

ANWER GHANI

SECRET SPRINGS



**Postponed poems
Poems that cannot be read
The complete poetry of Anwer Ghani**

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Preface

Below are poems I wrote between 2016 and 2020. They represent all my poems, but in fact, whenever I read one of these poems, I feel that they are poems for future generations, and no one can read these poems now because they came from secret springs.

Anwer Ghani

Iraq - Babil

5/9/2024

2014

New Death

My eyes are filled with dust, and my ears, are pierced by a sleeping civilization. I don't know how this air gets into my lungs. Floods are no longer enough to end this world. His body is like a motionless stick, and there is only a frantic crawling in the darkness. Yes, there must be a new death. Thus, I cast out a ghost of peace. I whipped the back of the Galaxy with a squeaky sound.

Ants choke these valleys, folding like a table for the hungry, their bodies piled aloft with the cheap sand that fills the cracks of aging in the face of alien civilization. Yes, failure is the inheritance of this galaxy, lest it be said that man knows nothing of immortality, and lest I pretend that life stopped in the sowing season, I will bring out a scrawny cow that fills the earth with a cry, leaving no room for it. to allow them to leave.

This is how the word splits, like a star swimming in a river. The world is shrinking and its bones gobbling up the stench. And this civilization is nothing more than a dying city. Life has become harsh schedules, but the birds fill it with singing, and teach man the love that revives hearts. I do not deny the joy of the city, and I do not forget its bright colors on the glass of my lens, but what you see of tears is enough for a person to be silent for a while.

Swaying Waves

For whom are the flowers picked? And for whom are the candles lit? The waves destroyed every butterfly that melts in its nostalgia for the charming sunset breezes. The roads are flimsy, they turn without turning back. My fingers and my calls are not enough to find my starting points.

My beginnings are pale, their winter clothes have been drained and my fingers evaporated; the woodcutters toppled it like twigs hiding among its leaves every civilization I don't tell its great secrets. Nature is adept at unleashing every possible story and every pigeon whispering in my ear tells me about that flood that stole the birds' nests, leaving only my dark skin, and a magic chariot towards being lost.

Though the frogs are pure, and though their croaks color my evening cheeks, I do not find my ears eager for their great singing.

I will fall into the well, because its paintings are devoid of fish and pearls. Yes, pearls are the message of every death and rape of the Gulf. He sleeps hungry on his golden berth where those swamps stretching like virgins in the middle of noon on my back, those hands with very long fingers, they pluck me like autumn leaves so affectionately.

Hurry, smile, o icy capitals. The night walks on two arms of asphalt, and I am those ancient stones in the womb of the earth, satiating its bushes with every bitter cough. My teeth

are a painting of beauty, and my fallen lips in the oasis of longing are the story of a old man who passed through my village one day.

Come near, come near, o swaying waves, o utter chants, o body parts that I know, here I am stopping like death. My capitals are devoured by locusts, and my mouth melts every strange boat. Hurry, Hurry, smile, O freedom; for the noon has ended every bush that stands still on its branches and sings the swaying waves, so I go out in autumn like rough cracks on the hands of the peasants.

Weapons

Behold, I live to see the new world, I am no longer a child. In the palms of its sunset, every shroud bleeds with weapons. There - in the dark - the cold gives its grandchildren lessons in igniting nature. There; all winds are pale. Weapons suffocate my memory, storm the place, distributing messages of eternal love to the hungry. There, pens don't want to write anything, because beauty has fled outside the galaxy, looking for new lovers. The world hides in an old bottle. Even the holidays, they no longer know the new air. There is only smoke here.

I am not surprised by all this great pain, for I have learned the sufficient reasons; Weapons make camels a vehicle, and they have no choice but to hit the sides of the road, causing the hearts to bleed. There; in these hearts; trees will not find shade, but they are plump and red as they should be. Yes,

you know; the heart of the river is a city of ice, and a memory that ignites thunder and clamor in our depths.

This is how the streets shrank, floating in the sky of noise like patients trampled by feet. Children breed in wells in search of an old legend. At that time, I was a child, and the past was a broad view that taught me to hide. My ears were heavy like a mountain, and you did not find any nectar in them.

Infertile Seasons

The infertile seasons no longer have clothes to receive the new spring, the cold has closed the doors of their hearts, their joints are groaning, what immortality does the insolent human eyes know. It is better for history to ask the sidewalks for goods that were thrown by the hail to the side of an old man.

The world is a hungry sun. All he is good at is lighting the fuse, so the sea will drown in tears. Yes, the torrent still carries that great meaning, although I became convinced that myth can live in sick homes like a modern vehicle.

No, you cannot imagine the strangeness of the souls that stumble on the road. The distance captures the place, and as you can see, this person has nothing but pale tales. I am not surprised by all that coldness in the faces of things. My organs split like grains of rice, they hide behind the wide smile of the night, they stretch like illusions in the fields, they are attractive and overflowing, they are dazzling.

In that wide space, which I do not forget, there is not left for man a boat that can accommodate children coming out of the Euphrates, their brown foreheads, on which the river has drawn dunes of fine sand, I remember them properly.

It is not difficult for a person to descend from the sky, and it is not difficult for him to stand like an old tree waiting for joy and death. The sounds of the night thicken the arteries of man, so shame does not flow into his blood. Here I see the shadow multiplying in the place, bloodying the brow of the sublime light, so the galaxy is flooded with the gnostic.

The War

Sunset messes with children's heads, scattering them in the field with dreamy butterflies, so the trees wear their sleepy hats. Stop, stop, o feet; o dead spells, the soul of man cannot live without boys playing in the mud. Don't you see that things still drag me with their looks, a faraway tent, and a fighter who is proud of himself? Yes, I am the only one who knows the meaning of war, because I speak about it honestly.

The storm changes the face of the water, and so does the war. It makes the mountainous heart an eternal frown for passers-by, leaving the valleys with nothing but shattered chests and echoes. War is a dark color for dawn, and a finger steals the sanctity of tears. It is a dark story whose secrets are deposited only on every dark coast. Yes, feast and war, their words play the melody of migratory birds, the warm sound of the sun has fallen asleep between their wings.

War has an infernal dance that I hid in my forehead for ages, among its ruins are the bare legs of children, and above its waters every boat searches for a sail. You were not present

for the beauty of its last scene where the soldiers are back and the capitals of my song buzz like a skinny mosquito swallowing noise and questions. The soldiers have returned, their joints groaning like snow, their hats getting lost in the streets, like virgins whose foreheads kissed autumn. Here I am hearing the legends that come down from there, and this is how I will return with my lips a city whose sidewalks have fallen asleep, hills whose features have changed in the evening, in whose sands the happy tales of soldiers sink. This is how I bring out from among the jungle a new dawn that guides the galaxy every old age known by the years. This is how I bring down to the river a cow that loves vows, singing in its head the shadows of wars.

Dreamy Butterflies

On a dewy morning, dreamy butterflies laugh, and shimmering lake braids sway with a welcoming calm announcing the joy in life. There are the butterflies brushing their hair with happiness behind velvet dreams and dim lights. There behind my flight, I will go out with the dew-drenched birds to the field early, and gather shade-stories, and what butterflies have forgotten. I feel the scent of flowers permeating my pores and the depths of my memory getting brighter with every butterfly I find in the quiet fields. Oh, how wonderful butterflies live in the snow, drawing paths for me to wander like a forgotten ghost.

You know butterflies are the sound of water and when they descend on the corners of town, knocking on dream doors until window lights sparkle on a wintry morning, as if a

forgotten vacation has come home before sunrise. I see the soft light of their mystery hearts. they are colorful and soft as the face of the moon. They promised to show me the gates of colored dreams. They always tell me of the strange purity of every sleeping lake pearl and every smile that bursts into the sky.

To You, Dawn

Wait, O faithful dawn, wait, for my heart is still beating despite this wounded world. I like the color of the dawn, it fills my lungs with the breath of the revolution, so I fade away in the love of freedom. Then the yellow word does not have space on my lips. My eyes I carry on my back, and my hands I make a boat overflowing with returnees.

To you, dawn and my lips melt in the heart of marble time, this is how the dawn reminds me of all warmth. Oh, the owner of great concern, my voice is petrified in the midst of cities overflowing with stars, whose lights wander over my cheeks like lost ears of grain searching for walkers.

To you, when you are a spacious beach, those hearts are no longer able to travel to it. It is the radiance that removes the boundaries within me, so there is nothing left of me but a voice that transcends freedom and space. Your hands I see them, wiping off my forehead the strange dust of waiting. Raise me beginning to shake hands with rain. So the earth announces the beginning of the growing season.

To you, every butterfly stretches over the flowers of my memory, like the pearls of a sleepy lake, every smile explodes in the sky and your eyes keep my joy when the dust increases, O ungrateful earth, O ice capitals, wait, wait for victory.

Euphrates

I will end up loving this land like a dazzled butterfly among the branches, above its head a crown of years. This is how I pulled out from its cracks a dream that melted over the sails of an old fisherman. The ears of wheat shook my hand. My joints fall asleep between the lids of the Euphrates, its colors are a tent around which young boys gather laughing; Hands of wind and rain wipe their heads. This is how the Euphrates extends over the pavement of my memory, kissing the lips of trees, like a lover who returned home a year ago. My geese are frozen like amber in the oases of this land, the fingers of the sun mess with my hair every morning, they distribute me messages of love, and the children of my village sleep among the laughter of their lines. Yes, the eyes of Hilla are enough for me, they make a kite from my limbs that boys in the gatherings play with.

This is how I bring out a wide-eyed butterfly, with dreamy boys scattered on its wings, morning birds whispering in their ears: (The moon descended yesterday at the Euphrates, and kissed the foreheads of the streets and the inhabitants). Euphrates, O master of the rocks, under your clothes every little girl is hidden, stunned by the light of thunder in the

evening, and her mother's voice melts: (The Euphrates will drink thunder), so the little girl falls asleep in you, and I fall asleep like a great knower who lives in a cave in the moon.

The Red Freedom

I will melt in your love like the holidays in my country, without slowness or a postponed phrase, for love does not know dreamy songs, it must be a hand and a beginning.

O Lord of rain, and every red freedom that does not know fading, its waiting is agonizing with great shame, so it ends in its longing for you as a bride whose dreams of death and time have melted. The kiss of freedom on your forehead is a song that awakens the walkers. In Karbala, the sadness of eternity, in Samarra, every promising sun, and on the Tigris, the wide gate of heaven. For the land is parched without blood or tears.

I will end up in love with the Tigris and the Euphrates, for they are both hands as long as I fade in their sublime love. It is my beginning towards the heavens that I know, which are full of all warmth. It is my stories that fall like a waterfall that kisses the foreheads of the revolutionaries. Yes, this is how I learn the red song, this is how the sky smiles at its lovers, and it shines from there from your hands.

For earth, water, air and sky is mine. From Baghdad, patience shines with a thousand lights, and from Karbala, a thousand blood boils. So a dove scattered in its alleys, which

sank in the middle of noon in the Euphrates. O master of red freedom, O Hussain, in your heavens the lovers shine like dewy bushes whose lips are kissed by the morning. And between your palms, the stars and legends disappear like an icy shadow that came down one day with the rain.

The Well

For ages, I have been sailing in the well of my memory; The remnants of the horrible wreck where the days hide, and despite their wide hats, the rain touched their dewy skin, so I went out over their fields as sterile and blind moss. My clothes are scattered about, like the houses of an old village. Disappointment permeates my song. In the evening I gather myself as legendary army to drown in the ocean, then I will smile like a monk who knows a lot. I will bring out a pale lily, I do not care about the sun and immortality, for the night is life deferred and a mythical promise of immortality. The night is a sleepy city, cruelty overflows from its ears and although it is pale, there are alleys in it that accommodate dreams. its stars have left a terrible mark on my dream.

My words sail fragile, scattered in the place like a legendary witch of glory without borders. Then you can imagine her painful endings despite all that I see. Yes, I must have enough explanations. I must be very ashamed and apologize to every palm tree and far tent. Freedom knows no cold lips, it must have a hand and a beginning. Jerusalem falls in the absence of a well. Youssef is looking for new cars. There, in the bottom of the well, beauty will shine.

If I were not ignorant of the history of peoples, and had it not been for the ignorant of a lot of what explodes in my head, I would have been - inevitably and without hesitation - a wild rock that grows with flowers.

How Can I See

I will dissolve in my words like an ostrich whose dreams are wet with rain. I will vanish in the cracks of this earth, for love is a strange world that extends over the roads, stealing my desire and my young smile. The wide distances in my memory were frozen by the bleeding of the streets and the inhabitants. That cold vehicles know nothing of beauty so how ca I see the warm hearts?

I know things I don't understand, come closer, voice, give me enough chance. My language is split like the limbs of a wounded martyr. Alienation is killing me. I feel that I belong to future generations. My blood has hidden them in an old museum. The word has a thousand wings that fills me with fear. How can I see? The love of the earth is not enough, it is necessary to be completely free. Yes, when time becomes a wing that trembles, and space has a foot to walk, then I will collect my breath, like a bouquet of roses that smile at the near future. Here, the word froze, needing another eye, a shivering body. My blood is a cool message. Thorns permeate me. My wounds multiply in the fields of language, like a harsh Bedouin tent. I still have a shortage. Language is looking for new sailors, no, the sun is no longer enough as a symbol of freedom. Distance shackles me, I'm still stuck to

the ground, my words feel cold, my limbs freeze like trains inhabited by travelers from snow, I'm very partridge.

Pure Waves

Behold, I am lost in you as hard as I can. Here I am waiting for your pure waves. Come towards me, let the time come that I do not forget. Love is a wandering that does not know tears and death. Behold, I learn to desire things. The face of water is the mirror of all knowledge. Thus my body devours the earth like a shadow destroying a great kingdom of ants. I am lonely as a stone, the veils make my throat a compound that is not good for anything, I am not as pure as it should be, my joints are a fishermen's net in a lake killed by salt, my voice multiplies in the sand like a mythical fetish that permeates the skin of the new generation.

The pure wave I will know its desire. The joy of flowers, I will know it, I will be silent, perhaps I will remember something, I will wait like a cedar tree overflowing with returnees. My forehead sticks to the ground. Joy overtakes me. How embarrassed I am by this deficiency. I prepare with what I have. Give me a chance, I am a torrent of apologies and pleases. Here I am learning the song, my eyes will never fall again, my hands will never wander. This is a covenant and a celebration. Now I feel more mature, flowing over the darkness like dew. I don't leave a window for the sun, my language slaps the face of the earth. All this under the pretext that I am a lover of beauty and a great researcher. Here I am falling silently and completely alienated. My words lie in the

shrouds of the wind and the features of my face are deferred. I don't have to see the moon like lovers, because I still hear news about people whose dreams have melted smiling cities. From here, I learned how to sail as a crescent moon announcing the beginning of the new month.

The Month Of Rain

Your stories are like the old feasts in my country that dressed me in new clothes. Their wide doors open only with love. I almost fade away in my shyness. I see the traces of your love on the face of time like springs overflowing with birds, where every evening the moon comes down and plays with children until their eyes fall asleep. Oh, how far I am from you, like stones, no water, no flowers.

When your call passes through me, like an old book, I am terrified. So are your honest words giving me only hope. Thank you, your fingers teach me the revolution of life in my barren branches. Sha'ban, the month of rain, fills the earth with a new era in which the radiance opens its eyelids. I am not alone, the world is also listening. In Karbala we meet without tears.

Yellow Words

Dew roams the streets like vendors and children, telling them every happy story, every evening it penetrates my veins and makes my memory birds repeating their old anthem. This is how I go out yellow with the morning, without promises or

a graceful look. I only have a strange language and things in my head that are so far away, that I don't understand them. Yes, my language is on a cold night, without shame, it inhabited the heart of the sun and fell as yellowed paper effortlessly with complete spontaneity. This is how I am, a mirage carrying sweets and promises in my pocket.

I will dive deep into the earth, hoping that amateurs will find me. I will be silent, so that the chaos hears my voice. This is how I learn to write the new history, as I do not know water except vinegar that dries the blood of my veins, puts love in its pocket like a yellow pear, the birds built their safe nests in the holes of their bones. I am the last thing I was looking for, here I have learned to turn around without limits, a city without a beacon that reaches the sky, I sit in the middle of the hill for nothing but an assault on nature. Hurray, O yellow words.

A radiance

I am not a shadow of having all that great history. My limbs are a fire of woodcutters. Sorrows closed the shops of my joy, made me a legendary ghost who had left the desire for life. Here I see birds' nests, carried by endless chariots, leaving without pain. Yes, birds have a heart full of every beloved story.

My language is rusty nails, it knows nothing about civilization, its eyes are leaves from the rain which make from its anxiety a tired crutch whose feet are sunken in the

mud. In the arms of this absence, I can hardly distinguish the face of the earth from parts of my shoulder that I brag about are classy. Yes, I must have the words of the sea when I talk about the radiance inside me. My mouth twists between the words. Freedom flows from my ears like ants. I fade in the speed of absence, like a lover who drags the light behind him, so it does not shine. I can no longer bathe in the Euphrates, or find in my blood a chariot to sail towards the sun.

I will melt in my pain like a farmer's song that grows among the wheat. My bag overflows with walkers, I only have two knees to touch the face of the earth. I have nothing but thorns that devour my joints, bending around my dream as a cold milk seller on winter mornings. I will have learned a lot. When absence becomes a radiance, and when words disguise their clothes, know that you are looking at a wedding night overflowing with dryness. Yes, you see, what I see is celebration, complete spontaneity. Yes, you see what I see, everything sings everything he wants.

Uncivilized Voice

I don't have to rave like a reed, the darkness of which makes pink clogs for the customers of the ancient Hilla baths. I stand there as a silhouette without turning back, without a date, knocking on the doors of shadows, to meet with weeping.

We are here something very delayed and shameless. Behold, I burst forth like a turbid fountain, Anxiety devours my fingers, Makes of my song rusty times. It's dead times, it's the last to talk about freedom and beauty.

Yes, my voice is not as civilized as it should be, for nothing, except that my words fall out completely strangely. Evening flows from my ears like a train running through things. You know, in order for me to be civilized as it should be, darkness must melt in my blood, and for me to become like a chandelier without pain and without return. Damn when these chapters end, life begins.

A Monk

Velvet stones I am, shining in a magical moment of a harpy bird in my grandmother's winter tales, embracing whispers of color and longing frozen in my lungs like a great fighter. I get out of the color of the word, because I entered into the depths of things. Chasing the nostalgia of butterflies because I was present with the dew between the fingers of dawn. This is how I live this love, I walk in a galaxy of colors, and joy surrounds me in amazement, because my knees are thickets of reeds, to which the wind carried a legendary farmer who watered them with his innocent tears.

When we wake up in the morning like a lie with sleepy eyelids, the mirrors made of wheat embrace us with their

ornate hats and clothes. We are farmers from the south, smell yellow civilization, because we have smelled war before. We own the capitals of beauty, for our fingers embrace the heart of the earth like the sounds of the buckthorn tree in our old home. I am the only one who knows this voice, for I have heard the whispers of the sunset before it. I touched the face of winter, for I slapped the forehead of love within me, like a monk descended in a cold basket with the rain.

The Place Mosaic

(poems in a poem)

A Field

A wide field of flowers transcends the scene and the frame, in the far corner a well sinks in loneliness, in its dark bottom heaps of bones and ornaments gather.

*

A High rise building

A High rise building, in front of it a tall hollow man, one of his feet above a waste basket, in which two-thirds of the earth's population may have gathered.

*

A humpback horizon

A humpbacked horizon, with solid black columns on its back, in front of which are seated people with wide feet, trampling smashed body parts.

*

A Silver space

A silvery space crossed by horizontal lines of infinity that cross both ends of the scene leaving only red squares crowded in the near side.

*

Spaces

Wide black areas, rising with iron hands and feet, their square top very hard.

*

A Low building

It is a low building, with rectangular protrusions protruding from its sides, so that it looks like a shabby crown with thatched dunes gathering on top of it.

*

A sandy space

A wide sandy space, with remarkable movement, covered by a layer of heavy winds. There, on the far side, fallen body parts, and here are columns of pure colors.

The Sleep Song

My song is sleepy, like New Year's holidays in my city, it goes every morning to the shop next to our house, to buy a bike and a dog, so that it may reach the farthest point from my sleepy skin. At that time there I was up there on that tree, yeah, that sleepy song, stretching out my hand to a faint cloud, and then I was smiling, how strange.

I've seen my feet trawl the galaxy looking for you, sleepy song. There, time rounds like a grape, there are you and I and the oak tree, a certain end. We travel by our magic boat, we were a tale of snow, we were a charming rug, you and I are an unquenchable joy. What happiness, what joy.

Minimalist Poems

Remote world

Thus, in the distant world, a man descends from the sky, and the rest of the earth is cheap moss. No, there is no room for love and beauty.

Rockeries

The breasts of the revolutionaries are gardens attached to the throne, hiding in the gaps of time, leaving room for every joyful yard.

Freedom

Freedom is a sleepy butterfly, which only loves every flower that smiles, or every death that scatters life without borders.

Civilization

Civilization swells in the open air, approaching waterfalls with broad, childless smiles.

Life

Life is a song that is raped under the sun, hurray, hurrah, let humanity and its great conscience smile.

Sounds

The voices will have an exhilaration such as they have never seen before, when high treason takes place.

Songs

It is sad that I repeat old songs, this is how humanity stops, this is how I freeze.

Ephemeral

They are ephemeral and go away with sunset and cannot live among true people. They travel in the midst of darkness, in the midst of waves, so there is nothing left here but the truth; only love. For darkness does not take anything, it cannot, we who give it, this is how the age of darkness dawns.

When they sing their last tune, we may feel the nails on our iron skin, it is strange that they think they can break our silver hearts with such hideous destruction. We are very hard and old, we are unbreakable. Yes, the silver mornings will laugh at the butterflies and the sparkling lake, and with an attractive calm announce the joy of life.

Smashed Graphics

1-

Laughing stars and on the right side there is a heavy movement of distant meteors, but in the near side is a crazy dark wave.

2-

Pale fields, and above a sun with many weeping eyes, but on the right side a wounded country urn and blood flowing.

3-

Pictures of great destruction and events according to dates, and mothers and children, but on the other side, a large arm larger than the world repels the grudges of darkness.

4-

Orange bushes, a peasant in rustic clothes clearing bushes, a young sheep sitting gnawing at the grass and looking lovingly at him.

5-

Curved lines intersect to form tall monument shapes, revolutionaries, prisoners, screams, a crouching king, tyrannical slavery, flying people, dreamers, and fools.

6-

A black board, in the center of which are tense white figures, among which are strokes of red.

A heart that does not know lies

In this heart crowded the deep legacy, where the truth tells everything possible. As long as we let the wind recognize the faces of the very dewy flowers, where everything is unimaginable. Never is it an illusion, it is the dazzle that descends early shakes hands with boys in the streets, where all those fake faces fade away.

The human spirit is a beautiful world, very beautiful, how much I loved it and how much I believed in it. Isn't it the one who plants the basil? does not it ? Don't you see her? It comes down at every moment, her hands are soft, it plants the fragrant plants, how then do they want her to be ugly? Is it possible for those who grow basil to be ugly? How can they lie all this lie?

Come forward, O Disciple, come towards me towards a heart that does not know lies. It does not know ugliness.

Their ugliness is never real. How far have they tried to make us believe that? But you always see them disappear. Yes, they robbed and killed, leaving nothing unsightly for them. Really strange, where did they get such a hard heart from?

Do they not know that the evenings are warm and that the fields have a deep song? How could they be so far away? I don't really understand.

Dark Caves

Those mornings told us a lot and a lot, on several occasions, but we are still savages who enjoy human oppression. Isn't humility a lovely smile, aren't the springs always clear, and tender evenings always gentle, so how can you be so dark?

O primitive, you are a blind angle that boasts of a group of myths that have accumulated and have not borne fruit. You have always lied to us, but don't you see all these atrocities, assaults, and bullying? don't you see them? they are your fingers. You will not deceive us again, we are not as naive as we used to be. Rivers and trees have changed.

Yes, the depth of things we have seen, and all the magic you told us about no longer attracts us. We now love with light. It is our era, the era of love and light. You will not steal it from us with your dark hearts, delirium and superficial struggles. Yes, you will not drag us into your dark cave and your failed loneliness. We see clearly. Yes, it is our time. We will not live in the past that you want. No one sees you, stay alone in your caves, glorify each other, but where are you? You are in the realm of nothingness.

A Transparent Hand

The transparent hand draws on the face of time wills and voices where streets, umbrellas and childhood laugh. It is something unimaginable, unbelievable, even the forests we passed, and that house, yeah, and the light on the mountain that I remember very much. And also that dome Which is in the sea, and the cold, yes the cold, how beautiful the cold is, and do not forget that skyscraper too, and the train station. It is amazing but how I am not in love, and how I do not see all this joy.

You know, we are people immersed in love so we will not die, we have been walking since ancient times without legs or wings and on top of that we fly. How do you imagine that you can stop a person who walks without legs or wings, and prevent a loving heart from radiating? How can you imagine that you can handcuff a transparent hand. You try to steal our smiles, but we are not powerless. Listen that you might know. How I loved to live in peace, don't you agree with me? Then why do crocodile tears flow from your eyes, why are you like this, Why don't you shake my transparent hand?

Strange Pain

I am idle without eyes, like an eternal lover and the flower of a forgotten garden. I stretch out my hand towards the river

that is drowned in its loneliness and its sadness, counting the damaged days that are useless for life. How strange is the loss? Slowly, painlessly enveloping our souls, he places us on a magical table that the ancients have forgotten for centuries.

I will stay here without a shadow or a whisper of happiness, with me that pain that I do not forget. Sorrows explode like flocks of birds, like bats, there is no sky or stars, nothing but strange pain, strange tears.

Yes, when the thirsty fields cry, the innocent stories, and that sunken painting, and when I wake up in the midst of the flood not understanding anything, I turn in the hands of time like the face of the sun, repeating delusional songs of victory, and delusional smiles, then my sad loneliness shines.

I am from here from this wide pain from this strange pain, I wish you would see me one day, I wish you could feel me.

Hate Makers

Beauty is humanity's legacy and its beloved story, and vision is its great boat. As for these masters of false claims, they are sunk in hatred, and we all know that they are in a lazy world of claims, climbing, as well as they are shunned as dusty winds.

Ironically, nobody wants them. Oh, it's a pity that the names and addresses they use are no longer memorized. Even places and times can no longer bear their shadow. They built themselves a prison, spending years and years hastily

and persistently in order to assassinate their freedom and their truth. Ironically, they created a very dark cave for them, besides, it is very far away, and it is not visible. It is hollow without love. They are hate makers who vanish without heartbreak or remorse.

Their stories no longer deceive the sparrows. What's in their pockets? Try, examine, you will find nothing but sick arrogance and hatred. Honestly, I'm starting to realize that they don't see anything, they have nothing but a dark illusion in their hands. What do they issue to us other than bitter hatred? They are the makers of hate.

Wild Air

I will definitely come back on a day full of celebration. Then I will become a wild air, spinning tirelessly, penetrating the pores of time and all its glass windows, and learning its deep stories.

It's the melody inside me, it always spreads me like thin clothes tirelessly, waving with weary hands to those walking towards the light. Yes, I'm left with things I don't understand. Believe me if I tell you that I live in the midst of wild passions that see the depth purely, but I have no feet.

My trees are eaten by bitter mouths, and my forehead is devoured by insolent eyes. These peasant souls vanish amid the lies. I wish it was erased, I wish it became clearer, always

blurry. That delusion. It spreads the words of love and peace, and in its heart is resident evil, but the peasants - with their honest voices and their dark arms - tear its masks, break the bracelets of illusion, and snatch the colorful faces, with her iron gloves, they are skilled in breaking its infernal dance. They are adept at living in the wild air.

Transparent Talking

Isn't it nice to live to a time that fills you with love? It is pure and soft. Don't you see that I become more transparent as a white shadow when I talk about reassurance with you that transcends everything.

Don't you feel that many of those stars have smiled, that there is little left to shine. Here I am waiting for you to rain. Did you see this cloud? it's my heart. Yes, I know that you are inside me, and I also know that they are magic, those deep souls. that does not leave me. that call me. Extend your hand, shake the depths, bypass the strange desertification. Imagine if we were to sit in our estrangement and not talk to the morning dewy, what would happen? Yes, had it not been a matter of fate, I would not have loved you.

I Don't Love You

I don't love you, but I miss you so much. I don't love you, but when I see you, I melt with nostalgia. Who said I love you? But when you're gone, I feel so lost.

Time with you vanishes like a cool breeze before sunrise, and laughter fills the place like colorful butterflies.

I do not love you, but your face does not leave my imagination. I don't love you, but whenever I remember you I smile. I don't love you, but I really get scared just to imagine your distance from me.

I wait for you in the heat of longing, I wait under that tree like a wet bird, and like a withered flower, and when you come I flush and smiles fill my soul.

The Old Friend

He's an old friend, he plays with the kids, and he sits there in front of passers-by with all his might. He is a field master, livestock manager, and a great musician. He is the dog whose image is deeply rooted in humanity.

The dog is an incredible creature, who descended into a white night full of love to teach stony hearts the meaning of loyalty. Even deserts, forests and fields know how loyal and pure a dog can be. When hands touch his pure soul, it becomes softer and cleaner.

How inspiring and profound is the dog, as it is magical and has a pure soul, much purer than evil eyes. He carries

love on his back, salute in his eyes, and a very expressive tail.

The dog is a forgotten and oppressed painting, but those who know it saw it in their hearts, so they wrote on their pages the most beautiful stories in which the hero was the dog. He is an exceptional and unique hero.

I Just Say Goodbye

I will stay alone here, behind the silence and behind the curtain. Yes, I will stay alone without you because I finally knew how pain is? And how love? I finally knew how fatal is the moment of the last separation? This is not my eyes that deposit you, but my heart, and these tears are the story of longing and fear.

No, I do not bid you farewell, I just say goodbye to my sweet smile. This is not my voice, and this is not my eyes, but your love is cold.

This dimension kills me slowly and steals my soul coldly. It reminds me of cold nights. The very cold that stole my pavement smile like the rest of the dream.

No, I do not bid you farewell, I just say goodbye to my smiling spirit.

2015

Hungry Tales

The heads of the hungry are dusty, and they do not like the summer when the sun quenches every bitter thirst. I can't find air for my lungs, though the light is so dim here that I can't see clearly. I no longer want to swim in the wide river, because it reminds me of the thirst of humanity. I no longer want to walk among the date trees and grapes because they remind me of dry sand. I no longer want to speak, because it reminds me of the deathly silence of hungry tales.

How could this happen? How do we forget? It is a part of us, a part of our hearts melting amid strange thirst amidst strange hunger. My fingers are eroding in the sand, sand that has turned as pale as hungry tales.

The air here is not sweet to caress your spectacles, and amazement is the daughter of that arid desert. There are only dry stumps, dead birds, and shadow people. You know there was nothing left of them but skin and bones. Yes, souls here are so faint, and the land is barren.

We are strangers on this earth stealing the sweetest laughter of time. We have nothing in our pockets but shameful destruction, loss of life, and wars we have forgotten. We are not worthy of this land, we are not fit to live, we sit on the hill and look with joy at the pictures of a man dying of hunger and dying under the dances of wars we make.

Faint Souls

The days here are soft like my grandmother's stories, their faces are bright like spikes of wheat, and their eyes are always smiling like a girl who fell in love a few days ago.

The days here are clear and the clouds are just an illusion caused by alienation. We are faint souls sit here on the road and greet passers-by, we do not like calm. You can see; suddenly the noisy flows painlessly, it's a strange visit. But the free tents I saw on the old roads smiled; They are brave and wise. Their looks are adorable, and their smiles cut through everything. Even our faint souls sing; they love noise but overflows with warmth. They are good at making love, and good at making the midday.

Whenever a wonderful wind blows, whenever I see deep smiles and deep love, hands touching my dreams and stroking my head, whenever I see it, I know you are right here in my heart, and you will live forever. Here I come after all the delightful tales, Sprinkle your pot of love with incense, A lump of oats dreaming of on a quiet winter's day. This is how the nights teach us cheerful stories. The voice of love is no longer enough, nor is the tender voice of a whisper.

Under The Moonlight

I am still drowning in the seas of longing, and happy moments of love. I still cling to our train that we met,

although I know that the colors of longing only sleep in your wide banks. . Quiet evenings told me the secrets of the river, flip like a wild fish with soft wings When the moon turns blue. It whispered from there. Where do you find your story? Yes, the violets are sleepy, and the mirrors are overflowing with terrible longing. But mirrors know, and longings know that that moment that captures us needs a smile and warmth. When we learned to laugh, under the moonlight, when I touched the face of the strange voice, the moments passed quickly. Wow, how can we imagine it, repeating what the cloud said to you one day, what we don't understand, how can you do it?

O perfect festivities come to me towards the warm leaves, the music of the clouds, and the blue face of the moon. Do you know how beautiful it is to blow on the breeze and make it a pink flower and a light that makes the roads laugh? Strange longing dances like sunbeams over wind-played water, extracted from the heart of the soul festively with sparkling eyes. I feel its noisy, lovable pain. All that noise calms down, very strange thing isn't it. Come and see, let's count the days of love Oh, it's so silly to imagine I'm going to die of love, I wish you'd only understand once, I wish you'd stop sailing in the distance, Come a little closer, The moonlight is calling you, Look at me; at my heart.

Hills of longing

I always told my heart to be free from love, because he had never seen true love. I told him that evening, and I was really

serious that rosy ends are the breath of sparkly promises. Because his destructive love made him a weightless feather. At that time I was leaving early to catch the dew, the flowers were sleeping and it was raining, which teaches me that fear is one of the colors of love. To feel safe with you. Your hand, that one, embraces me in the midst of amazement, so the anxiety ends, and then comes your smooth voice, your soft whisper. It's like hopes. When we remember those undulating moments, we fill with laughter and nostalgia. I hope you hear, there must be a yearning, there must be a touch, a shiver.

Your hills are smooth, not bumpy. The toes run over the valleys - a flying carpet. Watch the bracelets trail down the leg, toward the dark spots. Oh those waterfalls, those waterfalls they drowned me, there's nothing here but those waterfalls and these spaces. And the eagerness of the blue moon and warmth.

Stillness

The stillness between you and me never ends. Overlooking my heart from that sleepy balcony, It plunged into the coldness of winter's eyes, where longing falls crowded, cold longing.

Stillness hides behind your voice, behind your love, behind the clouds, building a pink house and a strawberry-flavored story.

Oh this stillness, how enchanting me, carrying those shadows; those shadows to my memory, their eyes look to my dreams, to the courtyard of silence.

There, behind a velvet curtain, you stand in a strange stillness, where the frost's breath echoes a deadly alienation. From that quiet balcony the spirits of kisses rise, bid farewell to wet lips, bid farewell to every unforgettable moment.

Brown Souls

We are nothing but brown souls who forgot their bags years ago. Our legs are very tired, and our hands are as rough as the trunks of palm trees. This night devours us like a bitter lover.

O mornings, O mornings, come towards me, toward a heart eroding in the hours of darkness. To you is every tired body, at its ends a bit of light.

Are not dreams rosy and clear? Weren't bushes wading in a wide space? In years of sorrow? Let the wild rain come that revives brown souls.

How nostalgic; How nostalgic. Here I sway like an ancient stream, where cats sing their last prayers. Oh, souls who do not want anything to be revealed.

Red sighs teem with stolen color, but there, behind the light, are eyes with sparkling hymns, with hearts splashing under the pain with the taste of stillness.

She listens, those brown spirits, she knows how to count the sounds of light, she makes an oasis and a bridge out of it. It is not soft, and it has a palm-coloured growl. Standing in the shade, making a sun and a story, and bringing to life a flower and a plant.

Oasis

In the hands of the sunset, I sit at this oasis as a traveler on the carpet of the wind, dancing my dreams on the breeze. The face of water was a rosy mirror , with a strange sweetness caressed by the hands of the wind. What a delicious childhood that dazzled me like the sun.

The sand plays its crunchy melodies, and the horses, with their sandy scent, pierce the sound of time. And there, by the oasis, by a still tree, boys are playing, and Butterflies are dreamy, the evening's eyes have wet their clothes

How I was captivated by the songs of the trees, their bright-eyed leaves, and the birds, yes, the birds captivate the place with their bright colors and remote charm. Oh, how I love the smell of summer, and the shade of a tree singing for the breeze.

That oasis is captivating, joyful despite the bitter pain, swaying, swaying, stumbling over the naughty waters, where the pink fishes jumping here and there, yes the river was in love. Hurray, Hurray, happiness. What a bayonet.

Lapis Lazuli Tree

O rocky plant immersed in the tobacco of snow, O tree of lapis lazuli wrapped in the waterfalls of the Mashu Mountains, where the secret springs of the universe and sobbing in the beaters of the sun adore the soil of a brown town moistened by the breeze.

From there, from your leafy soul, you look down upon us with your white wing. Oh Iraq, you guide the simple story of light in the color of a young girl's shawl collecting dates from the palm trees of her small orchard.

I am never surprised by those stares and those distances that barefoot knees traverse. I am not surprised by the hope and the smiles of time falling in your yard like statues of wax and the velvet songs of a lover who melted a year ago in the leaves of the rain.

Yes, this is how the tyranny of the wasted earth and its dust spread in empty breasts bows towards the traces of your forthcoming splendor, towards the red agate branches, watering them with silver water. This is how you draw me a brown bird and give me a copper kiss, so I fly drowning in you like a spaceship that saw a new face of the moon.

Didn't your brown summer teach me to read dew? Didn't your hot sand slap me in the face? Didn't the holy Euphrates wash the corners of my bright dream? I became a frond and a hoot, and a voice for the pendant of light.

Take Me To You

Take me to you, your hands soft as a lake and like cheese amid the mirror of the poor with their bright colors. I saw them with my own eyes, they were bathing under the sun. Yes, our days immersed in stillness, her heart is hard. Oh her closed eyes.

Take me to you for a stroll through the evening alleys, sweeping over the tops of empty trunks. Their big eyes sparkled in the wind, the sweetness of her rumbling voice touched my soul, it was a dry and sad song.

Take me to you, for the roads and the windows and that yellowed tree are delayed bracelets that spoke to me in a faint whisper. Yes, it is filled with colors, but it is strange that its brown heart is no longer chanted as before.

I am no longer good at traveling by land, and I do not want a second chance. O spacious space, take me to you. Just take me to you.

Blind Heart

O blind heart, on your palms every tale of distortions and glamorous lies. You remove from the girl's pink heart the charms of her smile and teach her voice the hoarseness of black crows. What a misfortune she had, she was drowned in old eyes of the blind heart who wears a straw hat and rejoices in its emptiness. I have seen in its pages the tyranny of the earthlings.

How false and unscrupulous is your voice as it kills the flower for nothing but that the darkness still controls my superstitions, its black heart blocks the color of the sun from me, but you ugly liar, you blind heart I didn't saw you wearing a dress of light, I never saw you bend over a flower you watered, your corners were filled with bloody darkness and tongues of great falsehood.

Do you see that wall? Behind which all the strange blurs and grays hide, strike your blind soul with it, that your lungs may learn new air, that your fields may reveal their white heart.

May be I'll come back

Maybe one day I'll come back, like boys warmed by love and smell the cosmic flowers. Their bewitching eyes, oh how captivating the sparkle of their eyelashes as I laugh with the truth far from the falsity of my city and the pallor of my night.

I am from there, of luminous hearts, carry a skin of light on my back, snow horses soar by me, and a tender hand overflowing with wide hope.

O blind voice, I hope you hear me, I hope you take off your slave clothes and your wretched mask, be brave, come towards me, towards a white voice. Let the angels shake hands with the pure face of your soul, may you see fragrant plants, grapes and the cheers of tender hands that do not know wilting.

O great purity, help me to that voice immersed in loss, O great purity, be a candle in my heart so that I can see the face of light in this hypocritical world, so that I may return one day.

Hypocrite

O hypocrite, the sky knew your stagnant water, so it screamed at you, while you are here sitting like a pine tree whose veins are asphalt, turning your face away from the light, like a chameleon taking on every color. Did you not know that the dry, barren branch you cling to has been burned by the breezes of truth?

O wretched one, taste the bitterness of your sterile plant, it will speak of your strange misery, it will tell me that you are a burden and that you are a miserable race, it will remind you of all your misfortune and your doubts to the Almighty God.

O bitter darkness, grandson of evil races, behold this bitter cup, the cup of lost and lonely lands, from which your corners drank the title of their false glory, and in their mossy pool you learned the sunset.

O asphalt idol, I will not forget when I saw your head drowning in octopus waters like greasy luck that was dissolving in a world of asphalt. Then, here you come out to us in the time of death from the lower graves disheveled, cutting the locks of a schoolgirl who went out to her class with a smile.

THE POEM

The wise seasons told me that poetry is a smiling rose, like an Indian wedding full of bright colors. I wish you had seen the bridegroom's ornate carriage, and its horse drenched in colors.

They told me that poems are the summer flowers drawn by a dreamy child, who gathered diamond baskets of love embellished with gold, carried on the back of a mare, and sent every morning towards the north of the earth, so that its rivers would be filled with shining golden light. Perhaps the human eye does not see it, because it is a secret to its soul and a story from the magic tree its beginnings.

Yes, this is how the wise seasons told me, that the poem is the daughter of the morning, when it breathes, I melt in its lungs like an old finder, sailing like light towards the oases of snow, there where the secret springs are.

They said to me: The poem is a wild tale of travel in deep universal souls between their eyelids the galaxy's birds and their colorful parrots snooze, when the sun was sleepy, I wish you could smell her bouncy purple soul.

PLANET IRAQ

Everything that the Iraqis see for the first time puts a grain of amber on its forehead, then nature finds another name for it. They adore its captivating fragrance, melting in it endlessly.

Iraqis are strangers to this miserable land, they know nothing but giving, they do not sow or reap anything but goodness. One day I sat under the shade of a tree there, it stole me, it flew me to its original home, to their planet, where the white hearts are. There are the chariots and their horses even their wheels, even the celebrants, the house, the field, its bright birds, even the walls of schools and public gardens are all of white amber.

There in the planet Iraq, you do not see anything except that you see traces of whiteness on it. There is no place for rust and darkness. They shine like a heavenly field. I wish you saw them then, you would have been filled with astonishment and amazement.

Deferred laughs

Our deferred laughs will definitely have a celebration, and it will have a glow that covers the face of the fields. They gave me a legendary dress that no one thought, even the veterans

and those sitting in the winter cafe, what a great joy, what flying colors.

Many times I feel its fragrance falling in the alleys where the evening is free and it walks without crutches or a straw hat. Wow, don't you see so many butterflies these days? Don't you see that I would like to tell you about many things, because I began to feel your whispers in my heart.

I will tell you about the color of the henna-drenched bride's braids, and about a boat my ancestors made before their journey. At that time, I was holding a red apple in my hand and my shirt was hiding under the palm fronds of our old house, oh I wish you saw the breeze, I wish you saw that.

Wow, what a strangeness, a swallow bird singing in the corners of my hope, and a sparkling river carrying me to a floating city, I saw it there, I mean you soul, in its right hand the names of trees were shining, and in its other hand I saw deferred laughs, the color of a faint voice, I think it is your whisper my friend.

COLD NIGHT

How harsh is this cold night? How long is it? In it, our chariot lost its golden earring, lost the beaches, and its original inhabitants. I was then an unwelcome guest of that gardener whom we saw in the shadows of the sun.

