned my death,
For no love word I will utter
To another woman,
And my arm will not hug
Any brown or blond woman.
I will make your memory conquer the world,
Plant your purple roses in every spot and state,
Drew the words of love on the walls and papers,
Make the people write with your red color,
And drop the words 'separation'

From the dictionary of love.

My dove, I am sorry,
For between you and me
There is more than one bed,
And greater than the love words
That I made you listen of my poetry.
O my happiness and my eye's apple,
How can I befriend an eye other than yours,
And taste a breast other than yours?
Can I end the story of my life,
And the legends of my love
Without the sweetest princess?

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

Do Not Be Senseless

O woman, is this how longing should be?

How can I get absent for a while,

And then find you senseless,

And find the inbox empty?

You treat me toughly and stubbornly,

As if we are on a battlefield.

Who are you?

You are a princess, but I am a king,

Capturing you in my heart.

I came to you full of emotions,

Recited my peerless poetry to you,

Described your body as a ship

I am its captain who determines its direction;

And you are a cloud in my sky,

A tree in my land,

And a river in my ocean.

Do you still believe you will execute me

And make everything rebel against me?

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

My Love's Rebellion

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whispers from a Heart to a Heart

How can I sleep if I did not whisper

In her ear, "I love you."

I wake her up every morning

With the most beautiful words,

For I am crazy about her.

How would my life become without you;

Without touching your body or playing

With your breast and womanliness?

To me, the world is unquenched fire

When I am away from you.

I cannot imagine how a day will pass

Without embracing you to my chest?

My chest is your pillow...

Make it your small home.

I am still taking care of my garden,

For every purple flower meets your request

And every leaf or rose is perfumed by you.

How can I bear not kissing the hands

Of my princess one day?
How can my eyes bear a scene
Different from what I see every morning
When the most beautiful lips
Sips the cup of coffee or tea?

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

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

Do Not Be a Teardrop

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

Allah created the feelings inside me
And made me the kindest man.
I was looking for a love
And the most amazing prisoner.

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

My sweetheart, in my foreignness
I experienced the severest prisons,
And was so hardly tortured that
Weakness overwhelmed my memory.
Vainly, I cried for years in my jail,
As I am an Iraqi without a friend or shelter.

My soul became a burning ember,
For I did not find a prison
More beautiful than your eyes.
You sweet talk is dripping
From your lips, a drop after another.

O my foreignness, how many
Surprises have you hidden from me?
Today, all my senses write poetry and sing.
I will write the best legend of love for Iraq
And for the most beautiful Iraqi woman,
And sing for her all the lofty pieces of music.
I will write on the clock of London,
Between the minutes and the seconds,
The first letter of our names
And some of Qabbani's lines of poetry.

To My Cinderella

How can I start my talk with you,
While you are a senseless woman?
How can I forget you, while you are drawn
On the veins of my hands?
How can I betray you, while you are
In the middle of my eye?
How can I mention, after Allah's Name,
Anything other than your name?
Your letters are the crown of my lips
That they always repeat.
I fast for years, and the moon is before me.
How can I write about another one,
While you are all my subjects and words?
It is not important to start your love
From your breast or even your waist,
Rather I should start my journey
With you on your naked body.
I am a man but I am like the grains
Of ice, melting in your palms.

Do you have any doubts
About the seriousness of my love?
What is the difference in your opinion
Between the earth and the sky,
And the clouds and the stars?
Do you feel the suicide of safety,
The love of men and their despair,
Or constraining their groan in their chest?
O my sweetheart, my Cinderella,
O love of the century and this miserable age,
How can I betray you or sleep with another woman,
While the wound of your farewell is incurable?
I did not forget, despite the long years,
The woman with the most beautiful breasts.
My eyes see no other woman on the earth.

A Legitimate Question

Tell me who you are, for longing
And yearning attracted me to you.
Tell me even the titles, for your phantom
Surprises me even in my dreams.
Tell me for a moment about your concerns,
For your eyes' looks made my heart melt.
My sweetheart, I engraved your letters
Inside my body, for no lover,
Sweetheart or friend for you but me.
Before seeing you, I was concerned about myself,
Yet you became my sole concern.
How cannot I love you, while
My love to you is my greatest issue
That has one thousand fragments?
I did not find a heart providing
Me with a sense of affection.
I groan for a foreignness without a love,
For the lovers' stories here became strange.
Vainly, I started to beg the time for love.

My life is like an oyster devoid of pearls;
I am retired and alone.

Crazy Admiration

My admiration of you was great,
Beyond your imaginations.
At the first step you take to my heart,
I crumbled the thorns of retirement.
You made me love you crazily,
Have illegitimate, banned dreams,
And think about taking you up to the sky.
I stealthily used to watch you,
So how can I start speaking to you?
Save me by a simple question
That renews my hope of sitting
Under your loyal, beautiful umbrella.
Unfortunately, I received from you
Nothing but dreams and delusions.
Despite that, they were beautiful;
I use them to deceive myself,
Thinking that I am watching you.
I am constrained with the cuffs of bad luck,
Forbidden from getting what I want.

Allow me to be a slave
In your innocent kingdom.
O my lady and queen, do not worry,
For I won't allow myself to touch your breasts;
And won't put an apple in my basket
Except the apple belonging to me,
As you are possessed by another one,
And beyond the boundaries of my zone.

Do not ask for Love

You asked me one day to write about you,
So what should I write, and how should
I describe your hair, body and steps?
The sound of your beautiful steps
Reverberates in my ears, increasing
Your conceitedness, guile and pride.
You asked me if I have written
Poetic verses about you.
You are the most amazing poem
That has been, and would be, written.
You are the one I am repeating her name
Until it becomes my destination.
You are the one who convinced my tongue
To say to you openly, despite fear,
"You are my sweetheart."

Sweeter Than Honey

The heart shivered and was confused
Because you are leaving tomorrow.
How can I see the city without you?
Will my morning be sweet without
Writing "good morning" to you?
I know the sound of the bird song
Will become groans instead of songs.
Tomorrow, my city, sky and clouds
Will be totally different and strange.
Loving you destroyed my heart,
And your absence increased my night's darkness.
I love you, and I know you do not love me,
I adored you, though I know you will kill me.
I know if I knocked the door of your heart
To love me you would not answer.
I loved your red color, and used it
To decorate and write my reflections.
O my houri and my legendry woman,
I was inflicted with love and weakness.

O my sweetheart, tomorrow my senses will revolt.

I wish I was a dress to cover your white body.

O deer, is it not the time to heal

A man crazy about you.

I got drunk on you without drinking;

Your whispering is stronger than wine.

I will wait for you in the street,

Even if your return is a mirage.

Faithfully I Write to You

You missed me for one day,
But I missed you all days,
So I knew it is the first and the last
Message to express your feelings.
Should I call you my sweetheart,
Dear or friend when I write to you?
A volcano of love erupts inside my chest
Once you go through my mind and heart.
If I compose poetry about you,
You say I am just a hypocrite;
If I withdraw from your love,
You say I am acting roughly.
Where did you learn to conceal your feelings?
How did you dare to assassinate me?
I love your breaths whatever you do.
The fingertips of your smooth hand wrote
What you were forcedly concealing inside you.
Or did your heart incited you to disclose
This serious secret willingly to me?

What should I love...what should I love?
Should I love a yellow hair like the sun rays,
Or two eyes like a tiger's eyes
That make me talk crazily?

Peerless Words

You are like the sun and the moon;
You do not grow older, but make
The one who loves you age.
Many hearts are yearning for you
An rotate around your beauty,
As the moon rotates around the sun.
Your silken hair is the light of the day
That touches our faces and perfumes our air
Your are like Eve and the apple of the Paradise.
Your sound plays the best pieces of music
That the sweetest birdsongs sing.
How can I describe your beauty,
Body and steps?
Your beauty is superior to Cleopatra's;
And your body is like Aphrodite's.
Thousands of feelings and warm,
Perfumed whispers lie in you,
For you are the queen of queens,
And make my heart feel

The most amazing words.

When will Our Love Be Mutual?

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

Last Night's Message

Last night, I wrote a message

To the sweetest sparrow.

I was provoked and my hands

Shivered while printing the nicest expressions

To the most beautiful houri.

I could not describe her beauty, and

The sweetness of her smooth spoken words.

I mentioned in the message:

To the most beautiful angel of Allah

On the earth of His pious servant,

Good morning or evening.

Whenever you read this message,

My heart will inevitably beat.

You are a moon in both times.

It is an honor for me

To pass through your land,

And watch the reality of beauty,

After only hearing about it.

I loved and adored your name;

Every letter inscribed love
On every part of my body,
And it became an indelible tattoo.
I ask you, 'When will we meet?'
Or should I exert my utmost effort to get you,
And express my love to my beautiful houri?

22-3-2011



Eve

Water, Bread and Weed

What is destiny is hiding for us?

What does it conceal

Under the light of this moon?

Does it hide dreams and complains?

Are we seeking championships

And dying dreams?

O our lazy honor,

O night of hunger,

For how long will you stay?

Forcedly, we stopped eating bread

And left our empty bowls of water

That we used to fill from rain.

Do not show from home anything

But the imaginations and pictures.

The borders are occupied with tents

And on the mountains there are houses

That know nothing but sadness and weep.

In our homes, the rich complain about the poor,

And sell to us the tobacco of opium and weed.

They try to kill that shyness.
O my country, they killed us with the weapons
And cuffed our hands.
They sit on their thrones,
Wearing white or red turbans.
Where are the countries of the lofty Arabs?
We cannot call anyone for help,
And our hands and tongues were cut.
So, are we vainly seek the help of the Arabs?

Blood and Breaking Oaths

My blood is the map of the Arab world,
So where will my home go after my death?
Blood and water gushed forth in every spot.

You slept with the worldly life,

But we embrace martyrdom,

And covered by the flowers of perfume

The minarets of Syria.

Here is my coffin, my birth,

My body and language.

Here are roses, vegetables and bowls.

I am dancing on the body of the thug,

So if you daggers stabbed my organs,

You will hear the sound of all dead people.

The heart stiffened and my remains were scattered,

But I see my freedom smile,

Like the light of the morning sun.

This dog has torn my parts,

Seized my forearm, and cut my joints.