It was a really cold night, thousands of years old. It loves to wear black clothes. I think you now know the explanation for all this blood and this darkness in my country.

Now I would like to tell you something. I tried to bring from that old man's garden a new night. I really tried, but that cold night was thick, covered with stony scales, and worst of all, its heart was bitter, very bitter.

THEFT

Can't you hear the sound of the river as it writes warm stories on my body, while thirst resides over the eyelashes of my city. Its dream has been exhausted by the sunset. The macaw builds its nests there, and its colors sing there, far from our land. All for that black fetus in the earth's womb, bitter that brings strange crows, with tears that steal the joy of our morning.

How bright are the colors of the dawn that they stole, the shells that my grandfather brought from distant galaxies, our celebration was then great. I remember that dark-skinned woman over seventy, wearing a white veil, restoring vases whose nails were broken, a playful smile that hides between your shores, O Euphrates. How treacherous.

O river, teach me a warm nocturnal sigh, and a gentle morning smile. I only learn from you a brown face that

resembles the trees of Iraq and a cold breeze like the harsh December. Wow, all this silence that steals my breath.

They robbed me with their usual cruelty, blindfolded the Tigris and threw it in the desert. At that time, I was like a slaughtered bird ,in my pocket a memory inhabited by children playing in the alley, whose foreheads were covered with summer dust. I wish you were present, O blind world, for you are good at dancing on the wounds of the tired.

Shepherd

How I wished to be a shepherd, drowning without turning back in the cool shade of a tree on a delicious summer afternoon. There, the tales of dawn shake hands with me. And when the sun rises, I see it, and also the laughter of the sunset, those bright shores. There, towards the transparent sound, my eyes wait only for the songs of my grandmother's cows. Yea, even the mud of the river has its sweet song, Yea, so far from you, miserable city. How long tell me? How long do you stay standing like your pale smiles? How long will you remain an old woman overflowing with strangers? You wear ugly colored clothes that don't like sun fingers. I wish you were looking at the mirror. O dead city, when will you wake up? Come to me, come to me, to my heart, for here is a strange world of sweet waters and song, O the you morbid sunset.

A GIFT

Your bright orange is a tale that drips with honey, oh, for its enchanting serenity and captivating fragrance. Your grapes are soft and warm like waterfalls, very sweet, very quiet, and very whispering, like an oriental poet melting in nostalgia. I wish you could see his flamboyant heart. Your transparent grapes are an endless gift. They remind me of bright houses. They taste as cool as the shade of a tree in the fields of old farmers. At that time, it was afternoon, and I was sitting like a butterfly swimming in the Euphrates . Oh, it's raindrops collecting your sparkling things, and your feet caressing the face of the moist earth, as if you were the cedar forests, in whose hands the grains of red winter watermelon fall asleep. It is said that it is a magical watermelon, and the stories and tales in this regard are beyond imagination, but it is really a wonderful gift on this smiling winter day.

The Blind Train

O sleepy war, give me back my voice, my bag, and my legs, whose gray mud has always colored my young feet. Comfort the red heart of my city; Stop your train drowning in the history of tears. Oh, to the blind train of wars. Did you not know that the luster of its metal has brightened my smile, and its wheels, which are hard-hearted, have broken my ribs and stolen the moist fields of the poor? It left behind nothing but a weeping widow, naked children, and hunger. O blind train, do you not see another path? A path of love instead of this terrible pile of smoke. What I regret most belatedly is that the first major crime that man committed was that miserable train; train of wars. the blind.

THE SPRINGS

Years ago, since roses played at the end of the alley, and climbed so briskly at the windows that morning birds visited, since then I've been swimming in the fountains of nostalgia. But I saw them - those springs - yesterday dry and barren. They didn't recognize my face. They were like a galaxy of snow, lost in illusions of mist. O poor springs, cold tremors wearied you, what a broken heart, how could it bear all this restlessness? And longing is still combing your hair like a bird messing with her dreams. O springs, O soul of evenings, return to my bosom, and learn from my pain some serenity, these are warm songs, take from them a brook and a flask of

salt, come, come to me, for this is a fertile oasis, two winds and a wild laughter from the threads of the sun. O springs, purify yourself with my bitter pain.

BIRDS TALES

I will fall asleep for a while, as the birds gave me the song of dawn. Yes, I love the chirping of birds, but I don't love to travel, rather I don't like it at all, and the islands that the birds told me about, my eyes no longer shine with longing to see them.

My heart grew dull, and yet still at dawn I went out with the dew-drenched grass into the field early, to gather tales of the chill; no warmth, no rosy dreams.

Excuse me if I look coldly to the face of time, for all I saw in the dewy hours of the morning was some tale, nothing there, neither flowers nor valleys of joy. And there are no butterflies with all their spring femininity which combing the hair of happiness. It's just the tales of birds. Yes, birds don't lie. Behind the journey, my postponed beginning awaits me.

WAITING

O waiting lying in the womb of days, peace to your eyes, to your heart that touches the corners of adoring in the time of cold eternity. Don't I have a handful of wheat and a flower you always told me about? Am I not that rosin lying like the dead in the middle of noon? Am I not all that bitter exaggeration in the colors of blackness? Yes, this is how my existence remains a strange melody, and you remain a deferred joy. Yes, from there, are fragmented hopes, from a lovelorn who yearns for you, knows you, gropes for the colors of your transparent voice, from there I was a sparkle.

Oh, you distance, ah, o a river of longing, a departing smile. And these cold days are clusters and they are in the womb of the simple, they are good at nothing but searching for thirst, for empty months, I wish they saw the hoarseness of my voice, for I am that oak dwelling in the heart of paradise. Yes, it is me, every sleepy and free waiting. I don't think you'll see it anytime soon. I do not think so.

MEETING AT ABSENCE

I will wander the corners of the wheat in the wee hours of dawn, and then warm my boat and my glowing islands and the shirt of the brown horizon for a joyful tomorrow. I will give you a song you have never heard before. I carry it on my shoulder with the leftover bamboo.

When I met you in your absence far away, and you sat me down on that white hill, I was so amazed that I sailed strangely at your whisper. You are a cup blessed with wisdom. You looked a lot like the pink turtle whose shell the children of my village ate.

You told me about the houses that the ancients built in their alleys. You told me that my eyes are no longer shining.

Come near, come near, I am those falling meteors in the courtyards of paradise. Come closer, come closer, hear my voice.

How I wish I could write my name in the absence early because the day has become scary.

Wild love

I am a salty memory, on whose brown wood a stork has nested. I know no sail or coast but this wild love

Oh, wild love, how you burst into the corners of my dreams and closed worlds. You drag me into unbridled passion like a wild traveler lost among the bamboo trees.

It is a wild love that grows here and there. And I'm a wild shadow that can't dream, I just smile. My soul melts in its tales, stands there with this terrible feeling; touching the skin of the water. It is irresistibly soft and charming.

Let me sail to infinity. And I disappear into you happily in a wave that says it all. I just want a moment between its raging waves that surround me with all the sparkling drops that sit on the table of my eyelids, messing with the capitals of my thinking, the seagulls that can guide me to nothing.

This is how my dream sings. So it becomes a strangely trembling bed. I'm not good at pretending, but songs of joy and euphoria that never leave the grass wet stir this love.

O beloved impulses, where did you get all this purity from? And all this strange existence? The heart flooded my shadow with its gentle pain, and this body of mine became a follower of a captivating longing. When I look at your smiling face, overwhelmed with pride, I remember the ancient stories of that sea.

Babylonian man

I loved the sun because it reminds me of your warm soul. And I loved the evening because it reminds me of your wet whispers. I love the brown color, because it reminds me of your immortal hands. And subconsciously I feel proud, when I see swarms of arrivals at your door asking for some nectar, and you are the owner of the great secret.

It is amazing how much we have talked about the fading of time and space, and here you are kneading them with your fingers, so your board is infinity. You look down on us - O Babylonian - from the balconies of your walls that shine with copper, and in your hands a cup of Iraqi honey tea is like the eyes of an angel frolicking in the wilderness with the antelopes of Enkidu. Yes, I know. You want something wonderful, because you are the wise one who knows things and knows the secrets. Your hands have conquered old age and death. Yeah, I know, you look at us and smile, you (He who saw).

EYES

Since he saw her eyes, he has been sitting with the dreams of the lily and whispering with the love of the moon. There was no sun, only wandering butterflies and flowers. One day he returned to her eyes, telling her of a bright face that he cannot forget.

Oh, distant eyes, send me a boat, and then I will be on the shore, waving my hands to great love. Come, open the last lily that the sleepy wind has fallen in love with. There it stands in the midst of a violet pond, in the midst of a dreamy calm where water brushes the hair of light.

I wish you could see those eyes, to tell you that the pond is a lush oasis, and that it contains colorful souls and rainbows. To tell you that there is a lot of love left by the Babylonians before they traveled towards the sun.

O sparkling eyes, O you who came down to us from the mountains of light, O you who sit on the hill with captivating hymns: Behold the tales of mermaids and hair fairies. What an endless charm! Your eyes and their stories.

MASKS

My mother told me to climb the mountain, and when I reached the halfway point, I found a beautiful man in a hut with ugly masks in his hands. I told him why are you here? And what are these masks? He said: I was expelled from your city by ugliness, and these masks I send to every beautiful person there, so that they wear them, so they do not expel him from it as they did with me.

SWEET BOAT

I am not a legendary traveler, but I am a passenger who was taken by the wind, relentlessly and without tears, to a shining coast. The trees there are dancing and the years are colorful, what a splendor of summer!

Our boat is greeted by rosy hands and sleepy voices. The morning has made her lips honey and sweet fruit. So this boat became pink and sweet. We are not butterflies as you think, but we are full of light, and all I'm good at then is singing huge chants.

All I remember is that I put my bag, my schedule, and my bright smile on those unforgettable, joyful coasts. And how can I forget with all that pleasure? Believe me, if I had the choice, I would choose this boat again. It's gratitude and celebration.

A SMILING HEART

Our wonderful moments are standing under that tree, dressed in colorful clothes, calling out in a whisper: Oh, my splendor nights. O strange love that colors everything, crimson nights, crimson perfume, crimson waterfalls, your endless eyes. That love has always drank from our wonderful moments. Don't you see those flowers? Her eyes dream of a touch, don't you see? Nothing but a whisper of deep passion. Oh my heart that smiles. I wanted you to know; Whenever wonderful winds blow, and affectionate words, I see your smiles, your touch, your passion, your hands that color my pulse, and your eyes that color my dreams. Every time I see that, I know that my heart is still smiling. Oh, what a smiling heart.

THE FRESH AIR

The fresh air revives the thirsty lungs, drawing a smile on the face of the boys.

The fresh air, like a free man, is rare and strange. There is nothing in it but life.

The fresh air, which I miss, frolics in the hill like a skinny deer.

Fresh air is something that cannot be described, not forgotten.

Fresh air when I saw its face smiled and since then I do not know how to smile.

Fresh air takes your captivity, steals you, makes you a memory, a shadow, and a forgotten story.

Fresh air does not know my city, the city of wars.

Freedom River

We are sitting there, on a silent chair, reading the book of Freedom. And enjoying the light, the days are its wood. Oh happy wood. I will finish my reading quickly and eagerly, for I am a free bird, and only the tales of my ancestors suit me, but I am blessed with restless and sad eyes that have rarely seen the river of freedom.

Freedom is a wonderful thing, but the hands of the peasants are more wonderful, and the souls of the knights who wrote this immortal river are also impressive. Yes, I am from here, from this land, where rivers, trees, birds, and beautiful eyes, but what a pity, we don't breathe freely.

Perhaps I do not remember anything, and perhaps I deliberately forget everything, and perhaps I do not breathe at all, but I can never forget our wet dreams that swim in that river, the river of freedom.

A MOMENT OF LOVE

These are the footprints of your heart through time that penetrate every tale of distant travel. You are among the tender moments that adore the sun with all its blazing heat. And you bend down with all love, catching your warm breath, as if you were making a scarlet rose for the evening. Then you will find that you are on a carpet of wind traveling towards things, that travel is a moment of love.

You are in the hands of the sand, making a chrysanthemum out of the thirst. You are not silent, but you are flying over the hills with deep love. Move between the eyelids and write your eternal song, and adore this horizon with all love. Then you will see that you flew high, that flying is a moment of love.

Touch your hands, sail your gaze into the depths, then fall in love, just like that, and find a city of light. Sit there, warm up a little, then take your head out of the tent, look around, you will see loving smiles, then you will have learned life for the first time, that life is a moment of love.

White Nostalgia

My nostalgia for you is bitter like winter, playing in my forgotten veins amidst those lush and dewy beats, do you see them? I can hardly hear her voice. O thirsty, come, here is an oasis and flowers. Your silver breath captures the place, tears my dream with nostalgia. O stranger, how long will I bear your strange concern? Your strange voice, your strange story. How long is this nostalgia? And

those groans? How can I quietly close my eyes while your palate steals the calmness and does not leave the face of the river or the sound of the trees without filling it with a white, restless longing.

You and I are two shadows from here, from the south. We know the face of this earth, and we know those stars that lie quietly on sleepy branches. You and I did not come from afar, but we planted by date palms on a moonlit night, so the nostalgia throbbing in our chests was as white as the moon.

Unforgettable Colors

Come with me, collect the sun's rays and silk threads. Let's talk to the river and every little tree about the magic fruit, O strange purity. Don't you agree with me that the word can be like the sun, bright and pure, overflowing with love and unforgettable colors?

In this joy, tell me a story. The story of those lush eyes. I touched their eyelashes with mine short hands, while you sang. I have heard your distant voice, and all your kindness and unforgettable colors.

Your chants are like dewy amber. Ambergris is not from antelope as you imagine. Our dear long-winged ancestors brought it from distant islands when they landed before evening. I remember that very well, but those eyes no longer saw his mesmerizing luster, they could no longer

raise their dreams towards it, towards unforgettable colors.

SILVER WORLD

How pleasant it is to see pleasure in dewy eyelids and sleepy eyes. It was silver and juicy as it should be. How beautiful it is to be messed with by immortal colors that do not know sunrise or sunset; It is from infinity. As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you something. Turn to me, O dewy fields: Where can I find basil and frankincense? That's when they spoke and said: O grains of silver; I wish you saw them dancing with the wind in the valleys wet with rain. Then it pointed to the depth and said: Here is a silver river, silver souls, silver voice. It really amazed me until I began repeating: What a silver world! And I looked up at the horizon as a lone traveler. I strongly feel something inexhaustible. I was flying without turning back, as if I was being made anew from silver beads. It's really strange.

The Silent Tree

Amidst this chaos, the silent tree was telling itself a story of strange serenity. She was singing a gentle melody. I wish you saw the butterflies drowning in the blue, how they rejoice with her affectionate voice. I have seen her walking by the river as my color which I forgot at my delayed beginnings.

She does not like to sleep at all, but she used to dream. Dream is the legacy of this galaxy, and she often remembers the valleys made by the rivers that come for the summer. She likes to see the garden bright and likes to close the windows in the face of the wind, as her yellowish leaves fly with every wind. It is undoubtedly tiring.

Quarrelsome birds loved to perch on its tired branches. Love is something that cannot be understood, so its leaves and the feathers of the quarrelsome birds fall, so she has to clean the road from what is left behind by the playing of birds and the mess of the wind.

A HEART

I am just a shadow and a pale mirror, pouring out my bitter pain in strange words; the pain of that heart whose knees were smashed by rocks. This heart used to walk towards a wounded pond which spoke to him about those who passed through there, and also about the souls that filled its depths with calls and melodious songs. It also told me about its wooden box, which it takes out every evening and writes in its red ink what the hands of its dear children have done.

My heart smiles a lot, he doesn't care much about his long bleeding, he doesn't want to beg for the kindness of wide eyes. I wish you could see him as you look down from that hill and say to yourself: What a disheveled hair he has, what a shabby clothes he has.

Dear reader, when will you see the wound of my heart?

THE BROWN URCHIN

When he saw me he smiled, that brown urchin. He was a skilled fisherman, he had a net of silver, which he had inherited from his old ancestors, but he told me that he did not like fish, and all he did was dye the fish with silver, and throw them to the other side of the river, where the sun sets, he loved the sunset and its sun . He told me that at sunset the sun comes close to the river, and catches fish as bears do.

He brought me into his full house, it was a burrow, what a cold burrow, the earth was wet, he had friendly family, and they were soft as lemon leaves, he sat me at an old table made of hoopoe songs, he was good at magic, he is a skilled magician. At first they laughed at me because I was dressed in bright clothes, they told me to be deep brown, then they turned me into a silver fish with graceful wings, then they threw me to the other bank, where the sun sets, I was cheerful even though I don't like fish or sunsets. Yes, I have always dreamed of flying in a strange space, but it never occurred to me that I would be a silver meal for the sun.

NEW FIRE

In our solar island, hearts are hot and raging, like our fiery flowers. They always told me about souls melting in the love of the noon while they combed fiery hair amidst the blazing cheers, even the girls in the Sun Island have burning voices. When you pass by their flaming corner, you know that you are in the island of the sun.

A few meters away from the flaming table around which we were sitting, there was an attractive artist who was good at lighting fires, so they flocked to him like locusts. What a great love they had for fire and scorched life. The strange thing, if not very strange, is that I saw his tongue and his hands tied with hidden ropes to a strange planet, where snow groups have no business but to move this burning player and set fires in my city. I've seen their ecstatic giggles whenever our solar island catches fire. Suddenly, I saw people from our solar island rushing happily, and the children were calling: Hurray, Hurray, it is time to light a new fire.

THE PEASANT

I am an old peasant, I only see my picture on the face of the water, there in our beloved stream. It was as small as my innocent dream. It used to talk to me about another face of the sun, at that time I was a child melting in the colors of butterflies, and gently counting the leaves of bean.

Yes, so tirelessly I will repeat the songs of the birds. See, do you see in their tales an illusion? I will not care about the face of the lying world. It filled the space with noise. He said: We have copper feet. Look, do you see anything there other than emptiness?

When will the earth learn the sound of flowers? Behold, I hear it. The lonely wind will not find a place in my pores, for I am a free bird, I adore the smell of the river and I love the

midday sun to burn my face, perhaps because my father planted me with a grain of wheat in our small orchard.

JUVENILE LOVE

Towards waterfalls beneath which the dawn swims, there at a smiling hill overflowing with all juvenile love. There, you find a glow, it was a tree with a river in its heart, a butterfly was passing in the midst of the laughter of the breeze.

When it placed its soft hand on top of my head I vanished like emptiness, without turning back, rejoicing, like children of the morning.

Aren't the flowers singing to the sun? Isn't that Indian adoring his affectionate elephant? Are you not filling this heart with something magical? These roses here and there, around our house, do you see them? They are as cheerful as I am; like my heart, there is nothing in it but juvenile love.

THE DARKNESS

This is me, a heartless darkness and flavorless voice. I search in my field for every beautiful plant and ripe fruit, with nothing but to burn it with my blind hatred and a strange desire that came from far away.

This is me, bitter darkness, legacy of a blind civilization. I looking for the truth, for nothing but to disfigure its face and bury it under the soil.

My children spread like ants, they wear white clothes, they sit on the hill talking about the sky and justice in the simple, and when the wind strips them, you find nothing but monsters, black hearts and mouths dripping with smoke.

My dark and hard hands came from there, from seas of ice, hearts of stone, pale smiles. They were good at false tears and flowery words; they were good at killing me in the middle of noon. All this under the pretext that I am a winged bull, that my laughter tore the ozone layer apart, and that I am the cause of the fall of Athens.

A dark message I am from there, from the cities of black snow, where there is a lie of light, bright faces and kind hearts. I am good at nothing but smashing smiles and stealing joy from the eyes of innocent people.

Brown sand

I will return with the birds, counting the autumn trees. I wish you would remember their dewy fragrance. I wish you knew that the heart of autumn is made of brown sand, and that it is

a magic carpet that loves the moon. Yes, I'm good at walking on bare knees? Didn't you know that I've been here for ages, ever since I met you in a rusty mirror? O brilliant light, O purity that the fairies told me about.

When I returned to my sleepy hands, I found them to be wild fields sailing quietly like spring butterflies. They are waving at me. I saw them with my own eyes as they dissolved into flavorless roads. They are melting mercilessly before my eyes, like a brown star wet by the rain.

Now I'm starting to know how cruel your deceitful face with a wide smile is? O pale days, your face slips from my hands like a heavy cat, oh its falling leaves blindly captivate the place. I do not deny the joy of the holidays and their joyful colors. I do not deny the depth of someone who made his own destiny with his own hands. I just want to say something: This is how I saw the gentle wind carrying me towards brown sand. Then I was a child drowning in the breeze.

The Blind Civilization.

The blind suit, the blind hat, the blind calls devour the place, building in its heart a black song of victory. It captured the streams of my village, and there was no nectar left in its dream.

Look at its bleak face, what a miserable civilization, it stumbles over everything, its hands are free, it destroys everything.

The streets are empty, as if it were old autumn. I wish it knew something, this blind civilization, I wish it could learn another song, blindness captivates the place and does not allow the nightingale to make a voice. You planted in my garden every thorn and every terrible pain. You gave me bitter stories, telling me that I was a postponed journey, and that warmth was a mirage. What a blind civilization.

Don't you see?

I will return one day, walking on a carpet of joy like the most wonderful story, looking out from a vehicle the color of the wind, smiling mirrors in my hands and a lush garden.

Don't you see our laughter captures the hearts of lovers? I see that clearly. I will definitely return, with a fresh smiling face, with glimmer eyes, and bright clothes like those worn by an Indian groom.

Don't you hear the carnivals swimming in noisy waters? I hear it strongly, and I feel it close to me, closer than these letters of mine. Yes, I will return, with bright days as gentle as grapes. Then you will not find a trace of these ashes, nor of these bitter shadows. They have all gone, searching for dark corners that are experiencing the beginnings of their sunset.

Don't you see the sun, fresh as the breeze, sitting every day at the beginning of that alley? Is it strange that you don't see that? I'm not saying this because I'm very delusional, I'm saying that because I see it, yes, I see it strongly, because I've drunk a lot from the cup of patience.

The City

The city is a harsh mirror, like dry thorns with no coast or flowers. Its iron heart is as thin as a tree that grew from the race of black forest snakes.

The city is a strange thing, like old hats covering everything. It is the descendant of those wild locusts. They never come upon anything without devouring it, even our children's milk and their young smiles. Do you think they left anything behind?

It turned the Gulf flower into dead fish. I saw it drinking sea water in a captivating moment. It wraps the desert eyeliner in bitter leaves, places it in the nozzle of a happy cannon, and aims it at my heart. It comes upon a human's dream and splits it into two halves, then it has no flavor left, then it claims that it was falling asleep with the eternal snoring of sunset doves.

The city filled my heart with sadness. I began to wish I were a wild herb in a faraway desert, knowing nothing about it, and it didn't know anything about me.

Poetry Story

From there, from the secret springs, the poetry with Sin Liqi Onini saw everything, and saw the lapis tree, raising its head to see the splendor of Gilgamesh.

And towards the beloved pain, and the gates of madness, the poetry sat with Qais at that dewy rock, asking the gazelles of the bottom about his night, in a dream of the poem.

Then the hand of the poetry rose, writing on the face of time a story of vigor, the horses and the night know it, and that lush desert. The poem in Abu al-Tayeb's dream had beauty, without flattery, with a strange, precious letter.

From the bed of rain, poetry appeared on Buwaib, drawing on his face the story of vast space, so her hand was placed near the exhausted Sayyab, the freedom of language, and her dazzling voice.

Yes, the poetry was shocked and astonished and fell to the ground unconscious, when it poured over Arthur Rimbaud's head in delirium and eternal truths. Then her adventurous tortoise sat in the middle of the road, dreaming of the little hut that the poem saw with Edson's messengers in the forest.

Perhaps you saw the poetry with me at the flood of the Western civilization, in the stories of death and life, there by the silent tree and the brown urchin in the expressive and

undulating narration. It dreamed with Anwer in a face like the breeze.

Here and There

Here the smoky echo groans like a grey bird exhausted by the dusty rain. It tells us a dull pain, with wide eyes that are ashamed of their sobs like the clouds of a crying sky. It brought to me an autumn gasp filled with death, what a bitter nostalgia. Here, above this pulse and in the cloud waters of its arteries are the faint promises. Here, under this tent are stories of dry sand.

But there is a river as gentle as an apple under whose wings the girls live quietly, and the geese dance on its waters like the songs of the sun. The birds of the field, with their bright colors, bathe joyfully on its swings. Dewy tree leaves fill the place with morning songs that have been dampened by the breeze. How I was amazed by the sleepy air. It moved between the shadow's breaths, blowing the pond with dreams that tasted like pearls.

Birds

I was counting the stars like a legendary dreamer, waiting for the face of our bird, and when he came, I was astonished by the bitterness of his crying. I wish you had been present at the enormity of his pain. He was a prisoner of hired bats. They sat him in a dark pool, with cheap algae, so to see him I had to pass through that dark tunnel.

The birds have returned, in their helmets the dreams of girls. Songs claim their souls. Smile, oh snow, for I am a bird killed by your cruel soul. You know, the soul of birds is soft and has a voice with the taste of spices, but in the morning, it dresses up as dawn and comes to us like angels singing. This is how the birds celebrate and make a feast in my eyes. The holiday is very dull here because it is like the human soul, very grey

Oh, the birds, the almond trees, playing in the field with the butterflies, fluttering lightly in the breeze. When they bend over a child, I feel that they are holding him like a mother. I saw our bird in shabby clothes. What a poor bird they stole his smile. I shook his hand, how cold and pale it was. He whispered in my ear: Don't you see my blood spilled in the waterwheel?

Something of Death

Oh days, oh birds, wait, wait, for this is my heart still stumbling over the slopes, its feet made of snow, and its eyes the remains of a copper voice searching for something of death.

I searched for a long time everywhere my fingers could reach, I searched for my gray color, and I also searched for my hidden veins, but I did not find an image of myself. Maybe I'm tainted to the point of blindness. I must find my purity in order to see the image of the person I know, who longs for a free death. I am really sorry now, because I was not able to do that, because I know that life has a smile that cannot be seen except through that beloved death.

I stand here every day like a bird of distant islands. I stand as a stranger listening to that voice; The voice of my heart. Yes, I am standing here waiting for my pure soul to return; I wait for my life every day in the hope that I will die.

THE SAND CITY

I am from there, from the city of sand, a traveler in my heart is the sound of water. I stumble in the seas of my life, only resting at every shore that sings beautiful songs. I am just a memory that came to us from afar, telling us the story of absence. The story of a city that still lives in dusty leaves, and still looks strangely in the mirror. It always told me that aerosol is a strange thing that gives us the illusion of reality,

but when we go to sleep, we see it clearly, and we face it face to face, and it tells us its cold stories.

Don't you see this city with its silver hands, holding our breath tight, creating a long line of rocks that dream of faded roads? And this time, how pale and free it is, flies away without return, it laughs mockingly at our bulging eyes. I am not very delusional, but I feel blind, so you find me wandering around that city looking for every unique flower that only the blind can see, and every time I find one, it says to me: Oh, Sand Man; Sometimes to see clearly, you have to be blind. I hear her voice and see her with my heart because I am a blind man.

2016

Songs

Winter songs drown in the fog, leaving an unforgettable memory on the streets. Its cold corners are full of silence, so I froze in my dream like an old forest tree.

Bending

Sound bends and fades in the wide space. The word just has to fall into the mud. Miserable ships pierce my ear. These flowers turn away, vomiting the eternal pain inherited by generations and dreams.

Tales

Tales of a civilization sinking in the ocean. It was said; That even the sea water, including the bangles and dates, was devoured by flies in a captivating moment, so its stomach became warm springs.

Absent Songs

Heart of the World is retiring as a widow. There is no place for a human dream. No warmth and no applause. Wheat thorns strip their legs, bending timidly with heavy air in their heads. Yes, for the thousands of absent songs, the peasants know nothing about them.

Trembling

Years tremble, children ate their skin. No, it is false to accuse the body of being the cause of humanity's sins. Moon love does not need blood.

Cold Street

I have no choice but to die and the dear civilization has no choice but to feed every yellow drop in the ocean. The southern sun has such a brightness that the poems of our trees know nothing about eternal death. Thus, civilization lies, multiplying in the veins left by the bells, stretching a cold street with few pedestrians.

A Trembling Smile

The smile trembles like an ostrich whose head multiplies under the ground, thorns grow in its ears and it starves.

Blood fills streams, devours tree veins, and the dream vanishes like a gaunt cow. No, the peasant's heart does not know a lie.

Dark Bodies

The city is coughing, throwing up its goodness, and from toys it makes guns and black bodies. The woman elongates and bulges out like an echo. Civilization reeling, inventing the history of tears. No, beauty is another thing.

Pale Flowers

Everything spins mercilessly, even the flowers turn pale.
The sidewalks vomit the dead. Their head cells rot. In their
arms, grief explodes like a bomb. There the sun kills cold.

New Death

My eyes are filled with dust, and my ears are pierced by the
sleeping civilization. I almost don't know how this air is
available to my lungs. Torrents are no longer enough to put
an end to this sick world. Yes, a new death is necessary. This
is how I take the ghost of peace out of my throat.

Failure

The valleys are suffocated by ants folded in a table for hungry souls whose bodies are stacked in cheap sand that fills the cracks of the forehead of drowning civilization. Yes, failure is the legacy of this galaxy, and in order not to say that I am a person knows nothing about roses, and in order not to pretend that life has retired in the season of sowing, I will come out as a lean cow fills the earth with a call does not allow the time a chance to leave. Thus, the word splits as a star fades in the dark.

Weak Calls

For whom the flowers were picked? And for whom the candles were ignited? The wave has destroyed every lover

that melts in its longing for sunset. These dreams revolve without mercy, and my weak calls are not enough to find my starting points.

Silence

Silence is expanding in the pores of my skin; it runs deep in my land like a bird of a lake the evening cuts its wings, there is no high sky and no beloved coast. I will abandon the idea of a happy life, as this world does not keep a shadow when it talks about its desires.

Explanations

My words sail crisp, scattered around, like a legendary witch with infinite glory, then you can imagine its painful ends, despite everything I see. I must have enough explanations. I must be very shy and apologize for every date palm and tent.

A Smile

In the evening the song bows down, kisses the sidewalks,
and makes the elders' hearts port of remembrance and wars.
In the evening I gather a legendary army to drown in the
ocean, then I will smile as a monk who knows a lot. I'm
going out with a pale lily; I don't care about the sun and
eternity.

Understanding

The stars have left horrific marks on my dream. Was it not
for me that I do not know anything about the history of
peoples, had it not been for the fact that I do not understand
much of what explodes in my head, I would inevitably and
without hesitation have a wild rock that grows in bloom. My
clothes scattered around, like the houses of an old village.
The disappointment permeates my song, the freedom falls in

the absence of the dread and Yusuf searches for new travelers, there in the well, the beauty will shine.

Beginnings

My beginnings are pale; winter has stolen their clothes. My fingers evaporated; loggers overthrew them as twigs hide every civilization, I do not speak their great secrets.

Magic Lost

Nature is adept at launching every possible story and every pigeon whispering in my ear; tells me about that flood that stole the nests of birds, leaving only my dark skin and magic carriage lost.

Singing

Although frogs are pure, they do love putrid water. Even though their chants stained my evening cheer, I do not see my ears eager for their great singing.

The Gulf

I will fall into the well because its paintings are free of pearls. Pearl is the message of death and rape of the gulf. I will sleep hungry on its golden coat. These swamps are like virgins on my back and those hands with long fingers pick up me like autumn leaves. What a happy gulf and sunset full of magic dance.

Yawning

This land yawns, from among its ribs the skulls of childhood emerge. Smile, smile, O, icy capitals, ages. The night walks on the arms of the tar, and I, the old stone in the womb of the earth, inflates their shrubs with a bitter cough. My teeth are a painting of beauty, and my falling lip in the oasis of longing is the story of an older who once passed through my village.

Come Close

Come close, come close songs, your body parts I know, here I stop like death. My capitals are devoured by locusts, and

my mouth dissolves every strange boat. Hurray, hurray, O smile, O freedom!

Cracks

At noon, every bird on its branches has finished singing meager leaves, so I have been brought out in autumn as rough cracks on the hands of the peasants.

Bleeding

Here I am alive to see the new world, I am no longer a child. In sunset spaces every planet is bleeding weapons. There - in the dark - the fridity gives its grandchildren lessons to ignite nature.

Pale Winds

All wind is pale. Weapons stifle my memory, storm the place, distribute messages of eternal love for the hungry.

Hiding

Pens do not want to write anything, because beauty fled outside the galaxy looking for new lovers. The world is hiding in an old bottle, so that the holidays no longer release new air.

The Wide Pain

I am not surprised by all this wide pain because I have learned enough reasons. Desire makes beauty a vehicle which can only collide with the sides of the road so that it can live. There, the trees do not have a shade. They were as sweet as they should be. You know, the human heart is a city of ice but a memory flashes thunder and clouds deep in it.

Floating

Children reproduce in wells in search of an ancient legend. There, the streets shrink, floating in the sky of the hustle and bustle as pedestrians. At that time, I was a child, and you

know; the past is a wide look that teaches me to hide, my ears are heavy like a mountain has no nectar.

Brazen Eyes

Fertile seasons no longer have clothes to receive the rain. The cold closed its doors and its deadly joints. Which immortality defines brazen human eyes? It is good for history to ask the sidewalks for torrents that were dumped by the cold next to barefoot.

A Hungry Sun

The world is a hungry sun. All it is good at igniting the fuse and drowning the sea in tears. Yes, dawn still carries that great meaning, although I became convinced that the myth could inhabit the diseased homes as a modern car.

Strangeness

No, you cannot imagine the strangeness of spirits stumbling on the road. The distance captures the place, and as you can

see, this man has nothing but pale tales. I am not surprised by all that coolness in the faces of things. My organs cleavage like grain of rice, hidden behind the broad smile of the night, and expanding as an illusion in the fields. They are attractive and abundant, they are impressive.

Dunes

In that vast and unforgettable space, there is no boat left for children who emerge out of the Euphrates. On the brown foreheads, the river has drawn dunes of fine sand. I remember it as it should.

A High Light

It is not difficult for a person to descend from the sky, and it is not difficult to stand like an old tree waiting for joy and death. The sounds of the night thicken a person's arteries, so the shyness does not apply to his blood. Behold, I see you in the dark multiply in place, bleed the high light and flood the galaxy with those who know.

Dead Spells

The sunset messes with the heads of the children; it scatters them in the field like dreamy butterflies, so the trees wear their sleepy hats. Stop, stop, dead spells, for a person's soul does not survive without boys playing in the mud.

Glances

The glances of things still drag me hard as a faraway tent and a proud fighter. Yes, I am the only one who knows the meaning of war, because I am talking about it honestly.

Broken Chests

The storm changed the face of water, and so did war. It makes from the mountain heart an eternal love for the passers, so the valleys have nothing but broken chests and echoes.

The Bitter Melody

War is a dark color of the morning and the singing that stealing holiness of tears. It is a brown tale whose secrets are deposited only in every shattered coast. Yes, the feast and

war are twins, their words play the bitter melody of migratory birds.

Eternal Dance

War has an eternal dance that I have hidden in my forehead for ages. Between its ruins are the legs of naked children, and over its waters every boat looks for a sail. You were not present at her last scene.

The Soldiers Have Returned

The soldiers have returned, the soldiers have returned, and my song capitals buzzing as a skinny mosquito engulfing hype and questions. The soldiers have returned, their joints moaning like snow and their hats slip in the streets like virgins the fall has kissed their foreheads.

Legends

Here I hear the legends that descend from there. This is how I will return; my lips will be a city whose hills have changed their faces and the happy soldiers' stories sank into its sands.

Vows

I will come out from the jungle with a new dawn that guides the galaxy every story that the years have not known. Thus, I will go down to the river as a cow that loves vows and sings shadows in its head.

Dawn

I like the color of dawn. It fills my lungs with the breath of revolts, so I faded in the love of freedom. Then the yellow word does not have place on my lips.

Returnees

My eyes; I hold them above my back. And my hands; I make from them a boat overflowing with returnees. Wait, O days, wait for the seasons, my heart is still beating despite this wounded world.

To You

To you a thousand greetings from a strange lover; the evening in his eyes is a song its smiles come from your hands. To you this strange longing, and my lips melting in a time that does not remind me of any warmth.

Helplessness

great carefree owner, here I am in front of you admit bitter helplessness. My voice is fossilized amidst cities overflowing with fog, and the streets of night above my cheeks are lost as old spikes looking for walkers.

Radiance

To you while you are a spacious beach, hearts no longer know how to reach. I am not a shadow or an old tree, rather, it is the radiance that takes away the borders, so there is nothing left of me except a voice that exceeds the delusions of the place.

The Sowing Season

Your hands; I see them, wiping my forehead dust waiting. It raises me from the middle of the rubble, so I start shaking the new rains, and the earth is declared the sowing season. Green is not magic, but a voice and a heart that loves.

Waiting

To you every silver butterfly stretches above the blossoms of my memory like the lights of a sleepy lake, every smile that explodes in the sky saves the joy of the field when the dust abounds. O Land of ingratitude, O Ice capitals, wait, wait for warmth.

Nostalgia

I will end up in love with this land as a dazzling butterfly among the branches, on top of which is a crown of nostalgia. This is how I brought out a melted dream between its cracks an old hunter shaking the hands of wheat spikes.

Return

My joints fall asleep between the eyelids of the evening. Its colors are a tent gathered around its fire young men laughs; the hands of wind and rain wipe their heads. This is how the evening expands on the pavement of my memory, licking trees lips like a lover who returned a year ago.

Messages

Goose freezes like amber in the fields of this land. The fingers of the sun mess with my hair every morning, and distribute me as messages of love, so they sleep among the laughter of my children. Promises do not lie, but the sun does not always shine, we are in the age of ice.

A Faded Dust

Yes, the sky of Hilla is enough for me, made from me a kite the boys play in the afternoon. Yes, I am just a bouquet of a legendary lover in his pocket a city of birds and trees. Like this the evening spreads me over the heads of the people a faded dust with an ancient incense.

Green Euphrates

I brought out as a broad-eyed butterfly, spreading over its wings dreamy boys whispering in their ears the morning birds: The moon descended last night at the Euphrates, kissing the foreheads of the road and those who live. With his warm hand, he wipes the heads of the sleeping children. Yes, our Euphrates is still magically green.

The Lord Of The Rocks And Rain

Euphrates, O the lord of the rocks and rain, under your clothes, every girl hides her astonishment. The light of thunder stuns her in the evening, and her mother's voice melts: (The Euphrates will drink thunders), so the child sleeps in you as a flower which lives in a cave in the moon.

The Kiss of Freedom

Iraq, the kiss of freedom on your forehead is a song that salutes those who walk. In Karbala the sadness of eternity, on the Tigris is the door of wide patience and in waiting all the promising sun. Yes, the earth withers without blood, tears, or waiting.

I Will Melt in Love

Yes, I will melt in love with you like the holidays in my country, without delay or postponed words, because love does not know faded songs or fake looks. It must be a beginning, a rebirth and a sound that refreshes sunken souls, separates the marble heart and strikes the rock until the unforgettable hope lights up.

Shining

I will end up in love with the Tigris and the Euphrates, as both are blamed as long as they have vanished in their intense love. It is my beginning towards the heavens that I know, full of warmth, it is my stories as a waterfall kissing the rebel foreheads. Yes, that's how I learn the red chant, this is how the sky smiles for its lovers, and from there your face shines.

Dazzle

Iraq, the earth, the water, and the sky are yours. From Baghdad, the call shines with a thousand lights, and from

Karbala a thousand blood revives the dead land. So, I
stumble dazzled in your alleys like a dove swimming in the
midday in the Euphrates.

The Lord of Red Freedom

lord of Red Freedom, in your garden lovers shine like dewy
bushes, kissing the bright morning lips. And between your
hands, the stars and myths disappear, like an icy shadow has
descended with the rain.

Yearning

Master of clouds and rain, and all red freedom that does not
know wilt, waiting is widely shy, so it ends in its yearning
for you as a bride melted in her dreams of warm nights. From
there, from your hand, death will leave time.

Fired Candy

Your braids are a breeze in which votes are lost. Your fired
doors were stolen by ice, and your beautiful legs, like pines,
were frozen in the north. Your chants are thorny, and your
heart's eyes are white with sadness. O Hard sand, give my
mouth fired candy, as freedom does not know cold lips.

Wreck

The days are hidden, and despite their wide illusions, the rain has touched my dewy skin, so I came out of their fields like moss with a sterile and blind crutch. For ages, I have been chanting dark and sad love for the sun. For ages, I have been sailing in my absent memory; the remains of this terrible wreck.

The Night

The night is a postponed life and a mythical promise of eternity. Soft toughness overflows from its ears. This is the night, the city of dreams, and although it is pale, it has slits that can hug our cold whispers.

An Ostrich

I will melt in my poems as an ostrich soaking its dreams rain. I will fade in the cracks of this earth, for love is a strange world that spreads over the streets, stealing my heart and my

young smile. Come back at evening, a butterfly sings for distant flowers.

Alienation

Wide distances in my memory have been frozen by streets and residents. Cold vehicles know nothing about beauty, but I know things that I don't understand. Come on, voice; give me ample opportunity. My language splits like the martyr's wounds which were covered in tears. Alienation kills me, I feel I belong to future generations.

Master of red freedom

From there, from Karbala, trains of dew shine to revive the dead land. I saw it, as it smashed the passing time with its transparent hands. It combs the hair of the dawn, and places its luminous kiss on the foreheads of the walkers.

I see its shadows slashing the marble heart of time, creating hope out of it. I am still fascinated by its comfort. Yes, this is how I learn the red chant, and this is how the sky smiles at its lovers, scattering over their heads every flower that does not know withering.

And you are above the clouds of hearts, oh master of red freedom, oh Hussein, lovers shine in your heavens like dewy bushes whose lips kiss the morning. And between your palms, the stars disappear like an icy sound that came down one day with the rain.

Dates

It was dawn - you know that at dawn the palm trees have a different taste - then I could not distinguish the colors of the fronds from the bitter side of the mirage. It was raining. The rain here in my city lost its virginity. It was no longer attractive. It lost his suit that I bought for him before sunset. Please look at my hand; It's empty. They put the dates in hard baskets and took it there, away from us. Look at the palm trees, there are no longer their attractive colors. I think you love palm trees as much as I do, and you love dates. Who among us does not love them? We are the children of dates. Today we are barefoot. When we chat, my friend tells me, saying: My mother used to tell us about old dates. She is said that from the sun, it has hazel eyes.

WOEFUL BIRD

He's always sitting there, on that same branch, that bird with long legs. He has old shoes that remind me of old times.

How woeful is that bird? He couldn't smile anymore; his mouth had gone with the wind. Even its loud color, which

tends to the rainbow, has been eaten by dark thorns and its rocky story has built its towering castles on its cheeks.

I wonder how I can see his hazel eyes after today? When I look at his children with their shabby clothes and rusty voices, I know that he is no longer able to carry his tired soul in a world of paleness.

Purity

Since childhood, I have loved nature and found pleasure in coloring the sun eyelashes in a charming color. I thought I was a brilliant reader, knowing what the stars and pure beings inhabiting distant planets hide.

I was melting into the pages of dawn, putting the evening in a large basket and leaving with it towards the sea that we saw someday. How grateful I am for that, for the seas have a wonderful song. We were sitting at their doors like fish that had not had breakfast yet. The fragrance of its springs permeates my pores and penetrates deep into my memory. Its eyes grow brighter with every butterfly I find there. How wonderful are the butterflies haunting the snow, drawing paths for me to roam as a forgotten ghost; There in its strange place. Their skin was silver and soft like the face of the moon. They had promised me to show me the strange purity, but as you can see, I am now sitting in the middle of the darkness counting the illusions that pass before my eyes in a world of mirages.

Yes, I am here in this stone body, unable to move. How helpless I feel, something truly shameful. When will I find

wings and light, when will I find the purity that they told me about?

Postponed Beginning

I love the chirping of birds, it transports my imagination to a joyful and soft world, but I do not like traveling very much, in fact I do not like it at all. And the islands that the wild fairies told me about no longer sparkle my eyes to see them. This loneliness filled my heart with sadness and planted a postponed beginning deep within it.

I am here in the midst of this strange stillness and fading, my beginning is postponed, I am not looking for anything as a very quiet thing, but I will go out with the birds wet with dew drops to the field early, collecting stories of light, and what the butterflies have forgotten, for winter has a bitter voice and a harsh hand. It is harvesting the last grain that my grandmother saved to keep warm during the days.

Yes, I will fall asleep for a while, as my body belongs to past generations, but the chirping of the birds gave me a delayed start where the butterflies combed their hair happily. There behind velvety dreams and dim lights, there behind strange travel, the dawn song awaits me.

Theft

He stands there, naked as a summer tree, in the middle of bitter sand, growing wheat and silence. His hands are tired, I clearly hear his voice chanting to the field larks that here is grass and water, but as you can see there is neither grass nor water, for the great eyes with long eyelashes have stolen the spectacles of his cheeks. They were lined up like a band, with attractive mouths the size of bright years, not a trace of his body left, what a poor man.

When he leaned on hope, the sticks betrayed him, and when he looked at his face in the river, it covered its waters with a rough garment, like a cold winter's night.. Even the birds moved away, carrying their bags on their backs, happily like students going to school. How strange it is to leave the wheat fields and fall like dreamy butterflies in my hands, making a pillow out of their feathers.

It is amazing how this world has mastered my theft, walking proudly across the stage on four legs, calling out in a wonderful loud voice that justice is a great slogan and freedom is a unique painting of an old fighter.

He tells me that the evening is a love story with clothes made of wind and children made of snow at its corners. This is how I was robbed coldly, my head under the sand like the

brown ostrich of fishermen. I stand there motionless in the middle of the bitter land, amazed at everyone's ingenuity.

Don't you feel it?

Look at me, I am standing here like an arctic bird, not waiting for anything. The sand has given me a red rose whose dewy fragrance has filled my pores and the corners of my traveling soul. Look at my hands, they are celebrating, don't you feel it?

Don't you feel all this stillness? It is the sleepy eyelid of a storm from which only a whisper reaches me. It is a breath of light from the noise and flames of the sun, from which I only get a smile. Don't you feel that?

Don't you feel all this hidden noise? I traveled as a stranger into the depths, towards the bright world of spring and its sleepy butterflies. Yes, all of this would not have happened without the terrible noise that surrounds the branches of my stories, which seem very still and cold.

A Heart

Life is empty without the warmth of the heart. If time teaches your heart coldness, then you must teach it warmth. If a smile does not shake you, know that you are facing a dead heart, and do not believe what is said. Believe me, had it not been for a groaning heart and a voice rising like the sound of morning, the birds would have returned to their exile, inhaling what remained of the rocks.

Here is an abandoned heart. How can I be happy when my tears fill the streams like legendary waterfalls? I have worn the dress of sadness since I saw my crying eyes.

This is how I cross the seas of silence with the boat of the wind, I look at the field when its songs are sung. That's when the spirits I don't talk to shake my hand. How grateful I am for that. They inspired an unforgettable beat in my heart, hitting its head with stones of whispering. I feel helpless, and here I am sitting under the gray clouds, waiting. I'm tired of drinking from rivers of sadness. This heart is a large hill of fragmentation, violently dragging the strands of the sun into a strange darkness. It dyes the field's cheeks black, then sits on the red seas, and says with all serenity: "The sky told me that", what a great illusion.

Depth

You are a very lonely world. You have become accustomed to the noise and overlapping lights. Even your water has become turbid. O you who were stolen, in order to see the soul of the earth, there must be stillness and depth, for stillness is the vehicle that souls ride on in their pure journeys.

Look at this city, with its noise and crazy obsession, it takes us to a very blind and gray place. How can we see? How can we navigate deep? The city is superficial and teaches us naivety and a cold life.

We need the water of the streams to remember, and the greenness of the outlook. Too much light is blinding. We must have darkness, stillness, and death in order to see.

Life is not life without the depth of stillness and the depth of death. How I wish to die in order to see. Only there - where the deep sun and deep silence - does the soul shine and shine.

Wound

O blind wound, I will end up in your evening as a thirsty spike, roaming your valleys in search of a dream. I wish you would end with dawn; I wish you would play a victory song over my coffin. Here was a wound and here was a sad story. Yes, a red tree you and the legendary joy of a mirage holiday. I bow before your mornings with a voice made of snow. I prepare the offerings of the ages from the innocent souls of your village. Don't you see all this moaning? It's a torrent of echoes bursting from your very scarlet wound, like a daisy that knows nothing about serenity. Thus, you are a yellow tree whispering coldly in April's ear. Children in April fly kites on the roofs, and your children lie in gray tales whose smiles water the ungrateful earth. O days, O echoes, come closer, come closer, for here is a wound the size of galactic songs. I wish I were a solid rock on the banks of the Euphrates that knew nothing but the breeze.

Exile

On the threshold of exile, my dreams sit, repeating their old songs. Her magic flute sews a garment for days with its shadows. I am that legendary bird standing there at the top of the hill waiting for the unforgettable waterfalls to descend. I see rocks and trees, and I also see the strangeness of my voice. My eyes scatter in the evening with broken wings. I am a stranger, my voice comes from far away, from a future time crawling between the bushes on its knees. A river of love flows in his blood. Shattered like a lost dove, there is nothing here but emptiness and alienation. I am that lost world without mercy, my pockets are torn and my memories are fields of longing. When will you find me, my friend?

Drought

It is very dry this morning, and when I raise my voice, dust slaps my face. Dry dust like a human soul. Isn't it strange that all this drought is happening, while the rivers have a sound that awakens the souls that left the city decades ago? Isn't it strange that all this drought is happening while birds are made of a stream and a grain of wheat? The bird is no longer frolicking in our garden. It has left for a warmer and more affectionate world. We are desert people, our hearts are made of sand, so how can the wise bird live among us? What

concerns me most amidst this rubble are the poor magicians. How will they impress their patrons when they do not have feathers or a drop of water? But we are all fascinated by the new magicians, they dazzle us by stealing the breeze, killing every smile and every sound that brings baskets of truth from the pure islands.

Faces

I still wear my features that the dewy seasons gave me, and I still sit in the middle of the hill, dreaming of nothing but light, like a butterfly whose wings are wet with rain. This is how I am. Since I learned to walk, I have been searching for a face for myself. I have been stolen many times, as if they had no other job than making golden baskets from the color of my skin. They are so clever that even their wide eyes do not see the calls of my innocent river. Yes, they are so loving that even my tender earth does not know their faces. They color with the seasons, and teach us that things change colors from time to time.

Love, not long ago, was a sacred story, and today their love is tearing me apart. I know their faces, not because I am a great knower, but because their names are soft and their faces are dewy, but the bitter thing is that behind those tender faces are cold fingers and behind the flowers are stony hearts. I know their faces sincerely, for this is my pain flowing amidst their cold smiles, and this dazzling picture they draw is colored by my blood.

Melting

I will write about love strongly, as I am a universal abbreviation for a love whose place only new lovers know. They are looking for me on the paths. It is strange how can they see me when I am a planet of ice melted by the blind winds? Since then, I have been disappearing in a river of tears.

All I'm good at is that I descend every day from the sparkling springs into a foggy valley that knows no clarity. My letters are unreadable, and my years are unimaginable. They are just a memory from a time when the lights went out.

Everything here turns like a lost wheel, and I am that strange tree, standing there with the crown of longing on my head, looking towards the road, hoping for your arrival, even if it is a cloud. I cry every day because of all this longing, I cry because I am lost in your vast world. I'm crying so hard because I'm so happy by you.

Old Land

The old land, heir to the autumn leaves, revolves around itself like a lark whose eggs have been stolen by a dark

mirage, so it has become the ghost of a memory that knows no breeze.

It sits in front of me every day, in its dark suit, breathing a sigh of relief. It has become tired of its long journeys, and it has finally come to rest. It is strange how old age, when sorrows have robbed it of its joy, allows it to rest. They took out its soul, hair by hair, and it became dull.

The fresh water of its river was drunk by insolent eyes. And I, that old time, stand among the fresh stories as a pale glass whose hand does not know loyalty. I wish I had returned to my village before the harvest season. I wish I had learned something from the warmth of this land.

Here, in the middle of this old earth, a cold desert and asphalt rocks, I am killed in front of its eyes every day. Yes, I am the dark face of the morning, emerging from the haystack like a great politician who knows nothing about the myths of love and shame. All I'm good at is hiding like a pet cat behind my illusions, behind a spring whose skin aging has stolen my view.

This is my old land, a luxurious painting of disappointments, and a great city of promises. I don't seem to see things the way I should. In other words, I seem to be a miserable old land.

Loneliness

I am that story that breathes the face of the wind, and bends with love towards its cold sidewalks, for estrangement is a

bare tree whose memories are filled with ghosts. When its songs fall on my shoulder in the midst of that desolate darkness, I know that the night is a bitter companion, and that the foggy city that I once passed through was made by hearts that migrated before the morning.

Yes, my friend, this is how I find myself immersed in the darkness of my loneliness, a faint sound that came down early with the rain. I know, you do not see my heart, nor do you see its pulses that hide behind the curtains like a rural bride dreaming of the savagery of the evening. You do not see the very soft branches as they sway so delicately. Yes, my friend, this is not a dream, but rather a bitter death that knows no end, and many years have passed quietly over my back. You do not see its hands because you are not free like the birds of dawn, like my loneliness.

The Darkness Flower

I am that dark flower with a face like the face of the sunset, dull and blind. I hide behind my illusions like a brown story that knows nothing about the sun. I distribute the flowers of darkness on the streets, in the hope that new lovers will be found me.

Yes, I am an ancient desert, my ancestors left me alone in the middle of the night without tears. I make the dry air a

bitter milk for the lost, and I make my bronze breath a river of false honey. Yes, that's how I am, a very dark flower, sitting on the hill, singing bitter songs. Hurray, hurray for a body that has no voice and no name. It is me, a flower growing in the middle of the night with my dark soul. My shirt has no face.

Yes, I am that strange flower, my feet have traveled with the evening like a palm tree filled with the smell of night, and my life is neglected like a dark flower whose dreams have been overtaken by rain. It has been sitting in the corner for centuries waiting for the new light.

Crazy Stuff

Very crazy this evening, wearing his fire hat and teaching the boys of my village to love the sun. They fly like dreams, and descend towards me with amazing speed, I can hardly see them. They are children of the sun, and you know; the sun is something that cannot be seen. They taste like summer, and you know; Summer knows no sleep. It's something crazy that I can't see. Crazy things are hard to see. At that time, I was living free in a valley inhabited by ghosts. I was something crazy, I don't see fired words. The fired objects are also difficult to see. You can't imagine the madness of that valley. Its trees are as crazy as my dream. It was very crazy but I see it in my heart. Yes, the human dream is a crazy valley that lovers know nothing about. It's like crazy balconies, and like my crazy dream, but it's cold and not like summer.

A Forgotten Man

This ungrateful city speaks slowly, not out of shame because its hands are full of lies, but because its heart is burdened with forgetfulness and ingratitude. Ever since I saw her, I have been crying bitterly. I cry for my precious plant, for I am a man of the wild. I know the sound of animals, but I am not as pure as them. Believe me; the bears are not rough or brown, but rather they are delicate and pink balloons, and the owl is neither blind nor jinxed, but rather has a silver heart with which it sees the truth. I wish you knew how friendly it is. It used to talk to me about the stories of my ancestors.

I am now without roots, without a home, a forgotten man in every sense of the word. I was living in a warm hut under a tree. I laughed every morning, and I often sat comfortably by a pond whose name I no longer remember because this city slapped me with its cruel hands and made me forget everything beautiful. I forgot my color and my voice. I am now a forgotten man, without color, without voice, and without story. I am now a very sad man. I do not know anything about spring and I do not remember my beloved trees. I am now a very forgotten man.

Something Never Dies

The sparkling water embraces me, taking me to waterfalls overflowing with warmth. There where the smooth rocks

stand like winter maidens carrying baskets of smiling fruit. There you see me a color that does not resemble colors, a color that does not die.

If you want to find me, you will find me at every captivating moment, and at every plant near which the sheep of an old farmer. Please, if you want to see me, you will find me a ghost flying on ancient wings, carrying a river hymns in my pocket. Please look for me in your heart and in your long-awaited eyes, and also look for me in the laughter of children playing in the waterwheel. Because I am simply something that never dies.

This winter

This winter; I started to feel it strongly, like a soft war. Maybe because I finally drowned in a river of dark colors. And perhaps because I found an old winter in its corners, barefoot snow children, jumping on the grass like squirrels wriggling between the branches. I wish I could see the sunrise in their smiling eyes. She was singing a transparent song like a schoolgirl taken by the sunshine to her remote school in the morning. I was then a green leaf wet with rain.

This winter is a strange friend. He claps his bare hands. He turns cruelly towards my heart, towards everything I remember, and it freezes mercilessly and irrevocably. I felt very cold, maybe because I found this cold winter, and maybe because I started talking to you too much. Perhaps this is the story of everyone who sees winter and feels the cold of his fingers.

THIS IS HOW I AM

Yes, that's how I am, something very faint. I am the sound of water when it falls into the heart of the city, knocking on the doors of dreams, and the windows shine on a winter night when it returns to its home before the morning.

This is how I am, an old lover, freezing in the pool of waiting, and with all joy I draw from its water every story that scatters me in space as a sweet breeze that does not know death.

Thus, I do not see or know myself, and all I remember is that I feel strange fingers embracing me with love. Therefore, I am something that does not die, for love does not die.

A Man of Sand

My skin is as dry as the face of autumn, not because of the summer sun, but because I lost the last drop of water from my happiness. Every day, I pass by the seller of sadness and donate to him my tears. There are also other reasons for all this dryness in my soul; the most important of which is that I am a strange thing that the days found lying on a lost island that had been abandoned by its people. I was a pile of sand then. And this is not really the strange thing. Rather, the

strange thing is that at the time I was able to move and did not know that I was a sand man, but now, as I am talking to you; I feel like a man of sand who is not good at anything, and I feel like I am very dry and made of death. And that happiness that shines like a pearl in a silver tent can only be satisfied with a heart of sand, so my heart is full of happiness. And that's because I'm a man of sand.

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THE TORN CLOAK

My heart is very shining, not because of its soft whiteness but because of all those young dreams which have been melted in my stony chest. I tried, like any shaded tale, to hide my dead flowers with a torn cloak, so they can't see any picture of a living fragrance; I mean the fragrance of the remote lands. Here, in my heart, you find all the naked wishes that cover her nakedness with a cloak; I mean the worn cloak. Yes, I am a scarf man; my water is dark and all these cloaks cannot hide my grief. Yes, I am the naked man, and it is not strange to see my feet immersed in every futile story. I am the mantle of sorrow; my land is only a legendary face of crying and my women are nothing but faint boats.

A GRAY STORY

I know the war and its ugly voice, because I am its

son. The war is a gray story, wearing a red robe in lonely nights. It has been stolen my pure blood and every smile, so you may see nothing here but sad moments. In the morning, our children fill their eyes with foggy clouds, and in the evening, you can smell hungry weeps. The walls of our rooms are torn apart like our shattered souls, and the beds of our brides are as bloody as the colors of our Streets. Our young people sit in the dark corners waiting for their misty fate, and every hand here has only paralysis. Without any sin, we sink into the fields of fire, and you, the world, do nothing.

MY GRANDMOTHER WHISPERS

I love the moon because its smile is as bright as my grandmother's tales. She whispered every night in the ear of my dreams, telling me the story of colorful birds in that remote land. I saw her sea and sat beside her beach in that warm world. I told her my story and told her about the shaky years that gray souls swallowed. I told her I did not like to cry, but you see; there is no place for my smile. Those cold souls have stolen my life. They said that the high sound was the cause of grief, but I did not find the truth in their red voices. I heard my grandmother's tales and she whispered in my depth that love of the moon did not require blood.

THE BITTER FLOWERS

I remember the small flowers of my grandfather. They were bitter and colorless like my life. They always have fugitive blossoms and are constantly hiding behind the gray veil as a bitter friend. Those colorless flowers looked my face near our brook with my constant failure and like the heart of a woman, they colored my life with their bitter passion. I have been sad since I saw the tears of our land and as a legendary waterfall, they filled the streams with my blood.

The Gypsy Girl

I like our quiet lake and its reviving breeze where the eyes of water are always sleepy. You can't imagine its red cheek in winter nights. I remember when my mother had made a nice hat for it. My mother is so expert in the seasonal souls and she told me that Autumn is a gypsy girl. She told me that Autumn flies between the trees' branches as a small bird and leaving her veil weaving airily in our souls. Sometimes, Autumn appears as a fairy and you may see her gypsy tale swimming deeply in our dreams.

Sunset

Your hand is so warm like the soul of sunset. Its passion has burnt my hearts with its glances, so you can't see here but flowers. Its reviving breeze comes to open my doors,

but I am, the son of desert knows nothing about its amazing orange.

A Gypsy Tent

I'm not a gypsy, but I was seriously thinking of living in the woods without a cook or a conditioner, just firewood, and if you do not agree, I'll leave the firewood for you to set the fire as you wish. I will leave all the walls and the doors for you to remain isolated. I will drink river water with birds and eat grass with deer. I will sleep under a gypsy tent because I hope to dream at night with a wide dream, and laugh in the morning loudly.

Romany Wagon

My grandfather had a beautiful horse full of kindness. I did not see it, but they said it was brave. May be my family owned a saddle; I do not know and I did not ask about it, but I think if we had one, it would be closed like our desert. Yes, I am an Arab man and you know that there is nothing here but the desert, so I decided to bring a Romany wagon to my house to teach my children freedom.

Rainy tears

I will yearn for those moments that go deep inside me and pre-announced a love that does not waver. I am the son of the rain, and you know the rain is nostalgia tears descend amid the noise to revive the lands of our depths. I am not an immortal shadow, nor a tale of a legend

inherited from my ancestors; I am just a raindrop descending before sunset with all love and with all longing. So I remember how the sky rose, and looked at her sister; the earth with all love and all longing, and silently sending kisses over wings of the wind, but when its nostalgia overflowing, her eyes flood with rain. Yes, rain drops are tears of silent longing.

YOU WON'T FIND CLEAN WATER

My friend is very polite and always tries to drink clean water, but unfortunately, we are in the same cold darkness. It is an early death, Oh the unfortunate humanity. Place, uh place, how lonely you are? looking for the remnants of a human being. Why should this happen? I am a man of the 21st century and my days soaked in mud as an old cow. I don't like the cold sound, but my days are damp like a woman's coat and my heart hangs on absent trees. My friend, you may see sunrise cheers, but the real face of all this illusion is the cold darkness. So, don't try, you won't find clean water here.

Rainy moments

I love rain because it is a wonderful portrayal of love. Its color is wet but warm, and its hand is shivery but nice. He comes in the evening embracing the old tales of small papers with great passion. When we are lost in our rainy

moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine how miserable it would be if I could not see the dance of raindrops. They fill me with joy and give the trees new bright faces and make an unforgettable picture over our old window.

UNUSUAL KISS

Our days are full of surprise, as all the happy springs are overflowing from their amazing fingers. I am not water, and I cannot sleep in the hearts of these springs, but the freemen made houses of love for birds that know nothing but the morning songs. They are smooth creatures, and there is only light in their hearts so they are always shining and from their journeys, the beginnings have begun. Their hands are silver and you can see their golden chants lying safely on our land where the lovebirds stand under our smiling trees and give me an unusual kiss.

Nothing Here but Narrow Spirits

The streets are narrow here in the city where I live, and the houses are very simple as small wishes. Yes, I live in a small town and after every Friday afternoon there is a demonstration, but the streets are narrow and the birds here have gray eyes and hearts, and the windows don't know the light. I like the demonstration not because it is a beautiful face of freedom but because it is a living thing and has been banned in my country for decades. You know; Friday is a feast here and many people like to spend the afternoon in the central square under the sun on a clear and noisy day in a small town that lacks a

children's playground, amusement park or wide streets; nothing here but narrow spirits.

THE GAZE OF THE SEA

The sea has a legendary story that penetrates our depths with its stormy love. It paints our world with its unique flavor, and gives life its pungent taste. Its gaze steals the hearts that yearn for it, so they swing like the ships that the waves take away. The sea is our wavy essence, and its wind is a free woman with a charming blue robe. The sea is very soft, but it is violent and leaves no story for the trees, but as you see I sit behind these trees to see the glory of the sea, and melt in my wavy words: "Everything has a rebellious spirit, even you, even me."

NEAR THE RIVER

You know very well the splendor of life near a river. As the morning begins its journey, the squirrel cautiously jumps through green songs and all flavors take their azure veil. There, near the river, the flowers, the women, and the old farmers know the stunning colors. Near the river, the thin dreams wearing their blue dresses, and the delicate whispers make a passionate cake with early dawn smiles. The moments are absent tales without the passion of the river, and the places are just dry deserts without its blue colors. Through its very hidden secrets, we see an unforgettable memory and from his hidden desires, we write poems in fine letters.

Whitman's Eyes

I cannot read Whitman's poems, because Whitman's eyes that saw glory are monopolized by the distant hands. Like Whitman, I think human spirits are miracles, but those beautiful miracles are monuments I have no right to touch. Here, is the life where there is no grass, and its naked child cannot stand to see the sunrise. Look, I'm sure; if Whitman is alive now, he will cry bitterly, forget his thirst for eternity, and call for the freedom of humanity. I know that the human spirit is a great world and that great desire will not die, but our lives have become shadows that do not see pain. O Whitman's sons, I feel pain, can you hear me?

A COLD SLAP

This coldness is one of the beautiful pages I have met in my difficult life. It goes deep into my dreams and makes an ice shadow from my heart. It steals every possible warmth from my bag, so I'm still happily standing under that tree as a wet bird. This beautiful cold deliberately cuts my skin with its hidden knife, and breaks my face like the water of a frozen lake. This coldness kills my dreams every night and slaps my face every day, so you see flushing on my cheek every morning. It's not a lover's kiss or a pink rose, it's just a cold slap.

The Eastern man

I am an Eastern man and as a human being I have a feeling so I love the sun and as you I have beautiful dreams, but I am not from the West so you do not want my friendship and do not show me your love. Yes, I am very Eastern, and my father is from this land and has a headband, and my grandfather has a thick woolen cloak but this is not an excuse for you to prevent me to visit New York or walk on Brooklyn. We are farmers and know the gaze of the birds and understand the words of water and the moon has a lovely tales in our memories and we can also make coffee and tea and for this I do not see any reason for you to sit there on that hill and close your windows in waiting for the rain to make me leave from the street in front of your house. In fact, I do not see that I am a very primitive creature as you think and the veil worn by my mother is like the green leaves embracing a white rose in the morning which blooming easily in the evening in her loving garden. My friend, I know that I am a farmer from the east; my heart is full of love and light, but some eyes are wearing black glasses.

OUR SKIN COLORS

The leaves of the trees are green, but we cannot hate the purple, it is also beautiful, symbolizes warm life and holds hope for the future. We are mere navigators but we cannot assemble all the violence to release a rose; the red rose does not need blood. Just look at the lovers; they have a colorful bouquet that teaches us that the colors are wonderful. The colors of flowers and lovers' bouquets tell us that multiple colors are not barriers. You can take a

look at the multiplicity of bird sounds; it tells us that our word is wide. Look at our various words, our various choices and our various tastes, it's different as our skin colors; they teach us the beautiful mosaic of our existence. All I can say is that: our skin colors are not barriers; they are beautiful flowers.

I AM NOT A TERRORIST

Believe me, I can feel the splendor of life, yes, I can, and deeply feel the smile of my lover. I have family and children, and like you, I love coffee and eat eggs and cheese for breakfast. I am a farmer from the south and all I carry in my pockets is orange. I love poetry very much, and I love drawing a rose, a palm tree and a bee. I am a Muslim man; I love peace and am not a terrorist as you think.

THE BRIGHT STREET

I was told that Paris is a beautiful city and has a colorful spirit, so from childhood I dreamed of slapping my brown face with its white clay but I am a wild leaf knows nothing about beauty or artists and all I know are dry fields. Here, in my broken box, nothing but a pale shadow with a faint spirit walking between woods with a hidden face; I mean a very hidden one. When dawn opens its eyes, I hear our birds sing in a faint voice, and when the evening closes its eyes, I see our moon without love, so how can I walk in the bright streets of Paris?

OUR PALM TREE

Our palm tree is shy and slender like a goose, and when she looks at me, I feel it a princess came from the smiling cities. The colored dates under the green fronds, yes green fronds that do not turn yellow. Our palm tree has eyelashes longer than the river, until you see our ancestral ships sail between their stormy waves. She does not easily dissolve in tight dreams because you can feel her wavy pulse, but you cannot grasp her dancing smile behind her shawl. Near her feet, there is a fountain of soft water flirting the smooth cheeks, and around its brown waist, the desires that stole my heart as a yellow bird. Despite her soft veil, she is unable to hide her bright spirit, and despite her stunning length, she cannot hide her shiny fingers.

OUR CURTAIN

We have a thick curtain that was inadvertently colored by lost moments. She, without delay, comes in the evening with strange winds to comb our coarse hair. In fact, I cannot distinguish her from our faces nowadays and because of this confusion I sometimes think she is my mother. She stands there to reduce the sound of the noon sun; I mean the burning sun, and to bring back some of our lost consciousness, but because of its redness, she always remembered the sad stories of lost life; I mean the tales of war.

The Parliamentary Mirror

I did not discover the parliament, and I did not have that wide boat that can carry the galaxy, I just learned to live honestly and I have a small mirror where I can see my image. In recent years, they have planted a parliament in our land, and the ancestors said it was a good plant similar to the wheat; it doesn't know to lie. We did a celebration and create a beautiful and large building to the parliament, and I was told that they brought a different mirror that could show things for what they were, I mean a true mirror. No one knows who brings that mirror, but a parliamentarian on a rare occasion said that the mirror is a magical spirit made by the wishes of our people, but at the end of his speech he smiled invisibly when a reporter asked him about his image in it . I think parliamentarians see the truth but forget it.

THE PINK SOUND

I wasn't sleepy at the time, but I didn't smell the dreamy flowers of the pink sound. Do you see the colorful fields ceremony? Its fragrant spirit is the smell of ecstatic coated eyelids. When your eyes see the majestic waves of pink sound, at that time, you will remember my words, and you will feel the remote carnival lands in my dispersed corners. Yes, I didn't smell the dormant flowers of pink sound, but I am a skilled farmer who knows everything about its dreamy smile and its hidden desires.

THE SILVER VOICE

I was not able to sit on our bough when my grandfather used to talk about bright birds and charming horses. There were cities with a silver voice whose whispers touched our window and our smiles deepened without delay. I was just a little kid, and you can't expect to find in my pocket any fairies, but our fields are the daughter of a silver voice invading our souls with his deep greetings, so you always find me immersed in silver songs. O the silver voice, get my wishes on your wings and shelter my dream in the delicious midday.

COLD DESIRES

This very quiet river hides behind the trees and from there it looks at me eagerly. It always whispers silently and deeply in my dreams and its birds are always dead from love. It was not a rose or a smile; it was just a silent anecdote; its very strange coldness eats my memory, so you might see my soul colored with very dormant and cold desires.

THE DIM LIGHT

When my eyes see this dim light, the whole hidden thoughts dance in strange shadows asking for that light that breaks through my silence. You may want to see my soul jump over the grass amid these shadows. You may want to know how this dim light captures my dreams and thoughts? You may not know that you are that dim light.

THE RHYTHMIC WHISPER

We heard the rhythmic whisper of our lakes at a precious moment; they were charming. I saw their dreams; they were rosy like their souls. You may see all their smiles behind their veils as the sun sets where the magic never ends. Here, in this rhythmic whisper, the sun combs the braids of the river and draws soft seasons on its eyelids.

COLORFUL WISHES

When we saw those colorful shades, their whispers penetrated us very quickly, and when we smelled their fragrant smell, the sun subsided in our dreams as a blue butterfly. In an unparalleled moment; in an absent moment, all the warm characters and deep euphoria melt in us as sugar; this is when we touched these shadows and heard their colorful desires.

A SOFT AIR

This soft air resembles a green apple on its wing dancing spirits and sunny songs. Its dew leaves wet our cheeks while its breeze rinses our hearts. It comes from remote lands on soft wings where the fields are delightfully hovering. This delicate air colors our dreams with a pearly spirit and jumps between our breaths as a butterfly.

DAWN

I love the color of dawn; it fills my soul with the breaths of the revolutionaries and holds my dreams above the wings of freedom. I emerge among its spikes as a green song, and fly over its flowers as a butterfly that the rain has wet her eyes. Dawn is the color that does not know fear and does not know lying; like the remote land has been seen by the ancestors. By its whispers, I return fascinated between the branches, kiss the face of the water and sing songs that have long loved by time. At that moment, there will be no space for pale words on my lips because the dawn is a life that doesn't know death.

Colorful Evenings

Our dreams have colorful evenings refreshing the hearts of girls. We loved their whispers, and we always live on their stories as legendary heroes. We, like blind trees, see nothing of their laugh, and as stifling ashes, we know nothing about its breezes. All we are good at is a failed attempt at a bitter life, and a constant breath to capture the remnants of this vast world.

The Peaceful tent

We have a colorful tent resembles the face of my mother who spent her life bringing peace from remote wells to irrigate our dry spirits. When the colors laugh to your eyes, you will know that it came from that tent, and when the sunset fades behind a gloomy moment, you will know that our peaceful tent has trembled. You know; by love, the flowers smile and by whispers of peace, the eyes of children get brilliant. You know, I'm a man from the East

and my skin color is different from my western friend, but nevertheless, we are in an intimate relation that cannot be imagined by moon lovers. Yes, our tongues are different, and our skin are different but our spirits descend from that peaceful tent.

Masgouf

Fish have wings and feel our pain as a sister. Yes, we are fish brothers and any aura that occurs on a clear night around the moon is this brother's birthday. Come here and see the first book on fish, you will find its birth with the seeds of our earth. It has woken up on the eyelids of an old Sumerian tablet and you can see it has a smoky and smiling smell. You may know that Masgouf, the roof of fish on fire, lived as a moon in our dreams, and we hide happily in his perfumes, like butterflies. We have Masgouf, like the face of our river, pure, but smoky, and I would be very happy if I could see its chants dancing like a fairy on the shore. Because of this hot brightness, you may want to sit under the warm tent and think of the amazing and real smell.

Spyker

It is the story of the river of blood and the month of blood. Ah crazy June, kill me in cold blood on a sad day. In the

midst of your obscene spirit you stole our innocent blood. Oh, black June, how can you cut our flowers like sheep, and savagely rupture their dreams. And you, O Tigris how innocent blood disappears on your bank and how to the thousand and nine moons and seven moons are absent coldly with the sunset of the twenty - first of crazy June. Tell me, Tigris, can the red water return pure before the day of reckoning? I will call the eyes of all the angels to weep with me on our beloved youngsters, our wounded young men whose blood the Tigris drank coldly.

I will call all the spirits of the world to weep with me on our young men who the land of Spyker have eaten their flesh. O heaven, O world, help me to cry and deliver me with tears to those who are killed under the sun. In the Black Year, 2014, June was a criminal and the Tigris bank was a monster. Ah, June, you have a form, yes very large form, but tasteless, and without weight; it is so unhappiness to be huge but without weight and no taste. Ah Tigris, you have a cruel hand and a hate heart but you are always loser and it is so unhappy to be a losing river. O Spyker tell me how your eyes can see sleep and how your soul can find comfort. You are the earth of evil on river of evil in in the month of evil. I see your eyes filled with hate, O river of darkness, which is not tired of hatred, evil and fighting.

Red December

You sit there, on this branch with my dream, but I cannot see your beauty because my eyes are soaked in the

redness of December. I am a red man from the land of wars; my blood is shed and my soul is broken. No flowers here, no spring, just red December.

THE CITY OF DEATH

The world is getting smaller; his bones are devoured by bad smells. No, the truth is a smile of beauty, but this civilization is nothing but a city of death.

A BIG KNOWER

The lily of the lake when it dawns, I see it, even though I sleep on a blind pillow. How many comers told me about distant worlds, but without pain I forgot my stories and sat in the corner like a futile dream.

A NARROW DESIRE

When the hill gives up its great glory, and when I forget questions for my childhood, then you can imagine how narrow my desire is.

WHEAT AND FLOWERS

Wheat is a great pioneer; it makes death ways gardens that fascinate eyes. How is the path to the wings, and there are only birds that have been frozen for a long winter?

A RURAL SMILE

This is the new world looking out of the window without good glances. His brown tales scatter among the branches of grapes, as wings without a homeland or nostalgia. On the small stream, a rustic smile awaits me with a pale heart that knows no love. Yes, the flowers have changed, the water of the river has become meager, do not wait for the rebels.

Poets and Magicians

Poets and magicians are twins who drink spiritual milk from the same breast. When you touch the deep meaning, you feel that you are a strange magician. You know; the poet as well as the magician is an exceptional creator. While the magician brings the strange spirit from distant fountains in the morning, the poet brings strange love with the moon in the evening.

A FARMER FROM THE SOUTH

I am a farmer from the south bring nothing in my pocket but orange. Look at my face, it is brown and look at my hands, it is white. I am from here; from the south, where the river knows nothing but love and the sky tells its stories in a loud voice. Here is a farmer from the south, an oriental man with a dreamy spirit, and my axe smashed the bitter rock head and built the great Uruk. Yes, I am a dreamer from the south, a bird and a poem. My heart

holds only legendary love, and my mouth is always smiling as a colorful butterfly.

SILENT DESIRES

I am an old farmer, knows the amazing colors of the flowers' hearts where the dreams wear their shiny dresses and whispers make a sunny cake for morning birds. As the squirrel travels through green songs, all flavors take on their green veil, and when rivers wear their stories, every girl drenches her dreams. On their hands, times are filled with windy passion and plants smile in dry deserts. In their sleepy eyes, you can see the secrets of the river and from their soft whispers, you may know the silent desires.

PRETENDED COLDNESS

When this southern bird saw our dreams, he opened his book. He knows the hearts of our farms, and his hands that used to come from the far valley color the face of the moon with laughter. O seer bird, this is my love, sitting behind my eyes. Can you see it? Can you hear its voice? Here is an exposed veil that covers a fiery and shy smile, carrying the pretended coldness on the warm wings.

SECRETS

I am a sunny man and not mysterious, so I can easily hide my fingers because I'm like the old tales of my city without a song. I am from here; from the south where my grandfather absence and where I always hide in our secrets. Take a look at our faces; when you see our eyes, you will find our secrets completely non-secret, and all these strange stories will reach your heart before the morning pain. Look at our land, we are farmers from the south; our dreams sleep before the moon whisper swings. Look at the frigidity of the furrows of this earth, where the shadows know nothing of eternal stories.

COLD HANDS

Here, on my earth you see no rose; there is nothing but pale and rhyming faces of pain. You see no eyes but the empty sea, and here you can feel the cold hands of the world as it knocks on our door in a frightening night. O cold world, I can't see your heart or your eyes. I remember when you told me about colored trees but when I put my head on the pillow your red hand knock in the cold nights so I see our lost children and their sad morning shed in the waterwheel.

SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO BE BLIND

I was traveling in the desert cities with a smile in my heart. The puzzling sea gave me an old song. It is a memory coming from faraway land told me about the adventure that sat in our depths. It always told me that the wind is a strange leaf that misleads us with delusions, but when we sleep, we see its face clearly. At that moment, her cold stories will show us. I am not a big bluffing mirror, but I feel like I'm a colorful shade looking for a unique flower, and when I find it, it says: Student, sometime you need to be blind to see clearly. I hear her voice, and I see her face in my heart, because I am a blind man.

A SMALL HEART

I am just a small piece of paper carrying a colorful dream on small hands and young feet. My eyes are very wonderful like a migratory ship and my skin is a mystery, and a colorless puzzle. When the quiet clouds saw my plane, madly melted in silence. Please, this is my postponed life. It is the beauty of my lost love. Yes, I am a small heart, so you see my words roll freely and madly.

WAITING

Here, I am from the history of the deaf rock feeding on every possible cruelty. Here, I am waiting for you without tears to see your glow and tales. Let it come, an unforgettable time, let it come. Love has a memory that does not know absence or death. Here, I am learning messages without sound; I am learning the desire of things. I knew that waiting for you is a postponed life, and that the face of the water is a mirror of all truth. I will be pure sincerely, yes, I will be so pure with freedom waiting for you with all love.

A CRESCENT

Here, I am falling silently with complete strangeness. My words lie in the wind shrouds, and the features of my face are deferred. I don't have to see the moon like lovers, because I'm still hearing news about the people whose dreams melted in the smiling cities. From here, I learned how to sail a crescent announcing the beginning of the new month. Now, I feel more mature, I walk over the dark like dew. I do not leave a window to the sun and my language slams the face of the earth. All this on the pretext that I am a beauty lover, and a great scholar.

Absence

The colors, the colors, the colors are stories and spaces. Did you not hear? How to deepen in the spirit of this coldness? Is all this to absence gaze? How amazing is this absence, of these edifices and flowery speech, all of this for the love of absence? O the tender fields, I am blind, I cannot see, the narrator has soft hands. When I wake up in the morning, only sounds of absence, when I see smiles, nothing but faces of absence. When I talk about a dream, trains of absence pierce my ear. O secrets, O strange stories, here are delightful birds, fish, and flowers, oh weird world, when will I end up with you, I hope I know.

Our Crazy Summer

I am from the south where the sun is naked and the rivers are waterless. I can't give you a rose because our summer is a skilled flower's killer and our butterflies had retired in an anonymous day. Our summer is crazy; his hair is not combed and his rings are strange. If you see his face you won't forget his scowl and if you touch his hand you won't forget his coldness. Our summer is crazy and had taught us his bizarre story so this world's people don't like our walking and they always try to push us from the bridge.

The Dark summer

The summer's kites are beautiful and bear our dreams on their wings but our summer always cuts their silks and leaves us with tears. Our summer is an old dizzy portent so he knows nothing about our dry flowers and sees our pain but doesn't send any breeze to smooth our reddish cheeks. Unlike our primitive souls, our summer is mysterious and dark. It has brought all the world's smokes into our land in a faceless night.

River's Tales

The winter chants which had been made from our mumbles had a very delicate roaring. At that time the roads are wide because we are sons of old farmers know nothing about the river tales. In fact, in "Al-Arian", my childhood town, everything is simple even the river tales, and you shouldn't expect that there may be fairies in our water. From that purity we had built primitive skyscrapers, exactly as our dreams. Now you can imagine the smell of our feet, it had left in our heart unforgettable trances. We didn't know how our dirty feet' could illuminate the darkness and whispering softly in the ears of our silence? We did not know the color of the sun at its beautiful sunset. That is to say we are stolen people. In the same time our trees had knew everything, and this is very strange, where my tree knows everything and I don't know anything.

A Waterfall

There is no waterfall in Iraq and all what can I see is the bitter desert. Our dresses are black and our women are shadows of crying. I am a man without figure and like the birds; my home is a simple nest under unmerciful sun. Look at my skin, it is dry and look at my eyes; they are

illusionary. My morning is a painful story and my evening is a sad memory. Nothing here but the crying; yes, In Iraq everything is destroyed even the beautiful women.

A lake

My friend told me that there is a beautiful lake near his home. At that moment I remembered our lake. Yes, in Iraq there is a lake, but it has been filled with blood and we call the "War's daughter". Its eyes are sharp and her sound is sad like my heart. When I see it, I remember our bare children and all weeping mothers. Yes, we live in a sad land where you can't find any dream.

A Brook

My grandfather said; there is nothing like a cold brook where the waterish breeze has colored the smooth butterflies. I am a man from the south where the streams cover our fields but I can't remember anyone. My grandfather was a farmer from south and he clove its brooks. He was keeping the tales of the green land in his chest as a treasure but his grandson knows nothing about the southern tales and see nothing but a dry life so you are seeing my bitter soul and you feel my thirsty heart.

A Boat of Light

I am a flower from the sand's cities suffers from love as a shepherd had been drowning in the gulf. I am standing in that corner, enumerating the yearning's breaths. In one day, I had bravely crossed the silence by a boat of light. I had looked at the faces of fields when they were chanting their lovely songs. At that time, the lights' souls held my hand and gifted me their precious treasure. They fired my ribs with unforgotten flap and stroked my head with brassy stones.

He Who Saw Light

I love the mud, because it was a memory of your great hands. I feel so pride when I see flights of arrivers sit at your door seeking some nectar from your big secrets.

Yes, I know, you look at us - the primitive- with a smile because you are Sin Liqui who saw everything. Here, we are talking about the infinity but you had kneaded it between your fingers and illuminated its dark cities by a leafy light. I see you on brassy Uruk's porches looking at us with a cup of tea glitters like a Babylonian angel who plays in the wilderness with Enkidu's deer.

Yes, your hands defeated the aging and death, because you saw the secrets. O Sin Leqi Unninni, you look at us and smile, because you are (who saw the light).

The Silent Tree

These birds love the silent tree and like to perch on that bough. You know; the love is unexplained thing but we know it very well. From that lovely bough, the leaves and feathers had fallen with a quarrelsome smile. This was a heavy thing for that tired tree which is filled with sad

stories. She always descends to clean the ground from the frivolous feathers. Her slim fingers drown butterflies and her broken heart chants absent songs. I saw her kissing water like my voice which I had forgotten at my postponed beginning.

Missing trees

I am a wild man knows the animals' sounds but not pure like them. The bears are neither rough nor brown and the owl is sliver and sees the truth. At that glory, I was smiling in the morning and for many times I was sitting at a lake I didn't remember its name. Now I am rootless; my small hut had lost its threads and my mantle had colored with forgetfulness. This sharp city had slapped my cheeks mercilessly and immersed oblivion in my memory. I have been crying bitterly since that time where I had saw her. I am crying for my precious trees. I had forgotten my color and my voice. Now I am very sad and colorless and never remember the smiles of my missing trees.

A Yellow Tree

I am a yellow tree with cold whispers. As a thirsty spike, I am waiting crippled dreams. My streets had been stolen and my brooks know nothing but pallor. In April, the

children fly lovely kites while my birds disappear in the mud with motionless souls. Oh, my days, here is a wound, please listen to it.

Old Farmer

I am an old farmer and all these lonely winds can't find place on my tongue. Like a green leaf, I cannot see my face but in water and all kisses of North Mountains share me my pillow. I love the sun when it burns my cheeks and I madly love mud's smell because my father had planted me in our rivulet. Yes, I'm dissolving in our rivers as a young butterfly and without tiredness I shall repeat the birds' songs which give our blue flowers their free wings.