They terrified us, and their bullets and daggers

Were only a bow with blunt arrows
So, after all of that, will my freedom
Be killed by this thug's stabs?

I am a Man Not an Animal

I am a man not an animal,
When will you understand?
When will you understand that,
O policemen, soldiers and politicians?
When will you understand that
Our mother created us as free people?
When will you understand that
The seed will explode one day?
When will you understand that
That dawn will come one day?

2

My killer, when will you understand that
Spring is not to be called so
Unless the roses flower in it,
And the buds grow on the branches?
I am a man, so how can you
Constrain me with cuffs,
Try to convince me about your letters,
And force me to follow your thought?

You kill thousands of us
To crowning the victory of your party.

3

You kill and burn the mourning people,
Taking us from weep to weep, and
Leaving us as remains in the streets.
You derive your determination from
Killing the innocent people,
So, to where are you taking us?
We left the country without a visa,
Leaving behind us dead bodies,
Killed on the sidewalks and crossroads.
There is no prophet to return our right
And no leader to help us;
We are being crushed while
The Arabs are watching.

4

You talked to us by the language of bullets,
And confronted our rituals.
We carried bread, sought the help
Of the mountains, and crossed

Borders full of dead bodies
To flee from terror
And the nights of our lazy honor,
Chewing our tongues out of
The wrath of pride.
So, tell me when will freedom
Come into existence in my country,
Where the adulterous live.
When will this tuberculosis end
Under the rule of the naive people?

Conditions

I laugh crazily when I am drunk,
Between the sweetness of the memory,
And the sourness of wine.
I don't think there is a respite
In my lifetime to endure,
For men's regret at the time
Of separation is in vain.
So, do not commit a sin by
Assaulting the lover after separation.
Perfume yourself when your
Harshness embraces my body.
Why I am dreaming of thought
About breasts, wine and staying up.
The worldly life is a mourning place
Where sad events crucify us,
So, do not be self-conceited, acting
Proudly like the peacock.
The faithful man is saved from
Falling into troubles and sleeplessness.

The Daughter of Eve

This is the one who exhausted me,
And filled my glass with wine
From her dark red eyes.
She killed me as a martyr
That I became reckless,
Messing with the waves
Of my life yet in vain.

I groaned and got drunk without wine,
So I became a crazy man,
Without guidance and patience.

2

The crazy man filled his blog
With poetic verses about her,
As Qays filled his poetic volumes
With the love of Layla Al-'Amiriyya,
And so did Jamil Buthayna.
Their lines carried the crazy flirting,
And abundant sorrow verses

That became eternal poetry,
Which do not differentiate
Between the Paradise and Hell,
Confusing our ideas.

They were written in the books of poetry
Like a captain sailing in an ocean tirelessly.

O woman, your love swallow me,
Seizing me from myself,
Like a tree swaying in a tornado.



The Craziness of the Morning

How sweet craziness is in the morning!

I wake her up and give her a kiss

That makes her long for another

After a long night sleep.

I go crazy if she is angry,

And her smile increases my longing.

These breasts belong to me,
And I delve into these eyes.
Your anger is a type of madness
That my heart cannot endure.



Under my Umbrella

My umbrella in winter
Only spacious for me and her.
We kiss each other in the middle
Of the wet road, ignoring
The rain and the thunder.
I smell her blond hair,
And the perfume of her French body,
So we sweat and I see
Her nipples behind her wet shirt;
Two roses calling my wet body,
And provoking our flaming feelings
Under my black umbrella.

Vision

She confuses and kills me
With a look of her eyes;
She breaks my stability,
Like a cat or a dove in my book;
And occupies my home and organs
With her breasts and nipples.
With the smoothness of her legs,
She lashes me.;

On the bed we groan, and she
Leaves me a dead body.
I cannot decide to leave her,
Lest longing exposes me,
I travel through her body,
And my luggage rests
After a long journey;
I sit on a throne
Between her breast.

I love her so much

I love her so much,
When my dove fly and get tired,
Then land on my shoulder and play.
Her eyes are black red,
And her breasts are two gulfs
On which the pearls are scattered.
Her beauty challenges the womanliness
Of all women on earth.

2

I love her when she says "No,"
For her tone is dripping honey.
I love you, my sweetheart;
When you smile,
You regain my youthfulness,
And the sky laughs.
The gathering of my heart and longing
Are no longer possible in my body.
Anyone other than you cannot
Occupy a distance like a world.

3

My sweetheart, do not ask

About my love to you.

If you are ignorant then record that my birth

Was on the day of our first meeting.

You are written on my forehead

And on my ink and papers.

4

I made the words melt

In expressing my love to you

That my poetry only breathes

The perfume of your breasts.

I made our love bracelets

That you wear whenever you want,

And take off when you get angry.

I did not know, O apple of my eye,

That adoring you is deadly.

Despite trying to kill you at night

I become suddenly sure that I was killed.

Revolution

I write to the mistress of women
That flows in my blood
Like the warm, red wine,
And the clouds whose whiteness
Decorates the blueness of the sky.

O most beautiful name,
Before you I did not know myself
And the meaning of the heavenly gift,
But loving you planted your songs
In my heart and my body:
In my right and my left,
In all my limbs and everywhere.

Without loving you I am naked,
Carrying my coffin on my hands,
And refusing the colors of the songs.
How can I describe you, O Aphrodite?
Shall I describe your smooth legs,

Or the breasts hiding behind
White or red curtains?
When I describe you,
My love becomes a child,
My culture comes to naught,
And I need one hundred glasses of wine
And sets of pens to write about you.

Without you I see the things unstable,
And at the sea, I see you a houri
Talking to her breasts and lips.
Wine turned me into fragments.
How does the mirror not break
When you strip naked before it?



I love you despite what happened

I love you despite what happened in the past

Or would happen now or in the future.

If I get angry, do not be sad,

For the one who loves you

Is not a rock but a man.

You are my child even if you abandoned

Love; no one will love you like me.

Your spacious chest is more

Beautiful than pearls,

Dripping the aroma of silk and basil.

My sweetheart, the sparrows sleep

Lovingly on your eyes,

And the rains of April cleanse

Your naked body.

It cannot hate you one day,

For I love you forever.

How can I burn our

Memory in the fire?

You are light inside me;

Although I treated you roughly,
You are my garden and child.

Her Departure is the Death of a Sister

Did death fulfill its promise,
Taking this pearl from me?
Your death could not be stopped,
For death is a fulfilled promised.

You passed away and left me to grieve;
You left before I tell you my stories.
I wished I had explained to you
My hard foreignness and my calamity.
I roamed the black world,
Sleeping in its road, feeling insecure,
Changing my prisons and suffering
The coldness of jails.
No blanket or heater I found
To alleviate my coldness.
So, my sister, how can I
endure and constrain sadness?
Our writing on the wall of our house
Were omitted,

And the roses in our big house dried up.

I won't sleep peacefully again.

Nothing remained but our memories.

In the first day of your departure,

Ghost roamed around Baghdad

During its long, dark night.

The sounds of hammers stopped,

And the sounds of wailing started.

The black sadness came to my house at night

And left its tears and harshness at my door.

My sister, you have gone and your grave

Was dug beside my mother's.

As for me, who will dig my grave

If I die in my foreignness?

Sings of Zodiac

Whatever the signs of zodiac say,
Both of us have a share in fortune to get.
If they tell you about another man, I will kill you;
I am ready to come crawlingly to stand
And bow before your breasts.
These are fortunes that one does not get
Through working and pursuit.
Our love behind the curtains
Of our loneliness lingers.
The Virgin hides the legends and the unknown,
And the anger of the Gemini fades away
Between your eyes.
Cover yourself with the clock of my manhood
During the nights of love,
And let them say whatever they say.
Hating you is a big lie,
And leaving you is a great myth,
For my heart is in the hands of my sweetheart,
Not in the hands of the unknown

Blame

My sweetheart, why do you get angry,

Set my body on fire,

And send sadness to my eyes?

I walk on sandy embers every night,

That burn my spirit and constitution.

How did you forsake me

On the day of your departure?

You sent me no love letter,

Or relieving condolences.

I have not given up loving you,

So spread your hair on my chest,

And scatter me on your page

To write volumes of my poems.

I am tired and my eyes

Have no shelter but you.

I beg your pardon,

Don't put off my fire,

For I am addicted to your love

That I think you are living

Under my eyelid.

2

The whip of loving you slashed me,

Your abandonment ruined me,

And the absence of your voice

Drove me crazy.

After all that destruction,

How can you hate me?

I have no other love,

For you are my safety and fear,

And your night covered my sadness.

I am amazed at both of us

Because we heedlessly wronged our love;

Love between us became a wishful thinking.

The Final Response

Whoever you are,
You are just a woman
Created from betrayal and mud,
And between your breasts
lie a group of devils.
Honor does not recognize you;
Your picture is tarnished and untitled.
Not out of fear I won't answer you,
For you are a womanless woman.

Man's Decision

I decided that my decision is final
About a woman sold its womanliness to men.
Her abode is betrayal and her hobby
Is playing with fire.
She played on one thousand ropes
And inside her thousands of languages and secrets.
She gives men fire to drink from her breasts,
And messes with loving chests like embers.
Do not claim that my manhood is fading,
For you are just a lustful woman,
Like a quicksilver in an oyster.
On the lines of love, I wrote for one thousand breasts,
With one thousand colors, the inks you change.
You are a toy in the hands of men,
So do not blame the fate and the days.
O poor woman, today you are young,
But tomorrow you will be a barren tree,
Without a daytime.

How Can I Forget?

How can the heart cut its veins,
While love lies in it?
I did not forget you one day,
But I am angry at you;
Our memories and songs make me
Weep and feel dizzy
When your phantom visits me.
I got tired of my long journey;
We became strangers on a dark road.
There is no way out or return.
My beautiful woman, I love you.
You are my school and the rose
I have planted in the garden of my life.
My anger is not the result of pride;
My anger tore me into pieces.
The teardrops expose me,
And the pillow is asking me:
How was your end, O lover, written
By a woman who has been

The source of your madness?
After all these pains, how can I forget
The joy of my heart and its certitude?

Eve

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

For I am not a Chinese pottery

That you break like a dish

When you get angry.