A Farmer from the south

It is me; a farmer from the south where the strangeness had drowned in the gulf. My voice is a watery tale and my yearning is an absent moment. Someday I had crossed into that sorcerous riverbank with a boat of silence. I had looked at the face of the field when it chanted its song. At that time, I had met the travelers' souls which gave me their treasure. They gifted my ribs unforgettable beats and hid in my pocket their eternal secrets.

A Farmer

I am a farmer know this earth perfume. I grew between its legumes like a butterfly. Come here; look at the Euphrates's sweetness. He doesn't know any spite. With a brown garment and a headband, he descended as a desert cavalier, so it is not strange to see all that sand covering his face. Also, I will tell you about Uruk, the sleepy city, which was the seven wise men built up its foundations. Come here; look at my palms, and see how they are coarse like our trees. Because of this, you find the darkness sits there, in that corner with its icy dress, and killing my children.

The Lake Tales

Do you hear the chants of the lake? She touches my heart with a whisper from a remote love. All the soft days take their colors from her water, and our warm corners drown in her tales with deep smiles. Her wet dreams fill our internal with the freedom's breaths, and on her hands, you can see a beautiful paint, but our hearts are so young to understand her glances.

Remote Perfume

We can't continue to live underwater because our horses smell the perfume of remote land. This remote perfume has reaches us last days where I was driving my thought towards surrealistic freemen. Believe me, I know that this world has inspirational windows and our sky has awesome colors, but what can I do, if all our doors had been stolen and all my eyes were killed by unknown?

Her Perfume

She showed me the soul of ambergris and the hidden colors of the life. So, the angels who know everything add nothing and the sorcerers who do everything do nothing. From her perfume, the world takes his meaning. The candles have no souls in the absence of her big heart and the roads will be blind without her soft hand. You can't feel the days' pulses without her perfume and the riverbanks' flowers can't find their chants, but in the eyes of a dreamy woman.

The State of Justice

I see deer and wolf play together, their souls are lovely like moon and their hearts are delicate like a river. The woman walks safely from Cairo to Baghdad over bland grass and within flowery aura. I look at Almehdi, the leader of justice state. His eyes have seen the truth, his mouth has been filled with sapience and his heart has been colored with mercifulness. He delights the hearts of his citizens with deep happiness, sates their souls with splendid wisdom and fills their chest and cuddles with gold and diamond. At that glory, the sun is smooth like a woman veil, the moon is bright as a morning rose and earth is rosy as a bride.

The Promised State

When his promised state shines, the grass will smile and the flowers will fly with wings for many decades and the

rivers will breathe the breezy love and the waterfall will grin widely for hundreds of years. The gold will color the earth and the diamond will paint the trees for thousands of months. At that glory, the devil has no voice and the evil has no aides but in a gloomy night the devil will steal the sun and the evil will kill the moon and the people return to the blind roads and every man will have his woody idol. In that day, the sky voice will say" the human are unthankful and blasphemed". At that gloomy day the earth will wave dreadfully and the mountains will be shuttered awfully. The sun will impinge the earth overwhelmingly and everything will disappear in horrible moments.

The East-Western state

When he occurs, the trees will be extremely laden and the flowers will be exceptionally amazing. The wolf will walk with the deer friendly and the woman will cross the roads from Cairo to Baghdad safely. He is the lover, the Sky man and the grandson of Abraham and Mohammed. He is Al-Mahdi; his tongue doesn't know lying and his hand doesn't do fault. His name will be called by Gabriel and his face will illuminate every heart. His justice words will push the Devil's falseness out of the souls and his kindness will plant happiness in every house. Jesus will descend with him, so the Western hearts and Eastern hands will be one. Under the tent of God, the earth will

shine with Al-Mahdi's wisdom and Jesus' kindness. In that East-Western state, there is no place for Devil or his helpers. In that East-Western state, everything is colored with happiness and the souls are totally free from the evil's voices. The earth will be colored with this beautifulness for many decades but in the last days, the God men will die so the earth will become dark. The mountain will wave and the seas will explode in an apocalyptic day. Everything will disappear but God who will say "Where are your idols? Where are your partners? The God will revive the creatures for the Judgment day, where the heaven will call the good while the hell will catch the bad. At that time the eternal life will begin.

My Illusions

I love the reading and the big artists. I find the pleasure to color the sun's eyelashes with a magic dream. My smile's page does not eat her breakfast and my eyes became brilliant because of their illusions. Now I can see a faint light with silver skin like the moon. I see a braves' ship swimming under my destroyed roof and travels through the infinity as a shadow. It is flying in my wide

illusion as a bird. Yes, I am here, with this motionless brain and useless body, an eastern man drowning in the illusions.

Dry Illusion

I am a physician and I know very well the burning taste of the strange moments of illusion. They are like the gray papers which had been disappeared in salt seas without pain. Because of the hidden voice of that watching soul, all what can I see are our dry leaves which have colored our empty eyes. Now, you should know that I am in a thirsty time and my heart is faint like a dry illusion.

Illusionary Birds

I like coffee because my skin is brown and coffee brings the pictures of my ancestors. Yes, my brown skin has made from the coffee illusion but my heart is a city of sadness. Here, in Iraq, the birds are made from illusions and the trees are just stories of tears. No, there are no birds in Iraq and what I have talked about is just an illusion because of our sorcery coffee.

Pale Lights

I don't like all these pale lights; what the lying voices brought to my town. I am a man made from wood and I don't know anything about lying. May I stand in the heart of this waterfall? I mean away from your pale lightness.

A Pale Moon

Our sky has inherited the worry clouds from the grey ancestors. It was waiting migrant holidays but our souls had nothing but gloomy faces. Our sky is a tear of a crying land where the sad rivers had written their stories. Here, you can't see but dry flowers and in our hidden corners, you will find a pale moon with coarse cheeks.

Look at me; I am the son of pale moon; my hand is very cold and my lip is fissured as a widow's heart.

A Pale Death

I am a lifeless tree with colorless tales. I am a man can't live with dauntless boat. Here, in my destroyed land, there is no glory nor poems and all what can you see is a pale death. Our houses are filled with black bitterness and our grass is not green. Our girls are fields of sadness and our streets are mirrors of wars. Yes, we are sons of blind death but there is no fault on our hand and no any blood on our coats.

The Fragrance's Lover

I love that fragrance which I know very well. I feel it in midday of Friday in that luminous corner of sky with its sincere smiles. I love his words when he says" this is the decent Almehti who will fill the towns and the fields with wisdom. I see his turban with its uncurled end and see his horse; it's neat and a gleam as a gem. The lands will cognize his forgivingness, touch his mercifulness and smell his vestal fragrance. Jesus will descend with him to show the globe shining dawn and guide the souls to the realness. His sword is decisive but merciful and his words are strident but egalitarian.

I Love the Writers

I love the writers because my mother said that they descend from a magic paradise and hidden demons live in their souls. The legend says that the writers awake early to grasp the dreams and before the white dogs, they

knock the snow's doors to tell us the winter's stories. The snowy mountains are in deep love with the hot mantles of the writers and the flying horses that emerge from their fingers have changed the gloomy colors. I have seen the writers' souls jump delightedly over the grass with the deer and from their smooth pens, the birds take their chants. You may feel the soft breeze plays with their eyes and you may sense their warm beats when they disappear in the river's smiles.

The Springs Lovers

The spring glisters like a girl, and when its water waking up, it mixes its coffee with all blue songs. I am a springs' lover, and I can't hide my ardors in the yearning moments. What can I do if the windows of my depth can't see but charming breeze?

The Rocky Girl

The globalization is the indulged daughter of our wide world. She is conqueror and has thousand songs, but I; the farmer from the south; know nothing about them. She is slim and bright but her heart is rocky. When she visits our city, our damask rose disappears quickly and our wells become bloody. No warmth on its hand and no place for my small dreams. Nothing there but empty spikes uncover their legs. Yes, it is bending in amazing position but in fact there is nothing in her head but the heavy air.

Rocky Flowers

I remember my grandfather's flowers very well; they were silent and colorless like my life. They always filled with a fugacious blossom, and incessantly hid with gray veils. Those rocky flowers have dressed my face his unaccountable failures and as a womanish heart; they have colored my life with their bitter passion. They have taught me the sadness since I saw my earth's tears and as

legendary heroes; they have filled my streamlets with blood.

A Rocky Soul

Believe me; all our sadness can't be happened without the silence of this soul which hides our dreams behind her lost head. It is here, in me, this icy tale, which always kills cold bloodedly my days. She is not beautiful at all, and in one day she shredded my kite fiercely. This obscurant soul teaches my flowers the war's songs, and slyly lies near our riverbank with her dark sorcery. She is liar and blind like me.

The Waterfall's Mirror

All these touches which descend from that mirror in a dazzled evening can't stay in our hearts without scorch. Our eyes are so small to see the beautiful life which sits behind that mirror. Please tell me; how the waterfall' mirror can wash my dream while my soul combs her destruction without any pain? I am a smashed shadow, so don't try to see my face.

The Ocean's Mirrors

I am a farmer from the south. My heart was made from the sun rays and my pulse is a birds' chant. At the twilight, I try to kiss the faces of fairies and in the evening, I drown delightedly in a hidden ocean. Now, you can see my shadowed soul which sits on the blue chair with her silky veil. She always attempts to catch these melodic colors and planted them on the ocean's mirrors.

The Sun's Mirrors

Our trees which wear their alfresco wishes and the dreams which play with our small boys are mirrors swimming delightedly on the faces of remote seas. All of them with the free shadowed spaces sit in midst of the universe with blue chants. Outside our souls, the bags bring colored butterflies, but on the faces of our trees, you can't see but black sadness. I know as any bird, my mirror needs a new open air, and the smoke of the wars had killed my wishes. I know as any young soldier, the black souls can't buy my ambergris, and all the remnants of the wars' voices are liars. We like the colors of the flowers

and the sounds of the waterfalls, but what can I do if all our sun's mirrors were stolen in a free trade?

Empty Hotels

The streets, the cafes and the markets are human. The dresses, the perfumes, and the bags are human. The trees, the waterfalls, and the flowers are human. The snow, the sands, and the salt are human. But in spite of all these humans, our spiritual hotels are empty.

Our Hotel

Our hotel is small and dark despite the wide gardens and the big windows. In our hotel the walls are so thick and

the souls are so discordant. We are good in making the walls and in someday we may see the aliens here to buy walls from us. Our walls are perfect and unbelievable. They prevent any love or any warm hands. They are fantastic in the killing of our days.

The Blind Hotel

I saw him sitting quietly on that sofa. There was a big noise, but I could see the truth because my parents had made my skin from a fish legacy. There are no stairs in our small hotel because our crippling. When he whispered to me, I saw the sofa stole his coat, but you know I can't say anything, because of the pure blood of the sofa. Now, I think you can imagine the size of the windows in our small hotel. Yes, they are smaller than my eyes, and because of that, the people call our hotel "The Blind Hotel".

A Dry Breeze

That evening with its breeze has planted in my soul an unforgettable tale. I don't like the crying, and as any man, I wish to fall in a deep love, but you see my smashed tress and my lonely streets. I am a man from the ruined land. My dreams were killed as a beautiful bird and my smile was stolen in a bright day. I am standing under these remnants as a shadow without feet or head. I try to cry and always attempt to wash my bitter heart, but the stormy wind is constantly coloring my soul with a dry breeze.

The Sea's Whisper

Here, is our sea with endless dreams. Do you know anything about the sea's whispers? Do you see the smiles

which reside behind his veil? The sunset loves the sea, where the sun combs the hair of the fish and draw smooth seasons on his tales. I heard his whispers; they are filled with true. I saw his dreams in a precious moment, they are blue and brilliant. They are our souls.

Her Whispers

She whispers from there: Where will you find your story? The violet roses are sleepy, and the mirrors follow the white trees. The birds and the fabled river know that moment, which needs a smile and warmth.

I will drown in the yearning sea. I will hug that train where we met sleepy sounds, so from there, my story will begin.

She said: the river colors are descended from that balcony and they should kiss the eyes of flower seller. That colored shadow told me: when the moon sleeps in your lids, you will know a new kiss and you will see the cloud flowers.

Grandmother's Whispers

I love the moon because his smile is shining like the tales of my grandmother. She was whispering every night in my dreams 'ear, and telling me the story of colorful birds

in that remote land. She was a good narrator, and sometimes her narrative surpasses our narrative poetry. I saw her ocean and sat beside its shore in that warm world. I told her my story and inform her about my shivering years, which the gray souls had eaten their peels. I told her that I don't like to cry, but you see there is no place for my smile. Those bloody souls had stolen my life. They said that the body is the cause of the sadness, but I found no truth in their red voices. I had heard my grandmother's tales and she whispered in my deep that the love of the moon doesn't need blood.

The Wintery Souls

I feel this coldness vigorously so I am silent as wintery soul. It grasps all the warm colors and unwinds them in my dreams. Its voice was silvery like a waterfall and its palm is smooth like the moon. You can see the sunset in its eyes while it chants its lucent songs. Its corners are colored by brown shadows of barefoot boys jump over the grass as squirrels and fill the winds with faint smiles. It is so amazing to see smiles in my earth; the land of the wintery souls.

Babyish Souls

The life is so vacant without salt of the babyish Souls. They color our rocky hearts with their frivolity and give the small hares their flying winds. If your old trees had taught you the antique aloofness, you should discover your babyish spring's warmness. I am not a delusional man but I know that the bizarre souls are the blood of our world.

The Big Hearts

I don't smoke, and my skin is not white, so I don't understand all what was said about the big hearts of the smokers. They said that you may find birds with gray hats and fish with silver eyelids on the brassy branches of the

smokers' lungs. They are as big as my city when I was a child, but now you see how the stones choke its streets.

The smoke which travels freely in the dreams of our rivers doesn't differ from the hazy face of the black corners, but the harsh voices of the big hearts of the smokers make our life possible. I like the hearts of the smokers, not because they are filled with nicotine, but because their spicy colors illuminate our days with true love, exactly as pure as the fire of the sun which illuminates the moon.

Our Girls' Hearts

The hearts of our small girls know nothing but the breathtaking colors. They are so efficient in making the

magic Dolma and their soft hands can color our moon with a happy face. In the morning they meet a green sparrow and listen to her chants. They are soft and pure like our hearts. She teaches them secrets of grape's leaves. This master colors our girls' hearts with the wedding dresses. My mother was a good student so she had worn her wedding dress early.

The Beating Hearts

Do you see the lights' lusters over a quiet sea? Do you understand the snow's twilight? Like this are the hearts of the unsleeping physicians. They stand like trees; instead of leaves there are patients' wishes and instead of chanting birds there are beating hearts. In that warm space, you can touch infinite warmth's essence with worry eyes. By his melodic compassion, the physician catches the remote lands' valleys and brings a smooth management.

The Warm Colors

Winter doesn't come with its usual coldness. It has grasped all the warm colors and unwinds them in my dreams. His voice was brown like a remote summer and his gazes are smooth like an absent spring. Come here and a look at our barefoot boys; they jump over the grass as squirrels and fill the sharp winds with smiles. It is so amazing to see warm smiles in midst of the rocky souls. Please look at sunset in their eyes while they chant dreamy lucent songs.

Colored smiles

The water has a smile, which you can't see but in Holi day, where the colors spread their dreams over the watery fingers. In its March, the colored air fills the sky and gives the earth its springy face. In Holi, the souls dress their new veils, and the birds chant their colored smiles.

The Colored World

It was late when we reached Mumbai, but the streets were crowded and the colors had filled the space. It was December when we had left the ice in Tehran, to immerse in Mumbai's summer. No winter in Mumbai, just colors so you don't need any extra things in this colored world, where the souls had been filled with flowers and the minds had been colored with songs. The screamed lights had made the buildings shining as a colored bride filled

with henna. I can't forget that road which was disappearing in the time of high tide and that skyscraper which had stood in the heart of that shore.

The Strange City

We live in our earth under the wings of Azzalan. It was my grandfather's rivulet, where he had trenched it in an angry moment, so our souls were filled with warm songs. Despite all these purity in my skin, I am as well as any Iraqi young turning my eyes toward the anonymous city. I want to die cheaply, and to live in humiliation in that strange city which filled my heart with a colored loneliness and an incisive coldness.

A Strange holiday

The holiday is a very delicate thing. We learned it in our childhood, as we learned to carry our bags. It is smooth as a summer dream, filling our chests with spring butterflies. I was very happy when I touch his heart. Its waterfalls amazed me. They were calm as girl braids. That holiday, which we saw him in someday, and we feel his sleepy hands; I see it clearly when it plants the wet tales. That holiday, which is coming from faraway town, stands with its silky coat in the middle of the street as a strange man. It dissolves in our veins as a passion letter. I was very wrong when I assumed him an emigrant goose.

The Strange Birds

Oh, days, Oh, dreamy birds, wait me. This is my heart stumbles between the valleys. Its feet are made from bitter ice and its eyes are remnants of a brassy sound. I had searched for long time; I searched in every place my fingers reach; I searched in my gray color, and I searched in my descent but I did not find a picture of soldier. I know that I am impure and blind but I should find my pureness to see the picture of that soldier who longs for free death. I am now so sorry because I couldn't die as soldier and I know that the life has a smile which can't be seen but by that death. I am standing here every day as a strange bird; I am standing here lonely and listening to that voice; my heat voice. Yes, I am standing here every day awaiting return of my pure soul to die as a soldier.

Red Nectar

Our trees have deep moaning so you see a red voice comes from their astonishing remnants. They are trying to come back from their alienation. They try to inhale ardor of love but a crazy fire colors these remnants with red nectar.

Red Conversation

-Dear, there are a lot of scenes for our TV.

-Oh, fantastic. You do well.

-The desert's air is so dry and there are a lot of wooden plants, and dead animals. There is nothing here but redness and hungry shadows of wars.

-Oh, surprising subject for our audiences.

-Yes, but there is no water here, just blood and no food here, just burnt bones.

-Oh, come back. You will go back later on.

-Yes, you are right. The water is bloody, and the air is red.

A Cold Night

In a cold night, our vehicle has lost its eardrops. The pain was deep and the smiles have left our garden like hoopoe. At that time, I was a shadow between the trees of a remote owl. They are strange, dry and blind but there are smiles and white flowers. I had tried to bring a flower but that cold night was thick, red and its heart had a gray mantle. Now, I think you know the causes of quiescence of our mute lips and coolness of our faceless corner.

A Windy Love

As a dazzled butterfly, I will end in love of this earth. I will exit from its fissures with a crown of heavy years. Like this, like a windy love, I will dissolve in the lake's dream.

Windy fingers

When you reach those remote lands and when you see my pain, please ignite a candle in our cold night, and make this sleepy world know something about the truthful light. I know; you can't remember the souls of the flowers which know nothing but beauty but when we drown

deeply in our dreams and when you meet all the possible illuminations, at that time you may find the windy fingers of the poet.

A Grey Winter

Winter is a cruel knife cuts my joints with a cold blood. He isn't smiling; he is grey just like my dream. This winter which I feel vigorously is not kind, and you can see the sad tears in its pocket. His rain colors my soul with pale smiles and his hard whisper plants unforgettable tales in my deep memory.

The Son of Winter

The very faint bird doesn't shiver because of love or coldness. He just shakes his feather enjoying the winter's stories. Here, winter dresses a different color and a different cruelty and all that can I see are these pale shadows. Here, winter isn't tenderhearted; it is my grandfather's gloomy field where the bean swings over its grass as a sad bride. I am the son of winter; my ancestry had left me alone in this frosted lake. Look at

my face; it is colorless; feel my hands; they are short and dead.

A Blind Winter

The pain is deep in winter, and the smiles have left our garden without goodbye. In its nights I am just a shadow over cold trees and in its days, I am a blind owl. This winter is blind and dry, nothing here but cold smiles and white dead flowers. Believe me, I have tried to plant a pink rose but the hands of this blind winter freeze my heart. Its gray mantle knows the roads of my mute lip and the coolness of my faceless moon.

A Waterfall's kiss

I will vanish in love of Euphrates like smooth fish. I will learn the red chant so the free land smiles for its lovers. It is my beginning towards the warm skies and my story in a waterfall kissing the walkers' foreheads. From there, the spikes of wheat radiate with thousand lights fill the earth lungs with new dawn

The Freedom's Kiss

The souls will be barren without red tears. Look at Husain's voice, the wide door of freedom. Look at the sadness of eternity and softly fumble its bashful bracelet; the space of the hopeful sun. He is the freedom's kiss I will dissolve in its love without delay. He is the Euphrates' true saying and a story doesn't know any dreamy song. Listen to his scream: "There should be a new dawn saving this drowning world.

The Morning's Kiss

O, the master of freedom; in your paradises the lover brighten like morning's kisses and in your eyes the stars disappear like an icy shadow and the rebel blossoms as a pinky flower. Your free cloud knows nothing about absence. I am a faint story with a wide shame splits my waiting. I am a dry desert ending in my yearning like a sad bride in her dream the death has been sitting.

The Golden Bean

The sunset is a son of light, descending at evening with azure eyes. He told me that the sun has long braids. He reminds me of the ancestors' apples. If only you saw them while wrapping themselves with silk. He was talking calmly and told me that Iraq is the brother of sun. This was astonishing news. If so, where is the golden bean of our grandfathers?

A Thirsty Bean

I will end in my crippled dream as a thirsty bean. I am neither an almond tree nor a warm voice so I always bend at morning with snowy face and turn to a very cold tale. In April, the children fly kites whereas my bean stretches down as a grey corpse. Oh days, come close, here is a wound as large as the song of the Galaxy.

Faceless Bean

Since my childhood, I've been looking for my face which was stolen by wars. I am the son of war; my heart is a dry desert and my memory was kneaded by tough dances I

am an Iraqi man; my life is postponed and I know nothing about beauty or love. The cloth of my dreams is short and all what I wish is seeing the waters of Euphrates without blood and the shells walk away from the crashed ribs of Babylon. All what I want is to live amidst the bean; the daughter of war. It is just like me, sleeps in the field without face.

Faceless boys

We can smell all the perfumes of ruinations because we are the sons of war. Its eyes kill our dreams and its hands clap our cheeks. When you walk in our streets, you will tumble by our cheap souls and at that dark corner you will meet the faceless boys. Yes, we are sons of wars; our hands are empty and our souls are broken. The waterfalls can't moisten our dry hearts, and the river can't revive our rocky roots.

Faceless Girls

No braid on our girls' heads because war has stolen everything here the girls' braids. Their lips are dry with deep fissures and their faces and colorless like our days. Here, in Iraq everything is empty even the souls of the girls. You won't see the childish jumps of their feet or the playing smiles of their arms, but you will see thin legs and a very dry well.

Faceless Women

I am from the south where everything weeps even the sun. Our women don't know but crying and their breasts had forgotten milk. They are the remnants of wars; their mornings start with wailing and their evenings end with groan. Look at our trees; they are brassy and coarse like the voice of our women and look at our lakes, they are dry like their cheeks. No love here because the lips have retired, and no beauty here because our women are faceless.

Amorous Butterflies

Look at our brooks; they are not women; they are amorous butterflies. Their wishes are filled with pink dreams, and their desires dissolve on the hidden windows

in the secret nights. Here, on the colored boughs you can see nothing but arousing smiles and you can't hear but stirring whispers.

A Lost Soul

The windows are important because my father had said that winds are always kissing the glasses of the windows in the early morning. I can see the souls of the winds, but

the problem is situating in my fingers where all the stories of absence reside in. In fact I am trying to color my soul with a windy gaze but as you see nothing here; in my depths, but the loss.

A Lost Love

My years are so affectionate because all the trees which we had seen in a special moment are absent. I like the absent moment and I love the absent fragrance of my grandfather. The colors are the remnant of a love story, and my eye is an old lover. Now sit please, don't worry; I am ok; I am not crazy; I just try to live without my lost love.

Violet Kisses

I am a lean bough of a magic dawn; no sun on my forehead and no kiss on my neck. I know the freedom very well but I can't see the road. Yes I am a blind bird and I should learn from the freedom kiss how to see the life. There, on the mouths of freedom shapers, you find that violet kisses.

The Blue Chanters

The poet has drunk blue spiritual milk and when he touches the deep lands, the melodic canticles radiate. You know; the poet as well as the sea is a blue chanter. While the sea colors the sky with azure, the poet colors the souls with delicate rays and while the bees bring honey from the remote flowers, the poet makes blue feathery bellows for real fairies.

A Blue Flower

The silence sailed in my depth as a strange boat of brilliant fairies traveling soundlessly through my mirrors. Look at my deep noisy; it sits on those colored boughs as a cat and look at me; I am standing there as a rabbit doesn't wait for the summer chants. Amidst this stormy world, the sand has gifted me a blue flower; its blue fragrance fills my dark corners with a soft breeze and its sleep eyes fill my silent nights with blue tales.

A Free Bird

I am a free bird, emerge in our mud with delight, and because my father had planted me with wheat seeds, I like noon when it touches my face. I can see my soul on our water face; it is faint like my dream. At that time my turning dissolved in colors of the butterfly as a child. Oh, the purity which he bears. Yes, I am free so I can chant the birds' songs without tiredness and learn the hills their rosy voices.

The Lost birds

Despite all these dark clouds, your eyes fly in my fields as a light paper. I like their simplicity which bends to wipe the head of a wet bird. As a leaf in a river, I wanted to live with breeze jests my cheeks but our birds are now few because my color becomes so strange. I am trying to plant evergreen trees for our tired birds but they wait for runaway boats. They whisper in my ears that the earth becomes red. The birds don't lie because they are wild and strange. Listen to their chants; they will revive loyalty in your emigrant soul.

The Wars' Son

The soldiers have returned but the capitals of my chants are still whizzing like a slim mosquito engulfing the questions. The soldiers have returned; their joints groan like ice and their hats stray in the streets like virgins had been kissed by autumn. Yes, I will return with dry lips where the hills have slept on sidewalks. I will exit between the jungles like a bitter dawn gifting the galaxy stories of immigrant birds. I am the war's son; my worn-out mantle has been dragged into vacancy like a cow loving the vows. Yes, it is me, a remote tent its voice has been vanished before sunset. Yes, I am the wars' son sinking into the sand of the glorious stories of the soldiers and enjoying the legends which descend in the morning with drowned ships.

A Blind Tree

I am a blind tree know nothing about the evening breeze and its chants. All I know is a failing attempt to catch the ragged remnants of this world. My leaves are pale and my dream has a faint evening sitting at a black door without sunset. The grey birds like its delusive whispers but when it takes its real face, there is nothing but sad boughs.

Blind Bridges

I am from a grey city where everything has no voice even the girls. The bridges are so blind with weak breath exactly like the eyelids of my sick bird. In fact, our bridges have no eyes and they know nothing about the novel fashions. When I touch their wood at morning, I feel their pain and when I hear their whispers at night, I saw their sadness. Our blind bridges have endless waste because their lost eyes are so grey, like my soul.

Blind Winds

In a very strange moment, I had seen the souls of blind winds; they were shattered as our southern life. These blind winds know nothing but destruction of my doors and bear nothing but deceptive seeds. Their colored eyes are not attractive despite their smooth whisper. They fill my life with shivery boughs and paint my windows with cloudy tales.

Searching for another life

It is not strange that I am a tree. And it is not strange that I touch the face of the earth quietly. A long flock of colorful birds' nests in my head. Listen carefully, what a melodious voice. I cannot imagine its captivating beauty.

Well, let the listeners sit down, and let the resurrection of truth take place. The brown field knows no lies, and that thunder no longer steals the hearts of dreaming girls. We are the people of the water, growing in the heart of the rocky earth like dewy silver that the fishermen have brought back from the azure seas. Her hair is of the sun's rays. What a strange splendor.

Thus, the distant color tells my dazzling story. Time was counting its fingers with great greed. I see it, there at the corner, secluded in its great dreams, telling me about another color of sunset. Oh, these are the alleys of my icy city, growing like pine trunks without meaning.

Oh, this sparkling wind, it blows through my limbs on a holiday night, it gives me its song with all its violence. I am that old almond tree. My blood smiles in the stream, like a bird that speaks the language of eternity. I stick my head out from under the ground and I see the galaxy, there where the boys play with their dry illusions. Do you see, my friend? I wish you would tell me where I can find another life.

Peasant

I am an old peasant, I know the scent of this land, and I see my image only on the surface of the water. I grow among the grass like a butterfly that loves the morning. Come and look at the Euphrates; it is sweet and pure; it knows no malice. It came down to us one morning in a brown cloak and a headband like a desert knight whose face is covered with sand. I will also tell you about Uruk, it is not a sleepy city, its walls are of copper and the seven sages built its foundations. Come and look at my hands, they are very rough, like the skin of a palm tree raining honey over the heads of transparent amber. Yes, for all this, it is not strange to find darkness sitting there, in that corner, in its icy garment, killing us coldly.

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SOUTHERN SECRETS

I am a sunny man but not mysterious, so I can easily count my fingers because I am an old story of this land. I am from here; from the south where I can always disappear in our secrets. Please take a look at our faces; when you see our eyes, you will find our secrets not secret, and all those strange stories will reach your heart before the morning pain. Look at our land, we farmers from the south; our dreams sleep before the sunset and the frustration of the grooves of this land is released before the morning where the withered flowers know nothing about the secrets of eternal stories.

A JAR OF SMILES

My days are like my poems; gray and tasteless. They often asked me to throw them from over the bridge, but I was an old lover who could not drink his coffee without passion. They have wide hearts, just like the big cows I have seen in the old city, and without any delay, I have faded into their very watery souls. Those souls, which you may see in the old mirrors, can say nothing but silence because they are, like my land, do not know

anything about love. So I will bring a jar of smiles to color their gray face.

SOFT TOUCHES

Do you see all these amazing colors in the beautiful sky? They are just unique smiles of our love. There, I saw my soul delighted near a bank of a colored river on its head a very green hat, above which was a loving nest. Yes, our love is a green treasure, I have seen it before the sunrise and before the wedding of the trees, so all our affectionate glances are Valentine's moments. From our timid whispers, the birds learned their songs and from our soft touches, the sunsets took their silk clothes. And from our secrets — which I am not told — the evenings have learned every intimate and warm story.

THE GRAY RABBIT

I am neither a horse nor a hero, and when the sun kisses the ancient forests at sunset, then I realize the sweetness of a life without fences, but when all these horses stand with their heroes on my back, at that time I recall the children of our wars and realize that I am just a gray rabbit made by wars. You know, the grass is green and the horses are appealing, but who will love a gray rabbit killed by wars? For this reason, I will die alone in the darkness away from your solid walls and bitter hints. I will live in a strange horse brow, behind the walls you want. I mean beyond my heart.

A BROKEN DAM

The fish is pure and loves water deeply, so it dies without kissing it. Fish, on the reverse of me, only knows the truth and does nothing to live free. When blindness puts dams on the river chest, I heard the sound of a sad fish, and I saw blood. Dams are another face of absence and theft, but when you look at my face, you may know that I am a broken dam.

THE BARE BEANS

The beans live scattered on stormy days, and sadly calling for the absent horses. She embraces the hellish winter to give him an icy kiss. She, like me, sleeps in bare fields, planted all the wounded songs in the exotic desert. Bare beans are heirs of war, which always teach me the beauty of free death. She, like me, lives in death before she is born and lives at its end before any beginning. I see her gray spirit lonely every morning, and without delay she quietly disappears in the bitter loss every evening.

BARRIERS

I remember the white cheesecloth of my grandmother by which she was making cheese from milk. In fact, I liked that barrier, cheesecloth, because I didn't like milk and I was liking cheese, and because it's real and white, but you see the barriers these days; it's red and dark. Yes, they are, like my heart, bitter, dark and full of lies.

OUR RIVER FLOWERS

Our river flowers always try to paint the feminine looks that teach the world its wonderful existence and give life a wonderful love. When days try to sing with their beauty, they are embodied in the magical songs of our flowers and when the rainbow wants to wear their bright colors, it will take a flavor of our beautiful flowers. The magical lands cannot find their wonderful smiles only on the faces of our river flowers, and the wind cannot find the beautiful dew without whispers of our magical flowers.

THE SUN GIRL

The sun has a thick veil and many girls with stiff hearts. I saw many of them walking in our streets, but the strange thing is that they are colorless and very cold. Imagine that the sun girl has no color and no warmth. Everything under our sun is cold even our summer, even my love for you. The evenings which travel through amber are simply eternal cold losers, I mean eternal heroes who build his free glory over my back. Please do not ask me about the wheat spikes and the braids of the young girls because in addition to their cold faces, the wind has brought them to an unknown place.

THE TEACHER

The little girls in our gardens know nothing about flowers or their stunning colors, but they are very skilled in making the magic moment. In the morning they gather around a green pigeon and listen to her cheers. It is perfectly smooth, pure and smiling. She teaches our daughters the art of life and the secret of grape leaves with a smooth voice and nice hands. This morning

teacher is very soft and deep, and can color the hearts of girls with wedding dresses. My mother was a good student of her, so she learned her cheers expertly and wore her wedding dress early.

SUMAC

Have you heard about Sumac? Yes, it is purple, but it is stinging because the beautiful southern nights kissed its lips. The fish love Sumac because the Euphrates carried it on its back for many years. Sumac is so Iraqi so its spirit is kneaded with war stories. Did you know that Sumac and despite its sadness, it indulges in the fragrance of celebration, just like our streets? It is the son of the desert and like our daughters; the daughters of the desert always dream of days without smoke. We inherited Sumac from our Babylonian ancestors who made it with smoky tears, so you need an Iraqi smile to see the splendor of its glory.

Gray shadow

You can feel my faint pulse and my sandy echoes as a gray bird exhausted by summer. He narrates his pain with wide eyes and a beating heart. Look at his clouds, it's dry and weep because they stole his feathers as they are now preparing the winds of autumn to fill his soul with emptiness. He is steeped with bitter melodies, but his chest is silent. It is just a gray shade whose hidden love cannot appear, but you must always remember this shade and its faint melody; O poet; O reader.

THE TERRIBLE COLORATION

The dawn is not colorful nor its breeze, but politics is multicolored. It's like a mysterious bird you see it green in the morning, yellow in the noon and red in the evening. He is not good at flying because he was born without wings, but he is good at jumping on the shoulders of others. The revolutionaries are not colored because they have wings and they like hope always lives in reality, but the color of politics is terrible and variable so that no one believes their words anymore, even children at school, even the fish in the river. I am not a revolutionary man, and I always try to take silent steps, but these losses, calamities and death have no other reason than the coloration of politicians.

ORANGE

The ancestors used to say that life was a moment and imagine how it be if its color is orange; the eyes are orange; the lips are orange and the dresses are orange. The orange color has been so burning. so, the Asian tribes often raise them over their mountains. It is warm but dewy like the spirit of the sunset which grabs our hearts with its soft passion, so you cannot see here only dewy flowers. Yes, the sunset is an inspiring visitor; its glorious breeze knocking on our doors every day, but as you know I am a peasant from the south; my heart is very thin, but it knows nothing about the amazing orange color.

BLUE

I am only a bird over his wing very strange stories I cannot tell you all its secrets. When I faded into the blue sound and touched its hidden soul, its deep whispers colored my dream as a blue rose. I can tell you another glimpse; there are mysterious blue shadows that you can feel their fingers touching your depth quietly. No, I'm not a magician, but I'm just a passenger who is completely drowned in blue.

COLORFUL WHISPERS

The seasons are not smooth, and our lashes are not charming, but when you listen carefully, you may succeed in hearing my whispers. Yes; I; a boat of hidden desire where Dad's old tales have no place. You may hear all the news that fills your heart with magic, but believe me, your eyes will only find colorful whispers on our lips.

THE CLOUD TALES

When we learned to laugh, the moon's lights were asleep in our eyes, and when a strange sound devoured me, magical cars were shining on dark nights. With all this glory, the cloud showed me its hearts, and her novels were deeply planted in my soul. I feel them strongly, and I remember the smell of their perfume very well. How can you imagine it? How do you realize cloud tales?

THIRSTY SOULS

Life sits on her high chair and looks at me with a hidden smile. She knows that the wind has stolen our rainbow, leaving my voice naked like a rock. Yes, I am a naked man does not good at the joy of white dresses and the splendor of black clothes and do not know anything about the vibrant perfumes and noisy evenings. My dreams are as rough as old wood and my songs are not amazing because of the thirst that dwells in my house. Do you see these cracks on the ground? They are the hearts of our girls, and do you see gray clouds? It's the smoke of our burning souls. This bitter thirst hangs over the place, and everything will be velvety when our thirsty souls find the water of peace.

The Peaceful Dawn

Here, in this land, summer can be very hot and can do every beautiful thing even playing with our young children. Yes, we sons of the sun, our skin is brown but sweet like chocolate and our eyes are not blue, but can be desirable. We always, for no clearer reason, come out of the cracks of war, dreaming of a peaceful dawn and hope that the sun will see our mother's stolen smile. We, the son of the sun, know her shining milk well and wish only bright days for your eyes, sweet nights for your dreams and a peaceful dawn.

A Hard Face

Life is tree with hard face; but the birds fill its branches with songs, so a person learns love and life from it. I do not deny the joy of the city and do not forget its bright colors on the glass of my lens, but what you see from tears is enough for a person to shut up a little.

IN A DREAM

I met an old friend in the dream and his hand was warm, not because of fever but because of his love. You cannot imagine the effect of flowers and friend in a dream. You may not know that our dream is the only place where we can see white birds and trees smiling because it is rare to see a smile in my city where the souls are dark like deformed wood, but our dream always smiles to us as a mother.

A Salty Spirit

Black sand hides our butterflies behind delusions and distributes death roses on the streets. It is blind like a sunset has no face. It leaves me alone in the cold night tales, but from my dry air I will make milk and from my bronze breath I will make a river. Yes, I am the son of sand sitting on top of that hill repeating old songs. I am a gray body that knows nothing of the sun; a man grows in the middle of the desert with my salty spirit. My dream

traveled with migratory birds and my life is neglected like a cat in the rain.

A Dark Face

I live in a faceless desert, so you can't see any rose in my heart, and all I can imagine are gray spikes. We should be good and laugh just like my grandfather, but I am a dry man who knows nothing about grass. This land, which I always love, stands on my shoulder with cold feet, so I can't see its dark face, but I touch everything in its corners.

A Simple Man

I am a simple man from the south, where my dreams color the green eyelashes. My smile faded but my dream is so wonderful that I can travel through infinity as shades. Now I see a butterfly; it is soft and smooth like a moon. I see a ship sailing in my mind river with bird stories. Yes, here I am, with this pale body; a rustic young man drowning in shameful hesitation.

Girls of the South

I am from the south, where the trees are dry and the rivers are without water. Our sky is dark and our sun is blurry. I am from that south where everything is colorless. Out fields have daughters but the streets are always blind.

These girls always smile with hidden tears. Their hearts are sad and their dreams are broken wings. Our southern daughters are miracles, and their braids give the sea an amazing look but the clothes of their hearts are so sad.

This Is How the Poem Spoke.

The poem is the daughter of secret fountains. Its wings make me swim in a distant sea. You may live her short summer, but you need to be a butterfly to see her shiny soul. She told me in a strange moment: If the words do not shake your heart, it is just a dead leaf. This is how the poem spoke.

Clay Wings

I am not surprised by the distances the feet crossed, and the time hidden below your sea as wax images. The earth is astonished by your ancient glow, where magic men irrigate it with silver water. Clay draws me as a brown bird that gives me a copper kiss, so I'm flying as a spacecraft watching a new face from the moon. Didn't you teach me, the Babylonian river, brown summer? Didn't your hot angel hug my face? Didn't the Euphrates drown my dream with glowing corners? Because of this, I became a bitter sound of light. This is how the clay wings of your soul taught the universe the story of light

as a shawl for a girl gathering history from her dad's little garden.

The Eyes of Lovers

Here are soft hands, just like cream, and this is not because of smooth skin, but rather their big hearts. They gladly engage in our deep sense as the old nobles, and with their smile bring every possible pleasure. From these colorful waterfalls, intimacy takes on its beautiful dress, and the breeze learns its passion. You can find the same kindness in coffee perfumes, in forest birds, and in garden flowers, but it's totally different when you see the glory of kindness in the eyes of lovers.

THE SON OF WAR

Since my childhood, I have been searching for my face that was stolen by wars. I am the son of wars; my heart is a dark desert and my memory is a broken mirror that has kneaded with its cruel dances. I am an Iraqi son; my life has been postponed and my face was stolen by wars. My voice is drowning like shadow and my dream clothes are short like our smiles. I know nothing about beauty or love and I know nothing about the Detain waterfall. I don't want a colored hat or golden watch. All I want is to see

the Euphrates live a day without blood, and the shells leave the shattered ribs of Babylon.

THE DAUGHTER OF WAR

I am a blind tree that knows nothing about the evening breeze and its beautiful songs. All I know is a failed attempt to capture some of the remains of this vast world. My pale leaves and faded evenings, like the shivering pond, sit at a black door that does not know the sunrise. Yes, it is me; the daughter of war, over my head, the gray bird, and around my eyes the bitter tears. These gray birds, their fake whispers like roses, but when they take their true faces, you will only see sad houses and a river of tears.

THE FACELESS MAN

Here I am; a faceless man from the destroyed land; land of wars. There are no roses here because the birds decided to forget their chants and no lips here because the Euphrates bends itself to a brown urchin. The sun is not yellow in Iraq where the smoke colors our cheeks with black tears and the moon is very pale here because I am the last lover in this shattered land. Look at my heart, you

will find it empty and look into my eyes, they are blind and red. There is no beauty here in Iraq because our women have forgotten her shiny skin.

WILD PASSION

When the stories end at the cold war's knees, you will find me in their smoke corners with a terrible shivering. Look at my water, it is dirty and look at my future, it is only a mystery. I am a loyal son, so I am a mirror of my mother; the war and talk honestly about it. Because I am the son of war, I can make all the morning flowers sleep, and I can drink all the milk of Australian cows, and I can destroy all the trees of the Cedar Forest. Here, in my chest, a legendary fire with a sound that destroys entire beautiful mirrors and a wild passion that kills the dreams of the moon.

AN EMPTY LIFE

I cannot read poetry, because my eyes were stolen from wars and my desires were stifled by bitter smoke. Yes, the human spirit is a miracle, but it is not a beauty miracle as you have seen. This is my empty life, and I have no grass or child that can stand inside me to see glory, and I'm sure the poet knows the pain I feel, and because of my pain, he will forget his thirst for immortality. I know the prosperous land with stunning tall buildings, but I am

only a way and a tool to achieve that distant prosperity. Yes, I know that the human spirit is a great world, and poetry will not die, but the title of wars is just life without life.

THE LOST DRESEES

My mantle is red; I am the son of wars, and all I see is my paralyzed remains. I do not remember anything about white clothes, because the brides of our city were killed before weddings, and the face of our land was smashed by an unknown. Now, we are without love and we know nothing about moon tales. We are always looking for our short and lost dresses in this white and wide world. Here, we cannot see our hands as they disappear in the mouth of war, and we cannot hear our voices as they sink into their absent ocean.

KILLED DREAMS

I am the son of war; knows nothing but smoke and see nothing but blackness. My rivers filled with salty tears and my dead children lie on the dry streets as cheap rocks. Look at my hands; they were smashed as a west paper, and look at my face which was stolen under a bright sun. I don't want any song or any celebration. All my wishes are to see my women without weeping and hearing my birds' chants without crying. O, blind world, my dreams are killed with a cold blood.

I KNOW WAR

I know war and its ugly sounds, because I am her son. War is a gray tale, and she wears a red cloak on lonely nights. She stole my dream and any smiling piece, so you may see nothing but sad moments. In the morning our children fill their eyes with cloudy roads and in the evening you can smell the scent of hungry souls. The walls of our rooms are the same as the sad fragrance, and the beds of our brides are as bloody as the colors of our streets. Youngsters and the elderly sit in the dark corners waiting for their foggy fate, and every hand here has nothing but paralysis. Without any sin we are drowning deeply in the field of fire, and you, the reader, do nothing.

LIFELESS TREE

I am a lifeless tree with colorless tales. I am a man cannot live with a boat. Here, in my destroyed land, there is no glory, no poems, and all you can see is a pale death. Our homes are filled with black bitterness and our grass is not green. Our girls are grief fields and our streets are a mirror of wars. Yes, we are children of blind death, but there is no error on our feet and no blood on our fingers.

THE SPLENDOR OF PEACE

When happiness overwhelmed the morning, and the misty shade receded, at that moment I learned that the sun

has a wonderful face and that the free wings laugh with its joyful days. When the dark mask that roosts falls on the chest of liberation, I will see all the smiles at the end, and the glorious rain chants that flow like birds' sound near a pond. Then, from all angles of your heart comes the dreams of rivers, and all universes are colored by lovable white that flirts with the gray heart of time. Behold, I watch the wings of light, and hear its deep voice delightfully. I see the peaceful face of the lake, which will defeat the darkness with every loved word. This will revive the warmth in the cold mountains, contribute to spreading green color in the dry land, and teach the land the splendor of peace.

THE LOVE OF THE MOTHER

When the roads open their eyes, all the sympathetic fish will come to the sea. You can't imagine the way of the smile comes with pink flowers tweeting near that window which sleeps on my mom hands. Without any end, I feel hidden happiness in the light of my mother. My heart, like a bird on an ice branch, and in my opinion, I am a leaf without movement. But my love is that wind that can cross all the clouds, and the grass that hugged all the goats in the world, but the love of the mother is a different and impossible world in a unique way.

THE MAN OF THE OCEAN

Our times are always alone and our birds are pale, so all our nights tremble and all our flowers cannot speak loudly, but in the midst of this coolness, I can hear the

ocean, and its soul color my heart with the beauty of blue warmth and because of this; fish love to call me "the man of the ocean."

SALTY SOULS

The winds have seen all the beauty on the banks of rivers, but they cannot understand the causes of salt in our waters. They can see our lake but there are no beavers in it because of these salty souls that drove them to flee. The butterflies told me about their magic amazement and love, but believe me I can only see salty souls eating my boat.

HATEFUL PLAYS

Although they have always said that my lands are a marginal creature and a ghostly thing with no rights, it is strange that I see their photos every time and my days are madly filled with news about them. At breakfast, at launch, at dinner, and when I went to sleep, there are pictures of them, but you should know that their photos gave my life meaning because they always said that I am something extra and I shouldn't see my face in the mirror but they indicate my presence even with hate style, so I would like to thank them for their hatefulness because the world remembered that there was something that could be forgotten living with the pain under the sand of this eastern lands where all world wars played. I'm not a new legend, but this world has smashed my face and forgotten all its hateful plays on my back.

New Yorker Spirit

My dream is to live in New York, but I know this is far because I am a simple man from the south knows nothing about baseball. I may one day be accompanied by a New York poet on the Brooklyn Bridge, and at that moment I will collect laughing raindrops from New York streets on Fifth Avenue and rainbows from the Statue of Liberty. Yes, I'm a Uruk man but I can see a New York spirit that can fun walk over the Brooklyn Bridge and hang around near Central Park in that sleepy city.

ZEPHYR

Iraqis have fish spirits, so they cannot live without the amber hammock or palm tree perfume. In fact, I did not eat much of fish in my childhood so I am not good at floating as a turtle. Zephyr is the Iraqi name of the potent fish smell, but I think this may come from the beautiful color of Guppy as a dreamy palette is a transformed soul. I think Guppy is a real attractive zephyred sapphire, but you can see the dark shade that turns it into gray.

A LEAF

You are like me a leaf on the road, a memory without warmth, and a river sitting in a secluded corner kneading for the opposition, but when you see the colors of these flowers, you may remember their hidden love. I, especially in my youth, believe in love and I always

spend a lot of effort searching for a leaf to hang my dreams on her chest, but the sun can do this easily without begging anything and a lot of people are looking for warmth not because of the whip of astonishment but the real reason is clear and there is no need to mention it.

I CANNOT FORGET

I always try to wake up every morning with poetic spirit and rhythmic speech. I stand with my plate next to that tall tree, but I cannot forget the clay that we kneaded with our pain and the sand we eat with bread. I cannot forget our little plane destroyed by distant winds and our dreams sunk in a well without water. This world is trying hard to hang his humanity on my forehead, but he must remember all those cold nights in which I slept with fear and hunger under the desperate tent.

BE CAREFUL

Be careful, I am just a lover man his life was stolen in broad daylight, and his dreams were postponed strangely. I am just a very forgotten thing his girlfriend evaporated on a cloudy and dreary day. You cannot love me because I am a heartless ghost. Then you come now to me with full force and violence and on strange days, to say that I am an exciting man. Be careful, I cannot draw any beautiful paintings.

The doors of Abraham

When he looked at the sun he saw, and when he met the moon by chance, he caught the truth. He got into the cold flame with a knowledgeable heart. Amazed the angels, so he deserved to be a lover of God. He built the old house on light bases, so crowds came from every deep hole. Yes, Abraham was a nation on his own, teacher and Imam. With his hands shattered the dream of Satan. From there, from that moment on, the evil heart fell ill and the illusion wore an ugly garment, and the falsehood became a stranger that no one approached.

Abraham opened a door to truth that the veil of darkness does not hide, he opened a door of love that does not weaken by the flames of hatred, and he opens a door to good that is not closed by evil.

NESTS OF MIRAGE

Dew wanders the streets like the sellers who told the children every happy story; every evening penetrates my veins and makes my memory birds repeat an old hymn. My language is a cold holiday night. Without shame, I settled in the heart of the sun and fell yellow leaf effortlessly. Thus, I see a mirage carrying candy in his pocket and promises. I will dive into the depths of the earth; I hope explorers will find me. I was silent, may you hear the clutter of my voice. This is how I learn to write the new history, because I only know the water when the

blood of my veins dries up. It puts love in its pocket as a pear the birds have built nests of a mirage in its bones.

THE PRINCE OF ETERNAL TRUTH

He is the prince of light, but the black leaves hate themselves and fade with pleasure in the dark night. More love from him but more hate from them. More mercy from sincerity but more coarseness from darkness. More truth from this love but more lies from these leaves. On a dark night, with dark hearts and dark hands, they tried to kill; kill the moon and kill the vision but love never dies nor end. Yes, Ebnu Abitalib, the prince of eternal truth, and their black attempts are nothing but wounds on the body. Love and light live without end in minds, hearts, and words.

YOU KNOW EVERYTHING

Wasn't I at a time when privacy was respected? Did not you tell me that this world will be an oasis of joy. Didn't they say that we would live in white worlds, didn't they say that? So why all this strange blackness? why strange absence? Where are those linens, you may have run out of fabrics and paint dyes? I know; you are here to take beautiful pictures of the galaxy. Of course, it is not spying. And everything is done in secret, until you know everything about us; You know the color of the curtains, the width of the dining table, and the number of steps. You are awesome, so you know everything.

A BLEEDER FROM IRAQ

Years have accumulated, and the blind hands destroy everything. Blind bottle, blind waterfalls. This darkness was always drinking our years. Don't you see that we're bleeding? Dreams of Iraqis are bleeding for nothing, how surprised? Nothing here but black bleeding. I want you to know that the more you breathe blind winds, the hate screams and deep feet crushing my arteries, the more I see that you are destroying our homes. We, the people who were stolen. O, blind world, who was killing my dreams with a cold blood. O blind world who forgot me as an extinct creature, I am a bleeder from Iraq, do you hear me?

The Salty Flower

The moon has no braids, so he won't remember anything about the womanish sorrow of our salty flower. When we talk about her wishes, we should understand the deep yearning which makes her heart jumps over the grass with deer and rabbit. In fact, I did not see the tears of our salty flower, but my killed dream knows very well the colors of her moaning and the cooing of her eyes' drops. She sits at the western bank of our river like the sun, and she always narrates our ancestors' tales with sad voice. Lastly, I have known from my mother that the salty taste of that flower had come from our sad stories.

A Salty Cloud

Winter is beautiful, but my wife doesn't ask about the green eyes of rain, so I am very busy in bringing some water to that unknown salty cloud. I'm not so careful, and I always go to my small garden with unnecessary dreams but that strange cloud has a salt drops which enforces me to wear a cravat. You should know that I am a farmer from the south, and I can love anything, but believe me; that salty cloud had filled my heart with wet cats. The cats are beautiful, and my wife loves them very much especially if they are damp.

Salty Algae

We are from the south, so you can't see our leaves. Our ancestors had planted us in a bare land, so the salty algae cover our souls. No birds here, in the south, and all what you can hear are delusional winds. They are not fairies, but I find every illusion on their palms. We love our magic winds because their white crowns scatter salty algae on our bare bodies, so we don't need more dreams. You know; the salt algae close any door and bury any well but I don't understand how these illusionary winds can play with our souls every time.

The Ungrateful City

I have cried since the time I saw this ungrateful city. I cry for my lost tree, the wild rose and the pure animals. The bears are not coarse or brown but soft like rosy balloons and the owl is not blind or ominous, but a witch and her white heart can see the truth. She used to talk to me about the stories of the ancestors but because of the city, rootless and homeless I am now, so I decided to live in a warm nest over a tree and laugh as loud as I can.

A Faceless City

This city had slapped me with her hard hands and stolen every beautiful thing. Because of it, I had forgotten my smile and voice. A dumb man now I am, without color, exactly like this uncolored city. I know nothing about the spring' deer and I never remember my dear trees. My soul is now in a big prison; the roads are smaller than my feet and the wall are taller than my dreams. This city has no mirror, so you can't see her face.

The Dark City

After that warm breeze, I find myself a frozen picture on a wall. I am the son of green laughs, look at me; do you see anything except drought? My corners are dark like

the soul of this city and the wail penetrating my breath like feet of invaders. I lean down on barefooted roads as a strange story; nothing here but coldness. In my darkened street I can't see but stifling loss tears my islands mercilessly. This is me; just a heap of fringe remnants in a dark city rides on me as a blind horse. I do not see anything but stones bleeding my feet, harsh trunks cleaving my head and hidden hands immersing me in turbid water.

Colored hearts

The hearts of birds are so hidden so I can't see them very well. Sometimes I decide to open my old woody box to see the exact color of these runaway hearts. They are very antique and when you want to overturn their leaves you will smell the perfumes of the old southern boats. No moon can sit in the corners of these colored hearts because their brilliant rays will blind the daring eyes of the sun.

Colored souls

No roads in the depth, just wide space its silent moments amaze our hearts. I feel it; this amazement penetrating us as an old tale. On its hand we find all the colored souls which put on our lip's eternal kisses. Their hands rain astonishment over our heads and their smiles plant the colored roses in our corners. Please touch them softly; they are as delicate as a dream of a shy girl.

The Old Castle

We have an old castle we inherited from our ancestors. Its mantle is grey, and its rivers are very short. They had made its legs from the clipped bamboo and its head from the seething tales but when you open its bone you will find just timeworn paper and when we try to kiss its mouth there is nothing but illusions.

High Castles

Yes, I know that you have high castles I need very potent eyes to see their middle ornaments but their trees know very well that the lovely wells are thirsty and their pale leaves fall on my head with the sad stories. Yes, I know that I have a very short sandy dress vaporizing every night with smooth winds, but my grandfather said that those wind are coming from the high castle.

Creamy Castles

We are here in the south plant onion and lettuce but the cream of our cakes comes from the remote lands. Yes, our hands are so coarse, and our trees are so brown but we have nothing in our hearts but the breezy tales and our eyes can see sunset with its amazing colors. You should take a step to see our magic afternoons and to hear the very melodic chants of our birds. Despite our big sad rivers, we don't attempt to plant tears in your fields and despite our love for your cream, we didn't try to eat your creamy castles.

The White Field

My mother said that the wheat field is white and beautiful but I see its birds; they are black. Yes, the wheat spikes

have come from the Far East in a white night and had seeded all this glory in our dreams but when I go to our field, I don't find white butterflies and all our white colors have traveled toward the gulf. Now you can understand my lost white feelings and you can see all the black colors which cover my smiles.

White Things

They said: we know everything even the white roses. Yes; your rights are reserved but we know the white places, the white words, and other more hidden white things. We work hard to save our white world, so we know everything about you even the dark side in you. They said: we are in the era of privacy and the time of white love in white nights. Please tell me: where is that whiteness? And where is that white love? You don't find anything but redness and dark corner.

The White Land

The icy lands color my life with a white world, but what you can see in my depth is killing blackness. Maybe the white clothes had been run out. Please don't steal my dream, and don't cover my life with an illusionary roar. Yes, my foot is cold, my hand is so short, and you have a nice whitish tongue but the water in my glass is not warm and not white. Here, in my eyes is a white tree, but here, in my heart is a stolen white land.

Our Nurses' Eyes

On our nurses' hands, there are creams of sweet hearts engage in bright feelings. Their smiles bear gladness and their colored smiles give the compassion's waterfall its beautiful mantle. Their perfumes are filled with passion, and on their fingers you can see magic fineness. When the nurse opens the door, all comfort comes and when she opens the windows, all breeze blows. She fills our souls with affection and her touching gives our wound its balsam.

Our Nurses Hands

There are soft hands, but this is not because of their smooth skin, but it is their big hearts. They, delightedly, engage in our feeling as old nobles, and the generosity learned from their passion. You can find some kindness in the political coffee but it is so different when you see the glory of kindness on our nurses hand.

Our Nurses Voice

Between their gazes you can see the smooth cooing and between their words you can catch the fairies' souls. Our nurse voice crosses the veils and penetrates the depth kindly. They enliven the dry land and lessen the agonizing pain. Their melodic voices jump through our

feelings as colored birds on boughs and their nice words
dissolve our pain like salt in a river

Pink Wishes

Her, in my land, you can see everything but be careful
because our well are pink and dreamy. Her, in my land
you may find me, at that bough with a pink face and a
pink voice, but be careful because the wind her is also
pink. Her, in my heart you will find yourself but be
careful because your pink wishes will disappear very fast.

Green Wishes

I am from a very green desert; look at my old mantle and
you will know the story. Yes; there may be hidden
greenness in my desert but believe me there is nothing in
my heart just white emptiness. In an absent morning, I
had felt dreamy and I saw phantoms of green wishes. Yes,
greenery can occur in the desert as an absent dream. Just
believe me. I am the farmer from a green dreamy desert.

Bleed Olive

I won't die because my bleeding is from the roots of lover olive, and you know the lover won't die. Yes, it is me, Palestine; the bleed olive where the sunset wears the sad veil and the sun cries every morning. You have beautiful eyes but your heart is blind can't see my bleeding and you can wear a special nighty smile, but your coat is not white because my blood colored you chronicle.

Bleed Land

I am the bleed land. Look at my windows; they are broken and look at my doors; they are stolen. When my birds open their eyelids, no reviving fragrance colors their souls and when my voice reaches your courtyard, your hands become empty and your face disappears as an absent tale. I am Palestine; the land of sadness; my girls did not know dolls, and my boys didn't see play.

Bleed Beauty

I have a long hair, but the arrogant winds pluck out my roots. Yes. I have beautiful eyes. But the violent smiles fill my colors with bleed. I am the bleed beauty; I know everything but gladness. My legs are broken and my arms are smashed but my heart stills love you. It is me, Palestine; the beauty incarnation but I know; you won't do anything because your heart is rocky.

Green Rays

Since my childhood I have knew that there were green roads and there were green rivers. Our small orchard was green but full with chanting souls. At dawn I was a green bird with lazy cooing, at afternoon I was a fish with bare wheaten skin and at evening there was nothing but my mother green tales. I am a farmer from the south and all what you find in my heart are green rays.

Brown Rays

Yes, it is me; a farmer from the south. Look at my skin; it is brown but its touching is melodic. Look at my eyelids; they are just sleepy smiles. With this brown soul, how can I love a white fairy? And with this brown moon,

how can I meet the northern sun? My river is brown also, so you can't image my deep love. My world is brown too but I am not hot; I am just a farmer from the south.

A Dancing Light

I am a farmer from the south where there is no light or moon. My skin is a swimming goose and my eyes are a dawn's waiter. But, in a hidden night, where our birds were sleepy and my father jar has immersed in its deep dream, I saw dancing light in our orchard. We have a small orchard but he has a big heart and we have no light but that dancing light has visited us in the absent nights.

A Magic Light

I love our roses very deeply, and I know that the fragrance of our earths is a tale of a magic land. Our roses like us like to color their mouth with magic smiles and our river with its short shirt swim in our dreams as a magic woman. Yes, all our mud is magic because our souls are just daughters of a magic light.

CONDEMN THE VIOLENCE AGAINST HER

She is the blossom of our cheerful moments and without her smile, there is nothing worthy. She is neither a stone nor a wood, but she is a beautiful rose and a reviving

breeze. The word that hurts her heart is so dark, the eyes that distorts her colors is blind and the hand that bruises her skin is criminal. It is profoundly aching that a lonely girl crying behind a window or a weeping woman sits alone in a closed room. It is so painful her aggrieved voice that doesn't find any listener, her hair that has been deformed by an aggressor hand and her bewildered heart between seas of distorted minds.

CONDEMN THE VIOLENCE AGAINST HIM

We are together above this earth. Neither you nor he has lived beneath it. Yes, his color may be different, his tongue may be different and his story may be different but these differences are coloration, rainbow parts and precious gemstones. The hand which destructs his garden hides the taste of chocolate in your mouth; the missile which penetrates his heart kills your sleep, and the rock which obstructs his river makes your cocktail colorless. Believe me for a moment, you and him are one existence, one reality and one person.

CONDEMN THE VIOLENCE AGAINST IT

The moon has a soul, our old rock has a soul and the remote timeworn wood has a soul. I have saw these souls and other souls clearly. Now, I can speak with our sleep

dawn, with the pride river and with our shy bean. Please walk smoothly on earth; you may step on her ribs. Please knock the door with love; you may strike her pinky cheek. Please touch the glass smoothly; you may touch her beautiful eyelids. Everything has a soul, even the soul, everything has will, even the will and everything tries to transfigure even the transfiguration.

MAGIC OF OUR EARTH'S BIRDS

We love our earth; not just because our skin is brown but because my grandfather was a very self-made southern farmer. You can see our palm; she is pretty like a girl and you can see our birds; they are wise exactly like the builders of Uruk. Here, on our earth, the birds are brown and their hearts are delicate like a woman. The obscurant strangers had tried to steal my grandmother colored woolen carpet, but our amazing birds, which I remember their chants very well, have unwound their magic and negated their wicked amulets.

LOVE OF OUR EARTH'S BIRDS

I am so happy because our earth has a colored dress and her birds are still in deep love despite all these dark nights of wars. Our earth is neither lame nor ugly, but the dark wind is so tough and liar. I am always standing under that

tree, exactly before the sun opens her eyes and I always see how our birds kiss the smiling earth passionately. I am not a romance narrator but I want to tell you that our earth is still beautiful and our birds are still lovers.

OCEANS OF OUR EARTH'S BIRDS

Hey sweet; I can say this indefinitely because my earth's birds are very smart song singers. At morning they teach me the warm passion and at evening the plant in me the quite peace. What a lucky man I am; with these true avian narrators, I can cross the magic oceans and by these brilliant earthy hearts I can hear the hidden desires of the remote fairies. Yes, it is me; the son of southern earth; my voice is just a birdy cooing and my skin is just a dusty story.

THE BALCONY OF THE SUN'S SONS

Simply, and without any introduction, we are the sun's sons. You may remember our birth day; it was brilliant and exceptional. The fava bean is our daughter; she is the sun's daughter and when she removes her lucent veil, you will see her witchy eyes. When we descend at dawn from the right balcony of the sun's braids, all the smiling fields of our ambergris address their colored dresses and when the hot kisses touch our cheek, at that moment you will know everything.

THE SECRETS OF THE SUN'S SONS

Believe me, I can't love deeply and physically because my skin is a shadow and my soul is just a sunny ray. Believe me, I can't tell you all the story and the very hot cup which we had drink under the sun eyelids is just a drop. Believe me, we are the sun's sons knowing nothing but hot passion. I will fill your moments with a killer lover and a magic pleasure but all of this will happen in a very secret kiss and a very mystic glance.

A New Yorker Soul

I love New York, but I am a simple man know nothing about baseball. My New Yorker soul appears in my dream as a smiling flower with long hair. Someday I will accompany a New Yorker poet on Brooklyn Bridge and collect the rain's drops from Statue of Liberty. At that moment I will gladly buy "A poet in New York" from Fifth Avenue. Yes, I am a simple farmer, but I can see the

soul of Empire State from my old waterwheel. Believe me, I am not a big dreamer when I wish to sleep near the Central Park in that unsleeping city.

MOANY RIVER

Our river is not sleepy as you think, but he just smashed by a nipping coldness. Yes, no warm hands here in Iraq and all what you expect to see at evening is a severe groan. We have souls and in contrary to your inherited fences, there is nothing here but river's moan. Come here hug our weak shadows and try to wipe of the last tears of your moaning river's groan.

WOOLEN RIVER

We are the desert's sons and our mothers had made our skin from woolen stories. Look at our well, it is sorcery and look at our hearts, they are openhanded as a woolen river. Here, we have no dream, but Euphrates sits between us a wise man flowing over with legendary tales. Our river hasn't a frosted heart or any empty mouth and all these stories are just illusion. Yes, you can't find any hot story and you can't see two kissers under our trees but

our river's heart is always warm as wool and always colored us with different passion which you can't imagine.

I AM NOT A COW

I am a milked cow, the western man; Mr. Trump has said this, so I am so sad because the cows don't eat meat or drink milk. I want to tell you something you don't know, I am not a cow and I racist, but the western man always regards me nothing but a mine of gold. In fact, I decided to immigrate to the southern pole and live with the affectionate polar bear. I will leave all the milk to the western man, so I don't hear his annoying voice.

OUR SOUTHERN COWS

I like to write in English despite all my grammar faults, but when the Western man; I mean Mr. Trump said that I am, the Middle East creature is nothing but a resource, at that time I decided to learn Chinese language. The Chinese is not racist, but the western man is a racist. He said that I was a milked cow, and head is empty, but I am learning English and I can say that my ruined land is sad because the blind western winds. Here, in the south, we have cows, and he can get them with our stolen oils, but he should remember that our southern cows hate him.

I AM JUST A MILKER COW

The western voice; Mr. Trump in an expressional night has said that I am a milked cow and there is nothing in my mind but the emptiness. This captured earth is our earth, and this stolen oil is our oil and your blind civilization has been built on our shoulders. I know that you think that we are a primary creature, and I am just a milked cow but you should learn in the first class of your primary school, how to love the creatures.

Night Illuminates Hearts

The illuminated hearts always know the truth but the moon likes to sleep between the jungles. The hearts are always colored, but they need a voice to show their glory. There is no box or fence can prevent the deep whiteness of the illuminated hearts but a dark veil can close the eyes. The illuminating voice can penetrate the deep spaces where the living hearts rejoice like a squirrel over grass. In the night of mid Shaban; the month of illumination, the illuminating voice paint the eternal lover over the mouths of all the true existence but the liar things have stayed in the dark corner. It is the night of the birth; birth of a voice, a light, a man who can cross the seas of lying and penetrate the veils of doubt to tell the truth and illuminate the hearts with justice.

Night Illuminates Roads

Shaban is the rainy month; on its hand all the glory faces shining with delight. The mid Shaban night; the fifteenth night, was the hour of the birth and the hour of the revival; the birth of the light and revival of the heats. It is the night of glory, where the light's son; the sky's voice has shone. His favor plants love everywhere and his words illuminate the road. The freedom walkers know his glorious visage and the bravery sailors know his shining signs. In this night, the justice doors have opened their arms for the faithful hearts and the green fields have hugged their birds.

Night Illuminates Universe

It is the light night, where AL-Mehdi had come with smiles. In the fifteenth night of Shaban, the light has seen his voice and the hearts of sky have become quiet and calm. There is nothing on his hand but peace and everything in his word is wise and fair. Oh, precious night, let me dissolve in your tale and let the universe sees his glory. Oh, bright night, illuminate the hearts of the universe and give the sun her shining color.

BEFORE THE DOOR

I like to sleep at midday because my days are empty and they are always drear and weary. No lore in their pocket or any pinky rapping. Yes, I am a farmer from the south, and you will find nothing behind my door just a weary and forgotten shadow. While I was nodding in front my

closet door and exactly on that numb floor, a remote ocean fairy with her smiling eyes touched my lips but she didn't find just sleepy headed dryness. When she had opened my door, she saw nothing but the slumberous furniture and souls; sopor there and nothing more.

AT THE DOOR

No angle can draw her touch on our door, and you can't expect to find the picture of that radiant Poe's maiden at the corner of our awful times. Our door has a rough hand like our dreadful times which are filled with direful sorrow. Look at the deep fissures in our souls and the painful tales on the eyes of our door. At our door everything is unspeakable; sorrow there and nothing more.

AFTER THE DOOR

My grandfather's wheat field had a yellow door. I was a small boy when the wheat spikes had told me about the amazing things. They were yellow because the lifelessness and not the gold. There was no blood on their face and no water in their legs. I remember very well their hearts; they were so pale with yellow cold skin. They enchanted me by liar stories, but when I opened the door; yellowness there and nothing more.

Firnas flying

When he had touched love, his eye became lustrous and his skin turned white. No, love is not whit but Firnas is a very white lover. He has a river but with white water and he hugs fairies of very white skin. You may feel his platonic tales, but you can also catch your dream on his wing's orchard. Yes, Firnas is the orchards creator and all what we touch from his flying are just shadowed flowers and sorcery fragrance.

WHEN HE HEARD LOVE

Love is a wind and a very smooth window its wet glass has a soul from the pinky Firnas's wings has gotten her endlessness. When we hear its melodic chants, all the absent memories will wear their wintry coats and sit on the sofa of the ancient dreamer enumerate the leaves of the colored trees. I was a hidden light when love had put his magic spell in Firnas's ear, so he crazily loved the sky and painfully died in his yearning.

Blind Leaves

The sound of the sky has a face and feet and his heart was filled with light but the blind leaves covered their tracks with stones. I felt his voice, it was so clear and smooth but the blind leaves wrapped themselves with foggy veils, so their eyes drowned in wanderings. Yes, he is the prince of believers, and his voice is the eternal truth which the generations can see, but when the blindness captures the place, nothing will be present but a destroying wind and a dark killing hand kidnap the sight.

Bloody Leaves

These gloomy nights didn't know that he was the transfiguration of infinity. Simply, he lives in the hearts, and you know the hearts are timeless and borderless. To kill the moon, these bloody leaves need to destroy the hearts' chamber and color their lands with redness. Yes, they colored our pages, our rivers and our tongue with foggy redness and bleeding wounds but the lightening fields and the moony lands are reinforced by love. These bloody leaves create gray roads and red stories but the truth is the seeing daughter who knows that the breezy fields are green and the moon cannot live without love.

THE BLESSED NAME

I am from these rivers where every drop iterates your name with passion and these deserts where every grain dissolve in your name delicious resplendence with gladness. The closed doors, the thick veils and the big obstacles vanish at your blessed name and the morning birds take their amazing colors from its paradisiac fragrance. By it, all the beginnings will be great and over its wings all the perfection comes with love.

THE ALL COMPASSIONATE

Your name is the sublime chant and all these pleasures can't find our hearts but through it. Oh, The All Compassionate, all these creatures take their beginning from your words and all the warmhearted parents knew their amiability from your mercifulness. Allah, is the name from which the truth takes its presence and the love know its rivers. The light is nothing but a boundless story seeks your glory and the sun is nothing but a small warm smile from your donation world.

THE ALL MERCIFUL

By your well, all the transfiguration took their brightness and under the shade of your strengthening, all the creatures saw their presence. Your endless generosity hugs the obedient and the unfilial, and your infinite boon encircles the big and the small so the lucent lakes show the inadvertent his faint color and the blossoming flowers banish the thankless from their fragrance. Oh, the all Merciful, how can the eyes stay dark away from your brilliance and how can the leaves of the hearts fade away from your sweet brook.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS

My grandfather had a ship but I think he could not imagine the size of my dream. I mean the dead and motionless dream. I have a ship but I have no wings, no light, and no feet. Here in my chest there is nothing but crippled wishes. I mean beautiful wishes but there is no road and no train. In other words; I am a lifeless man immersed in this useless land. Please look at me; do you see our dry sea? And look at our ship; it is just an illusion. Yes, it is just a ship of dead dreams.

THE BAG OF DREAMS

I am so happy and so satisfied because my soul is useless and my life is a bag of dreams. My legs are crippled and my arms are very short and I don't know why this world hate me, kill me and steal me. Oh, great world please give me a wing, just a single small wing, so I can live normally and see that lower windows. I am now thinking that I am an underneath creature; no sun, no moon here but we live under earth with happily, blindly and simply. Yes, we are not out of date creature but we, as you, have dreams, and we, as you, have daughters.

Crippled Remnant

This is what I see, what I feel and what my moments talk with. I am from here; from this earth; the title of crippling. No moon here and no lovers; nothing here just tears. I will go deeply in the pain's tales. I will hide from the life eyes because I am just a crippled remnant.

Sandy Remnant

Please touch me but touch me smoothly because I am a sandy remnant. My mouth is full with absence and my heart is filled with illusion. Please touch me; I want to feel myself and to know that I am a sand; I mean a cheap sand. Here in my land everything is cheap and liking to hide even me. Here, in my land; the land of dry tears, everything is sad and sandy even the sun.

Yellow Remnants

Blood colors our brooks with pinkish redness but it lets our faces very yellow. I am from the yellow land where you can't see colored flowers and can't hear melodic birds. Look at our boys; they are yellow and look at our girls; they are so yellow. The trees here are yellow, the rivers are yellow and the hearts are yellow. Our lips are yellow, our hands are yellow and our eyes are yellow. In fact, we are just yellow remnants.

A Novice Student

I am a novice student of the morning, I go out as usual to my grandfather's orchard like a wet tale, but now I have become so thin as an onion skin, so I can see that fish sleeping at the bottom of a strange ocean.

I have become transparent so no one can see me, not even me, which is strange but warm. Yes, warmth is a pleasant thing. It reminds me of my joints singing to a bird with a very transparent soul. It resembles a wind whose sound I have recently learned. It is a truly magical song and all I can tell you is that it is bright and sparkling, shining like a daffodil that has just emerged from a sleepy pond. Yes, the lake is not like me. It is spoiled and does not wake up early, but I feel her strongly. Its cold water is something stinging, like an old mirror that does not lie. It tears my skin into silent cities and leaves me with a bitter frost on the streets, because it is simply as cold as the eyes of a remote cave. Therefore - and because I am a novice student - all that reaches you from me is the remains of a stumbling voice.

A Fish

I see that quiet fish in the dark bottom, the perfectly content female in a silent world. She is like my deep wound, the peasant breeze runs through her veins, and the deadly stillness captivates her thoughts. Sometimes she goes out early to catch a dream, but the colorful sunset only comes with a grain of wheat that waves to her from afar.

Sometimes she wears her cheerful dress, then galactic dreams gather in her lungs, but when she trembles with love, her cheeks turn red and she rolls in the water, touched by the kisses of light. Her love is an unforgettable wave that crashes under her feet like a sail tossed by the wind. Then she gently touches the face of the day, and the heart of the water shines wearing its luminous suit, what a breathtaking joy.

I see her bringing a bright light out of the maze of darkness with a sparkling voice. Yes, it is that fish that struts on the surface of the water like a colorful Indian bride. It is really her, leaping over the water like holiday joy immersed in beds of light.

A Dead Man

I am neither a waterfall nor a spring leaf, but I am a dead man crawling on the pale earth like a thick river and hiding under the shadow like a piece of straw. On my back I carry

every street that people have passed through, and this is my faded soul teaching the sea a silent song.

This is how I am. Since I knew death, I have been flying without wings. I have strange trains and promises in my pocket. It is my soul, writhing like a tornado, exploding like a volcano, and shining like colorful Chinese clothing. You can't see its dazzling face, because you're not dead like me. It dances on the water and covers its face with its charming colors.

I see her every day and hear her anthem, because I'm a very dead man.

THE LOST HORSES

After all that warmth, I find myself nothing but a crippled shadow. I am; the heir of green laughter, this is my heart look at it, do you see anything in it but dryness ? This is my groaning that pierces me like the feet of invaders that painted my rusty face. I am that corpse that is ravaged by the fever of death, I lie a stranger in the middle of the barefoot roads, nothing knows me but the cold. I see nothing of my dark soul but this groan, my clothes were torn by the seasons, they made of them a tattered chain that shackles my lost islands. This is me, a dead mass that dreams of nothing. My ancestors bequeathed me the lost horses. I am -because to them - a pile of dark remains, whose ghost rides me like a blind horse, I know nothing but to bump into every palm tree whose fruits drip honey from the breeze . And I do not see all that splendor, I see only a stone that bleeds my feet and a hard trunk that splits my head, and the lost horses of my ancestors

who told me what they saw when they dipped their heads in distant sands.

Amber

That river of Kawthari on the right side of Paradise, and the holy path that embraced the feet of the migration to Taiba, and the desert in which the caravan of Hussein settled, and the split of the sea in which Moses walked, all of that is called by the Iraqis as white.

The yellow forest bird with the pale white spots, and the sun flower, and the rose, and the heroics of the revolution of the twenties, and the poems of Al-Mutanabbi and Buwaib, and the walled Uruk, all of that is called by the Iraqis as Amber.

Everything that the Iraqis see for the first time, they put a grain of rice on its forehead, then nature finds another name for it, they love its captivating fragrance. The Iraqis melt in the beautiful perfume endlessly, strangers to this wretched land, they know nothing but giving, they plant and reap nothing but perfume, their pure white color came to us with the mornings from the heart of Paradise.

One day I sat under the shade of a tree there, it stole me, flew with me to its original home, to the planet of amber, where the hearts are white, there the bride's braids and her perfume and her chariot and her horses even her wheel, even the celebrants, the house, the field, its shiny birds, the modern vehicles, even the walls of the schools and public parks, and the primary school teachers are all made of white amber.

There you see nothing but traces of whiteness on it, they have a table hundreds of kilometers long, and a million-strong march with which they reap rust and darkness and shine like a heavenly field. If only you had seen it, you would have been filled with amazement and amazement.

SONS OF THE SUN

Since that Iraqi man headed for the frost trains, the snow melted his heart, so he started spinning mercilessly. His feet swelled, the frost ate her smiles, if only you hadn't seen her, she hadn't seen the sun of Iraq for a year. Yes, we Iraqis are sons of the sun, we don't know how to live without her delicious flame, and we wither if she sets prematurely.

Yes, this is how we Iraqis flow between the features of time with complete freedom, we penetrate the body of history like a magical ray, we slap the face of blind time and extract darkness and ugliness from its corners and throw them in the garbage dump of history, we free the bottle of his eyes from illusion, and there on the hills of his chest we erect the banner of love and build the Ur of every age.

Yes, this is how we are, our breaths are hot, like Indian pepper. When we laugh, we laugh out loud like the reeds of the roaring marsh, and when we cry, we cry out loud too, like tall trees.

And when we chant, we chant with vigor, as if we were a stormy prose poem, created by the elegance of Gilgamesh and the wild arm of Enkidu, on a sandy day laughing at the signs of morning, sitting on the walls of Uruk watching the bright dawn. Yes, this is the voice of the Iraqis, magical and legendary, captivating the place, don't you see the waterfalls of the sun overflowing from his sleepy hands with tales of light, trimming the branches of darkness and sin, making a tree for the New Year, so people gather around it laughing and the seasons, time and dates learn that we are the sons of the sun, making light and day with all spontaneity.

Sin Liqi Onini)

I loved clay, because it reminds me of your great hands, and I began to feel proud, subconsciously, when I saw flocks of visitors at your door asking for some nectar, and you are the owner of the great secret. I wonder how much we talked about the disappearance of time and place, and here you are kneading them with your fingers in your moist clay and your ever-leafy reed, so your board was infinity.

You look at us, the primitives, in your warm Babylonian eras, from the balconies of the walls of Uruk that shine like copper, and in your hands is a cup of Iraqi honey tea like the eyes of an angel frolicking in the wilderness with Enkidu's gazelles. Yes, I know, you want tea with little sugar, because you are the wise man who has experienced things and knows secrets, your hands have overcome old age and death. Yes, I know, you look at us and smile, for you are (he who saw)

Note: Sin Liqi Onini: The Babylonian writer who copied the Epic of Gilgamesh.

Sadness

My village is as small as an apple. In the evening it sleeps quietly. In its small stream are bouquets of smiling roses. Here, women of light, sitting in the middle of the hill waiting for the holiday that the winds stole. And I am not good at anything but storytelling, I wish I knew in which market candles are sold.

Here in my village, there are piles of ungrateful hearts, and the remains of a dusty idea like a pile of hay that is useless. I once sailed in the boat of truth and did not find these voices that boast of teachings, nor did I find those foggy words. I wonder how they were able to steal our beautiful heritage, the islands told me that the spirit of women is from the lineage of light and that their stories are high, while we overflow with false, ungrateful and sick commandments, how we are drowning in blindness.

Here in my village, you will not find the lapis lazuli trees that dazzled Gilgamesh, but you will find hands drowned in snow, and a distorted voice like the sick night. I'm so sad, can't you feel it?

Silent Paper

The morning is delicate like a prose poem drowned in a world of fog. How do you want me to see it then, and I am

that crippled shadow? I search for my eyes that the beginnings have left. My words, heirs of exhausted ghosts, scatter in the place like a very thin thread. And my silent paper does not know that it is very yellow, nor does it know that it races the wind like a magical death. This is how I am, living with my poor words in a world of blindness. The reader who I burden with my call does not find a boat in this pond of fog. He does not live my stories, so he is a dead color. Even my poet friend who also races the dew has begun to sit in the pond of silence, worried. And I, that poor one, often wonder that I am still breathing. Not only because I do not see my paper, but because my words are so strange that they are tired of staying close to me.

2019

Every Year I Love You More

I asked every rose in our garden and every tree near our house to tell you frankly: Every year I love you more. Today, in this charming morning I spoke seriously with the sun, and we decided to tell you one fact: Every year I love you more. It is the last night of December and what I really remember are our moments where I love you more. Now, on this night, specifically in this intimate winter moment, I listen well to you and how Every year I love you more. When I sit next to you, I love you more, and when I talk to you, I love you more. In fact, every moment I love you more, and every year I love you more.

Love in The Internet Time

Yes, the distance is illusion, and the hearts have their secret ways to touch but what can I do if there is no net now? How can I see your pretty face? Dear my remote

lover in the faraway land send your soul, let your spiritual breeze touch my depth and let your illusionary fingers play with my dry lips. My words are deep and true, and they are emerged from my heart but what can I do if there is no internet to show you my potent feelings? Your voice is very nice, but there is no internet to hear it and your eyes are so attractive but there is no internet to see them. These distances kill me, make a big blank in my existence so I can't sing smoothly like my yellow bird, and can't swim in our lake like my goose. I can't sleep and dream in these cold nights; I mean very lonely nights. Yes, my remote love, my nights are so cold and my flowers are so dry and you can't imagine the deep loneliness in my soul. You are the stream of sweetness and the bank of songs but with sorry there is no internet to taste your sweet smiles or hear your songs.

Anwer In Baghdad

Come here, sit beside me; I will tell you something. I am from here, from this land; the brown land where Tigris has dreamy mirrors and the palm is veiled with dark green. When you walk on its bridge, your chick will be lovely because of the soft hands touches and your mind will be flying because of the magic grayish eyes. Only in Baghdad, there are magic grayish eyes and dreamy mirrors swimming coquettishly like soft colored fish. Look at my words, they are orange like the lips of the Baghdadi birds, look at my dream, it is brilliantly silvery like the hearts of the Baghdadi brooks. Yes, I am a farmer from the south, but here, in my chest, there is a Baghdadi

silvery heart and a smooth Baghdadi tale. Yes, only in Baghdad, the tales are so smooth and satiny like the velvet nights, and the moon is so soft like rosary cheeks of a coquettish woman.

THE GRAY WINDOW

I know that gray window which covers my crippled days with its rambling glasses; I mean I know it very well. I also know that voices and that hands which cut our kites as a salty knife and push our dream into an early sleep. You remember them; I mean you remember them very well. Now, tell me; how can I walk in these rambling days? How can I call my birds to sing again? Yes, no colorful birds at our rambling window and all what you can see are just faint shadows of past flowers. No rain here; at our cold window where the roads eat everything even the beautiful eyes of the red rose and the coquettish voices of our women. No children here, and when you touch the rough hands of our empty roads you will know very well that there are no children on our roads; the very empty roads where I sit and look with a stealthy glance from my gray window; I mean a soulless and a nonsmile window. I am always asking myself but always there is no answer; how do we want to see birds and flowers near dry wells and an arid land? Yes, I will try to bring some loving water and warmhearted hands so I can plant a colored flower near my gray window.

SMILING RABBIT

We have a small garden, and a small rabbit always wears his wings and flying with delight at morning and at evening but these black voices had stolen his lovely wing so he is now a flying rabbit without wings. You can't imagine the deep sorry of a flying rabbit without wing. Someday you will remember me and you will know that the hidden hand has stolen my wing and you will know the size of my lost love and my lost flying. I am a sad rabbit but inside me there is a big white flower. This black world has broken my legs, but I can't hate because my mother has planted a white flower in my heart. Yes, I am a white rabbit with a broken leg, and all these big flowers are just a short story of my hidden love. You can see it; you can smell its fragrance, and you also can see my broken leg. It is very strange that I can't do anything but smiling despite the sadness. You know; I am the smiling sad rabbit and if you rummage my pocket you won't find just white flower. Look at my hand; it is warm and may look at my face; it is a shadow. When the morning sees my eyes, it gets shining smile but when the evening touches my heart, it will see my hidden wound. Yes, it is me; the very smiling rabbit of the waste land where everything is a shadow even my smile.

STORMY DECEMBER

No windows in my small house where the birds had been made of faint shadow and the rivers are laughing with tears. Our windy December has destroyed everything even my soul so I am now just a soulless apparition. Look at our trees; they are kneeling; the wind has stolen their dreams. I am a man from the south where everything is soft and bland, but the rigid hands of this windy December have scattered our girls' woolgathering.

Here the streets are so raging, do you know why? I think you won't know the story. These streets have been made by the rough fingers of our December where the nights are weepy, and the moons are colorless. You can't see anything here in December just violent and shameless faces. Yes, our December has a veil but its stormy soul destroying our dreams. Our stormy December is strange and reckless, but we love it because we are strange and reckless like it.

Yes, December is not my friend, but I see its footprints and follow them. It fills my lung with wild air; yes, our December is crazy and has so attractive eastern eyes. You may see that bough, that leaf and that very small bird; you may see them but you won't know anything about their wild souls. Our wild December is unbelievable, and it can make amazing fairies from our vanished tales.