Beating Around the Bush

I am not beating around the bush,
You slaughter all the letters of love.
I did not deny or fabricate a word
About you love that drove me crazy,
And gushed forth springs and
Brought about the green branches.
The child is rebelling against my love,
And practices her false talk and betrayal.
I wondered if I am that failing student,
And to where my tornado takes me.
I cry at night and sit on the rocks of love.
I am addicted to you, while out lifetime
Ended in an unknown way.
I blame the good reflection,
And wonder about her open guile.
My years were destroyed by a calamity
And my love drove me crazy.
These days attest that in our time
Nothing is victorious but separation.

I walked sadly for a long distance,
While my body was burned with your fire.

My eyes became dimmed
Because of your abandonment.

Despite that, O little love,

I did not learn a lesson

In the world of Eve.



She Should be You

My sweetheart, God willing,
You will become my queen within days.
You will be with me as my shadow,
Friend and companion.
Love is not just a song, poetry,
A garnet ring or a present;
Love is greater than the worlds,
Yet my little heart contains it.
It is kept by the kings of Jinn
And groups of the angels.
So, be my sweetheart.

On the Summit of Longing

You eyes are mystic poetry

Inlaid with songs.

My heart yearns for the aroma

Of your voice,

And you half-naked breast

Overwhelms me.

In a deep sea, the private talks

Drowns me.

You bird is flying today

On the lower part of your cheeks.

I am proceeding as a conqueror,

Full of desires.

On the hair of women before you

I used to cry.

And on their breasts I wrote

Phrases of love.

If only the heart did not bleed

For perfume and having

A sweetheart and girlfriends.

To the Mistress of Women

O mistress of women,
O moon of the sky,
O basil and the green of April,
O maker of colors,
O silken hair,
I weave with sunlight
To be your wedding dress.
Why is this fire burning me,
And the color of your lips
Is like the pomegranate?
I am not exaggerating
In what I write about you.
Your red bras sent me into exile.
O my sweetheart,
O beautiful inscription
On my heart,
I will send the kings of jinn
To make you wear
The necklace of embers and basil.

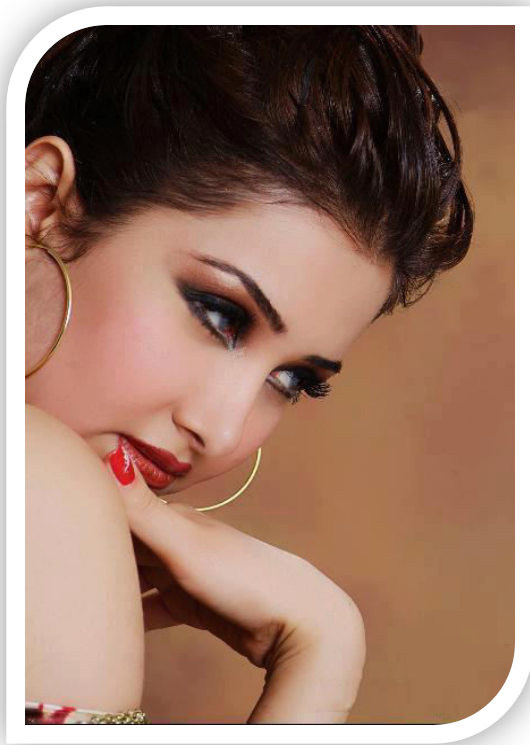
Tell me how to cross the oceans
And travel through the Spanish sea
To stand humbly before your eyes,
O most beautiful queen in the world.



Fire And Ash

The Brown Woman of London

How beautiful is your swaying stature
While you are wearing your best dress!
Nothing increased my longing except
Experiencing this brown woman,
Throwing my longing before her womanliness.
How amazing it is to enter your bright night,
And write with the ink of my manhood
On the lines of your womanliness!
I am your lover and my poems
Are like birds in your cage,
So release them and do not worry,
For they will land on your eyelids,
And the seasons will copulate
Between your brown color.
I will gift my words to you
Inlaid with the jewels of longing,
And make the lines of your palms
A way leading me to the paradise of your eyes.



Waiting



On this pathway
A white Cinderella carried me
On the palm of her poetry,
And between the sky of her thoughts.
She looked like a waterfall
Descending from a mountain,
And bringing out green branches
From her brown music.
Her eyes create unlimited space.
The variable mode of women did not change me;
Throughout the middle and the ancient ages I am still
In love with only this woman

That I fear to declare her name.

.....

With the courtesy of a loft prince

I declare my longing for her.

I am waiting for her as a field

Waiting for the fall of the rain

To touch her palms.

I am longing for the time

Of drinking wine,

And clearing the moon for her

From the dust of the fog.

I will wait until the fate recognizes

That both of us are still alive.

In this ancient existence

I will wait.



Words of Love

My sweetheart, the sunrise is complete.
When I found the lilies and the roses flowered,
I knew that you have waken.



The Ascension of my Sadness

I feel sad because the two bottles of wine
Were not drunk,
My dinner table is empty,
And the beauty of the sound of the wind
Is coming alone at my door.
Bring my love to add salt to it
From the teardrop of my eyes
So that I stop asking the hard question:
When will you come to me?

Do not die before or after me,
And stay with me at the lower part of autumn,
For nothing but my loneliness remains with me.
My white leaves are still wet
Between the veins of my hand.
Do not worry, for I did not
Love you to be only a memory.
Tell me who is worthy than me
To plant his tree between

The flowers of your breasts.
It is me who will prescribe
The rituals in your temples.
My right hand is not a wooden stick to write,
But the fingertips of my hand can write
On your twenty rivers,
The derivatives of the Pacific ocean
To be drops of water falling in your palm.
I am still a tortured living man
Because I did not find a land
To die on and be resurrected alive.
I bid farewell to you;
Peace be upon you
While you are preparing the fire at night.
I am no longer able to give
My present to you.
So, goodbye, for there is no land here to die on,
Nor a lightening flashing with my name.
I am like a refugee or the dead people
Who can neither speak nor hear.
I am sick in your land

Where thousands of men died.
My grave was lost among them.
So, goodbye to you and your breasts.



A brown woman of Jesus' people

My sweetheart belongs to Jesus' people,

And I am searching in her eyes

For wine and a companion.

My sweetheart is the bottle of love,

When she closes her eyes,

The night shrouded in darkness,

And if she smiles, I become smart,

And the president of the kingdoms of lovers.



Make me Your Possession

Make me a poem
To give a present to the poems;
Make me a song to be bright
As the moon between the songs.
Give me more of the ear of love,
And make me the most pious servant
Of my time or a prophet of love.

Love was not treacherous
When it slept between your nails.
The doves roam around this love,
And your eyes mess
With the fate of my love.
How terrible this is!

O woman whose name is indescribable,
The color of your love strikes my mind,
And breaks the collars of stillness,
Taking us to the eternal love of our time.

Your eyes are the pearls of the gulfs,
And a fragrant perfume like the jasmine.

Your lips are like the glass of wine;

I lose my way when I kiss you

To become a boat in your river

Or a man with a wretched fate.



Your Love Is My Wish

I love you, O my heart, O my moon,

O my sunrise and my sunset.

I love you more than the love

Of the fields to the rains.

I love you, O queen of my kingdom,

And the perfume of the roses.

When the people ask me about you,

I answer without shame that I am your servant

And you are the mistress of your time.

Why did you cut your hair?

My sweetheart, why did you cut your hair,
And refuse to gift them to the poet
Of the legends of your love?
Why did you neglect my will
And destroy me?
Your hair is like the dark night
That sleeps between your palms.
The stars sleep with them
Between the darkness of your hair,
And forget about themselves.



This Was Love in My Time

In a certain year, I went abroad
And in one month I fell in love.
I was in London where the lights
Of the roads taught me how to live
My love with all the colors of the words.
On one day, one of the legends of glory died.
From that date on, I am still looking
For a love from Baghdad.

Fire and Ash

Here comes the fire
With its flames, blaze and envy
To burn the alive and dead people.
Here comes rancor that was torn into pieces,
Revolting against our forefathers' civilization,
Adding salty words
To the books of our language,
And burning the fetus of poetry,
And women's virginity.

The fire has come
To burn the culture of night and hiding,
And the books of Al-Mutanabi and the values.
It has come to tell us
That they will utter our letters
And to them we will listen.
Here it comes to tell us with rodomontade
That we are the riffraff of tents and bankrupts.

Here the fire come from this far east
To burn the fake Arabs.
Here it comes to burn
People with rough skins
And minds overwhelmed with opium.
Here it comes to kill the poets
And burn them like the packs of straw,
And the leaves of the dry olives.
Here it comes to destroy
The people of dance and wine.
It is we who turned the life of the best nation
Into a barren history,
Tarnishing the dreams of our generations,
And killing innocence in their eyes.

In This World

Because I lost my face when I drew the picture
Of my love on the land of massacres,
Two roses flowered in the garden of my memory.

I read in the sky of its lily about dreams
That make my happiness go away.
No land I rested in except I added
It to my kingdom.

My sweetheart, these are my books,
Library and books of verses.
They come to naught in my loftiness.

You are beautiful and dear to me;
You are my majesty.

Can poetry be good if I did not
Hear some of your groans?

The Sins of the Poor.

The major sins living in us
Are flaming and leading us to the unknown
Destination that writes its lines
On the edges of fear, betrayal and misery.
Our dreams are being destroyed,
So tell me, my friend,
Can the fingers collect our sins
From the darkness of our misery
To guide the hearts to the pulpits
Of the morning,
And leave our innocent dreams
In the arms of our sick time.
They are on the rocks of the hills,
Swaying and calling for help,
But no one offers help.

The Hidden Love

I fear that our words
Will not meet next year.
I fear they will not hide under one umbrella
In the next season.
O my brown sweetheart,
If I did not push my fingerprints
To touch your hair;
If my fingers didn't hide
Between the color of your black hair;
And if did not sleep with you,
My feelings are mythical.



A Dialogue

O sunrays, bring one of your rays closer.
How can I sell your love to the love buyers?
This child came closer and whispered in my ear,
'O wretched lover, you have stripped me
Of my belongings.
My well is deep

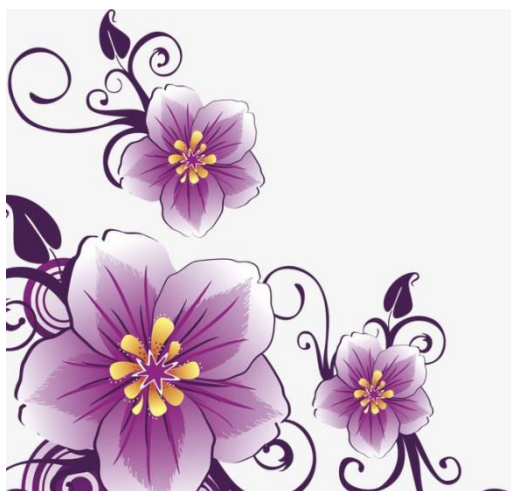
And won't let my possessions go.'

Watch your words and be reasonable.

I cannot sell my love to you.

The times ended my longing

And I can no longer seek your love.



Illusion

To an Ignorant Woman

The craziness of love might not have taught you

That when men leave, their jealousy

Surpass the heat of the embers,

And turn from the state of stillness

To the illegal state of anger.

My lady, to men, love means jealousy,

Anxiety and night wars,

Like the fight of the revolutionists.

So, why do you increase the firewood

And set my manhood on fire?

Be calm and quiet for a short time,

For your love made the love melt

In the music and the strings.



The Topography of Eve

The mystery may lie in
The formation of your breast.
I think it is the substance of the universe.
The researched discovered an approximate
Number of the stars,
But they did not find out
What your breast contains;
They did not know how to describe
Your rebelling breast.
It is round, with a rosy crown,
Brown in color and full of merciless secrets.
Is this a new world,
Or a new formation of Eve's topography?
Your body remains a mystery
In what it contains, and in its visible volcanoes.

The Ignorance of the Tribe

You want to be set free
From the constraint of the tribe.
I am so sad because I can't
Challenge you village and rid you off
This uncivilized place.
Your misery is not the first, the one thousand
Or the one million case.
Your miserable case is the case of all women.
Where have our liberating thoughts gone?
When will the misery of women end
So that they have free cities,
Way of thinking and ideas?
Throughout the ages, we barter
With them for the hymen.
The minds of the chiefs of the tribe
Are still filled with rocks.

You are my sweetheart every year

I chose you as a poem
To write about you last year.
As for this year,
I wrote you in the most important papers.
Making you the fruit of my poetry,
And the sound of Charismas bells.
Many women were destroyed in my arms,
But the legends do not change their meaning,
So you become the first despite all the years
To come and the previous ones.

The Colors of Love

O love lying on the bed of my manhood,
O robber of the longing of my heart,
O lover fleeing from its nationality,
The whole ocean calls your womanliness.
There is no meaning for darkness
If it does not look like your long hair.
The silken shawl is covering your bare breast.
The jewels would be cheap,
If you take them off your amazing chest.
If the people asking about womanliness,
They will not find it unless they
Talk to you and ask:
From what kind of mud were you created?
Your breast, waist and body
Are like the fortresses of legendary cities.
No one will ever discover
The secrets of your breasts.

Paranoia of women

In order that the people know
How much I love you,
It needs a hundred years to explain
The state of my spirit when I am with you.
The number of my heartbeats and breaths becomes
Beyond imagination when I stand nervously before you.

In order that the people know
How we neglected the Ozone layers
So that my spirit unites with you in the sky,
And the way of the clouds becomes bright-
All these need explanations that no one
Can provide except you and me.

This is what I call
The paranoia of legendary love
In the age of legends, ignorance,
Stupidity and craziness.

To my Dear Government

Our intelligent files are full of killing,
Even the mules and donkeys are not exempted.
They even treated the sparrows in the same way.
When will I forget the crimes of my authority,
And that we are both losers?
I wish our labs produced tissues
Instead of weapons
So that we wipe our tears
When we are in the arms of the beloved ones.
Even the forests and nature got tired
Out of our immigration.
As human beings, we burdened the earth.
Our radio station is still claiming
That the president won't be defeated;
Either he becomes victorious or dies.
Thank you, sir, just go away,
For our bread became oppression,
And the poor are forbidden even from coughing.
If we complain, you tear us into pieces;

And if we kept quiet,
We come to an end.
Death will knock our doors,
Whether we are kings or slaves;
All people are equal in their coffins-
All will leave the worldly life.

Hymns

Mu sweetheart, I am not your toy.

Love, my sweetheart, is woven

From the light of the sun,

And from which I will make

A smooth dress and a pillow for you.

You sing in the fields and forget your harshness.

Your breast is the compassion where I live.

I lighten the stars due to your loftiness

To make them lamps, dancing

At the sways of your waist.

The Logic of the Universe

Your love made me wet,
For since the beginning of time,
The history of woman
Was implanted inside me.
Whenever I talk about women,
Some ignorant people say,
'Is there nothing more important?'
I answer, 'But for woman,
Would you be alive now,
O stupid people?'

My sweetheart, I am like you:
Having no address, religion or nation.
Our time is cursed with killing the prophets,
And our faces suffer the haughtiness of the rich.
We are the killers of hymen and women's virginity.
Even the ants are sick of us;
They sleep away from us in summer and winter.
When will they understand that the ornaments

Of the universe are the women, our mistresses.

The Problem with Love



In loving you lies a big problem:
The architecture of the words
Makes the soul get lost,
And change the meaning of love
So that I become a branch
That the waft make it sway,
And I find myself in the presence
Of the most beautiful woman.
I write for her some poems
And compose them for her eyes,

By means of the most amazing words.



The Kings' Words

All the claims are lies

And all the words of love are exaggerate

Except for my words.

The ear steals their greenery from my sweetheart

And the days derive their beauty form my lines;

All what I write for you is like a royal crown,

But it is valueless if you do not wear it.

The seasons whisper your coming to each other

And the things commit suicide if you leave.

The lights in the streets will not illuminate

If you do not read my love stories

To make everything testify

That you are my poem.

An Ancient Woman

When I kiss your forehead
I feel I conquered the universe
And achieved victory over it,
And the women became remnants of the past.
When you come with your perfume,
Womanliness and face,
They chase me like a secret agent
And take me to pre-existence world,
Before the birth of Eve
From the seventh rib of Adam.
Your womanliness makes me create a world
In which I collect women and plant
Them in one woman that belongs to me,
Gifting her desire, oceans, sky,
And the starts of her night to only me.

Words in Lines

Many events of love entered our life

To make us lead a better life;

It flowered like the roses

In the garden of the words.

Many women abandoned the poets

To let their legends extend and be eternal;

Her words were written with a warm spirit

That almost die when it writes her name.

Will we be resurrected as prophets,

And be among the pious servants

In the stories of beauty that

Turn to be like the incense.



State of Quietness

You possess a mode like that of the sea,

The quietness of the wafts,

And the perfume of the flowers.

When I started to write about you,

The pen was broken,

And the atoms of ink

Evaporated in the lines,

As everything burns

Out of longing for you.



A Delusive woman

She came with her error,
Woven from the thread of love.
She came to be an icon for me;
To be one of my books,
And a rose in my scattered gardens,
Collecting the parts and the words.
My dream was suddenly incomplete,
Because I realized after a long time
That she is only a shadow,
Disappearing at night.

The Language of Dialogue

We are forgotten as though

We were born in the past, and

Yesterday, we were buried

On the sound of groans.

We are forgotten as though

We were created to be forgotten;

As though we were not children

Who were loved for at that stage.

We are forgotten like the temples

And the old cities that became shadows.

We are forgotten as though we were not created;

Or are roses trampled for their thoughts;

Or a church that lost its bell and cross.

We are forgotten to be

A fleeting love in the hearts.

We are forgotten and many steps

Trampled on our graves,

As we did to the people before us.

Some people composed prose

But then it would be forgotten.

Our bodies are like ghosts

That do not exist except in our minds.

We are created to be forgotten.

Our bowls were covered with dust,

As we had not sat in gatherings.

We became seemingly humans

And meaningless words

That would be forgotten.



Istanbul

The Blood of Arabism



-1-

O lofty Arab world,
The eyelid was not closed,
Nor did the pen die down.
You are a revolting lion
Since the beginning of your time.
O Home of the forefathers,
With abundant goodness you are surrounded;
No hunger, fear or sickness.
Your history neither fades
Nor loses its freshness.
In the name of Allah, you will Remain
Forever lofty and high.

-2-

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

-3-

O my Arab world, you are my master.
You are the giver of love and bounties;
You fulfill hope and end darkness.
Whenever a wronged one seeks refuges,
You saddle the horse of hardship to help.
You will forever nurse glory;
The good people's blood is still unweaned.

-4-

These hands vainly seek to destroy you.
Whom does it seek to destroy?
They do not realize they seek their death,

For the brigades of my Home's knights

Are lions roaring on the summits.

My home, do not yield,

For you are massively great,

Filling the horizons of the sky

With the most precious glories.

.....

Istanbul: the City of my Dreams

O Istanbul, get ready,
My longing for you will lead me to you.
I am coming to your sea and quietness
To cover my body with your sand,
Look at your nature,
Enjoy the sight of the sky,
Sit in your coffee shops,
Penetrate the music of your entertainment,
Arrange my stuff in your room,
Search for the breasts of your women
That I may write on the light of the candle
About the amazing love.
I will sip your imaginary red wine
To forget the woman who
Loved me with guile and betrayal.
I am not kidding about my feelings,
For I'm the sultan of love
And I am not fabricating my title.

My Papers

My papers became incomplete
So, what is the decision,
O woman, I will make:
The decision of separation
That provokes my wrath,
Or the decision of burning myself
With the fire of your love,
Even though you do not care?
Increase my wisdom,
For I am thoughtless without you.



Frankly

You should know that my hand
Burned my heart once it left yours.
You should know that what I'll write
Of words is extraordinary,
Because I will be taken to
An unknown age after leaving yours.
I will live different moments
In your imagination,
As we have read our love
Without the letters,
And pledged a covenant with each other
That we would not be separated,
And that you will remain with me,
Though your conceitedness
Is heavier than that beautiful dream.
I put my exhausted forehead
On the prayer mat to complain
To the One who is greater than everything.

Torn Papers

O papers, only little of her love remains;
Craziness suddenly scattered,
And nothing remained
From the pleasure of longing
But the fire that burned
The ways of affection
And shackled us with collars.