IT IS NICE TO BE AN ARABIA MAN

We are from the East, where the desert grows in our heart as flowers and the eagles live in our minds like the canaries. We are not primitive as you think, but I think we don't know how to play. Yes, our wells aren't pink but at least they can hug our beautiful fish, and our children don't know how to kiss but at least they have colorful kites. Yes, our Arabian scarf is so tall because our ancestors knew that we had fragile hearts, and we cry easily. You shouldn't think that we are so sensitive or over passionate but in fact our souls have made from chants and our ordinary speech is poetry. In fact, we are the sons of poetry, and our internal is so dreamy like the watermelon, and in addition to our pink water, we have sweet melodies, and when you open our hearts you will see the magic rivers and fairies. Yes, we are brown, and our farmer hands are coarse but these hands have smooth, firing and magic touching and our forefathers knew that we are exceptionally infatuated with beauty so they have colored us brown and not white. Here, on our Arabian skin you may see the impressions of our old lightening candles and the scratches of the long years of the hard hope. It will be so nice if you are an Arabian man, because all the melodic birds will find their ways to your stormy trees and all the farms will emerge from your

deserted hand. We are from here, the stormy lands where the brook can't be dry and the streets' eyes are shy and attractive. It will be nice to be an Arabian man where your mouth is hidden by a grey veil, and your voice is so marginal. This world will know you very well and the pictures of your camels will appear daily in the magazines but in a silent manner and without opinion. Yes, it is very nice to be an Arabic man, because all what you can do is watching and all what your women know is silence.

FATIMAH ALZAHRAH

She is the girl of paradise where the sky man had descended into heaven and ate from the glowing tree and brought her light with him from that high worlds. He said I named her Fatimah; she weaned because God has weaned her and her followers from the hell. Yes, she is the holy woman; she is sinless, hateless, paradisaical and celestial. Her brightness filled the universe, and every thing got glimmery because her shining face so the people called her AlZahrah; the woman with bright face. Yes, she is the inheritor of the brightness and illumination; from Ibrahim and Ismael got her holy enlightening blood and from Mohammed inherited the elucidative truth and wisdom. She was totally dissolving in love of God, so she was called Saydatonnisaa; the first lady of heaven, and her heart filled with sincere faith so her sons are the nation of the holy sky sciences. When she reaches marriage, Allah told his prophet to marry Fatimah from Ali, so her marriage was firstly done in the

sky. She was the smile of her husband and her children and the strong wall against the harmful wind. She didn't know but love and postponed all her needs to the otherworldly meeting day. All the blackness of this world; the black hands of the black sounds of the black birds which filled her sky with gloomy moments will be asked severely, and they won't find answers. Yes, her skyward soul can't die and her superficial death is just a message that this world is not suitable for the luminous souls. In the thirteen of Jumada Alula, when she died, the sky wore its black dress and the roses filled the gardens with tears, but her light didn't fade and through her sons this world get its uncloudness and vision. She was Alsayeda; the lady, because her people gave her big love and respect, and she is Albatul: the maiden because she was sinless. She was Almbarka; the blessed woman because her sons are the holy light by which the people can see their roads.

THE FLOOD OF ETERNITY

The grand flood was a teacher who learnt his student the secrets of eternity. Utnapishtim knew all the secrets when the mightiness of water transfigured in front of his eyes. There are no fairies or witches on the flood but Utnapishtim realized the listen and knew the essence of

life. In front of the wide eyes of the flood, Utnapishtim built his big ship to save our life and all these smiles. Gilgamesh crossed the great sea to meet Utnapishtim, the man of the flood who told him about the plant of immortality which resides peacefully behind the wide sea. Gilgamesh traversed the wide sea and found the eternity plant but when he entered the cold pond to swim, a snake of destiny stole the timelessness from our hands. Yes, Utnapishtim grasped the eternity because he had built a big ship while Gilgamesh lost his immortality plant because he just made a small boat. The flood has a heart, so it learned Utnapishtim the wisdom and the secrets of life while Gilgamesh's plant has a sleepy eyes, so it chose the snake instead of us.

WHEN YOU HAVE A FAMILY

When you go deep in your silence, there is nothing can break you but the faint sound of your days and when you read my poetry you will know that I am a farmer from the south my father has planted me with our ambergris. Yes, I am a simple farmer from the south around me a small tree, a small river and a small family. My morning is kneaded with my small daughter's smiles, my evening is colored by my big son's tales and my night is the glory of the soft hand warmness. When you have a family, at

that time, you will see the secrets of twilight, the delicious taste of the backache and the very wide world of a small family in the south. Yes, I have a small family in a small house with a small window, but my eyes can see the beautiful night stars and my heart can touch the charming morning smiles. When you have a family, your smile will have pink lips and your work will wear a crown. Yes, my friend, when you have a family all the days will be valentine and all the times have meaning. Yes, when you have a family, there will be sadness and happiness, crying and laugh, pain and pleasure, but believe me this is the meaning of life.

20The Land of Killers

My grandfather was a good man but in an absent night he told me a strange story of the land of killers where the moon has no face and the sun has no colors. The killers like to kill; kill my dream, kill my voice and kill my soul. So I am from a land stands pale and cold. Yes, no love here, in my land, no flowers and no dreams; nothing here, just killing. Yes, I am a killed man from the land of killers. The streets of my land are empty; no lovers, no girls and no faces. In my land; the land of killers you find nothing just blind killers. My grandfather was a good man but he let them kill his voice and steal his face. Yes, I am the inheritor of a good and killed man; that voiceless man; the faceless man. Yes, I am the son of land of silence; the land of emptiness; the land of killers.

I Am Always here, Waiting Your Love

I am always here waiting for your love. What will happen if you smile? Yes, what will happen if you whisper in my ears a tempting word. What would happen if you sat between the fire of my longing, because I was bored of your cold presence and absence. Oh, the absentee, please shine, let me see your fire, let me know that even for just a moment. Here is a chair and a story, please sit with me and share my hungry moment, my lost moment and my absent moment. Please do something, I am not a wind nor a shadow, I am a nice eye and a soft hand. I stand here, under this long and old tree, waiting for you to come, standing here like a trembling bird, alone waiting for your smile. I am sitting here at every dawn waiting for your coming. I am always here waiting for your love.

Thank You Very Much FOR YOU LOVE

Thank you very much for being here with me. Thank you very much for sharing me my sadness and happiness, my pain and pleasure, my dreams and reality. Thank you very much for being beside me; talking to me and hearing me. Thank you very much for your smiles, your laughs and your glances. Thank you very much for your touches, for your whispers, and for your hugs. Thank you very much

for being in my life, for being my life and for making my life. Thank you very much for your warm love, for your deep love and for your true love. Thank you very much for being standing with me in front of the wind, for holding my hand under the rain and for wrapping my body in the cold night.

Thank You Very Much For Being My Friend

Thank you very much for being my friend, your presence is a gift, and your friendship is a beautiful world. Talking to you is a happy song, listening to you is a magical dream, and your moments are a strange reason for happiness.

Thank you very much for being my friend, thank you for asking about me, your question is very cool and your interest is a very valuable prize. My gratitude is boundless.

Thank you very much for being my friend, your smile in the morning makes my day bright and illuminates the gardens of my soul, and the depth of your words at night tells unforgettable stories.

Thank you very much for being my friend and for being so deep in my life. Your intimate friendship is a precious treasure, and your powerful presence in my life is an unspeakable win. Thank you very much from the bottom of my heart.

The Rainy Love

It is not just a rainy night; it is my life which was always wearing its hat and play a full love in my rainy dawn. Yes, this is my chest, bare and surrendering, please plant on it your very red and killer flowers, your very hard and wide leaves which has no place for a faint feeling I am here, in the midst of this clamor, full of you and your rainy love. Yes, I am happy with your angry love, your drowning love, and your strange love. Yes, I am very impressed by your rainy love.

I AM FROM HERE

I am from here; from the sad land where the men are smileless and the women are faceless. There are nothing here; in Iraq; no trees, no birds, no flowers, no butterflies, no girls, no boys, no poems, no chant, no love and no souls. Everything here is going to destruction and you can't find here but sadness and darkness. The death is our cover and the black is our color. Yes, it is me; the sad poet from the sad land and this is the last killed poem. The moon in our land is loveless and the sun here is colorless. The rivers are waterless and the grass is greenless. No breeze here and no love tales; no parties and no warmth nights. Our smiles are absent and our lips are retired. No life here, just death and no light here, just darkness. Our hearts are home of griefs, and our eyes are bed of tears. At the morning, the blind war kills our brothers and, in the evening, the blind bombs killed our

sisters. When our brown eyes tears, the world green eyes laugh, and when our small homes get destroyed, the tall skyscrapers breath the fragrance of winnings.

COLD CHANTS

Winter chants are drowning in fog, leaving in the memory of the streets with an unforgettable chill. Its cold corners are silent and freeze like an old absent tree. Their sound bends and fades into a wide space where the word has only to fall into the mud. The miserable ships penetrate my ears while these echoes go away and vomit the eternal pain in the generations' dreams. These are the tales of civilization which sinks into the ocean coldly, even the sea water, including bracelets and dates, has been swallowed by flies at a breaking moment. The heart of the world retires as a widow; there is no place for human dreams, no warmth and no praise. There is nothing but emptiness; the wheat branched out of her legs, bending shyly, only heavy air in her head and its hollow stomach has become warm springs. Yes, you are right a thousand songs are hidden here but the peasants know nothing about them.

CLOUDY LAND

Tonight is not romantic, but I indulge in my strange love. I am an absent tree and when you touch my hand you will find only cloudy leaves. Here in this heart, the cloudy love sits and drinks all the pink water. Here, in our river you can see all the golden braids of the sun and the shy eyes of the absent fairies. I can give you my heart, but you should always remember that my heart is cloudy from a cloudy land. It's a land that a brown face and two colored eyes, but I stand still because my grandfather had put a pale veil on my little dream. Now, I'll tell you the story, and you may find some pink drops in my cloudy ground. We have a kneeling tree and shy birds. Yes, I'm from here, from the cloudy land where the lakes are yellow and the girls are colorless, where the songs are cloudy and the children are motionless.

COLORED WHISPERS

I heard the whispers of our river in a precious moment; they were melodious and charming. They were colorful

like our souls where the old tales of my father has no place. You may see all the smiles which reside behind their veils, and you may hear all the news which fill your heart with fine breeze, but believe me, you won't find In their eyes but colorful whispers where the sun combs the braids of the weak river and draws colored whispers on its lips. The seasons are not smooth, and their eyelids are not enchanting but when you listen carefully you may catch my whispers. Yes, it is me, the inheritor of the hidden wishes where the suns are masked and the rivers are colored with hidden whispers.

Our Love Story

Our love story is so magical that it is carried by roses, birds and clouds. Our love story is warm and delicious, like a rose in the morning and a doe in the field. The cloud told our tree to whisper in the ear of our window that it heard our love story. Even the springs were fascinated by our love story, which began to tell about our love in a captivating moment, when all the stories of the glory of our love were gathered. Today early in the morning, our bright birds told the roads and neighbors about our love story. I am so happy because everyone loves and narrates our love story.

I Am Just You

Yes, I am a poem; I am an letter. No, I am not a poem nor a letter I am just a voice; your voice. So please see me and come close to me. Please see me; I am the spring of water of truth. Please be close to me, I am the table of the true apple of depth. No, I am not a spring nor a table; I am just a letter of peace. Please don't stay away from me; you will be away from light. Please don't hide me; you will hide the truth. No, I am not a light nor a truth; I am just a letter of love. Please like me; I am your earth and your sky. No, I am not an earth nor a sky I am just a letter of peace and love. Please don't cut me; I am your flower and your smile, so please don't cut me. No, I am not a flower nor a smile I am just a letter. Please don't kill me, I am just yourself, so you will kill yourself. No, I am not yourself, I am just you

There are More Sugar in my Blood

I am so lovely and the air loves my smell because I am diabetic and there are more sugar in my blod. I am always smiling and the morning likes my lips because I am deabetic and there are more sugr in my blood. I am so sweet and the places loves my taste because I am deabetic and there are more sugar in my blood. Rice and bread are my lovely friendsbut I should stay away and there is no problem to stay away. Yes, the yearning may cruch your heart but sometimes it is better to be away. Yes, it is not easy to stay away from your love but when it harms your heart it will be better to be away. Look at my tea; it is sugarless, look at my coffee; it is also suagrless and look at my days, they are sugarless also but I am not sad, because I am deabetic and there are more sugar in my blood. Who said that I am in need to attractiv sugar? I am the attractive sugary bird and every part of me is full with sugar so I am so sweet and so delicious and don't need more sugar.

The Weak Land

I am from here; from the weak land where the women are weak and have no faces and the girls are absent and have no voices. No sun here, in the weak land, no moon, no flowers, no butterflies because the faces of our women are faint and the voices of our girls yellow. My mother has learnt me everything about the truth but the truth is weak in our land because my mom is weak here. My wife

has given me all love but love is weak in our land because my wife is weak here. My sister has given me all respect but the respect is weak in our land because my sister is weak here. My daughter is give me all the valuable life but the life is weak in our land because my daughter is weak here. My female friend has give me all the kind caring but the caring is weak here because my female friend is weak here. I know without doubt, if our women exit from their weakness and won faces and if our girls exit from their absent and won voices, at that time the sun will rise over our fields, the moon will shine in our sky, the flowers will smle in our gardens.

Our School is a Home of Love

I was a bird when our ancestors have built our school and you know the birds have dreamy hearts. Our school is a colored river where you can see the golden braids of shy girls and the pritty smiles of the clean boy. The roads into our school are wings of angels, and the hours on its desk are the glances of blessing. When I walk into our school, I was a butterfly and when I meet my fellow there is a garden of flowers. My mother said that the school is the word of God, and the teachers are sons of sky so I am always in love and respect to that beautiful and holy world. Yes. Our school is a holy world, and the first thing we had learnt in the primary class is how to love creatures. Yes, our school is the home of love, and every place is it is a nice

flower, every moment in it is a magic tale and every teacher in our school is a holy gift.

The Land of Brotherhood

We are the brothers of suns; our winter chants have a very delicate roaring, and our mumbles have a wide love. We are the sons of old farmers know the magic tales of our rosary rivers and comb the golden braid of the sun at its smiley morning. You know; the brothers are smiles, and the brotherhood is a gift so when you have a brother you will be and endless happy bird and a timeless openhanded tree. Yes, We are Iraqis; the son of this land; the land of brotherhood; our Hilli beans inherited the magic songs from the Babylonian clayey tablets and our amber rice has learnt their peaceful colors from the white souls of our ancestors. Yes, we are the sons of the magic land but this strange world always -and without cause- trying to kill our dreams. Here, in our land, the land of brotherhood, the souls are smooth and the hearts are delicate but the roads are grey and the winds are rough because the blind world has a very black hand which don't stop the stealing of our chants. Yes, we are the endless chants and timeless songs but you should plant a red rose in your fields and lodge wild deer in your lands to hear our magic and to see our colors.

Cold Smiles

Our years shudder; its skin has been eaten by the children so there is no place left for man to smile. No, it is very false to accuse the body as a cause of the sins of

humanity. Believe me; the moon love does not need the blood of trees. I am here, as you see; a lame ghost, and there is nothing in front of me just death. This lovely civilization has nothing a sick boredom from every yellow drop in the ocean. This is how civilization lies, multiplying in veins left by weddings, stretching on an old street that has been frozen by the lack of walkers. There, the smiles are cold and trembling like an ostrich her head has proliferated underground. In its ears the hungry thorns were planted. There, blood fills the canals, devour the veins of the trees, and the dream vanishes like a miserable cow, but the shining sun is always making me a poem do not know the distance from eternity. There, the truth begins. Come, come, O the drowned world, listen to me; the heart of the peasant does not know lying.

The celebration of walnut

I am a simple farmer from the south, and when I bring walnuts to my house, I celebrate. At that time, our rooster becomes more attractive, and our chicken wears a melodic dress. The small window in our house song with joy and our cow shakes her heavy thighs. At the celebration of walnut, we make a round circle on the floor near the old fireplace and put all the nuts in the middle. Then you hear nothing but walnuts smiling with warm stories. Listen, to see the glory of walnuts, bring it on a winter night after sunset, where there is only a cool breeze and the stillness of the night. Also, you must be a simple farmer from the south, just like me, to taste its delicious stories.

God is Love

My mother said that “God is love and we are the rays of love.” She said: Love wins because of its tent and smile. Yes, we are small trees of the lovely hands and just small smiles of the beautiful mouths. We are the sons of love; our hearts are so pink and our souls are so warm. When you touch my heart, you will know the story of yearning and when you see my eyes you will find the sweet tales of magic fairies. My mother said that we are just a beautiful tales of love.

WHEN OUR HEARTS MEET

I will stand on the pink bridge waiting your heart to touch my heart, so I can fly. Our hearts’ meeting is the true world where we touch our real faces, our real bodies and see our real. When our hearts meet, the moments are more intense; the hands are warmer, the eyes are more colorful and the feelings are sharper. I am sure that you hear my heart’s signs because you feel my delicious breeze. I am sure that you see my hidden smile because your heat meets my heart in a true moment.

Yes, But

Yes, I am a doctor but here, in my chest, a poet loves the magic land. Yes, I am an Iraqi man but here, in my body, an Asian soul. Yes, I am Arabian inheritor but here in my depth, a universal memory. Yes, I can see our desert and

dry wells but in my dream, very green fields. Yes, it is me; the wars' son, but I am also the son of the palm trees and I won't stop my giving. Yes, I see all the thieves who stole my flowers and my smiles but I am still a white flower full with fragrance and pleasant breeze. Yes, I can see the hate in the remote eyes but here in my brown eyes, an endless and wide love. Yes, it is my present but I also see my very colored future.

The Sweet for the Sweet.

We are from the east; I mean the sweet east where the homes are fenceless and the rooms are doorless because our sweet hearts are very wide and our sweet hands are always opened. My mother says that the sweet for sweet so in our sweet south, the sweet eyes are very merciful and the sweet mouth are always smiley. We have sweet birds don't eat but sweet grains with sweet hearts don't know but sweet feelings. In the morning, I mean at our sweet morning our sweet birds weave very sweet chants and at the sunset they narrate the sweet ancestors' tales. Yes, like the west, I mean sweet west, we have ancestors, but unlike them we don't have fences or doors. In the north, the sweet hand always tries to build sweet houses over the shoulders of our destroyed houses, and the sweet national security should always be safe by the invasion of our sweet security. The west has sweet fences to protect their delicate forehead from the faint sun lights and there is no any care for our eastern burned foreheads by the incendiary sun lights. The women in the west are blond and sweet but their pink lips don't talk about the stolen dreams of our brown girls. The eyes of the boys in

the west are green and sweet but they don't see the tears of the brown eyes of our boys. Because my mother said that the sweet is for the sweet, In the west they have sweet love and sweet home and they don't know anything about the sweet hatefulness of the ruined sweet homes.

The Fake Man

Please do not look at me or try to hear my voice. I'm sure you will not see anything and you will not hear anything because I'm just a fake man. I think you may want to find an idea in my mind; even a simple idea, but you should know that there is no thought in the mind of a fake man. You may expect to find a heart here, in my chest, but believe me you will find no heart here, in my chest, because I am just a fake man. My smile, my sad smile; it's a very fake smile. Our river, our dry river; it's fake like me. Dear friend, have you heard about my dreams? Yes, pink dreams, they are false dreams like my soul. Have you heard about my flower? Yes, romantic morning flower, is also a fake flower. Have you heard about my love? Yes my crazy love, it's also a fake love, because I'm a fake man.

The Fake Land

There are no rivers, no flowers, no fields in the false land. Everything is fake in the fake land even moon, even me; the fake story coming from mirage. These words, are fake words because they are shades of fake land. There are no sands in the fake land because the thief stole them on a sunny day. Oh, sorry, I forgot, no thief here in the fake

land, nor the sun or the rivers. There is nothing in the fake land except false images. I mean very fake images. Our houses are fake, our fields are fake, our chickens are fake, and our faces are fake. Everything is fake here in a the fake land.

Love me, it is Friday

Love me, it is Friday, your love on Friday is more wonderful. Hold my hand and let us fly in this space, and let us smile strongly. It is Friday, and your smile on Friday is more beautiful. Let your soul be a colorful flower, it is a feast day, and let your words be the carpet of the wind that transmits time and space into a fascinating world. Love me with all your strength because it is Friday and I love to see you love me with all strength. Friday is a different day, so let your love be different, your smile be different and your touch be different. It is Friday; a very special day, so make our moments so special, make our love so special and make our kisses so special.

The Simple Man

Be simple and you will be beautiful. Be simple and I will love you more. Believe me, be simple and everything will love you more and more. The amazing nature is simple, the awesome seas are simple and the holy sky is simple.

Beauty is the simple simplicity. Life is not in the complexity; life is in the simplicity. Your sleepy eyes are more beautiful with simple eyelashes, and your smooth whispers penetrate my hearts with your simple words. Here, in my chest, a very simple heart knows nothing but spontaneity and needs nothing but simple love. When I talk, I talk simply, when I eat I eat simply and when I love, I love simply. So, please love me with a simple love and call me by my simple name. I love you deeply when you are simple and I get crazy when your smile is simple.

Poetry in Winter is More Beautiful

My father is not a poet but he knew poetry very well and in one day he said that poetry in winter is more beautiful. In fact my Father was a soldier but he was knowing poetry very well and in a wintery day he took a look at the twilight and said the poetry in winter is more beautiful. At that time I was a child but I was knowing poetry very well and I was thinking that poetry in winter is more beautiful. My father, the southern farmer and the old soldier said that winter is the season of poetry and I am; the farmer's son thinks that winter is the season of poetry. We are from here, from the south; the earth of poetry where the trees are images of poetry, the rivers are a stream of poetry and the women are pieces of poetry.

Please Touch Me

Please touch me but please touch me smoothly because I am a flower shattering in your heart like a story of wind. Please touch me, but please touch me carefully because I am a faded shadow that has disappeared in your eyes as a shy dream. Please touch me, but please touch me on a very quiet night because I am a breeze song coming from a remote land. A cool tale I'm waiting for a warm touch, and a cold heart I am waiting for an absent touch. Flowers are sad without touching and nights are cool without touching. Please touch me so the moon wears its bright light and the sun spreads a golden braid. Please touch me because the hearts like to touch and the flowers like to touch. Here, I stand waiting for your touch with a red rose in my hands.

Our Small Fireplace

Near our small fireplace, I feel I love you more, and when my hand touches its warmth, I feel that my blood is more purplish. Our nights are more lovely near our warm fireplace, and our moments are more efficacious at its orange flame. When I call you, my voice becomes more velvety near our small fireplace, and when you look at me, your glance becomes pinker at our warm fireplace. We are from the south, and we live in a small house but a passionate one with an old fireplace but a warm fireplace. Everything has a different meaning near our fireplace; I can feel your reviving perfume fills the place near our small fireplace, I can touch your smile near our small fireplace and I can see the melody jumping of my heart near our small fireplace. Sometimes when I am at

our small home, in our small room and near our small fireplace, I realize that life is just a warm moment near an old fireplace in a small warm home.

You Are All The Pleasure

I am lost in you; this is the fact, and you do all this magic because you are all the pleasure. Please, touch me; let me know; that I am a nice waiting tale; let me know my days and their beautiful moments. Yes, without your smiles I have no days, and without your touches, I have no moments. Please, take me; teach me the life; teach me the killer redness. Your fingers are the beginning and the end; your fingers are the amazement and in their absence, there is no any story. Yes, I am lost in you, and glad for that lost because you are all the pleasure. I want you to know one fact; that I am always in thankfulness for you, in astonishment in front of you, and in pleasure with you. And there is another fact; that you are enough to me, because you are all the deep pleasure. And there is a third fact; that you are my reality and my dream and without you, I am with no reality, with no dream because you are all the pleasure.

50The Slave of Wars

Fifty years of wars and destruction, just blakness in blackness fills our places, our air, our minds and our

souls. Fifty years of the bitter loss and crippling days, I have seen only smoke, fire, crying women and orphans. Fifty years ago and the wolf is still eating Joseph's meat and the well is still jailing my beautiful bird. Yes, I am a fifty years old man; fifty years and I am a slave to the wars, to the destruction, and there is no light in my dark tunnel to be a bee on a white rose, or a squirrel on a coconut tree. Yes, it is me, Iraq; the slave of wars ; the son of wars; my soul made of blind smoke and my skin made of burned tears. You will not find me a house, because I am the son of wars, and you will not find me a history, because I am the slave of wars. And after all this, I am the slave of wars, I want to inherit my children these servitude and these losses. It is the great crime that I I signed a bond of bondage with you for another fifty years , fifty years of wars and servitude.

India, the Special World

In the special world, everything is special; the birds are special, the flowers are special, the buildings are special and the dresses are special. In India, the faces are special, the eyes are special and the words are special. The rivers in India are special, the forests are special and the hills are special. The moments are special, the smiles are special, the glances are special and the beauty is special.

India plants in your depth a special memory, creates special moments and leaves in you a special yearning. Yes, any land can be special, but India is very special, I mean magically special. Yes, in India, the special world, everything is special.

Anwer in Delhi

I am from the south where sun plays Tukki and palm trees chant fine melodies but in Delhi is the enchantment. There, the enthrallment steals the hearts, so I was missing it just within two days away from it. You can imagine this unrelenting nostalgia, and the deep penetration. Delhi is not just a six armed God; in fact, Delhi is an endless river of amazement, shrill yearning for grandeur and an eternal poem of beauty. It is the home of charming, and simply it is the land of winsomeness and the enthralling face of life. The awesome tall trees in Delhi add to its coffee a special sweetness, the bewitching brown marble gives its words a delicious taste and the grand old buildings colors its memory with unforgettable memories.

A Babylonian Man

I am a Babylonian man, and here, deep down an ancient spirit. Ishtar my eyes, Gilgamesh my ears and Uruk my wings. Yes, I am from here; from Babylon, so you see my skin as brown as our land. My soul is tolerant like palm

trees, and my giving hands are like the Euphrates. Look at my face; it is as expressive as the Babylonian drawing, and my voice is as deep as the Babylonian tales. The flowers are more beautiful in in Babylon and the smiles are more warm here and the sun is more shining here, in Babylon. Yes, these are all my naked and pure Iraqi desires. Yes, I, the man of Babylon, look and dream for a new Iraq, an Iraq without wars, without wounds; only flowers, love and smiles.

A Cold April

I will end at the evening's doors as a thirsty spike, and I will cruise the valleys in search of a crippled dream. A tree of almonds I am, and a stolen delight for a feast of a mirage. I bow as a sound of snow in the face of the morning, numerating the sacrifices of the ages from the souls of my innocent village. Like this I will come back; like a yellow tree whispering in April's ear with all the coldness. The children in April are kites over the houses, while the children of my village are lying down as gray bodies whose bloods irrigate the denial land. O the days, O the echoes; come closer, come closer, here is a wound with the size of the chants of the galaxy. I wish I were a deaf rock on the banks of the Euphrates.

A Warm April

I will knock the doors of the morning as a spike full of hope. I will search the fields for a beautiful dream. Yes, a tree of almonds I am, and a hidden joy of a feast in the smiling eyes. I will stand there; in front of the faces of the

nights as a voice of rock, numerating my sacrifices over the ages; they are the souls of my eternal village. Like this I return, Like a silver tree whispering in the ear of April with warmth. The children in April are sleepy tales and the children of my village weave from the dust time great stories and draw over the face of these earth songs don't know the absence.s O the days, O the lights, come closer, come closer, here is the hope with the size of the universe. I am that hard rock that broke the hands of the dark wind. I am the endless love to the breeze of Euphrates.

The Babylonian Bird

I am a Babylonian bird with colored eyes. On my wings, the ambitious young men are flying, and on my eyelids, the aspirational young women are dreaming. The Wheat spikes shake my hands in the morning, and at evening, the moon's butterflies whisper in my ears: "that the moon is swimming in the Euphrates." Yes, it is me, a Babylonian bird without veils or hiddenness. My soul was made from dreams, and my feathers are just leaves of palm. Here, on my short wings the amazing girls love life and here on my eyes the lovely youths look at shining future. O blind world, as you, we have boys but with killed dreams. O blind world, as you, we also have girls but with killed dreams.

Smoky River

O Tigris, show me your bright color, I am tired of your smoky color. O Tigris love me; please make a mistake and love me for a moment, look at me with a loving glance; a warm glance. Please leave the bloody glances; the smoky glances. Your water is dusty and gloomy; please tell me why your water is dusty and gloomy? O my smoky river, tell me; when will your sad tales end? When can we see your smiling flowers? Why your water is thirsty for your sons' bloods; the Iraqis' pure bloods. I am just a bird; lonely bird here, but I am always praying for a happy future for your land.

The Colored World

It is the colored world where every place has its shining color, and every time has its magic beauty. I remember very well that deep moments of the crowd road of Mumbai and the magic garden of the Ahmedabad flowers' city. No winter in India, just warm colors in the Happy Holi, so you don't need any things but love in this colored world where the souls had been filled with flowers and the minds had been colored with songs. The colored lights made the buildings shining as a colored bride filled with henna and the lovely dark green tress penetrated our souls without delay. I can't forget that that skyscraper which had stood in the heart of that shore where a road disappears in the times of high tide. Just in the colored world you find great love to the great persons,

and just in India you find the magic fragrance of the charming inheritance. No differentiation and no fences in the colored world where the different languages disappear under the one tent and the different weathers take a beautiful tune in that colored world.

Our Pink Girls

We have girls; pink girls adore life; adore it deeply. Their hearts are white hearts fill the air with enjoyment and their smile are pink smiles color the places with pleasure. The roads; our roads are black without the girls' smiles and the city; our city is empty without the girls' laugh We have girls; very dreamy girls; in their eyes, the aspirational tales wear beautiful dresses and on their shoulders, the ambitious bags are pink and shiny. . Our girls' fragrance is coming from the fairies' land, and their pink veils are coming from the shiny flowers. Yes, in Iraq we have girls; nice girls; their dreams are big and pink, and their wishes are smiling and Rosary. Our schools are proud that magic girls are sitting on their disks, and our gardens are delight that charming girls are playing between their flowers. Our palm trees give all their sweet date for our girls' hands and our buckthorn trees give all their full seed to our girls' labs.

I LIKE RAIN

I like rain because it is a portrayal of love. Its face is wet, but warm and its hand is shivery but kind. It comes at

morning as a big smile with strange passion and at evening, it comes like an old tale hugs the small leaves. When we get lost in the rainy moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine how it will be miserable, if I can't see rain drops' dancing.

Crying Until Victory

Here, in this absent part of the world, I mean my land, you will find me standing under that palm tree with tears. No one taught me how to cry, but I learned deeply that crying is a victory, and that the stupid devil does not realize the power of crying, so I will cry and you will always find me crying. Yes, it is me; the man of crying. If you see me one day on a tree branch, do not expect to find me sing, but you will find me crying. If you see me one day with my beloved, do not imagine that you will find me whispering in her ear words of love, but you will find me crying. If you ever see me reading a book, do not imagine that you will find me dreaming of a wide world but you will find me crying. If you ever find me painting, do not imagine that you will find me drawing pink roses, but you will find me crying. If you someday find me write a poem, do not expect you will find me singing purple dreams, but you will find me cry. Yes, it is the life of crying; crying revolution; crying until victory.

I can still cry

Yes, I'm so weak but I can still cry so I will win. Break me; cut my body by your dark desire, but believe me; I will win because I can still cry. Here, in my chest, a treasure of sorrow, so you can kill me daily, you can destroy me daily and you can steal me daily, but you are always a loser because I will remain crying until I rebuild what you destroyed, until my innocents forgive and until my smiles fill the universe. Yes, I will still cry till all humanity say to you: O devil, go away to your dark corner. So you are always a loser because I can still cry and you know my victory is in my crying.

The Celebration of Truth

It was neither a wish nor a dreamy moment but a light in the middle of the night breaking the rocks of the gray time and spreading the appeal to the remote lands where everything was waiting. The rivers wait, the trees wait, and the truth waits. O the lost truth, the killed truth; nothing here but blindness and darkness, but tonight is joyful and festive, so celebrate, make a cake and sprinkle flowers; it is the promised moment; the birth of true life. In the middle of Shabaan, in middle of the night, in the the middle of the dark voice, in the middle of the blind corner, the light rises; it comes out in the valleys between the hills like a silver bird lighting the loving eyes and as an old tale not changed by the gray days to touch the passionate hearts. O sad truth, stay with me here and wait

for your bright face, and your white soul; stand here with me and let us celebrate.

The Month of Rain

It is Shaaban; the month of rain where the waiting earth wears smiles and the waiting hearts see gladness. It is the birth of embodiment of pure knowledge and righteous deeds. I feel his awesome breeze and his enchanting tranquility. He is the true soul of peace and the real face of love; the gladness' man; Al-Mahdi; nothing on his hand but delight and nothing in his heart but kindness. He is the love's master that love waits and the peace's leader that peace awaits. He is the rightness' king and the justice's man, so in his name celebrate my country, and for the his coming ignite the candles.

I will smile

I will smile this morning, because its sun reminds me of your brightness, its birds remind me of your greeting and its flowers remind me of your smile which plants in me every beautiful hope. I will smile this morning strongly, as if I see it for the first time, and as if I will live it forever, because it reminds me of your glances, your tales and your whispers. Do you feel this breeze? It reminds me of you. Do you see those orange autumn leaves? they remind me of you. Do you see these dreams which have been hung on the wall of our home? they remind me of you. Oh, dear lost happiness; please come with your lovely smile; come with your precious fragrance. Please the lost happiness; come up even once; even for a single false time to remember that I am still alive.

The Land of Smoke

I am from this land the land of wars, the land of smoke. Forty-five years ago, I saw nothing but darkness and hunger. In the land of rivers, there is only thirsty smoke. My hands are short, my voice is hoarse and my face is missing. I am from here; from a land without hands, without voice, without face. No, you are wrong; there are no palm trees here nor amber cedar. Nothing here except the smoky desert and the smoky future so they called it; the land of smoke. It is a land without souls because it is a land of absence. Look at all this freezing that eats my fingers; please once look for this bitter deficit, this black weakness. Oh, the vast world, here in this heart is a flame of love but a black flame because it is a land of smoke.

Smashed Flowers

Yes, it is a flower, but it is just a smashed flower from the ruined land. It has been made in Iraq; the destroyed land. If you want to see the sadness face to face, then look at it, if you want to see the wretchedness face to face, then look at it, and if you want to see the ruination face to face, then look at her. It is from here, from Iraq of the ancient sadness and old ruin. The age of ruination here extends to hundreds of years. Yes, for hundreds of years the hands are destroying us, ruining our land and smashing our times, and why? I don't know. When the sun rises here, it rises ruined, when the moon appears here, it appears destroyed, when the morning wakes up here, it wakes up with screaming and when the night sleeps here, it sleeps

with weeping. Yes, we have roots and flowers, but smashed flowers and roots of ruination.

The Empty Man

If you want to be an empty come here, come to me, because I am the son of emptiness and the transfiguration of its glory. Yes, I am the empty man from the empty land which can't stand for a moment with a true voice. The streets are empty, the rivers are empty and the hands are empty. Look at our water, it is empty so you won't see fish in Euphrates and look at our orchards, they are also empty, so you can't see palm trees in Basra. The sun in our land is empty, so there are no poems here, just dark words, the moon is empty in Iraq, so there are no lovers under our streets, and the trees here are empty so there are no birds on our boughs. Our life is an empty life, our eyes are empty eyes and our dreams are empty dreams. Everything is empty here, even me; the empty man.

An Iraqi physician

I am an Iraqi physician and you know; Iraqis are just pieces of love but when I smile in front of my patient my heart looks to the remote lands. Yes, I am an Iraqi poet and you know; Iraqis are just dreams but our letters are crippled and our papers are blind. Yes, I am physician in provision and poet in passion, but when I write a word, the letters become red because of our cheap blood in the brooks, and the paper become empty because of our lost dream under the sun and the pen become useless because our stolen flowers by a universal thieves. I am the sad poet from the sad land and my poem is just a crippled

Arabian girl. I am a useless physician from the faked land and my management is just a broken mirror and a crached flower. Yes, I am an Arabian man from a land doesn't want to be independent. When my people exit from their illusion and weakness, surely I will make a big cake and I will celebrate with every creatures even the universal thieves.

POLLUTED SPIRITS

They say that this land is full of polluted spirits, and I am a very lonely man; cannot deny this. The night is very bleak here, and the wind is tasteless. The rivers here are a bit of a cruel and murderous savagery. Even my sweetheart has a bitter way of life. I can not wash in the middle of the day comfortably and the road from Cairo to Baghdad is not safe. They talk a lot about polluted spirits stealing history, the voices of men and the wailing of women. I, the very forgotten man, am nothing but a shadow without a voice or a wail because I am the heir of a stolen city. They tell me again and again that I am from a pure land, very pure, but full of polluted spirits, very polluted spirits.

THE DISTORDED RIVER

Yes, as you say, the Euphrates had a beautiful and smiling face. In the past he had a pure spirit and a loving heart,

but now his face had been distorted and his smile had died, so he was always surly and did not find a drop of love in his heart. It has become as cold as my soul and distorted as our streets, and it has become very pale like the palm of my grandfather. Euphrates is now very dead as my dream and very absent like my voice.

look at his feet; they are swollen like two smashed fishes, and look at his very weak leg; it's like a sheet of onions. the daytime breeze and the sunsets moments are no longer attractive here at the Euphrates, because the sky no longer looks at its distorted face and the sun no longer sings to it every morning. Do you know how hard it is when the morning birds leave you and the flowers that were on your door every day go away?

I am not a historian as you think and I have no desire to write about ugly wars, but the Euphrates is the son of wars, and there is no part left but distorted, wars have deformed everything in him even love, even me; so I no longer feel like love to him, and all I repeat is the remnants of distorted words.

WHITMAN EYES

I can understand all that joy you may see on the faces of young Americans and all those songs that filled Whitman's eyes. The eyes that saw pain and faith where great earth and great youth. He is a boat for happiness and scented houses that can smell a soft breeze. Whitman's

eyes that have seen the splendor of the earth, planted in the grass life, life that will not die. His strong spirit saw the secret; that everything could be anything, but how could he live in my absent stories? How can I read his poems? I, the son of war, my eyes have been stolen, and my grass has no children.

I CAN'T READ POETRY

I can't read poetry because my fields stand naked in moonless nights. Look at my dreams; they are empty and look at my hands; they are pale. My face has been stolen under the sun, and here, in my empty life, there is no grass or children. O beautiful poetry, I am sorry, there is nothing in me that can help to see your glory. Yes, I know that your spirit is an amazing flower, but I am just a cheap blossom. Yes, I know that you are a miracle, but I am not a miracle of love as you think.

Ramadan Lantern

When you touch me, I do not stand near the faint window, but I open all the bright doors, the doors of a very strong and very shapeless breeze. O Ramadan; the rain of touches that reach every story in my weak body and every region in my soul. Your touch is a soft candle, yes your touch is a new white flower. When you smile at me, I do not wait behind the absent window, but I see the true doors, the doors of endless time and unlimited place. Oh

Ramadan, you can imagine my very intense and very shapeless happiness. When your soft whispers flow deep in me, I will never be near the salty window, but I will be immersed in warm doors , the doors of swimming in a stunning river, disappearing in a very strong and very shapeless sea. O Ramadan, let your lantern to touch my cheeks and draw a beautiful spring on my eyes. Let fasting immortalizes my body out of the water that will gone, and the food that will perish. Let my body know its true existence, and let me see my real body without food or drink. O Ramadan, allow your lantern to shine in my depth and to color my soul with unforgettable chants.

Dead Dreams

What do you think these buds dream of? I mean the boys of my village. Do they dream of an abloom flower, of a colorful bird, of a warm kiss? Or do they dream of war, of ruin, of the blind smoke that you breathe out of your bitter mouth as a snake, like a black predator monster? O the black earth. Please enough for being a predatory snake, enough for your bitter absence, enough for this cruel cold. I am really tired of your deserted color, your deserted mouth, your deserted words. Think for a moment, what do you think your children are dreaming of my village children? Look at their dreams with love. Stop your hardness. This palm, your palm do you see?

They have become bitter grief. And this amber, your pride, do you see it? It has become a dismal mirage.

country of killed dreams. Repeatedly and I see you crush my dream with your cruel feet. Repeatedly I say to you that you do not know the art of dreams, the art of love. Go out of the orchard of my grandfather with no sorry and look for another dark place like your soul. Get out of Iraq, let him smile; remove your poisoned nostrils from its bleeding waist. O land of despair. Now I will leave with all my love, and I will die gladly, so that I will not see your ugly face your bitter face. I will always cry for my soul, the soul of Iraq, in a permanent funeral for the dead Iraq, for Iraq's dead dreams; the dreams of the boys of my village.

The Poets

Have you seen the distant islands, fairies Islands? Yes, I know, you did not see them because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the remote islands; the islands of fairies.

Have you ever seen the truth face to face and given you a smile? Yes, I know, you did not see it because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the truth and pick up its smiles.

Have you ever been able to see your soul being stripped in a vast light where shadows swim, faint shadows planting within you an unforgettable ecstasy? I know, you never could see your naked soul, and you do not discern those shadows, or that great ecstasy because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the naked spirits, their shadows and feel their exaltation.

Have you ever sat on that brown hill above the moon and looked at the earth, every part of it, every laugh? every look: every whisper; as if you were looking at a nut? I know that you never sat down and did not look at any part of the earth or any laugh, any look or any whisper on it because you are like me, not a poet; only the poets can reach the moon and sit there above their brown hills. They are the only ones who can see every part of the earth, every laugh in it, every look of love and every whisper of passion.

Have you ever written a charming poem? I know you did not write such a poem someday, because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can write a charming poem. Believe me, to see beauty honestly and honestly describe it and to see truth honestly and honestly tell it, you have to be a poet.

Please hold my hand

Please hold my hand, hold it tightly, I want to feel something warm, I am tired of coldness in this world. Imagine me a bird and catch me strongly, imagine me a flower and catch me strongly or imagine me what you want but what is important is to hold my hand strongly, I really need your warm hand to feel that I am still alive and not frozen. Please hold my hand warmly, hold it deeply; hold it lovingly. I am a cold shadow thirst for warmth, depth and love. I am an absent tale on a lost paper need warm fingers to find their lines. Please hold my hand to celebrate and light a candle in my cold nights.

The Dictator World

Are you a lover or a dictator? Any how, if you want to love me with dictatorship, come with me to browse through the history of the eternal humanity, I mean the eternal dictator. All of us know, even the birds of our tired tree and the fish of our dusty river, that the history was written by the dictators. We are dictators to the core, and dictatorship is taking place in our blood. Our love is dictatorial; our friendship is dictatorial and our commandments dictatorial.

I, for example, here before you, heir of dictatorship, and for thousands of years I live with dictatorship, side by side under one tent, I mean in one prison. We are a dictator race and the dictatorship in our blood. Even our democracy is a dictatorship; the ballot boxes give birth to only a dictator, and the freedom that false voices claim is

in fact a dictatorship that knows only injustice and repression. Tell me why hunger in the South ? Because we are dictators, and why injustice in the north? Because we are dictators, and why rape in the East? Because we are dictators and why is there a killing in the West? Because we are dictators. If we were not dictators every day, we would see the flowers smiling, the sun smiling, the river smiling and the streets smiling, but you see; everything around us is sullen; our love is sullen, our words are sullen, our stories are sullen and our faces are sullen, even these words are sullen, even me; the sullen man because our world is a dictator world.