A Masterpiece of Love

Your beauty, my lady, increases my inspiration

To describe your breast without shyness.

Whenever I see you, your beauty

Inspires me with beautiful things,

And my longing unimaginably increases.

Your voice penetrates my chest,

So I write books of verses to flirt with you,

Recording the love words of the violin,

And decorating the poetic words

With your mention.

Your whispers burn me,

And make it difficult

To quench the fire inside me

My lady, let me for one moment

Get inside you and turn into a waft

Inhaled into your body

To see what is in your heart

That I may find the secret of my love to you

When I melt in your breaths.

The Ghosts of Colors

The ghost of your colors that I adore

Keep on chasing me.

Everything else is also chasing me:

Crying, quietness and this smart body,

Clothed in transparent pants.

The sounds are still chasing me

In the radio, in poetry, and

In the reflection of love that I listen to.

Should I escape from the letters of your name,

Or the color of your beautiful hair?

Yes, I have planted your letters

Into my spinal cord, ribs,

And the beats of my tired heart.

I saw nothing but the shadow of ghosts

Roaming around my room

That is full of our memories.

My old furniture attests to how many times

We kissed each other.

My library without a book bearing your name,

And your touches of my forehead that cure me

Became a museum of sadness.

On her memory, quietness,

Weep and burning were scattered.



Dead Messages

Messages were written and then
Were torn into pieces.
The lines cried and sought refuge,
As though she would die;
And the words called for help.
Her memory has come to an end,
And the eye closed its lids,
Crying, for it won't see the woman
With slim stature anymore
While she is sipping her morning coffee
Quietly in this French coffee shop.

My Pretty Woman's Birthday



I know that today I have missed
The greatest occasion,
But I'm not the good speaker
Who can utter the appropriate words
To a princess who deserves to be addressed
With the holiest words.
However, I will gift you
The purple flowers that you love,
And congratulate you in a special way;
From behind the wall of my silence
That let me down and keeps silent.
So you keep silent, too,

And the language of the eyes speaks.

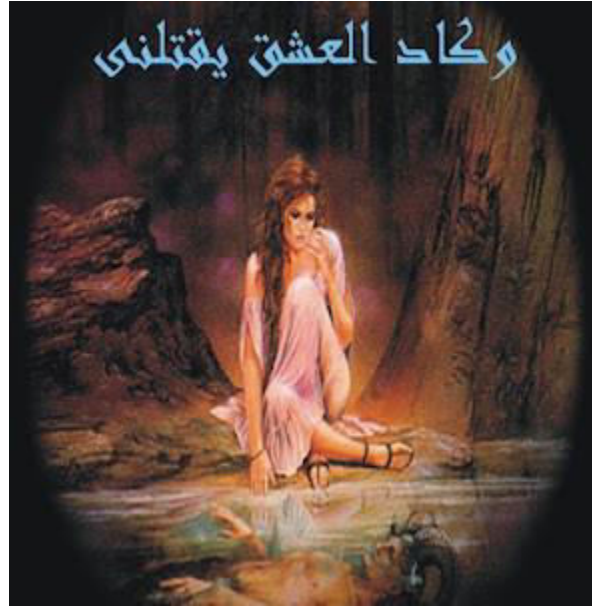
Loyalty is my Identity

O my mistress, O woman
With the purple flowers,
I tried to uproot you from my inner being,
And remove you from my mind,
Yet addiction to your love was
Stronger than all the axes.
So, I chose to love you only;
Your love will be around me,
In my mind, and inside me.

The Derivatives of Love

From behind this even land,
Some burning letters are recorded
In my notebook.
Out of the longing of these letters,
They burn yellow and green papers.
I am reflecting on her beautiful cheeks,
That when they laugh or cry,
They drip from her warm womanliness
Words that refresh me at one time
And drive me crazy at another time.
My love and craziness about her
Are my weapon.
I talk about them as in the love stories,
Making her weep and yield out of tiredness
Like the trees that the hurricanes shake.
All what remained is a memory
When we were out one night,
Telling each other our love and longing.
From the heart of that long night

Everything suddenly came to an end.



The Lost Geography

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

When she leaves me,
I remain her captive.
Her breasts call me
In her cursed night.

Away from her lines,
In the French sea.

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

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

She takes the lift
Of Eiffel tower as a butterfly.

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

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

I Have Been Complaining for Days

I have been complaining for days,
Months, seasons and years
About your separation.
If you are angry with me,
How can I sent a messenger
To tell you about my condition after you?
My days, months and years are dizzy,
For in the presence of your love,
I am a shy man.
O my blond sweetheart,
Without your compassion for me,
The days shed abundant tears for me,
And leave me to retreat sadly,
After the words bid farewell to me
And travel their final departure.
If you returned back, I hope
That you would not be harsh on me.
I would apologize to you
If the apology can convince you.



This smooth, long hair

Why am I acting proudly?
I am the wounded lover.
Her ship sleeps in my port
To set the fire of longing,
Melting our chests and relaxing.
The letters are asking about me,
And my words are happy as jasmines.
I like these eyes, lids,
And the long, blond hair.
If she gets angry,
The amazement overwhelms you,
And if you love me,
This is your best job.
Do I love your rosy nipples
Or your while, bright face?
My love, despite our anger,
Is the love of a student to his teacher
For her golden, long hair.



The Cravat



O my cravat,
When I tie you tomorrow,
Do not let me down;
When my sweetheart sits on my elbow
And asks about the women I played with,
Do not speak, please.
I will be listening to her at that night,
And drew a passport in her eyes,
For she is surrounded by a sea
That only my boat can penetrate.
If she disobeyed me, she is crazy,
For my summer is cold and
My winter is a peaceful fire.

The Nightshirt



O my woven nightshirt,
This man's longing, and
Crazy love exhausted me;
The threads of my nightshirt
Are longing for him,
And his chest set it on fire.
I am yearning for my sweetheart's
Longing when the zero hour comes.
He fights like an Arab leader
Who wins the battle.

I like his courage and hope
He will occupy my other part
And my field with kisses.
His crazy longing and love
Is like peach water,
Spilled between my breasts.

The Arabs Destroy civilization

O Arabs whom I call
The antagonistic half brothers.
O you who were my full brothers one day,
Your evil overweighs your good.
Today, we have enemies among us.
Wherever you emerge,
You destroy the districts, turning
The places into a corpse.
I roamed around Europe
And the black east,
And found that the Arabs
Are good at destruction.
I weepingly looked at the sky
And supplicated against the Arab rulers
That they may be afflicted with a calamity,
Or a day severer than Karbula'.
You do not eat pork,
But if only you did,
For it is lighter

That eating people's flesh.
Do not say you are Arabs,
Having a lofty civilization,
Rather say we are the people
Of wine and women.

With your actions, you pleased
All the devils on earth,
And forget you belong to
The lineage of the prophets.

O Arabs of this miserable time,
Why you excelled the rest
Of the world in stupidity.

Miss Rasle

Miss Rasle got angry,
And told me not to write
Or say poetry about her.
She provokes my anger with love,
Deprives me of her admiration,
And stingily prevents me from love.
Her sparks of anger strike
The face of other misses,
And stab her crazy looks
Into my eye as a dagger.
She accuses me of being a lost man.
I cleanse myself from the light
Of virgin Rasle's pure face.
She gets angry whenever
I talk to her or go away.
As a woman, she is not a woman when
She loves crazily.
Her brown stature exhausts me.
Is there a chance to catch her?

If I have a chance, I will seize it.

This virgin Rasle is like a sea,

Cleansing my sins.

If I neglect her, she gets angry.

She accounts even the minutes;

If I came late to her date,

She rants and raves.

Hanasa: The Brown Woman

These are my limits;
If you overstep them,
I will get angry and break,
For love to me is like the diamond
That cannot be broken.
If you are beautiful,
And if you are precious,
My manhood is a charming trap.
I loved woman before you
And traveled millions of miles
In the way of longing.
I did not forget one day
That I am a man whose feelings
Are created from embers.
Do not say you grieve for me,
For sadness will inevitably go,
And under the dust of the time
Your fake love will be buried.

I Loved Prematurely and Broke up After

It Is Too Late

Here I will live the rest of my life,
For from the delusion of her eye,
Separation was provided with water.
The London of fog is like a mirage
Living in us and overburdening us
With its hatred and rancor.
The trees weepingly accompany me
During my walk.
That was a story I wrote
And became sure it is legendary.
On the steps of life,
We spend our lifetime
Until our gathering was scattered
And we were burned.
O woman with no name or age,
O woman who made her love a gallows,
Throw the rope of death away from me,
Please throw it away!

Draw closer to me and stop violence,
Do not wipe my identity by your anger,
And water your womanliness
From the flood of my love.

I Hate You

I hate you too much, man,
When you write about
The exhalation of my sunrise.
You occupy me like a sun,
Occupying the day in the morning.
You whisper in my eye: "Good morning.
Your purple love is my hope."
I hate it when you gift me
A line of love poetry.



Reflection

The Wonders of an Iraqi Painter

My country's land is dead.
Even the movement of the sparrows
Came to an end.
The faces, the trees and the branches
Of the nuts are all burned.
Our speech is all about threatening.
In my country, poetry became a grave,
And the letters became the poets' coffins.
I tried to draw our heritage,
But I did not find anything to draw,
For there is no trace for the ox
With wings, and the monuments of Babel;
All were lost with the dead hopes,
When the wrongdoers stole them.

2

The president of my country
Is either an adventurous or a gambler.
Nothing is united in my country.
The cities cough and darkness dominates,

So what should I draw?
I tried to draw a child holding a book
Or flowers, but I found nothing but
Children with lost dreams
Facing the hurricane of war -
They also were not excepted
From the craziness of war.
They learned the fighting games,
Plotting and messing with
The remains of the explosive powder.
My country has died since
The first bullet was produced.

3

I fed up wishing and dreaming
About the coming of peace once again.
I am sick of the air of my country,
For it is dusted, and full of
The poison of the blood of war.
I could not practice my love
With my sweetheart,
Nor could I laugh,

For laughter in my country is rare.

I even did not drink my coffee,
for the bleed of the coffee shops
Is seen in the drinks they offer.

The radio, street and television-

All of them are threatening,

Nothing is alive.

So, tell me, my friend,

What should I draw?



Reflections

All what I can remember is that
I have recruited the letter to write for you,
And I distorted the truth so that
You would become the angel I was expecting.

I filled the poetry with music
And words sweeter than sugar.

I thanked the heaven because
You were sent to me
And destiny did not kidnap you,
As it has kidnapped my country.

The Nights of Syria

I wonder when my foreignness end,
For I am longing for my home,
As the martyr longs for the Paradise.
When will I return to Syria,
And cry, out of happiness
In the arms of my family
Before the coming of death?
How much you suffered, Syria!
The night of Damascus became devoid
Of love, longing, and manhood.
On the soil of Hims, Humah, Dar'a
And Al-Ladhiqiyya, the most courageous
Men were killed.
Their chests were like armors,
Stopping the bullets of guns.
Their necks were cut
At the hands of the gangs.
And our women were taken captives,
So, is there a crime of the Zionists

You have not committed?
O Divine Justice,
No objection to your destiny,
For a day will inevitably come
When my land sees the dawn of freedom,
As Allah's Promise of victory is true,
And it will be fulfilled soon,
If Allah, the Almighty, so wills.



One of Women's Sins

I know I would be killed,
Even before I was created.

I know that my death will be
At the hands of the most beautiful woman.

She assassinated me with her guile,
For she has no principle, religion or promise.

She was created from unknown dust,
Scattering her craziness of my bed.

My regards to an old piece of news
From the memories of a murdered man.



A New Story

There is no much time
To fill my luggage with your memories,
For the way is paved for travel,

And the way of returning is blocked,

As I am now on the plane.

I will travel in the sea of new eyes,

Dinner table, woman, and love story.



Occupation

My sweetheart, I know

We are coward to announce

The state of emergency.

I know that because of this hidden love

We are flaming respectably,

For declaring the decision

Of occupying you is not easy,

As I am a river and you are

The ocean that will drown me.
How can the ocean be overwhelmed
With the streams of a river?
My lady, I am travelling through
The steep ways of your map,
Through your borders and topography.
The distance of your womanliness
Constitutes a second state other than
The one I have seen.
I cannot describe your kingdom.
I am about to declare a mutiny,
And a revolution against your breasts,
As my behavior is revolutionist,
And extremist, carrying death in its hand.
In my love, I want to occupy London
And declare my independence.



The Meaning of Spirit

Man needs another 100 years
To understand the secrets of women,
For despite the elapse of hundreds of years,
He did not understand except that she
Is a machine in the house,
Forgetting that she is
A spirit for the world.



The Calendar

The calendar has not been written yet
When I wrote my first poetic verse about you.

The Gregorian calendar was not existent

When your birthday came to pass.

I wrote after I fall in love

To the most amazing woman.

I was created for the mistress

Of the women of the world

To whom I am longing.

She is the mistress

Of my age and history.

The Bars of London

On the doors of London bars,
I was hesitant about getting in,
Choosing my favorite drink,
Or changing wine to try the Vodka.

Yesterday, I decided to kill you
And not to think about you for minutes.

However, after the first glass,

I started thinking about you;

I had no way out, for all the walls

Bear the picture of you womanliness,

And so do the bridges, taxis,

The cinema, theatre and concerts.

Your mention extended to London streets.

Are you deliberately forcing me not to forget you?

Or do you train yourself how to kill a man

Who became wretched by your crazy love?

Well, you can do that, but remember

That my fingertips become the perfume

Of the jasmine when they write about you;

They become a collar of flowers
That cover your breasts.
If I love you, I will burn you with my love;
In both cases I will be
Either a murderer or a murdered man.





Water, Bread and Weed

What is destiny is hiding for us?

What does it conceal

Under the light of this moon?

Does it hide dreams and complains?

Are we seeking championships

And dying dreams?

O our lazy honor,

O night of hunger,

For how long will you stay?

Forcedly, we stopped eating bread

And left our empty bowls of water

That we used to fill from rain.

Do not show from home anything

But the imaginations and pictures.

The borders are occupied with tents

And on the mountains there are houses

That know nothing but sadness and weep.

In our homes, the rich complain about the poor,

And sell to us the tobacco of opium and weed.

They try to kill that shyness.
O my country, they killed us with the weapons
And cuffed our hands.
They sit on their thrones,
Wearing white or red turbans.
Where are the countries of the lofty Arabs?
We cannot call anyone for help,
And our hands and tongues were cut.
So, are we vainly seek the help of the Arabs?

Blood and Breaking Oaths

My blood is the map of the Arab world,
So where will my home go after my death?
Blood and water gushed forth in every spot.

You slept with the worldly life,

But we embrace martyrdom,

And covered by the flowers of perfume

The minarets of Syria.

Here is my coffin, my birth,

My body and language.

Here are roses, vegetables and bowls.

I am dancing on the body of the thug,

So if you daggers stabbed my organs,

You will hear the sound of all dead people.

The heart stiffened and my remains were scattered,

But I see my freedom smile,

Like the light of the morning sun.

This dog has torn my parts,

Seized my forearm, and cut my joints.

They terrified us, and their bullets and daggers

Were only a bow with blunt arrows
So, after all of that, will my freedom
Be killed by this thug's stabs?

I am a Man Not an Animal

I am a man not an animal,
When will you understand?
When will you understand that,
O policemen, soldiers and politicians?
When will you understand that
Our mother created us as free people?
When will you understand that
The seed will explode one day?
When will you understand that
That dawn will come one day?

2

My killer, when will you understand that
Spring is not to be called so
Unless the roses flower in it,
And the buds grow on the branches?
I am a man, so how can you
Constrain me with cuffs,
Try to convince me about your letters,
And force me to follow your thought?

You kill thousands of us
To crowning the victory of your party.

3

You kill and burn the mourning people,
Taking us from weep to weep, and
Leaving us as remains in the streets.
You derive your determination from
Killing the innocent people,
So, to where are you taking us?
We left the country without a visa,
Leaving behind us dead bodies,
Killed on the sidewalks and crossroads.
There is no prophet to return our right
And no leader to help us;
We are being crushed while
The Arabs are watching.

4

You talked to us by the language of bullets,
And confronted our rituals.
We carried bread, sought the help
Of the mountains, and crossed

Borders full of dead bodies
To flee from terror
And the nights of our lazy honor,
Chewing our tongues out of
The wrath of pride.
So, tell me when will freedom
Come into existence in my country,
Where the adulterous live.
When will this tuberculosis end
Under the rule of the naive people?

Conditions

I laugh crazily when I am drunk,
Between the sweetness of the memory,
And the sourness of wine.
I don't think there is a respite
In my lifetime to endure,
For men's regret at the time
Of separation is in vain.
So, do not commit a sin by
Assaulting the lover after separation.
Perfume yourself when your
Harshness embraces my body.
Why I am dreaming of thought
About breasts, wine and staying up.
The worldly life is a mourning place
Where sad events crucify us,
So, do not be self-conceited, acting

Proudly like the peacock.
The faithful man is saved from
Falling into troubles and sleeplessness.

The Daughter of Eve

This is the one who exhausted me,
And filled my glass with wine
From her dark red eyes.
She killed me as a martyr
That I became reckless,
Messing with the waves
Of my life yet in vain.

I groaned and got drunk without wine,
So I became a crazy man,
Without guidance and patience.

2

The crazy man filled his blog
With poetic verses about her,
As Qays filled his poetic volumes
With the love of Layla Al-'Amiriyya,
And so did Jamil Buthayna.
Their lines carried the crazy flirting,
And abundant sorrow verses

That became eternal poetry,
Which do not differentiate
Between the Paradise and Hell,
Confusing our ideas.

They were written in the books of poetry
Like a captain sailing in an ocean tirelessly.

O woman, your love swallow me,
Seizing me from myself,
Like a tree swaying in a tornado.



The Craziiness of the Morning

How sweet craziness is in the morning!

I wake her up and give her a kiss

That makes her long for another

After a long night sleep.

I go crazy if she is angry,

And her smile increases my longing.

These breasts belong to me,

And I delve into these eyes.

Your anger is a type of madness

That my heart cannot endure.



Under my Umbrella

My umbrella in winter
Only spacious for me and her.
We kiss each other in the middle
Of the wet road, ignoring
The rain and the thunder.
I smell her blond hair,
And the perfume of her French body,
So we sweat and I see
Her nipples behind her wet shirt;
Two roses calling my wet body,
And provoking our flaming feelings
Under my black umbrella.

Vision

She confuses and kills me
With a look of her eyes;
She breaks my stability,
Like a cat or a dove in my book;
And occupies my home and organs
With her breasts and nipples.
With the smoothness of her legs,
She lashes me.;

On the bed we groan, and she
Leaves me a dead body.
I cannot decide to leave her,
Lest longing exposes me,
I travel through her body,
And my luggage rests
After a long journey;
I sit on a throne
Between her breast.

I love her so much

I love her so much,
When my dove fly and get tired,
Then land on my shoulder and play.
Her eyes are black red,
And her breasts are two gulfs
On which the pearls are scattered.
Her beauty challenges the womanliness
Of all women on earth.

2

I love her when she says "No,"
For her tone is dripping honey.
I love you, my sweetheart;
When you smile,
You regain my youthfulness,
And the sky laughs.
The gathering of my heart and longing
Are no longer possible in my body.
Anyone other than you cannot
Occupy a distance like a world.

3

My sweetheart, do not ask

About my love to you.

If you are ignorant then record that my birth

Was on the day of our first meeting.

You are written on my forehead

And on my ink and papers.

4

I made the words melt

In expressing my love to you

That my poetry only breathes

The perfume of your breasts.

I made our love bracelets

That you wear whenever you want,

And take off when you get angry.

I did not know, O apple of my eye,

That adoring you is deadly.

Despite trying to kill you at night

I become suddenly sure that I was killed.

Revolution

I write to the mistress of women
That flows in my blood
Like the warm, red wine,
And the clouds whose whiteness
Decorates the blueness of the sky.

O most beautiful name,
Before you I did not know myself
And the meaning of the heavenly gift,
But loving you planted your songs
In my heart and my body:
In my right and my left,
In all my limbs and everywhere.