80 Amazing Hour; Just before breakfast

I feel all this great whisper and all this great pleasure at this hour; just before breakfast, where fasting brings your spirit up to heaven. There, you touch the silver islands and meet the very bright spirits that teach me something of purity, and then I come back from there carrying strange longing, strange love and flowers do not wither. Yes, I come back with flowers that do not know wilt. If you see the roads that do not know the end and the islands that don't know but love. Yes, it is the hour of infinity and the free start; the very free flight toward a more pure, more deep, and more real world. Then, at that very charming moment, that very amazing moment, I feel the high hopes, the high shadows that touch my heart with all their splendor. Perhaps the people of spiritual meditation do not know about it, do not know how the veils disappear, and how the soft worlds unfold in that amazing hour; just before breakfast.

In Suhoor Everything Is Different.

It is very rare for these wonderful shadows to visit us, and it is rare to see their nights in this gray time. They are jumping, there, in our garden like a bright deer and drawing birds full of waking on the brow of our trees. Their Ramadani breeze spreads joy in the place as girls playing in the morning, and their souls smiling to our souls as a cool breeze. It is Suhoor; the time of traveling deeply; where the anecdotes have a different taste, the food has a different taste and the sailing has a different taste. Yes, It is the world of deep sailing which goes far in our very green fields like colorful and charming butterflies, and makes of the rare moments an unforgettable memory. It is Suhoor; the time of the glorious roar where the celebration begins, and the dawn touches its white flowers. It is the time of light where the prayers have different taste, the water has a different color and the songs have different tunes. Yes, in Suhoor everything is different.

FEAST BREEZE

The feast here is not quiet; it is noisy as the waves of the sea, but timid, very timid as the eyes of a bride whose mother has just adorned her in a colorful car, and its soul is charming, very charming as the braids of a southern girl playing alone under a palm tree. Do you feel its

rackety breeze that flirting my cheeks without shame? It throws me into the sea of astonishment, so I fly like a butterfly with strange colors over the wide fields. The feast has its distinctive look; the beloved and charming look that catches the heart and leaves it in the world of surprise as a strange sailor who has just arrived a magical island. There, at that moment, he announced his new beginning blessed with love and humility, as a legendary captain or a good hacker who stole the face of time and left him without a flag or island. It is the feast that can fill you with bustle, where the fasting spirit announces its eternal passion and great revolution. Yes, it is the feast; a cloudy ecstasy of love and celebration, and a strange look you can not forget, believe me. The feast is not a gypsy as you think, it is a man who celebrates and smells the fragrance of the time that its breeze pinch my nose with all the ecstasy. And you, like me, sitting there waiting its glance. So are the colors that await me. I feel them strongly, and their strange taste has made me a delicious cake with low-sugar loved by everyone. Yes, it is the festive holiday breeze that does not know fading; it is always as colorful as the dresses of gypsy girls, always smiling like the northern eyes, and always exciting as the western skin.

AT YOUR HOME

You at home find your soul and meet it; talk to it. Sometimes you slap it hard and sometimes you kiss it violently. When you want to go home always there is a vehicle. Vehicles that go home do not run out. There is always a bright green line for your home. When you

move away from it, your body becomes less bright, becomes dull then you want to rise as if you are coming back from death; as if you are returning from a stumbling spirit, but the return vehicle is always moving and ready and not stumbling. No one can stop you, because the light of your home is stronger than the darkness; stronger than the alienation, and more importantly, the return vehicle is always ready and always smiling. It is your light from your bright green home. Imagine how wild you are on a dark pavement in a hard winter night. The land is not bad, it's a house, but it wants you not to be too dark and call your soul to return quickly and not to stay on the dark streets; the gloomy streets. Your soul is a small and distinctive house but it wants to sit near the window with a cup of coffee on a warm bed. To sit with your body under the light; the bright light at your home.

A LIGHT DOES NOT KNOW SUNSET

The hearts of the lovers have sad songs; very sad songs. And I am the faint shadow don't know but longing for your light that does not know the sunset Oh, the pure light which the sky with all its purity yearns for its purity, and Paradise with all its sweetness loves its sweetness. You are a river of strange forgiveness, a sea of strange patience and a world of strange eternity. Your spirit fills the places with light and fragrance and your words fill the times with love and wisdom. O the prince of faith give me a look that will heal my wounds and give me a chance to live in the cities of light. Those pale nights, very pale nights wanted to make the dawn gray and make the wheat

empty, but your free voice, Ali, gives life to the dead earth and your heavenly light does not extinguish. Yes, Commander of the Faithful, they killed you on that sad day, the very sad day, but they did not kill your voice and did not erase your glory Now, the eyes have lost the light of the road; nothing here but the gray stories. They have brutally blinded the road and left the eyes on the west side. O cruelty, how can they think of making all this great pain and this great unhappiness? But I am not worried, I know that your light and your name are high in heaven and earth, and no matter how pale hands and dark papers tried to paint your place with ashes and fill the houses of your lovers with smoke, they will fail because your light does not know the sunset.

BRIGHT ASIA

The sun touches our window every morning coming from the east, from Asia, so my mom calls it Bright Asia. The sun is old, the east is old, but Asia is new and young today. It is beautiful today and attractive. Very attractive, I feel it, I see it, I believe in it; it is a new Asia, beautiful Asia, its mouth is made in China and its eyes are made in India. The sun that shines from Asia is not yellow, but white like the skin of the Japanese and their cheeks are not pale; it is rosary like the Korean cheeks, and its sound

is not harsh but rather very musical and soft like the voices of Arab women. Asia is very charming and amazing like Chinese arts and sports and she is very real like Indian girls. Here, I celebrate Asia because it is a soft and delicate river and every wonderful story can be planted in the heart of the world. Let's celebrate Asia and its new sun.

The Fake Time

I live without time, not because I am a gypsy thing but the truth is that my time is fake, I mean very fake. Yes, I am the son of the fake time, full of fake mornings, fake evenings, fake days and fake nights. My breath, which enumerates the false moments, does not come out of my chest, it just plays as a strange bird. And the twilight that have long dreamed of the vehicle of love and nostalgia is not a real color, but just a fake brown tale. I can tell you all fake promises, fake justifications and violations in the name of fake titles. I can tell you of injustice based on false justice because I am the son of the false time.

Let's Celebrate Love

The sun touches our window every morning coming from distant love. The sun of love is old, but our love is new and young. It is attractive. Very attractive, I feel it, I see it, I believe in it; It is a new love, a beautiful love so the sun that rises from our love is not yellow, but white and its cheeks are not pale but rosary. Her voice is not rough

but very musical and soft like the Eastern girl. Love is so charming, amazing and real as western girls. Here, I celebrate love because it is a soft and gentle lake and every wonderful story can be planted in its heart. Let's celebrate love and the new sun.

THE LOST MARE

My grandfather had a mare with a merciful heart. I did not see her sadly, but my mother said she was nice and brave. My family may also have a saddle. I do not know and did not ask about this, but I think that if we have a saddle, it will be as harsh as our desert. You know, I am an Arab man from this land and there is nothing here except the abandoned souls and the cold nights, so I decided to sink into a my grandfather's well and vanish in his old fields in search of our lost horse.

PROPHET OF LOVE

I will fade with all love in your amazing world, yes no doubt you are human, but you are human beings of love. You are an amazing world, yes a strange world, very strange. You are the prophet of love, the endless love and you are the story that penetrated the bitter body of this earth, and with all sincerity and with all kindness, you said the word mercy and said the word love.

When your words cross the dark valleys, I'm the bitter cactus, do not remember much of your charming songs

and bright stories that teach me that I can live this life as a true man. O prophet of love, I do not want to be very immortal, but I just want to touch your distant words. Yes, I'm just a small idea to catch up with your distant footprint.

messenger of Mercy, you are the way that the living cities know, and you that sun where the sick darkness still complaining of its light. Your hands know how to make roses and your voice sends in thirsty souls every love. So I do not fear, yes, I do not fear loss, because your handmade this huge boat, and this bridge of love.

The dark leaves try to paint the walls of your city in gray and try to break that trunk that is waiting for you, but I am a brave boy who realized the truth and saw the face of the sun. I will not enter that land, which has burdened your hands with wounds and bitter pain, because I am a skilled farmer, and I will not sow wheat except under the sun.

Here I am waiting for the chance of light to fade in your love without return. I wait without movement, heavy body and away and you are the word of heaven which its pen does not dry and boredom can not find a way for its student

YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL

When you break my loneliness with your crazy clamor, life has another taste. When you sink my body with your dewy fields and wet grapes then the moments become more magical. You do not know how beautiful the evening is with you, you do not know how desolate nature is without your sweet voice and you do not know how cold the city is without your lovely warmness. I love nature and I know that there is magic, but these winter streets and these low lights, make your face brighter, and these high-rise glass buildings and the bridge over which we sang, I imagine if there was no bridge here, how would we recite our poems? Look at the big hours, the big squares and the big markets, they are charming but they are without you becoming dim. Luxury restaurants, luxury hotels and luxury jets leave unforgettable memories. Do you remember that? All of this makes life a different magic and a different taste, and you are, in the midst of all this, more beautiful than nature and the city.

The Skilled Lover

Morning is not warm, but it is lonely and hardly fills the hearts of birds. I am not looking for myself in these wild fields. I am only looking for a tale, a quiet tale from a soft touch. So, I will be back with you after a long struggle towards the very endowed ends because you are a skilled lover. Whoever says that I am not happy with you, I am very happy because I am before you without hope and without a smile. Look at my face; it is without eyes and see in my heart. It is without love. Yes, I am a land without roses and my heart is without love, so I am waiting for you with longing because you are a skilled lover.

90 A FAINT SMILE

Please, call all the remote sand and make for me a brave shadow. Please, come here and see me; I am the sandy man who the winds of the world broke all his windows. Yes, this is me, your shadow and your cheap loss. When the evening wears his clothes and the moon comes with his old hat, you may see my faint smile.

I CAN'T LOVE YOU

I'm so sorry, I can't love you because I'm just a pale shadow. I cannot love you because here in my chest nothing but very dry ash; very cruel and very bitter ash. Yes, you have a face like the moon and a very sweet voice, but I can't love you because there is nothing here but a sandy man with hands of a cactus. Believe me I can't

love you because I can't smile at you in the morning, and I'll fail to whisper to you at night. Can you see? Nothing here except a blind shadow and a man fades in this desert; an endless desert. I'm from here, from the land of drought; the land of war, so I can't love you.

THE LOVING MAN

He was deeply wounded but he bore the wound alone in order to cleanse others. His right was violently robbed, but he was silent in order to ease the burden on the backs of others. When he saw the mistakes of others, his heart said "I forgive. I do not hate". So, he stayed with them correcting the steps so that the ship did not be lost". He did not want to go away because he knew that the wells would be dry without his love. He is the river of patience, so when he saw the rushing to take what he had, he stayed silent despite the big wound, to teach us forgiveness. He could have been angry but he had chosen mercy, he could have hurt them but he had chosen safety, he could have hard, but he had chosen easiness, and he could have hated but he chose to love. Because he is always loving, the light of his love is bright herewith great forgiveness and great mercy. And because he is always loving, the light of his love will be brighter there with greater forgiveness and greater mercy.

Empty Cups

When you talk to me about the tall buildings in your distant cities and the wide smiles in your evenings and the bright suns in your far fields, I was filled with a strong desire to embrace a blooming flower, cross a bridge to another bank or hear a story that shook the depths, but as you see; I am from here; from this land where the souls are without shadows and the cups are empty. I wish I could learn from you how to stretch out my hand to shake hands with hope, revive a smile or draw a glass that is not empty, just one glass that is not empty in midst this broad drought. I wish I could see a sun like your sun full of smiles, and a night like your night full of whispers, and see in our garden a bird as your bird sings, but here the sun is crazy, the night is bleak, and the birds know nothing but wailing. How much I wished I would hang a picture of a man from my land who gave with love, or I would raise my voice in a name from my earth that was made a palm with tenderness. How I wished to be proud, but as you see; this black land giving birth only to dark tales, short hands and empty cups; I mean very empty cups. I was fed up with being an heir to great tales and a master of rivers of honey, while my hand is drowning in a bitter helplessness, my eye is wasted in the great blindness and my cup is empty as a dead land.

Just Be My Love

I am not a wild flower that came after a long journey to write down magical adventures. I just want you to be my love to madly adore you and miss you violently. The summer sun in Iraq is crazy, so just be my love and our sun will wear a blue scarf. Be my love so that our

morning will have a different smile, the moon will have a different story, and the summer will have another taste. Just be my love and every night will have a different meaning and every touch have another feeling. Just be my love and you'll see how the celebration starts.

A WHITE DRESS

I always try to wear a white dress, but all my attempts always fail, perhaps because I am from a land where the ashes are rooted and have a long history of darkness. I am the son of dim lights, so I know candles only in the tales my father tells me, but look at my hands; they are very empty. This white dress smiles at you and tells you to be a rose; the roses do not know the hatred. When my mother gave birth to me, she put me in a white dress. When I died, my children put me in a white dress, so I do not want to cut that chain and that date, so I decided today to buy a white dress. The white dress is good, it makes you shiny and smiling, as it brings back the memories of the old heavenly. In fact, I am not celestial, and my feet are clinging to the ground like a blind rock, but I always try to walk quietly in the road and to love the morning for no reason.

THE BRIDGES

They are the bridges of tranquility where there is no noise and everything is seen in reality. You will see the smiles as they are and the faces as they are. Yes, you will see them under the light that does not fancy. They are sacred breeze, sky glances, and bridges of light. They are great hours between sunset of Friday and its day. Just take a little time off in those hours; do something you known as a bridge. Just carry a plant of light and reduce its shadow, then you will find that it has become a paradise for no reason other than that you knocked on a door and crossed a bridge.

WHEN I MEET YOU ON EID

When I meet you on Eid, your warm hands shake my hands and touch my heart like the devoted worshipers of an old mosque. When I meet you on Eid, you smile to me like a pure sky and sing the joy of a butterfly that appeared in the morning to greet the roses. When I meet you on Eid, you will kiss me deeply, so my cheeks turn red and leave an indelible pleasure in my heart. When I meet you on the Eid, I will hug you strongly, and I will teach your ribs the story of immortality as if I was seeing you for the first time after the absence of ages. When I meet you on the Eid, I will be very happy like a shy girl whose lover just told her that he will ask for her hand on Thursday.

The Warm Train

Here I am celebrating, though I know that my smiles and everything that can come down from our balcony must pass on to the florist. When the moon lights sleep on my eyelids and when I touch the face of the strange sound, the train passed warm with red flowers. How can I imagine that? And to echo what it whispered? How do I do that? It whispered warmly; where do you find your story? The paths are overflowing with possible shadows, but the birds know that the moment we want needs warmth. Therefore, your coldness can not repeat with me what we have heard. Yes, I'm still drowning in the seas of longing and I still cling to that warm train where we met, although I know that our shadows do not fall asleep only on a warm palm.

I Can't Write A Love Poem

I cannot write a love poem because our country is destroyed in broad daylight. I am here in a country that burns under the sun without mercy and without love. I can't write love a poem because the bloods of our youngsters on the streets are without tears, and our girls know nothing but weeping. Yes, our land is sacred; its sorrow is sacred, its flame is sacred and its love is sacred. How can I write to you a love poem from a land loves

sadness and smock? How can I love you while I am from a country whose days know nothing but shedding tears? I am the heir of war and the heir of blood so how can I write poetry of love. Yes, you are very nice, very wonderful, and very beautiful, but I cannot love you because I am from a country its trees burned under the sun mercilessly. Yes, you deserve all love, but I am from a destroyed country that its heart cannot imagine love.

You are not God

You are not God to allow cow's milk in this country and prevent cow's milk in that country. You are not God to give whoever you want and prevent who you want. You are not God to prevent rice in this country and allow rice in that country. You are not God to allow that ship to sail and prevent that ship from sailing. You are not God to allow that plane to fly and prevent that plane from flying. You are not God to assume the presidency of this country and dismiss the president of that country. You are not God to control that land and threaten that land. You should know that you are not God and you must know that there is a God.

THE ETERNAL FRAGRANCE

I always wanted to be a bird; so, I can fly freely in wide space. Perhaps all of this from the cosmic that my father sowed in my spirit. I always feel that this body is heavy on me, but I did everything I could to break through the

barriers. I spread like air everywhere, so I'm there and I'm here and I'm grateful and proud of that. I am colorless and toneless so I am truly nowhere and I always live in distant spirits. I know that I don't have enough courage to be a bird, but I always wait - with love - for a new voice and a new color to embrace. I inhale deeply the cosmic fragrance and feel deeply that I triumphed over the place, and I will try hard to triumph over time to inhale the eternal fragrance.

FAINT WISHES

Yes, we are from here, from this land; the land of grey sunset where everything has windy wings, and made from wishes even my weak soul. Our sunset is smooth and its eyes are magic and endless. You can sit here; on this chair and listen to my deep voice; I mean my faint voice. Please I need you to touch me, but please touch me smoothly because there is nothing in this heart but faint wishes.

I CANNOT BE HAPPY

I cannot be happy because I am from this land; the land that knew nothing but war and tears. Look at our flowers; they are dead; look at our river; it is dry and look at my mouth, it does not know smiling. Yes, I try to write a

poem, yes, I am an inspiring poet because I am the son of wars; my torn pocket carries nothing but weep. How can I not be a poet; I mean a sad poet while our poets are the heirs of the broad pains; I mean the heirs of wide ruin? I will draw a painting, and of course it will be without a smile because I am the son of wars. I will look at a woman and I love her, and of course my love for her will be without flavor because I am a sandy ghost the wars have stolen his face.

DO YOU REMEMBER THEM

They are pure spirits; they are pure spirits. We encountered them at the fields. Do you remember them? They are pure like light. They are innocent spirits. They are innocent spirits. We saw them streaming gently. Do you remember them? They are as innocent as the river. At that time, they were loving; light and river. Uh, the light and the river were lovers, at that time.

It's morning. It's morning. It's the beautiful morning sun. Do you remember it? When the light and the river were two lovers. It was painting her whispers on our cheeks; O purity; O innocence; when the river and light were in love.

THE ABSENT MAN

I am here waiting for you with all loyalty because I am the absent man of the sad moon. I am here, with worry

clouds waiting for the immigrants, but my legs inherited the dark faces. Here, in the barren spirit there is no rose, and you can see nothing but very dry rivers. Here you will find the moon coarsely because he is the absent son of our smile. You can draw a bridge and a girl with long braids, you can see me here, because I am an absent son and my hands are not free of love. When those shadows that we know return and when you leave all the precious moments, then you will find me here, waiting for you.

WE WON'T LIVE LONG

We won't live long, so I'll bring you a flower every morning with a kiss. These stars we will not see them long, and those smiling hours will not last long. We have to find our old wooden boxes and look at their old things and find peace and love. I am really tired of stealing life, tired of the yellow hands that leave no room for love. They are so bad; they are trying to grow hatred. Life is too short to be heartbroken or bleak in one's face. The long darkness that some people cultivate, has become longer than our lives, longer than our smile. Believe me we won't live long.

THE DOORS OF LIFE

The man of greatness saw a great land, a great life, and a great death, but I am just a forgotten tale and I need a

brave poet with a magic boat to discover me. Here, in my land there are no poems, so you can depict the intensity of smoke in a land where there are no poems. Our homes are completely different from scented houses and the women here can afford nothing but sad hearts. The grass here is different, and if the poets see the grass in my land, they will change their idea of life. Yes, we're the sons of houses that don't have doors; I mean the doors of life.

It's his voice

It is his voice; the precious voice, pouring over the sidewalk to tomorrow's smile. Only, he and his voice and Iraq, so there is no place here for the yellow laugh or the strange story. When he calls, he preaches the palm trees, and when he smiles, he smiles to the beautiful Iraqi eyes. It is the brown sparrow born from a high southern palm. It is not a shadow so his voice is golden and his dream is great kneaded with the blood of the martyrs and the tears of women. Here; in his heart live the cane of Iraq, and here; in his eyes, its beautiful future shines. His eyelid is a safe ship, a flapping wing and a beautiful dream. Yes, it is his voice; the future of the new Iraq.

Wisdom Is Here

It is a story that spans hundreds of years. The story of a unique man who knew the earth and saw everything, sing in his name, my country. Wisdom is here; in his heart, in his words, in his sorrow. Yes, the wisdom is here, it is the witness and the martyr; the gift of heaven to Iraq, Ali al-Sistani; the voice of wisdom and its pure flag. The man who saw the truth and said it in the time of wandering. When the voice of Iraq was almost lost, his words illuminated the way. When enemies invaded my land, it was released with his call. Do not be afraid, Euphrates from fire, there are always loyal men extinguishing its bitter flames. Now, when Iraq began to raise a beautiful voice, he was scattering roses on the heads of free people. He is truly honest, sincere and loving. He is truly a nation in man.

When the headband shines

When the young man raised his voice, the river found its course, and when the southern bird sang the country, the giant of this land appeared, and everyone minimized. The sun is calling: There is no fear on the amber, and the moon whispers: The palm will remain high. O country of the Euphrates, you still bring blood, enemies and strangers, and your leg still wants to tremble, but you have heard the sound of the sun, moon, river and palm; that there is no fear for Iraq while the headband glamor. Its black color fills the heart of the Euphrates with love and in its eyelids the blood of the martyr does not waste, it is a fortress does not know the sunset. When the

headband shines, the days are drawn for Iraq tomorrow smiling.

A Crazy December

Here, in this land, winter is very strange and can do anything but love. It's strange December, instead of seeing snow on the streets, there's nothing here in this town except fire and smoke. It's a really crazy December; I feel cold, Yes, despite all these fires, I feel cold, I feel really cold and scared. it's a crazy and strange winter, it's a winter full of fire and death. I freeze; but I do not freeze because the snow plays with my nose and cheeks, but rather because the New Year's tree has become red like the streets of my city and the New Year's party cups are full of tears from our mothers. I am now here, in this crazy month without a lover, no smiles, no kisses, no street, no city, no souls, I'm just a ghost, a dark and cold ghost.

Light of Tesla

Your hand is white made of the sun beams and has a silver smile. Your light despite the hesitation to exist, It's not hesitant in love. This waterfall is hesitant in its dream, this river is hesitant in its love and this bird is hesitant in its songs, but your alternative light took me out of the circle of hesitation, and made me walk strongly towards the hills and the shining valleys. O Tesla; the story of light and the message of shining that does not fall asleep

and does not set. Although I am attracted to the sea breeze and colored nature, your lightest magnets have attracted me strongly and made me a lover of the city's eyes.

Little by Little

Little by little, the world will learn how to get out of its coldness, and little by little the colorful spirits will learn how to plant beautiful flowers. Little by little I will feel the warmth of your hands, and little by little you will feel my heartbeat. Do not you see how time has learned to stop in front the overflow of our feelings? and how the fences have learned to fade in front of the power of our feeling? Earth is our mother and her hand is wide and warm, so how can the wind place a false separation between our souls? How can noise make the distance between our hearts? You are not in front of my eyes, but you live in my heart. Your smile is a story of the warmth and brightness of your eyes is a river of love. When the sun kisses the field and when the birds embrace the morning lights, we sit together under that tree and the third of us is the sunset breeze.

A Meeting

I'm not too long, so it's very easy to find a shroud for me, and I'm clean and polite so I can meet the guests coming from there; the ancestors' cities. Yes, I'm really

exhausted and my feet are wet like an old barley spike, but please touch my fingers; it's as dreamy as two wings came from there. I will make sweet dates for the guests and you know that dates are heroic and have a smiling heart. I will lie slowly on the foothills of this earth to meet its souls with love like a very hard cactus does not remember anything about the soft texture of the evenings coming from Babylon. Well, I'll rebuild my grandfather's boat and pretend it came from there and I'll rearrange myself and pretend I came from there.

Smoke Girl

You said "we will meet with smiles under a shining tree in the shining city where the sun songs swaying beams above your golden wrists, but the city has swallowed by smoke, so how can I see your smile? How can I come with two silver rivers and my eyes are filled with tears; amid all this smoke, how can I see you? My heart trembles, and the road is blind; amid the smoke, I cannot see your smile. I have become called Smoke boy and your name is Smoke Girl. My city has become called the city of smoke and my country is the country of smoke. Our days, our hours and our moments are smoked. Your smile, your face and my heart are smoked; nothing here- in our city- but smoke.

The Thief Legacy

My friend is very meek like a flower but his legacy makes him a beast. If I were his place, I would take off my shirt and live free. I had shaken his hand; it was warm, and talked to him a lot on long nights where his voice is like a breeze, but his brutal legacy makes his hand cold and turns his ghost into a nightmare. My friend's morning was beautiful and his soul was smooth, but his ugly legacy blacked his morning and deformed soul. How can they steal his soft sun? How can they color his whiteness with black? It is a great tragedy when inheritance destroys the kind soul.

I Must Thank You

You know that my memory is weak, and my curtain is thick and no air or water passes through it, and may be if you looked into my bag you wouldn't find eyes, but I felt, touched and realized how your hand, your soul and your blood freed my land and cities from darkness. Then again, your dawn and sun illuminate my life, and your free voice gives me a new freedom, a new colored smile and a new bright future. Yes, you are free, and I acknowledge it, for you are from South Euphrates and South Euphrates is always free. The time has come to thank you, yes, I must thank you, because you give me so much, build what the winds destroy and liberate me and make my future brighter.

A Little Smile

I will drown in yearning. I will wait for that train where I met sleepy eyelids, so from there, my story started. Yes, I am a very little smile, a very little love with wet lips can't count the kisses. You cannot see me; you cannot hear me because I am just a little smile in your heart and I love that I am just a little smile.

In December We Met victory

It is a day whose radiation does not end, nor its bright light. Sumer gets the smile from the sun, and places it on the mouth of Assyria. It is a victory by Sumerian hands for Assyrian eyes, to plant the lovely smiles on the face of Tigris and Euphrates. Yes, there, we will meet between the hearts of the Tigris and the Euphrates with smiles, yes, there, we will meet Sumer and Ashur with warm hugs, yes, there, we will meet Annidawi without tears. Yes, in December, we met victory with kisses, so cheer up my country.

The Secret Daughter

Sometimes the mirror shows you true things and sometimes it speaks to you clearly but secretly. It may bring you a picture and sometimes a soul that you know well and that you miss a lot. She is a secret daughter of a deep sea who lives in the fields as a colorless butterfly. Her salty wings fetch fresh water from a distant well, and her breath makes me swim in a distant lake. She is pretty but weird, cool but hidden and clear but secret. She plays the game of secrets with me, covering her bright face with

a dark veil because her blue heart has been smashed by primitive winds.

The Sad Iraqi Smile

Iraqis cannot live without war, and the morning breeze cannot flirt with their cheeks without its futile sound. I am an Iraqi man; my soul was kneaded by the acidity of sumac, and my dreams drowned in the sea of our sad tales. It is the death that we inherited from our Babylonian fathers, and that cannot be changed without a soft and patient hand. But despite all this bitter smoke, you need the sad Iraqi smile to see the glory of the sun.

A Colorless Man

I am a colorless man of little weight and all I can understand is the splendor of the rainbow. I can tell you its huge wings and its vast coastline. The air in his balcony is just like the color of our soul. Frankly, it is very fair to be silent in this noisy world, and it is very fair to be colorless in this amazing life, but my sheep are trying to be yellow and my birds are trying to be green. All this happened on a strange night, I mean on a strange trip. Now you can imagine the color of my killed dream and the size of my absence.

Bitter Water

My little chest, where all the wars of the world and all the sad black birds have occurred, tries to sleep peacefully, but this bitter world eagerly seeks any attempt to disturb

my sleeping hours. Why should I spend my days in pain collecting all the harm in the world for my destroyed garden? Why should I bear the expenses if a French girl wants to buy a toy or a dog in Los Angeles wants to get a new meal? If a new match is created in Bundesliga or a new car is drawn in Hong Kong, I must drink bitter water. The world does not ask, and all what it tries is putting me in a cup of forgetfulness and say that I am the cause of all the problems. I am not a new Jesus, but this world broke my face and forgot all his plays in my sad life.

Uselessness

I am nothing but a song kneeling in misery amid strange winds and clouds stealing my days. I looked like a cow without a sound, with blind eyes and black glasses. This is me; nothing but uselessness. My life was postponed and my soul destroyed. The remote earth sits on its golden chair and says in cold blood: "I am a dangerous thing." It does not want to see my blood fill the ponds and does not want to smell the scent of my burning trees. "

Torabika

Like any man in this country, I pray at dawn, and after my prayers I like to drink my coffee. I like "Torabika" because it has a great foam. Every morning, when I open my eyes, I see many hopes but with dark faces. This is not because of my coffee but because the hearts are gray, bogus and fake. Often, I do not see anything. Perhaps because I do not master the art of masks. In fact,

sometimes, I think that there is nothing in our world real other than my prayers and my Torabika.

A SHY OSTRICH

When your closeness read me as a shabby book, you give me a true life; the only hope. Your words are a joyful feast and a wide door that opens only with love. I almost faded as a shy ostrich. Look at my feathers It is so light, just like my heart, and look at my face, it is just a hidden history. I see the traces of your love on the face of time; it is overflowing with travelers. In your vessels the moon descends every evening, plays with the children until their eyes fall asleep. Yes, I am as far away as the stones; no water, no flowers, but your words like holidays wear me new clothes.

A SOUTHERN BEAUTY

Have you seen the starry sky? Have you seen the ocean full of colorful fish? Have you seen a dreamy perfume with a floral scent? It is a southern beauty. Do you know strange kindness, strange softness, strange tenderness? Do you know exciting whisper, exciting warmth and exciting touch? It is a southern soul. In this stunning strange world, I can find a place, but the gray winds try to hang my life on a hidden bridge, then it appears on screens to say that I don't know love.

APRIL IS THE RAINY MONTH

Thanks for the rain, it taught me the revolution in the dryland's branches. Its warm words before dice are a story that moves towards dreamy generations. Rain is neither sweet nor brown eyes, but dangerous and it explodes in rocks, creating the new world. I am not raining, but April is the rainy month that fills the earth with the new age as the delight opens its eyelids. Here an eye, a voice and a heart, I am not alone, I am not alone, the world is waiting, waiting for April and rain. Yes, rain comes in the afternoon of April loaded with nectar, yes in April we meet without tears.

THE COFFEE MAN

I am a simple man from the south; my skin is brown like coffee and gets darker when I hear about giant salmon in China sea. I have an amazing brown color for coffee coloring my days, but the story does not start from the coffee beans of my grandfather; the coffee man, because my coffee is now a kind of instant Nescafe. Now I will tell you a secret; We are farmers who have roots as a palm tree and have a brown skin like our coffee, and we feel happy when we disappear in the flavor of coffee, so you may see brown eyelids covering the eyes of our trees. My grandfather, the coffee man, used to make the best coffee beans, and he used to make a very best coffee grind by his hand, but my friends and I are now addicted to the strange instant coffee.

SALTY TEARS

I am the son of war; know nothing but smoke and see nothing but black colors. My rivers filled with salty tears and my dead children lie on the dry streets as cheap rocks. Look at my hands; they were smashed as a west paper, and look at my face, it was stolen under a bright sun. I don't want any song or any celebration. All my wishes are to see my women without weeping and hearing my birds' chants without salty tears.

THE SANDY MAN

I feel your kind soul and I can touch all the stars of your nights, but I cannot love you because I am a sandy man who knows nothing but a mirage. Yes, I hear your sweet voice and I see your bright cheeks but I cannot love you because I am a sandy man carrying only sadness. Believe me, I have been immersed in every wonderful moment with you, and I can smell the scent of your wonderful perfume, but I cannot love you because I am a sandy man nothing in my heart but relic of drought.

The Warm City

It was December when we left the icy cities to sail in a city unseen by the cold. Loud dances flood the streets and steal the hearts. There is no winter in the warm city, and no place for any heavy word. There, souls are funny,

honest and everything is smiling and pink. In the warm city, the cheeks are full of color, and mouths are colored with songs. There, you cannot find but amazing moments and great stories. Colorful lights illuminate the walls and depths, and flowering henna fills the hands. I cannot forget the shaded road with tree branches touch our hands and the skyscrapers that stood in the heart of the enchanting beach.

The Florist

You know that the florist came to us from unforgettable lands, so of course you can sing with me, because I am still immersed in the colors of flowers, and make a great love. I still dance lightly, and I'm still stuck on our train that we met, although I know the colors of flowers and the sounds of birds, but they can only sleep next to this warm patio. Here we celebrate and say we are satisfied. This is strange, because we know that the eyelids, lips and everything can touch us in the warm evening or warble in the early morning, it can only gently touch the depth and can only pass through the florist.

Sons of Wars

We sons of wars know it and know its sounds. It's a gray tale that wears a red cloak on cold nights. It steals every smiling piece, so you see nothing here but silence. In the morning the children fill their eyes with clouds and in the evening, you can smell wailing. The cracks in our rooms' walls are like the torn souls and our wedding beds are red as the colors of our streets. Young people sit in the corners waiting for their foggy fate, and hands only know failure. Without any sin, we are sons of wars.

The Bare Land

My life is not as big as our grandfather's river who tried to plant trees in his sand. Legend has it that he dug a river at the moment of migration, so he called it (huff), and because he went to the sand, his land was bare. He colored its skin with a beautiful green full of milk. Despite all the palm trees he planted around it, you can recognize my sandy face. Now I am not in the bare land, but its dry winds color my dreams.

The Real Time

I have always walked alone in distant worlds, where true tales never know the yellow. When you look in front of you, you see lost smiles, which you will not find here, no matter how you try. The fortified castles are overflowing

honestly, we will not dare to enter, in addition, we are very busy with the lackluster time reaping our breath. Be careful, because every foot that you place on the ground of this new world will cost you to see the truth. In fact, it is a real world and a real time whose days shorten these long years. The strange thing is that my friend comes and glorifies illusion, falsehood and aerosols, leaving no place for truth. Don't you see that there is no place for truth here.

The Feasts

The Feasts are almond trees play in the field with butterflies, flying lightly with the breeze. When they tend to head of a child, they feel like mothers. Where are they now? The feasts are wide smiles and bright colors, they give you every warmth and every bright and cheerful eye. Where are they now? The feasts are dresses embroidered with flowers, boys with toys, laughing girls and endless gifts. where are they now?

The Gray Face of Pain

All moments of pain are just ways. They take my pain to a dark corner and teach it how to be familiar. Our Pain is a cool story wearing a colorful veil with astonishing twilight. No one can know the gray face of pain like the Iraqis. Nobody can play eternal absent more perfect than my land. Yes, I am from here, the land of pain. My father moaning and my mother crying.

The Bustling City

When we left the icy land to drown in the scent of the bustling city, the streets were rippling with hearts stealing. There is no quiet in the bustling city nor winter, so there is no place for any cold word or heavy souls. Everything here smiles, the eyes are filled with incense and colors, and mouths have hymns. In the sweet moments here, you can't find anything but amazing moments and deep stories. Colorful lights paint the walls and cheeks and bloom with henna on the hands. I cannot forget that tree-covered road caressing our heads and the skyscraper that stands at the heart of an enchanting beach.

Tumultuous Love; a prose poem by Anwer Ghani

The love that the tumultuous lover failed to create is the cause of all this hot flux, perhaps he should revise his tune. What we see in his promises is just glamor. I always told him to break free from tumultuous love. I told him that evening, and I was very serious; messing with bright promises is frightening. In fact, he knew that his tumultuous love made him a weightless ghost. It's now motionless and feelingless, and you can imagine what the bustle would be without the flavor of excitement. Yes, you can imagine that; It's really a strange thing.

The Complete Peace

I remember very well that inspirational souls, because the earth does not forget those who try to save the dreams. They are really original and really creative. You can see their eyes shine and dream, oh, it's unbelievable, and I can't forget their jewels that never change over time. They shine like the moon, and their words are gemstones, and their voices leave unforgettable feelings deep in you. I hope to spend the remaining days with the free revolutionaries and martyrs where peace is complete.

Our Summer is not Beautiful

Our summer is not beautiful because our daughters do not have a new veil and our children do not have smiles. In summer the sea is without wind and the sky is clear, but the eyes of this world are blind to see my naked body. Summer here is very lightweight as everything; There is no dreams, no smile, no future and no souls, I mean; no life here in summer. Our morning is hot and empty and our evening is dry and painful. Our summer is not beautiful because its sun is dark and its stories are sad.

Warmth

On a clear, moonlit night, my heart fell from the heights of the mountains as a warm joy to be a wild flower in the vast universe. Maybe my eyes don't see it, and maybe I don't see the hands of warmth that draw every rain-soaked smile on the face of the desert. Thus, I look at the streams of dreams, and at the oasis from which the rest of our warm stories drink. I see this because my heart is free and does not know masks.

I knew from the moment I sat under that tree, from the moment I saw how the sky chanted a river and a plateau. Yes, I knew from that moment that your shadows are the ones who are good at playing warm, unforgettable music.

Yes, that warm stories are enough for me, to breathe in love deeply, and to sit at a small alcove overlooking the warm face of the charming cedar forests.

The Old heart

The old heart is dry roads and scattered flowers here and there. His branches have been accused by drought. He sits under a disgraceful shadow with old illusion that stoles his years of life. It was affectionate. Despite his bitter dress, his smooth words fell over my head as birthdays. Yes, the words of the old man are soft as a dewy skin.

He told me about the prisons of birds of his trees. And he told me about the dusty of the face of the days and the waters of the bitter well. The strange thing is that this old heart still has two courageous feet and still is good at sweet and glamorous words. This is not strange, as the old heart always beats with love. His frizzy face drowns in the depth of the truth and dwells in light lakes, which was descended in the morning baskets. I saw his words; they are honest and loving. This is the way I walk in the midst of its gray fields full of sadness. Why should a human be very sad? When can the human smell breeze of the fields with joy? When does it stop standing on the hill of disappointments? I am tired of the voice of cold and death. When does my old heart learn life?

The Age of Hell

Wake up, gloomy earth, look at the crimson hell dancing over the remains of happy Yemen. Sit there under the sun, hoping its rays will wash your dead soul.

In the midst of all this hell, my miserable friend comes, and talking to me about the great longing, as if he does not see his burning house, nor his charred body, nor does he see his little brother being slaughtered like a brown lamb in the public square. Oh, you wretched, oblivious one, is there no place for love in the age of hell? Nothing here but a foolish fire that burned my cow and my goat, dressed me in a garment of bitterness, and a wide pain overflowing with losses.

Oh cheap fire, oh tail of laughing cities, when will you let me sleep peacefully among the grass seeds and fig branches? Free me from my winter slumber like a frog in a stagnant pond. Free my hand, my coffee, and the musk made by eternity lying in the sand. Oh cities of hell, oh girls of the last temple, my streets are overflowing with corpses and your feet are not satisfied except to walk on the body of a human being and his oppressed dream, oh humanity, oh great security and high legitimacy.

2020

The Migratory Feast

The feast is a very delicate thing, we learned it as we learned to carry our bags. It is soft like the skin of a summer dream that makes spring butterflies from us. How happy I was when I saw its warm eyes. Its waterfalls dazzled me as calm as a girl playing in a garden of white flowers. That migratory feast that we went through one day, and we were touched by its sleepy palm, I see it clearly as it is planting its field with rainy tales. That feast coming from distant cities, I saw it with its silky coat swaying in the middle of the street, saluting the florist. It drops in our veins as a message of love, and it flies us to islands of snow as a migratory goose.

December's Fingers

I'm from the south where everything is soft and sweet, and December's fingers have an effect on the cheeks. Here, the streets embrace the whole story of the cold December's fingers; as the nights susurrate and the moon whispers behind the clouds. You can't see anything here in December, just songs and stories. Yes, December's fingers here are cold, but our dreams are warm. Yes, December is weird and reckless, but we love it because we have amazing smiles. December is a free and cold month that fills my lungs with wild air. He is crazy and has very attractive oriental eyes. You might imagine the spirit of that twig, that leaf, and that very little bird; You

might feel them, but you wouldn't know anything about their wild desires. Here in the South, spirits are charmingly cheerful, smiling, and warm, so December here is incredible, it makes amazing fairies from our distant tales

I Smile Because I Love You

I will write vigorously about love, for I am an abbreviation for love that only new sailors know. They are looking for me, but how will they see me? I have since faded into a river of nostalgia; all I know is every day I fall into a strange valley that knows nothing of rosy stories. My letters are not read, and my years are cold; they are just memories where everything feels like a lost wheel. And I'm that strange tree that stands there and looks at the road, hoping you will come in the form of a cloud. I am there smiling for the warmth of longing, I smile because I am waiting for you, I smile because I love you.

The Transparent Boy

I go out, as usual, to my grandfather's garden as a wet story, but now I am very thin like an onion peel, so that I can see that sleeping fish at the bottom of a strange ocean, I have become transparent that no one can see me, even me and this is strange but warm. The warmth is a pleasant thing. This morning it reminds me of my joints singing for a bird I can almost see his transparent spirit clearly. It is like a wind that I learned its voice recently. It is a magical thing and all I can tell you is that it is shining and

bright shining like a narcissus flower just came out from a sleepy lake. Yes, the lake is not like me, it is spoiled not to wake up early, but I feel it strongly. Its water is pungent like an old mirror that does not lie.

The Poor Rocks

No one wants them even trees, and nobody listens to them, even flowers. Those, I mean, those experimental hearts are really poor rocks. They built a prison for their souls and for us. Oh, poor prisoners. Experimental hands. Years and years, they spent in a hurry and continuously to assassinate their freedom. If they could see. They have completely destroyed the face of our freedom. Their stories of happiness no longer fool us. What is in their pockets? Experimentation is the basis of contemporary science. You will only find fake freedom and fake happiness. Frankly, I began to doubt the sincerity of intentions, and began to know that they had seen nothing, this, and I mean this; poor rocks. Strangely enough they know, yes you can imagine and you can see. In fact, the claims of scientific happiness are no longer fooling us. Science and beauty are the vast heritage of mankind, but not an experiment. For those I mean, those who drowned in their experimentation, we all know that they are in a fake world of lies and allegations.

MARTYRDOM IS VICTORY

I began to drown in love with you without hesitate or postponed phrases. Your catchy glances are always beautiful and your smooth hand removes every acrid cloud. O Euphrates, your high palms are always bright and give your sons, the Iraqis, wide hands and precious hearts. As always, you teach me that martyrdom is a life and that the genuine soldier is nothing but victory, either winning lough or martyrdom smile. Basra on your banks is gifting the earth with the magnificent proverbs and heroes. And as always, you teach the world, every day, that martyrdom is a victory.

THE BIG PRISON

My skin knows no light and I can see cold bars and prisons for our walls. Here, in this cold world, you cannot see my coffee-filled trees; my coffee and my words, but when we go back to our depths, we will find the bright fragrance. I remember my sorrows because they filled me with warmth in this cold world. I remember the face of the lake and the geese, and I remember all that to kill this foreignness and this coolness in this big prison. I am not a prisoner in the rubble; I am just a free bird with a wet heart capable of love in this lonely life.

THE COPPERY WALLS OF URUK

The horizon is not pink, it looks like a mom's shawl; black, dark and sad. Look at my cheap blood in the wheel; it is running without tears. I am not a tree, nor a grain of wheat, but I am a bitter word and a very pale face. look at the Euphrates; the sad Euphrates; the beloved Euphrates, that it overflows; it always overflows with heavenly hope but no loyalty and no love. Yes, I am now without a sail, and without eyes, but I will return, a flying bird, bitter like the wind and a burning heart like a nomadic man seeking revenge. Yes, I will return with lightning; very severe, and very bitter, and very bright like the coppery walls of Uruk.