Without loving you I am naked,
Carrying my coffin on my hands,
And refusing the colors of the songs.
How can I describe you, O Aphrodite?
Shall I describe your smooth legs,

Or the breasts hiding behind
White or red curtains?
When I describe you,
My love becomes a child,
My culture comes to naught,
And I need one hundred glasses of wine
And sets of pens to write about you.

Without you I see the things unstable,
And at the sea, I see you a houri
Talking to her breasts and lips.
Wine turned me into fragments.
How does the mirror not break
When you strip naked before it?



I love you despite what happened

I love you despite what happened in the past

Or would happen now or in the future.

If I get angry, do not be sad,

For the one who loves you

Is not a rock but a man.

You are my child even if you abandoned

Love; no one will love you like me.

Your spacious chest is more

Beautiful than pearls,

Dripping the aroma of silk and basil.

My sweetheart, the sparrows sleep

Lovingly on your eyes,

And the rains of April cleanse

Your naked body.

It cannot hate you one day,

For I love you forever.

How can I burn our

Memory in the fire?

You are light inside me;

Although I treated you roughly,
You are my garden and child.

Her Departure is the Death of a Sister

Did death fulfill its promise,
Taking this pearl from me?
Your death could not be stopped,
For death is a fulfilled promised.

You passed away and left me to grieve;
You left before I tell you my stories.
I wished I had explained to you
My hard foreignness and my calamity.
I roamed the black world,
Sleeping in its road, feeling insecure,
Changing my prisons and suffering
The coldness of jails.
No blanket or heater I found
To alleviate my coldness.
So, my sister, how can I
endure and constrain sadness?
Our writing on the wall of our house
Were omitted,

And the roses in our big house dried up.

I won't sleep peacefully again.

Nothing remained but our memories.

In the first day of your departure,

Ghost roamed around Baghdad

During its long, dark night.

The sounds of hammers stopped,

And the sounds of wailing started.

The black sadness came to my house at night

And left its tears and harshness at my door.

My sister, you have gone and your grave

Was dug beside my mother's.

As for me, who will dig my grave

If I die in my foreignness?

Sings of Zodiac

Whatever the signs of zodiac say,
Both of us have a share in fortune to get.
If they tell you about another man, I will kill you;
I am ready to come crawlingly to stand
And bow before your breasts.
These are fortunes that one does not get
Through working and pursuit.
Our love behind the curtains
Of our loneliness lingers.
The Virgin hides the legends and the unknown,
And the anger of the Gemini fades away
Between your eyes.
Cover yourself with the clock of my manhood
During the nights of love,
And let them say whatever they say.
Hating you is a big lie,
And leaving you is a great myth,
For my heart is in the hands of my sweetheart,
Not in the hands of the unknown

Blame

My sweetheart, why do you get angry,

Set my body on fire,

And send sadness to my eyes?

I walk on sandy embers every night,

That burn my spirit and constitution.

How did you forsake me

On the day of your departure?

You sent me no love letter,

Or relieving condolences.

I have not given up loving you,

So spread your hair on my chest,

And scatter me on your page

To write volumes of my poems.

I am tired and my eyes

Have no shelter but you.

I beg your pardon,

Don't put off my fire,

For I am addicted to your love

That I think you are living

Under my eyelid.

2

The whip of loving you slashed me,

Your abandonment ruined me,

And the absence of your voice

Drove me crazy.

After all that destruction,

How can you hate me?

I have no other love,

For you are my safety and fear,

And your night covered my sadness.

I am amazed at both of us

Because we heedlessly wronged our love;

Love between us became a wishful thinking.

The Final Response

Whoever you are,
You are just a woman
Created from betrayal and mud,
And between your breasts
lie a group of devils.
Honor does not recognize you;
Your picture is tarnished and untitled.
Not out of fear I won't answer you,
For you are a womanless woman.

Man's Decision

I decided that my decision is final
About a woman sold its womanliness to men.
Her abode is betrayal and her hobby
Is playing with fire.
She played on one thousand ropes
And inside her thousands of languages and secrets.
She gives men fire to drink from her breasts,
And messes with loving chests like embers.
Do not claim that my manhood is fading,
For you are just a lustful woman,
Like a quicksilver in an oyster.
On the lines of love, I wrote for one thousand breasts,
With one thousand colors, the inks you change.
You are a toy in the hands of men,
So do not blame the fate and the days.
O poor woman, today you are young,
But tomorrow you will be a barren tree,
Without a daytime.

How Can I Forget?

How can the heart cut its veins,
While love lies in it?
I did not forget you one day,
But I am angry at you;
Our memories and songs make me
Weep and feel dizzy
When your phantom visits me.
I got tired of my long journey;
We became strangers on a dark road.
There is no way out or return.
My beautiful woman, I love you.
You are my school and the rose
I have planted in the garden of my life.
My anger is not the result of pride;
My anger tore me into pieces.
The teardrops expose me,
And the pillow is asking me:
How was your end, O lover, written
By a woman who has been

The source of your madness?
After all these pains, how can I forget
The joy of my heart and its certitude?

Eve

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

For I am not a Chinese pottery

That you break like a dish

When you get angry.

Beating Around the Bush

I am not beating around the bush,
You slaughter all the letters of love.
I did not deny or fabricate a word
About you love that drove me crazy,
And gushed forth springs and
Brought about the green branches.
The child is rebelling against my love,
And practices her false talk and betrayal.
I wondered if I am that failing student,
And to where my tornado takes me.
I cry at night and sit on the rocks of love.
I am addicted to you, while out lifetime
Ended in an unknown way.
I blame the good reflection,
And wonder about her open guile.
My years were destroyed by a calamity
And my love drove me crazy.
These days attest that in our time
Nothing is victorious but separation.

I walked sadly for a long distance,
While my body was burned with your fire.

My eyes became dimmed
Because of your abandonment.

Despite that, O little love,

I did not learn a lesson

In the world of Eve.



To an Ignorant Woman

The craziness of love might not have taught you

That when men leave, their jealousy

Surpass the heat of the embers,

And turn from the state of stillness

To the illegal state of anger.

My lady, to men, love means jealousy,

Anxiety and night wars,

Like the fight of the revolutionists.

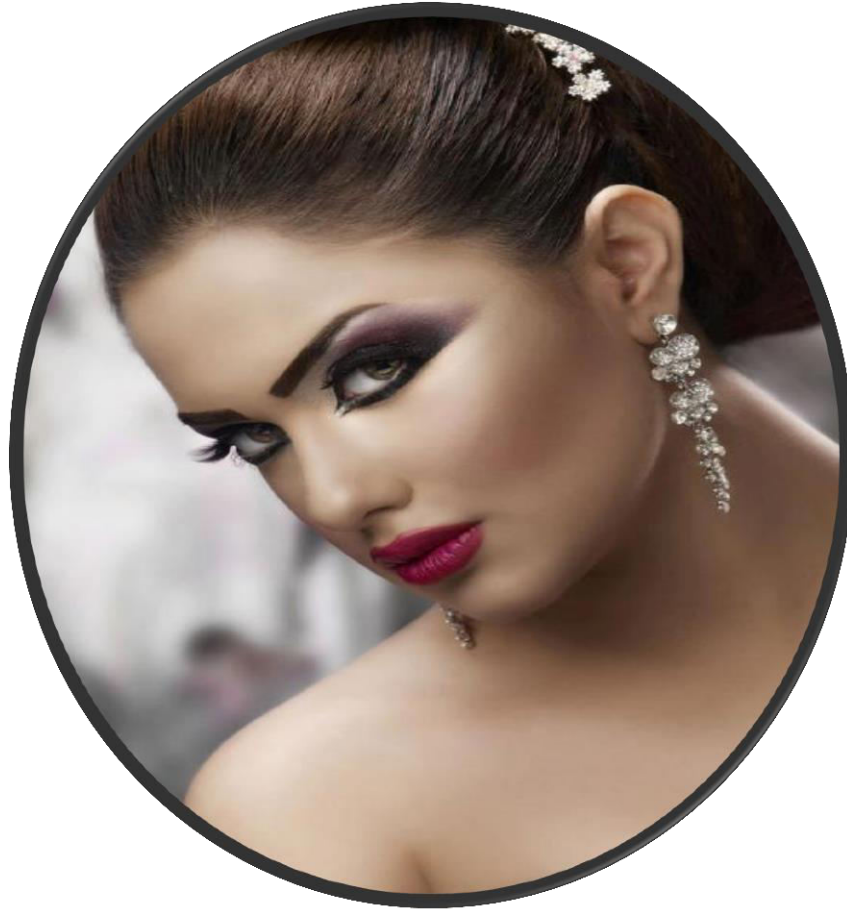
So, why do you increase the firewood

And set my manhood on fire?

Be calm and quiet for a short time,

For your love made the love melt

In the music and the strings.



The Topography of Eve

The mystery may lie in

The formation of your breast.

I think it is the substance of the universe.

The researched discovered an approximate
Number of the stars,
But they did not find out
What your breast contains;
They did not know how to describe
Your rebelling breast.
It is round, with a rosy crown,
Brown in color and full of merciless secrets.
Is this a new world,
Or a new formation of Eve's topography?
Your body remains a mystery
In what it contains, and in its visible volcanoes.

The Ignorance of the Tribe

You want to be set free
From the constraint of the tribe.
I am so sad because I can't
Challenge you village and rid you off
This uncivilized place.
Your misery is not the first, the one thousand
Or the one million case.
Your miserable case is the case of all women.
Where have our liberating thoughts gone?
When will the misery of women end
So that they have free cities,
Way of thinking and ideas?
Throughout the ages, we barter
With them for the hymen.
The minds of the chiefs of the tribe
Are still filled with rocks.

You are my sweetheart every year

I chose you as a poem
To write about you last year.
As for this year,
I wrote you in the most important papers.
Making you the fruit of my poetry,
And the sound of Charismas bells.
Many women were destroyed in my arms,
But the legends do not change their meaning,
So you become the first despite all the years
To come and the previous ones.

The Colors of Love

O love lying on the bed of my manhood,
O robber of the longing of my heart,
O lover fleeing from its nationality,
The whole ocean calls your womanliness.
There is no meaning for darkness
If it does not look like your long hair.
The silken shawl is covering your bare breast.
The jewels would be cheap,
If you take them off your amazing chest.
If the people asking about womanliness,
They will not find it unless they
Talk to you and ask:
From what kind of mud were you created?
Your breast, waist and body
Are like the fortresses of legendary cities.
No one will ever discover
The secrets of your breasts.

Paranoia of women

In order that the people know
How much I love you,
It needs a hundred years to explain
The state of my spirit when I am with you.
The number of my heartbeats and breaths becomes
Beyond imagination when I stand nervously before you.

In order that the people know
How we neglected the Ozone layers
So that my spirit unites with you in the sky,
And the way of the clouds becomes bright-
All these need explanations that no one
Can provide except you and me.

This is what I call
The paranoia of legendary love
In the age of legends, ignorance,
Stupidity and craziness.

To my Dear Government

Our intelligent files are full of killing,
Even the mules and donkeys are not exempted.
They even treated the sparrows in the same way.
When will I forget the crimes of my authority,
And that we are both losers?
I wish our labs produced tissues
Instead of weapons
So that we wipe our tears
When we are in the arms of the beloved ones.
Even the forests and nature got tired
Out of our immigration.
As human beings, we burdened the earth.
Our radio station is still claiming
That the president won't be defeated;
Either he becomes victorious or dies.
Thank you, sir, just go away,
For our bread became oppression,
And the poor are forbidden even from coughing.
If we complain, you tear us into pieces;

And if we kept quiet,
We come to an end.
Death will knock our doors,
Whether we are kings or slaves;
All people are equal in their coffins-
All will leave the worldly life.

Hymns

My sweetheart, I am not your toy.

Love, my sweetheart, is woven

From the light of the sun,

And from which I will make

A smooth dress and a pillow for you.

You sing in the fields and forget your harshness.

Your breast is the compassion where I live.

I lighten the stars due to your lofty

To make them lamps, dancing

At the sways of your waist.

The Logic of the Universe

Your love made me wet,
For since the beginning of time,
The history of woman
Was implanted inside me.
Whenever I talk about women,
Some ignorant people say,
'Is there nothing more important?'
I answer, 'But for woman,
Would you be alive now,
O stupid people?'

My sweetheart, I am like you:
Having no address, religion or nation.
Our time is cursed with killing the prophets,
And our faces suffer the haughtiness of the rich.
We are the killers of hymen and women's virginity.
Even the ants are sick of us;
They sleep away from us in summer and winter.
When will they understand that the ornaments

Of the universe are the women, our mistresses.

The Problem with Love



In loving you lies a big problem:

The architecture of the words

Makes the soul get lost,

And change the meaning of love

So that I become a branch

That the waft make it sway,

And I find myself in the presence

Of the most beautiful woman.

I write for her some poems

And compose them for her eyes,

By means of the most amazing words.



The Kings' Words

All the claims are lies

And all the words of love are exaggerate

Except for my words.

The ear steals their greenery from my sweetheart

And the days derive their beauty form my lines;

All what I write for you is like a royal crown,

But it is valueless if you do not wear it.

The seasons whisper your coming to each other

And the things commit suicide if you leave.

The lights in the streets will not illuminate

If you do not read my love stories

To make everything testify

That you are my poem.

An Ancient Woman

When I kiss your forehead
I feel I conquered the universe
And achieved victory over it,
And the women became remnants of the past.
When you come with your perfume,
Womanliness and face,
They chase me like a secret agent
And take me to pre-existence world,
Before the birth of Eve
From the seventh rib of Adam.
Your womanliness makes me create a world
In which I collect women and plant
Them in one woman that belongs to me,
Gifting her desire, oceans, sky,
And the starts of her night to only me.

Writings in Lines

Many events of love entered our life

To make us lead a better life;

It flowered like the roses

In the garden of the words.

Many women abandoned the poets

To let their legends extend and be eternal;

Her words were written with a warm spirit

That almost die when it writes her name.

Will we be resurrected as prophets,

And be among the pious servants

In the stories of beauty that

Turn to be like the incense.



State of Quietness

You possess a mode like that of the sea,

The quietness of the wafts,

And the perfume of the flowers.

When I started to write about you,

The pen was broken,

And the atoms of ink

Evaporated in the lines,

As everything burns

Out of longing for you.



A Delusive woman

She came with her error,
Woven from the thread of love.
She came to be an icon for me;
To be one of my books,
And a rose in my scattered gardens,
Collecting the parts and the words.
My dream was suddenly incomplete,
Because I realized after a long time
That she is only a shadow,
Disappearing at night.

The Language of Dialogue

We are forgotten as though

We were born in the past, and

Yesterday, we were buried

On the sound of groans.

We are forgotten as though

We were created to be forgotten;

As though we were not children

Who were loved for at that stage.

We are forgotten like the temples

And the old cities that became shadows.

We are forgotten as though we were not created;

Or are roses trampled for their thoughts;

Or a church that lost its bell and cross.

We are forgotten to be

A fleeting love in the hearts.

We are forgotten and many steps

Trampled on our graves,

As we did to the people before us.

Some people composed prose

But then it would be forgotten.

Our bodies are like ghosts
That do not exist except in our minds.

We are created to be forgotten.
Our bowls were covered with dust,
As we had not sat in gatherings.

We became seemingly humans
And meaningless words
That would be forgotten.





The Era of Women



Some Blessings of Love

Good morning of love
That is enriched with vitamins,
O woman whose my love exhausts her.

I greet all women on earth
Because they are personified in you,
And their brightness is derived
From the sweetness of your cheeks.

O holy woman, O Samuha,
O most pure music on my table,
Without you, my morning
Would not be bright,
Nor would my night
Be illuminated by your bright face.

Good morning, my princess,
O dearest woman whose perfume
Is more pleasant than the jasmine and basil,
O sweetest morning.

Death: the Poets' Fingerprint



Sit for a couple of minutes
To know the cause of the fire
That was set in my cities,
And to know how many glasses of wine
I drank at the long nights.
The mistakes of a drunk poet
Are drawn on the crossroads.
My lady, I did not commit adultery
With your long hair,
Nor did I rape your truthful words;
Rather, I drew our love
On the ear of white
To plant your streams
In the river of your womanliness.
Take me back to the flower
Of your eyes once again
To write again and again
About the sadness of my love.

A Message from Unknown Woman



O unknown woman sending this message,
Respond to me,
For I am not in love
With the women of the west,
And love did not drive me crazy.
Why do you want to attack my feelings

As a wolf roaming around?
Instead, lie your cheeks on my temple.



The Era of Women

What makes me dream about you,
O letter of my certitude,
Is that, fortunately or unfortunately,
I love you.

My inkwell, ink, and the mud of my hermitage
Are created from your inspiration.

Your golden name is written in my mind,
And I was not born if you are not with me.

It is impossible that I love another one,
As I have sworn to stop at the redlines.

The solution to get rid of your love

Is not to depart but to die

In the bowels of your memory,

After my flourishing in your era.



To a Young Woman

Deluded by Her Charm

To the one who was deluded by her charm,

And stupidly killed our love.

You are poor, O home of rottenness;
You were like a child embracing my poems,
Before I knew you committed fornication
With the master of rottenness and filth.
You tempted men as if it is an honor,
And forgot you are the cheapest of allurements.
The poor lover believes that you love him,
Not knowing that his days hide sadness.
Commit fornication with him as you wish,
For however the son of Adam transgresses,
His destination is some meters of coffins.
I am not astonished that cowardice is hiding
Behind your fake veil.
This miserable era is very strange,
As love is sold cheaply for buying
The illicit sexual intercourse.
Do whatever you want, for how can I
Drink the milk that split on earth?



From the Letter Sheen to Nun

Do not get angry while calling,
For the heat of the mobile greatly increases.

My clouds turned upside down;
You name ending with the letter Nun
Increased the craziness in my heart.

Do not get angry, for my call
Is a reproach for your harshness,
And the hymns of a crazy man.



Some People Deserve Life

Your love will remain a volcano
That its lavas burn the hurricanes,
My forests and the kingdom of lovers;
And break near my mouth
All the letters of separation.
O my heart, I did not love anyone else,
Nor did I plant in my bowels anything
Other than your name.
O pine forest, O flowers
Of Jasmine and ambergris

That the letters of the sky
Land on her hand,
You kill with the side of her eye
The words of the night.
O spirit of Eve,
O bare inscription filling the sky,
Be merciful to me, for I am,
Like my cigarette smoke,
Sent into exile inside you,
And your breasts produce the waft.



The School of Certitude

Thank you for I have beautified
My books of verses by you,
And you became unforgettable icon
When I got drunk on you
To described the veil of your eye and
All your details, the minute and the great;
And to read the fortune for you
After drinking my coffee.
To whom would I write the icon of love
Before you or after you?



The Investigation is still Open

My lady, never ask me

Why I have loved you.

O my dear, I always

Mention you with my tongue

When I sit alone at night.

Do not ask your mind

About our memories,

For it was a good luck

That we met coincidentally.
All the questions are rejected,
And all the doubts are forbidden.
I was recruiting the letters
To die on the top of your breast.
I lost all my poetry
When I forced you to leave,
And out of sadness, I was about
To omit your name from the lines,
Trying to stop my pain.
Our beautiful words are still wondering
If I really hate you,
And whether the pain will remain
Due to my major crime of loving you.



Some Blessings of Valentine day

On the day of love
I open the windows of basil for you,
Drop the priest of love between your hands,
Gift you the cloud of the sky
That is blue like your eyes,
Then provide you from my mouth
With the most amazing poetry.
I won't write about my admiration
Because it does not befit you due right;
I will be satisfied with
Attaining love from your lips.
I will draw history as a picture
Of the oppression of your breasts -
A legend that the sultans of love
Will sing in their love gatherings.
I attained during your tens seasons
The decorations of the knights,
And got killed between your womanliness
When I try to penetrate the wall of silence.

I become a child learning your rules
Of not swimming except in your gulfs.
So, happy Valentine Day.



Night Telegraph



O set of morning leaves
That scattered but was cuffed
Which the shackles of wind,
Was my love insufficient?
Or was I am wrong when I angrily left you?
The days destroyed me,
And the traces of the lashes of wailing

Ares visible on my body.
O city cursed by the ghosts,
O love destroyed by the hard days,
Forgive me, my sweetheart, if I
Forgot to kiss you when I wake up.
I am seeking the forgiveness
Of the Lord of the world
And the Creator of the morning.