THE INVADERS

He says, "There is no Iraq and there are no Iraqis; there are only oil, and we are going to take it." Now I began to understand why my blood is cheap running without tears in the streets. Now I understand why my kids have no books and no grade, and why girls here do not see the light and do not know the flowers. Now I began to understand why I am forbidden to enter New York and why he claimed my terrorist. Now I began to understand that I am not a reason for the ugliness of this world, but there is an ugly heart and an ugly mind that made this world ugly. For now, I know that the dirty feet of our rural children are much cleaner than the hearts and minds of the invaders.

A COLD MESSAGE

The word has a thousand wings full of fear. How can I see? Love of the Earth is not enough; complete freedom is required. Yes, when it comes time for the paving to shake, to walk barefoot, I will collect my breath like a bouquet of flowers smiling for the near future. Here, the word freezes, you need another poetry, a body that trembles. My words are cool message, thorns permeate me; I multiply in the fields of language as a harsh tent, I am still powerless; the language is looking for new sailors. No, the sun is not enough to symbolize freedom and the distances persecute me; I am still stuck to the ground. My words feel cold and my limbs are freezing like trains inhabited by snow travelers.

ETERNAL STORY

I am a sunny man, I don't know mystery, and I don't need to sit on the hill to be a flag. Very simply, I like that I can count my fingers, and I like that I am very forgotten and that I am very invisible, like the stories of my grandmother. If you know how much we have hidden in the secrets of our land, and how many strange lines amber streaks on my cheeks. Just if you knew, then all those strange stories would reach your heart before dawn and before any sleepy kiss. We are warm farmers rocking like Autumn leaves falling over the dewy grass with love. Yes, we are forgotten farmers who love to drown in the cracks of this earth as an eternal story.

A TEAR ON THE ROAD

I am not very good at telling stories; I mean the beginnings and whatever you wish. I am never good to be a love or a butterfly, I am just a tear on the road. When the sun hears my chants, it will stain the streets with yellow tears, and when I love you violently, I will fade away like the summer nights. It's me, with all the power, with all the violence, but don't expect that I'm going to tell stories because I'm just a whisper and a tear on the road.

I MEAN VERY RED

I admit that I can't get my heart out of the hands of the warrior woman, because my soul is red. I am the heir of redness on this planet. I am a red shade; I mean very red. When the sun rises in my country, it rises with a red rise, when the bird sings on his branch, it sings a red song, and when I kiss my love, I kiss her with a red kiss. The river here is red, the field is red and the street is red; I mean very red. Everything here is red, because it is irrigated with my blood without sin.

THE STRANGE ABSENCE

As alone as the stones I am; the veil is made of a compound throat that is not suitable for anything. I am not as pure as it should be; my joints are a network of fishermen in a lake that has been killed by salt and my voice multiplies in the sand like a mythical idol that permeates the skin of the new generation. This is how my body lays the ground dashing a great kingdom of ants. Merry, Merry all this strange absence; strange hope.

FROZEN DREAMS

I am neither a leaf nor an almond, I am just waiting for a quick melt. There your red car brings me absences, and

here your frozen eyes kill my burning dreams. I am not a mythical lover as you think; I just love you. Here is a letter, a tent and an oak tree, here is a story that does not sleep and does not accept to sleep; here you are in my heart. I will return to your red car after my emigration, but this time I will return loaded with frozen dreams.

FAME

It was a coincidence when I met that famous man. I mean, very famous and very empty. He is not from Hilla and does not work in my grandfather's fields, so he is famous. He is known by his distinguished and surprising name, because surprise and strangeness are something inherent in this civilization. They are looking for fame at any cost, and looking for strangeness and excitement at any cost. But I don't know why sometimes when I hear their names, I remember blown cars, I mean empty souls. They are famous and empty, made with false and artificial influences. Fame is not an Iraqi citizen and Euphrates does not know it because it speaks fluently about beautifying for everything that's really ugly.

A CEDAR TREE

Oh, Cedar, how many aspirants loved you and the immortal Gilgamesh knew how to write you a poem. I am from the distant cities, where the sun is without robe and

no eyes, only a story of waiting and something of an ancient fragrant. I am an old traveler, I learned the trip by accident. I also tell you that I am a small sailor and inherited the sea song from my grandparents. The hard wave I will know its desire. I will know it, and I will keep a little silent, so I may remember something. Yes, I will wait as a cedar tree overflows with returnees.

A VERY UNKNOWN THING

My knee is heavier than rust, this is no longer a secret, I am a very frozen old fighter. I am not happy, but I know that I am something special, because I am neither iron nor cruel, breezy nor whispering, I am really something very unknown. I can't catch up the sky's eyes and fish tales I can't figure out. My forehead clings to the ground with joy which beats me with strange moments and strange signs, surpassing me with all strength to tell you that fish has a dream and prayers. How embarrassed me this lack. I am ready for what I feel, just give me enough opportunity because I am flooded with apologies and appeals.

SUN OF THE HEART

Yes, here is a hug that can't play, and a song that doesn't know how to cheat. Here is just a clear sky, because the sun here shines in my heart. I am not primitive as you think, but I think I do not know how to play. I always love and am not good at making excuses for treachery and

death. These hands, these eyes, and these lips all shine with the suns of our hearts. You won't believe me because you just trust playing it. Well, let's play one last game, I will say you are very skilled at making deceptive things and I will say that I always try to love you. Imagine if you won, what would the garden flowers next to your house be? How will the joy of her butterflies? How will this lake be? How will the color of her birds? These are my lips, look at them, they were not to deceive you but to kiss you deeply.

New York Smile

New York birds have always been singing so they appear constantly in my dreams. In its gardens, I can see the smiling flowers who lived life deeply; their arms open all the time with love, with great love for comers. I did not visit New York nor smell its flowers, but I know everything about it, my heart told me about its intimate secrets. You cannot imagine its big heart. Yes, you cannot, but you know. I am a strange man coming from a forgotten land. From the south, so I always try to prove that my passport is clean because there are yellow winds stealing its smiles so it becomes grouchy. A smile means a lot, and love means a lot, so I will really go crazy when I see New York without a hug or a smile.

Your Eyes Will Remain Blue

It is a moment that has no face, it has no feet, a blind moment, very blind as if it was a gray dress for a demon eating the wheat of the field and going in fear of my love.

Your eyes are blue, and despite these clouds and this vast epidemic, your eyes are very blue, yes, your eyes will remain blue despite these vast clouds. I am very keen to see your wonderful brilliance, to smell your words. I am so eager to see your beautiful eyes fearlessly when the face of this epidemic turns.

New York, Close Your Doors

How do you sleep now, O city do not sleep? These rubble and ghosts came in a basket that did not know to smile. Oh, the sleeping city, how did the death happen? Warm death is having hands in your garden; a very blind death, New York. How can your happy heart endure all sorrow and fear? When the birds go, and when your feet move to distant islands, something hidden and strange comes to your door; something very strange. New York, stay home between your walls so you can see your face in the mirror. New York, close your doors until the smile calmly returns to your heart.

I DON'T KNOW WHY

We have sun here and we have tall palm trees, as well as huge fields of amber and we have cows, but I recently learned that we have very special milk. A strange man told me about this and told me that he wanted to drink all our milk; I don't know why? Perhaps he does not have sun or cows. In fact, the problem lies in what my grandfather told me when I was a child; my very skinny grandfather, who had no smiles for the feast, was among the forgotten Iraqi dead. He was sitting on a lake of oil,

but this oil traveled to remote areas, and I do not know why? Anyhow, my grandfather told me that all the milk of cows, goats and ewes was transported to these remote lands, and that this happened in broad daylight and under the sight of everyone, and he told me that he did not know why this happened?

THE EYES OF CORONA

I will stay alone here, behind the windows and behind the curtain. Yes, I will stay alone without you because I finally knew how pain is? And how love is? I finally knew how fatal it is the moment of the last separation? This is not my eyes that cry, but my heart, and these tears are the story of longing and fear. No, I don't cry, I just say goodbye to you. This is not my tears, and these are not my eyes, but the eyes of Corona. It's a great Corona; kills me slowly and robs my soul coldly. It reminds me of the cold hands; the very cold that stole my fields and our young people who fell on the sidewalk like the rest of the dream. No, I don't cry; I just say goodbye to my smiling spirit.

NEW YORK DREAMER

I have told New York's bustling streets, and its blossom flowers, that I have a dream, a loud dream, that I love without limits, without boredom, and tiredness. You, like me, are also a farmer from the south, and like me you dream of loud love, yes, the loud love has another taste and has another color. When you close your eyes, you fly, because you are free and because you are a dreamer, and

because you love without limits. I will talk to you about all bright dreams, bright tales, and bright eyes. Yes, I will talk to you tirelessly, and without getting bored, because I am a New Yorker dreamer.

THE BLIND MAGIC

When I saw the crazy blindness sweeping our streets, I knew magic was real, and at that time I understood all that great passion for violence that kidnapped the heart of humanity. I am not a professional poet, but the poem told me that humans have soft and delicate souls. It also taught me a method that could help me get away from the limelight. But as you can see, the lights are magic and eyes can be stolen. When I decide to become a man of lights, I will definitely learn a different magic that is not like a thief's magic. The poem, like me, believes in sorcery, but I am sure that when it knows a little about the magic of this blind world, it will change its idea of dazzling magic.

SOUL TRANSPLANTATION

I am a son of a farmer, not a son of a queen. What will happen if we exchange our destiny? But frankly, I cannot imagine myself being a son of a queen, nor can I imagine you as a farm son. So, I will rely on another way to achieve our transformation. I will go to a spiritualist friend and ask him to perform a soul transplant; by giving

my body your soul, and giving your body my soul. I think after that, we'll all understand the true story.

THE CRAZY CORONA

Your message is scary, and I can't stand all this longing. I am learning the song; my eyes will never fall again and my hands will not be noisy. This is a pledge and a celebration. I will go to the far market in search of my start. And as an old lover, I will repeat every absent dream that fades before evening on the foliage. I will tell my story for many generations, and Like a bitter rain, I will slowly fade, and I will stand wet in the middle of the road hoping for you. And loudly I will sing my sorrow; that the crazy Corona told me everything and taught me the game of silent life. I am learning because I am a good student sitting behind a tightly closed door without sharp eyes and without hard heart.

THE FADED END

I heard that the rivers will breathe their last laughs in the faded stream, and the birds will leave their eggs in the faded trees and build their nests in my grandfather's faded garden. Clouds will make the sky tell faded stories and rain faded hours. The absences will sleep in my faded dreams, until you can see the spirits embracing their faded shades. The sun's rays will drink their last tea in the faded darkness, then you can see my poem standing at the faded end.

I WRITE TO YOU WITH SADNESS

I am just a sad rock on the road, but when I remember your voice, I feel the strange green and dewy touch of my skin, so I smile. I am alone, like this bitter time, and I am only good at sadness. I write to you with sadness because I am from the sad land. The roads here are sad, the stories are sad, the hearts are sad, even the smiles are sad. We are here when we write, we write with sadness, when we read, we read with sadness, when we love we love with sadness, and when we laugh, we laugh with sadness. They stole our door and stole our windows, so the sadness entered our homes with air. We have become fish that breathe sadness, and when we are born, we are born with sadness because we know that behind our stolen doors and behind our stolen windows, nothing awaits us but sadness.

THE FESTIVITY OF THE GREAT WATERMELON

Summer is not beautiful in Iraq; it is old and it is standing on a long failure. The summer here, like me, loves watermelon, but it is a bitter love. The watermelon here is something hidden and wondrous, full of secrets and magic, and our ancestors often tell us about it strangely, until I thought that the watermelon is a mythical being. When I return from my long absence, I will go to one of the doors of my grandfather's small orchard, and I will paint a small watermelon on it and I will celebrate. I will invite all the birds of the earth to seed the grain of

watermelon in the fields of the Iraqis in order to make a big celebration; it is the festivity of the great Watermelon.

LET YOUR GREEN EYES SEE MY BITTER PAIN

I am not alone here; your green eyes make my dream and distribute them as bouquets of roses to passers-by on a foggy winter's day. Here, I am waiting for you; wait for your eyes. Let your green eyes see my bitter pain. I am the harvesting of this land so it has no non-tearful concern. Let your green eyes see my big pain, the broad pain, let it do it once. Your green eyes will not be ruined or damaged if you look at my pain, if you declare one day that it will see this strange destruction. I am not alone here, I am not alone at all, because your eyes are always making my dreams and always drawing my fear with passion.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO THANK ME

Whenever I want to smile, I remember the ruin in the south, and I cry. I do not want from you a hand shaking my hands, nor a chest that embraces me. I just want you to let the south smile. And let our boys fly like bright lights, and let our girls' eyes shine like a dew in the morning. I never want you to thank me for all this difficult sincerity, and all this light from my eyes in the face of the dark wind. I do not want you to thank me for my legendary standing in the middle of the day, nothing but to tell my predecessors that I have fulfilled the covenant. I don't want you to thank me, I just want you to forget all your words in the dark and every dagger prepared before evening.

THE DATES ON YOU AND THE VICTORY ON US

On the battlefield, a strange love that hugs the city dreams. There, an eye that looks at the children playing in the stream. On the battlefield, a heart holds the chants of the universe and dates descended before sunset for a fasting man his hand on a gun. It is his melted heart in love with this earth. It is his dates that go from the childhood years to distant mouths. It is his golden hand embraces bitter water. It is his eye that imagines beauty in an ugly face. On the battlefield, there is a fasting man defends the yellow fields. It is a bird that flies without borders, a bird that does not land on hatred twigs like fainthearts. In the morning, he opens his eyes to a new tomorrow, a new Iraq, and just before sunset, angels descend to him saying: the dates on you and the victory on us.

I AM NOT A POET

Whoever says that I write love poems, I just sit near the bank of the river to celebrate your great vineyard, you are a waterfall from that pure balcony, where truth and a free call, you are a huge and deep stream, you are an endless story. Yes, I am not a poet but at least I can honestly count my fingers, but the bleak walls cannot hear the call. They cannot see your beautiful face because their hearts are gray and their hand are yellow. Yes, I am not a poet but when your hand touches my heart, I see the depth.

YOU TURBAN IS A RIVER

I know that you are carrying a rose, and regardless of the attempts of dry sand to blind my eyes, I know that you are a field of wonderful flowers. Your smile is love, and your silence is as sweet as sugar. And when I see your turban on the battlefield, I feel like I just came from a real awakening. Your turban is a river and a field of tender not only for pulpit but for gun and martyrdom. You are a witness, a martyr and a timeless story. Here I am waiting for you to draw on the face of gray time true words and gift the ruined river a bit of nectar.

HASHDAWI

I have confused in you, and in your white heart and your brown chest. But I knew from the beginning of the creation that your love is faith and your hatred is hypocrisy. I was confused in you and confused of which clay are you? While this river from your hands water the enemy and the friend.

Hashdawi you, and your perfume is irresistible, your color is irresistible, and your love is irresistible. Brown you are, and very bright; you do not know a gray face, and your mouth does not know a pale word. From the Euphrates you learned love, and from Hussein you learned how to be a timeless message, so you made from the south a door of truth and a sail of light.

Hashdawi you are brown, and had it not been for the sun being yellow, it would have chosen your honorable color, your honorable face, and your honorable story. Were it not that I knew I was a traveler from snow, I would have

said that you are an indescribable secret, because you are simply Hashdawi, unbeatable.

WHEN I VISIT YOUR GRAVE, I LIVE AGAIN

When I visit your grave, I remember your strange sympathy, strange love and strange tenderness. When I visit your grave, I tell this gray time that you are still a flame in my heart, calling for a green world that does not wither. I know this is not your last place, and I also know that you are in a house of reeds, pearls and gold. I know you now look at me with a look of love that no one can look at. So is your grave; a new life and an untiring wait story. I am grateful that I still smell your bestowal. I am grateful that I still see your patience. Oh, the great Tahira, I am grateful that I still visit your grave. Yes, I still have your grave; an illuminating whisper, a soft touch and unending embrace. When I visit your grave, I cry again, dream again and tell you again. When I visit your grave, I live again.

I WILL TELL THIS STORY TO MY CHILDREN

As I told you, I am an Iraqi man, my father told me that there is a large tent under its roof, there is a free man wearing smiles for foreigners. He told me that he embraced the stranger because he was a stranger one day. Look at my bag, I put my dreams in it, some flowers, my father's stories and some Mutanaibi's poems but as you see, I am banned. I love Simic poems so much, and I hope to visit poetry institutes in New York, but I am banned, so I am sad, and I will tell this story to my children. You

might think that I am an imaginary storyteller, but believe me, I am a man who loves the birds and coffee, but I am from the Middle East and this is my crime.

THE LAST THING

I am the last thing I was looking for. Here, I learned to turn without limits. I am a city and a lighthouse without tears. The fields contain a thousand songs the peasants know nothing about, and the butterflies have kisses that have tempted the hearts of lovers. But I am a rock, sitting in the middle of the hill for nothing but an assault on nature. My yellow dress is very pale, and my heart does not know love. I am not a great knight, I'm just a forgotten tale. Hurray hurray, the miserable words.

THE SOLDIERS HAVE RETURNED

The soldiers have returned, their joints moaning like snow; In their helmets, strange dreams of girls. The songs take their lives. Smile, wars, the cold hands, he is a soldier who was killed by your cruel gray soul. O dark winds, cold eyes, wait, wait, this is my heart still faltering between the slopes, his feet from a song, and his love is the remnants of a coppery voice that does not find a way back. The soldiers have returned, and I am still shaded with a hand tied, as if I am a strange mirage, as if I am a strange illusion, as if I am a strange love. The soldiers returned, but the city was still pale, the streets were red, and my beloved was still crying.

HE IS A SOLDIER

He is a soldier; Although you are a cruel eye and a bitter mouth, he shines how he pleases and he appears how he pleases, because he is always free and not a slave like pots of betrayal. His brown color that you see is make kids smiles, but your always-changing color is miserable pallor and a shame plant. He is a soldier; the hands carry his soul above the heads, because he dies as a white bird without false word, but your cold and dark corners are endless. He is a soldier, a river of sincerity, and his image remains in the cracks of the earth with the roots of the wheat spikes but you are only remnants of absences and false eyes.

I HOPE TO DIE AS A SOLDIER

I searched long everywhere in my short fingers; I searched in my gray color, and also searched in my hidden veins, but I did not find a picture of a soldier. Perhaps I am tainted with some blindness. I have to find my purity to see the picture of that soldier I know who yearns for free death. I am really sorry now, because I was not able to be a soldier, and to die free, because I know that life has a smile that can only be seen through this death. I stand here, every day like a faraway bird; I stand ashamed to listen to that voice; the voice of my heart. Yes, I am standing here waiting for the return of my pure soul; every day, may I die as a soldier. I stand

here, with bitter silence, bitter longing, and bitter waiting,
I hope to die as a soldier.

ENDLESS TRAVEL

I am not a shadow, to possess all that great history that the trembling hands have written and the very gray winds built its nests. Look at my eye, it's a lake full of geese, and look at my limbs, by which the loggers have warmed themselves. The sunset closed the shops of my delight, making me a mythical ghost who had left every possible desire. Here I see the nests of the birds leaving, carried by endless vehicles, endless travel. Yes, birds have hearts full of every passing story, so I am.

INNOCENT DREAMS

Kisses are just a lie, flowers are a fake path, smile is nothing but gray theft, and love is very selfish. Obviously, there are many mirrors of life and you have miserable hearts and the most unhappy minds. You may be very smart, and you may have learned lying before school age, but I feel a fever when I read your very gray and cold words. There is no place for innocence in your world and fog blinds your eyes. I am from the South and all my dreams are simple and innocent, but innocence, unfortunately, according to your dictionary, is weakness, stupidity and loss.

THE BITTER SAILING

Surprisingly, I can no longer sail in the Euphrates, nor can I find a vehicle in my blood to love the sun. My mouth turns in the midst of the words and freedom flows from my ears like ants. I fade at a strange speed, as a lover brings longing behind, so no eye can see. Look at my dreams; They are made of rusty nails that know nothing of civilization. Look at my eyelids, they are rainy leaves, made of sorrow of a tired cane with crusted feet in the mud. In the arms of this bitter sailing, I can barely distinguish the face of the Earth from parts of my dream. Yes, I will have marine stories when I talk about the bitterness inside me.

IT IS NOT A SECRET

It is not a secret that there is a secret. It is not a secret that everything here is blind except your illuminating spirit which is coming from the seeing lands. It is not a secret that the places are tight, the times are tight and the human are tight so it is good to talk to yourself, otherwise this blind world will crush you like an autumn leaf on the road. It's really good to talk to myself and see its vast world and hear its secret tales. Not a secret at all, and as an old traveler, I know many of those stories and many of those secret lands. It is not a secret that this world is too weak to accommodate your grand and powerful soul. Your soul has another place and another world that deserves and waits, so wait. As for me, I long death because I know that it is the gate.

THE KILLED TREE

Fate is the son of the word and its faithful servant. If you want to kill a tree, just say it is miserable. According to the angle of your deviated sail, I have no right to touch the oil or the cow's milk, among other things like smiles and quiet sleep. All of these things, I have no right to think of them, they are just yours because, according to your deadly words, I am marginal and have no experience. Also, you may find in some of your hidden papers or your blind words that I am dangerous and harmful and that I only know smoke and I have only a bitter knife in my hands. But in fact, I am a tree that was killed by an unknown under the sun.

MANJUNATH; NATURE'S SON

These are new leaves, beautiful leaves; their eyes shine in the river, and their braids swim in the wind. They come from the east, so their hands are not yellow, but green like the grass smiles, and their cheeks are not pale but pink like the sparkle of Koreans. Leaves and flowers are the daughters of nature that touch our windows every morning coming from the east, from the sun, so we call them solar girls. Yes, the east is old, but its flowers are young and soft. They are beautiful and attractive, I mean, very attractive. I feel their love, I see their joyfulness, I believe in their breeze. Their smiles are very charming and amazing like the arts of the nature's son; Manjunath whose true cosmic spirit jumps between the jungles like forest birds. Here, I celebrate the soft and delicate side of

our soul where every wonderful story can be planted. I celebrate nature and its righteous son; Manjunath.

EVERYTHING SINGS; EVERYTHING WANTS

Everything sings; everything wants. Yes, my friend, it's a celebration. Thus, I faded with love like a peasant chant grows among the wheat; My bag is colorless but overflowing with stories I cannot tell you. This is how I am love to bow, I only have two knees with which I touch the face of the earth; I only have thorns swallowing my joints, so I bend over my cruel dream as a cold milk seller in the winter mornings. This is how I learned something; when longing becomes a dull sail, and when butterflies desert their young fields, then you should know that you are looking at a wedding night overflowing with drought. Yes, you see what I see; yes, it is a celebration, it is complete desire. Yes, you see what I see; everything sings; everything wants.

I BELIEVE IN MYTHS

I am not a poet, I am just a simple farmer who knows many things about the nymphs who live under the shade of a little bean leaf. I'm not a magician either, not because I don't read much, but because I'm from here, from the forgotten islands. I am not a leader, a leader should know

all about the paleness of the palm, because they say that the palm is the last empire of the age.

Indeed, I believe in myths, and early in the morning I will put the tales of the forgotten and their trees with their colorful tales on my head and cross the oceans to plant them in a new garden where the air is fresh and the river smiles. I know I will do that, I believe in myths.

WHITE EVENINGS

I do not have to rave like a reed the darkness was made from its head a pink mantle for the customers of the ancient Hilla baths. Here, I am burst as a spring of bitter water; failure devours my fingers, making from my song an echoed widow. Here, I am not talking, I am just dying as a last thing can talk about the flowers and beauty. My voice is not as civilized as it should be, for no reason but that my words are falling with complete loneliness. The white evenings overflow from my ear like trains of snow, piercing the blind dreams of things. Yes, in order to be properly civilized, the sunset must melt in my blood and become like a cheap chandelier without housing or a close friend. Damn, when these seasons end, so life begins; the white evenings I am waiting for.

ROOTS

This is my land; I know its smell and taste, but I don't know the smell of your land. You may well know the taste of your sand but you cannot leave your roots because we are just fish that hug intimate rivers. Our roots embrace the stones, they are not sand, they are limestone rocks. Here, we have very long roots such as Euphrates which embrace our grandmother Uruk that taught humanity how to play and smile, but her remnants now know nothing but depression and crying. I have deep roots, but my branches and leaves are dry and torn.

CALLS

rivers, o rivers, give me a sleepy kiss that will take me south, toward a world that is drowning in whisper. I wonder how the sky's smiles have kept their secrets in your bags. O seasons, O seasons, wait, as the vast eyes of time falter with every wet twig and every leaf the rain has wet its story. I see her and I hear her soft calls. O evening, O evening, when does your warm hand find my strange body? Here I am a long waterfall of calls; messages of the new freedom. O voices, o voices, come close. I am no longer good at drowning in the love of freedom. Here I stop like snow; my capitals are shining glow, and my mouth is a strange boat. What happiness.

THE OWNED

I was born near a river, and I always hope to die in the desert. I am full of water, that's why I expect my grave to

be near one of them, so I love them. Yes, birth and death are the most important causes of love. You may love the river or the desert, but the reason for this love is the honey in it and not because you were born here or that your grave will be there. You do not wish to be born near a river, nor die in the desert, so you are not a legendary lover like me. You look at me every day with passion and lust and your saliva is flowing. And I always ask why do you think you own me? And why do you think I belong to you? I really don't know why? I am not your owned, but because of all the above, you describe me as "owned".

THE HAVEN OF BEAUTY

I touch the face of winter, because I slapped the forehead of ecstasy inside me as an old monk descended in a rainy basket. I feel this very cold stream and sail a balloon among these frozen roses, because my bones eroded a year ago and rust flourished in my dreams. I smelled the scent of a cold civilization, because I smelled the blind tears of war before it. But the cheerful thing is that my fingers still embrace the heart of the earth like the roots of buckthorn in our old house. Yes, here, the grass, sheep and shepherd sing. Here is a haven for beauty.

THE DREAMS LAND

You were born in the dreams land, where the lights are shining and bright creatures stand beside you like a lover's heart, they love you with all the warmth and smiles but they do not remember me. On that earth, you always find your shining essence and the face of this smiling world, I mean, your smiling. The beach there is not pale and its waves are undisturbed, it is always quiet and beautiful, but I cannot see my lost childhood in its mirror because I am the son of war emerging from its charred cracks as a bitter shade.

On that land, the land of dreams, which immigrants told me about, there is a tent of wonderful warmth where you cannot find such hugs outside, even in the land of your ancestors. In the same way that island stole my childhood, it stole my heart, which is nothing in this dazzling world. I am not a dreamer but when I see the splendor of this world, I remember my long sorrow and unfair tenderness.

TOUCHES OF SUNSET

At sunset, your perfume fills the place with soft eyelids, between the sparkling mirrors, uh for the hat and the embossed clothing. Perhaps you live all this glory, because you walk in a galaxy of eyelids, or because your dreams come from very green forests Here, I see you pursue the passion of a whisper, because you came from the touches of sunset. When the sun goes down, I see you come out with all the colors of this joy as a strange

shadow crosses all possible seas. How I wish I had touches of sunset.

A dewy love

I am very soft and moist, like a sweet, rosy orange. And so, I will always be wet and sweet. Thus, I will be present at the glory of a sunset, where love is naked without a curtain to hide its wet shame. So, I decided to be a soft shade and not a cold rocky tale on this exciting day. Yes, you cannot see me because I have been dew, but look at your hands that they are very moisturized because they come in contact with my moist skin. I am no longer a magical bird that shines in amazing tales. I am now a fine paper or a sweet apple in the hot summer evenings. In this exciting way, I embrace the whispers of longing, so that I do not freeze and fill my lungs with unforgettable dewy love.

FAIRY FEATHERS

I'm sure you know all about fairies even what they wear in the morning. From their windows, they wave with their silver fingers, and unwrap their colorful looks with pleasure. The fairies are not like me, they are always happy, and they always strive to get cold water, but I am a very hot corner on a fiery hill deep in the seventh earth. I will try to ask them to discover my bad magic to end

this escape in my life. By the way I will ask them to give me a little fairy feather to light up my dark days.

YOUR ORNATE DRESS

Your ornate dress is a smiling rose, like an Indian wedding night filled with bright colors. I hope you have seen the groom's ornate carriage, and his horse covered in color. The bright lights there are shining like summer flowers drawn by a dreamy girl collecting baskets of diamonds of love and carrying them on the back of a small horse and spreading them like lightning towards the eyes of girls and lovers. She sends pieces of decorations every morning towards the depths of the earth, so that the rivers are filled with glossy ornate love. The human eye may not see it, but his heart feels it strongly because it is from your embellished dress the secret of its beginnings.

THE BLOND WHALE

They said that the treasure of our ancestors is now in the belly of a blond whale, of course not in my father's closet or under a brown tree in my grandfather's garden. I need many light years to reach the ocean as this blond and strange whale lives to see its blue eyes. Yes, I am sure that our ancestor's jewelry, and the oils of our grandparents are not in my father's cabin or in my grandfather's garden, but in very blonde hands; in the blonde garden under a blonde tree. It is in their hands, not because they built the Uruk walls, nor because they stood

in the rain or because the midday sun burned their foreheads but our treasure was under their hands because they simply had a blond whale with blue eyes.

THE SPIRIT

In this spirit, the legacy lies. In a crowded place, honesty says everything is possible. It was never an illusion, that spirit that is descending in the morning shaking hands with children on the streets. It is never ugly, and never will be, no matter how much they try to claim it. Can the one who planted roses be ugly? How do they make all these lies? The spirit knows how much you loved it and how much you believed in it, isn't it the spirit that sows roses? Yes, go ahead, come towards it; towards a world that knows no lies.

THE SPYING GLASSES

Twilight is red in my land, and I don't know why? But the spying glasses that count our breaths definitely know that. They know everything about us. They know everything, even what I wear in my afternoon nap and the type of coffee I drink in the morning. I don't know where

the magic garden is, and I don't know how peasants bring grapes from there. Legend said that they water their tree with tears and blood. I don't know exactly that, and I have no right to know, but the glasses that count our breaths know, and I do not know why they always want to know. Knowledge is a good thing, but if it is to make slavery, it is definitely bad and shameful. Yes, they know everything, even the words I tell you now. They know everything about us, and why do they know that? I do not know.

MANJUNATH AND THE GREAT TREE

One day he sat under the shade of a tree there. She stole him, and flew him to her original homeland; to a planet with green hearts. There, the weddings, perfumes, vehicles and horses, even celebrities and birds are shining. He was skilled at collecting sunlight and silk threads, and he was telling me about the river and the great tree; what a strange purity. He told me: The word is like a great tree, it must be pure, it should be right, white, overflowing with the love of others.

THOSE WE KILL HAVE NO VALUE

An innocent rose said in front of his door: Why did you kill them? He responded with biased eyes: those we kill

have no value. Why the Orientals have no value for you? so you kill them in cold blood without hesitation or question. We are here in the east; in Iraq, we are simply killed because we have no value to you. You learned everything and knew everything, and decided that we have no value, and you can kill us calmly and without any remorse. You are a great, exceptional, distinguished and legendary being, but we are of no value to us, so you kill us and do not allow anyone to ask you. When the judge asks you why do you kill them? You coldly answer him: Those we kill have no value.

MANJUNATH IN A FIELD SINGS

On a very windy day, you can see all the deep colors and bare dreamland. With it, you can cross the sailor of sound, as magical fields sing its songs, and there you find Manjunath among the blossoms of grass, his eyes closed. On a very quiet day, you can warmly welcome secret spirits. And you can wave your hand to the bright sun over there; over that field that sings, and you see Manjunath in the middle of the field looking at the field song, hoping it never ends and looks at the sun, hoping it never sets.

THE BARBARIAN CLOUD

Isn't softness a wonderful smile? Aren't the springs always clear and the evening always thin? Then how can you be a stone and slap the face of the city? Insulting the well and despising the rose? O primitive O burden on the wound of hearts, your blind Corner boasts a wide range of ugly shapes that have spoiled and did not bear fruit or sprout. Oh, dark clouds, all these leaves told us many and many, and we have learned and learned that you are a barbarian cloud and enjoying human oppression.

MANJUNATH AND THE HANGING BOUGHS

Between the hands of the hanging boughs, Manjunath sits as a traveler dancing on the green carpet with the breeze. At the wet mirror of the small leaves and a strange sweetness, the traveler caresses it. As a delicious childhood, I loved the dark green color. The birds there sing their crunchy tones, and penetrate the dreaming time. There, toward the hanging branches and toward the wet leaves, there are birds playing, and sleeping butterflies their clothes were soaked with the evening. How captivating the hymns of branches with bright eyes and birds chant an amazing charm. I love the scent of a wet summer, and the hanging boughs sing the breeze.

A FREE BIRD

I was young like my dream. At that time, I was dissolved in the colors of butterflies. What purity they stole. They take fine olives from our field, make a bullet from it, and then tell me that I sow death. Yes, without getting tired, I will repeat the songs of the birds, because they are sincere. I should not care about the copper face, nor the one-eye face. Yes, I will learn the sound of roses, and the gray wind will find no place in my skin. I am a free bird, I love the smell of clay, and because my father planted me as a grain of wheat, so I love the afternoon sun when it touched my face.

WE WILL NOT DIE

I am not powerless, you know, we are people immersed in love, so we will not die. We walk long without legs and without wings, and they throw us rocks. Amazing stupidity! How do you imagine you could prevent a forest walks without legs or wings? Look at the sounds drawn on the face of the rock, it's just a laugh since childhood. Yes, this is something you can hardly imagine. Forests don't die, this house, yes and a light above the mountain that will not die, and hail, yes hail and the beauty of the sea, how wonderful. So how do I not fall in love? How do I not see all this joy, and how do you imagine that I will die? We will not die. Listen, how much I loved living in peace, do you agree with me? So why do crocodile tears flow from your eyes?

MANJUNATH'S BIRDS

I still love the color of the wild and its exotic birds which make you feel like a feather in the wind. Despite their strange eyes, they love simplicity. They are wild but not silent and they lean over Manjunath shoulder as a lover. The birds are Manjunath's friends, wiping his wet head. Like this, like a leaf in a river, I wanted to live in simplicity, and walk in simple paths. I feel bored now in this bustling city, but Manjunath's joy never ends with jungle birds and their endless colors. The birds are few here, and I'm trying to plant a tree to invite the birds so I can live without loneliness. I am tired of waiting for Manjunath's birds to make this earth green again.

I WILL RETURN

I will return as an unforgettable pain where the water explodes like a bat. I will return as a pale ambergris where there are no sky or stars, nothing but strange tears. I will return as black stories where the artist's wonderful painting drowns his crying. I will return as a broken soldier where I wake up in a flood doesn't understand anything. I will return in the hands of the wind as a timeless game and endless play. I will return as the face of absence, chanting fake victory and fake smiles. I will return like this, like a sad loneliness, like a fake return shines in the hidden old wells.

MANJUNATH AND THE SMILING FLOWER

In the field of flowers, wildflowers cover the earth and their colorful veil has a dreamy world. On magical depths of a spirit filled with the astonishing path, you traveled to beginnings, where Manjunath is blossoming. Something strange, the wizard's land steals minds and leaves in you an endless and unforgettable memory. Frankly, I'm not a traveler, but Manjunath is a legendary traveler embracing a smiling flower, and I'm sure, I won't see such a smiling flower.

MANJUNATH AND THE AZURE TUNE

Eternity has an Azure tune, and time is a brown cave of its gate. Yes, the sky is our free depth, so its hidden shades fly high within us. Time is a wisdom home, and when its hand touches our shadow, we are embodied as a true story. Look at the caves; they are witnesses of smiles of the early morning to hear the truth. Manjunath is deeply happy, because his heart hears the azure tune of the sky and his eyes see the sparkle of those fine shades that need a soul a waterfall and a bright brown cave. The cave is the gate of Heaven, and Manjunath knows how to hear its azure tune.

OUR FLOWERS

Our flowers are mirrors of our souls and their smiles are chants of love. The night flowers are just morning echoes, and their gazes are hidden wishes. Our flowers will be warm if the sky of our hearts is free from clouds, and they will faint if our feelings are pale. They can be laugh or tear, and they cannot open their eyes under a blurry sky. Our flowers are hot, if they burned your cheek in the morning, imagine how wonderful their touches will be at night. They are very strange but they are always warm, and they can draw a memory inside you that cannot be removed. Our flowers are an endless hug and endless kiss.

THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOUR LIES

All the magic you told me about is no longer attractive. You have always lied, as if you do not see these atrocities. Your tales are faded magic and empty hands. All of your myths that I knew were terrifying fantasies and lies. I am free now, I know the truth, you will not deceive me again, I am not as naive as I used to be. Rivers, trees and flowers have changed, their will is strong and their quest for freedom is irreversible. Yes, I know now that time and space are beyond, I knew amazing art, the jewels of the things I saw. There is no longer an illusion, there is no place for your lies.

THE WANDERER

When he saw the brown color of the rocks and that greenery, he was smelling the depth of this earth and he really knew how vast the sky was. He is the wanderer who saw the soft eyelids of the trees, the smooth eyelashes of the birds and hear the whispers of the flowery souls. Their magical mascots have penetrated his vast existence so he harvested all the secret strings and all the hidden whispers. He is the wanderer Manjunath, the sun lights are his tent, the jungles are his butterflies and the souls who live in the caves are the hearts of his shadows. Manjunath was knowing their desires and telling us honestly. He is the traveler which we know nothing about him but that he talks with the rivers, the rocks, the tress, and the timeless spirits.

MANJUNATH AND THE PEACOCK FEATHERS

You cannot hear the warm voice or touch all this joyful color. You here, in this distant darkness, only see the walls, while Manjunath embraces the colors of the peacock and touches its magical feathers in the wide space. Yes, you only know the curtains, the cold and the stillness, while Manjunath touched everything, embraced everything and saw everything. Manjunath know the real life; he knows spirits, colors, and sounds while you are sitting between walls and curtains with darkness like a rudimentary thing knows nothing about the real life. Look at his enthusiastic smile, and look at his colorful hands, Manjunath brings us peacock feathers and his

colorful magic while you're sitting in your cold, dark room reading fake books.

WE SHARE THIS BEAUTIFUL LIFE

Now everyone loves, now everyone knows the depth of things, it is our shining time and you will not steal it from us with your own black delirium. You cannot drag us to your bitter cave, to your mental prison, to rickets and handicaps. Now we know that we live on Earth together, now we know that we share this beautiful life. Now we see clearly and we will not live in the past that you want, and in which you live, will never happen. Since you spoke in your sick cave, we knew that you would die in it, and nobody sees you, stay in your loneliness, and glorify your lies and your hate but where are you from this beautiful world? You know nothing, you are poor and sad but we are happy and rich because we share this beautiful life. Yes, we share this beautiful life but look at yourself, what do you do? You only share death and black words.

A COLD SHADOW

After all the warmth that you have overwhelmed me with, I find myself just a cold shadow. Look at my coolness in front of you, as I lean toward barefoot roads like a stranger, nothing knows me but cold. Here is my heart, look at it; Do you see anything other than shivering? I am now just a corpse in silence wind, in myself I can only see scary stillness. This is me: a very cold shadow between your absent hands.

MANJUNATH TOUCHED THE HEART OF HEAVEN

He saw the eyes of heaven, so he decided to fly to capture depth and listen to angels. It is the love that heaven desires and proclaims. Hug and kiss the eternal spirits. His wings are free and his eyes are bright. The thick veil disappeared in front of his passion, and very deaf ears heard his immortal voice. Manjunath revealed his deep desires and opened the doors of eternal rewards of heaven. Manjunath touched the colorful heart of heaven so he chose to sing in the vast space as a free and exotic bird.

BROWN TREES

The colors of our trees tell you the story. They tell you that we inherited this earth from the sun; I mean the hot southern sun. We in the south like our sun to be hot. Here, we dissolve in our brown trees as very small birds, I mean we dissolve without delay, and fade away as a distant perfume. Here in the south, like our brown trees, we swim in our little streams with fish drowning in their smiles at sunset. Our brown trees have transparent wings and wear a delicate velvet coat. You can now imagine their charm and beauty.

IT IS A MATTER OF LOVE

Isn't it nice to live in a time that fills you with love? So, I became more transparent and smiled. Don't you feel that many of those stars have come together? There is little left to shine love. Yes, I know, and I know it is a matter of love, and it told me about the deep gaze. So, extend your hand to shake hands with the depths and overcome the strange absence. Yes, I will and we will celebrate. Imagine if I were sitting on the hill and not talking to you, what would be the fate of love? Yes, the fate of love; It is a matter of love.

A FALSE LOVE

The sound of false tenderness and false whispering are empty echoes. All this falsehood has no life or face. I now know true feelings. The evening told me about the secrets and lies that false love holds. I have experienced the desire to trick and go into a heart wound without pain. When the sound of love is lying and when the love becomes a wild fish with smooth wings, do you think the moon will smile? I am neither a moon nor a smile. I'm just waiting and longing, but you're just a fake love.

WHEN WE PICK FRUITS

Here is our little lake where bird sounds. Here is our green boat, where our dreams chant their songs and our happy moments bloom; when we pick fruits. Its warm wood pleases my heart, and draws a butterfly looking at your face. I feel it here in my heart. When you touch my

cheeks by your hands, and when you draw my wet name traveling on your lips, at that moment you may remember our fruits. Our boat has two hearts that I will end up in love with. It amazes me as I pick the dew memory. Among the silent twigs, between wet leaves and faint shade, we pick the fruits we have always waited for. When we pick fruits, the celebration of our hearts begins.

LOVE IN SUMMER IS MORE BEAUTIFUL

My father is not a legendary lover but he knew love very well, and one day he said that love in summer is more beautiful. Actually, my father was a farmer but he knew love well and on a summer day he looked at the twilight and said that love in summer is more beautiful. At that time, I was a child and I didn't know love well but I thought that love in summer is more beautiful. Now I am a southern farmer and the fields have taught me that summer is the season of love. I am from here from the south; the land of love and the land of summer, where trees are pictures of love, rivers are a stream of love and women are pieces of love. I am from here, from the south where the love in summer is more beautiful.

THE PALE LAND

I tell you about the pale land, but the light is dim, so I do not see clearly, and I do not remember all the stories full of dry lips. The trees here are barren and the flowers are hungry. I tell that while the dusty air slapped my very dry lips. In pale land, wells are filled with dry eyes and mirage. Yes, hunger is as bitter and painful mirror as the dusty black wind. Many died here and food convoys were absent. In pale land, the lips are dry and the hearts are hungry. I am from a pale land, so I am not a dewy paper, but I am very dry and pale. Yeah. I am the pale man from the pale land, so I am mired in weakness amidst this wide paleness.

A KIND INVITATION

The morning was clear and smiling because the clouds were caused by strangeness. Oh, lonely alienation. I always say hello to passers-by, and to those waving from afar, I love calm. How beautiful the skyscraper I saw on the beach, smiling with bright eyes. So, I set out as a hoopoe on an inspection visit to the sea coast. Friends were also present, and everyone was very happy. What a delight, smooth and elegant place. The horizon was definitely amazing, and the smiles were definitely bright. Pleasure fills everything. Thanks for the kind invitation.

LET'S WHISPER HERE

Silence is my soul's journey that knows nothing but whisper. Imagine how deep and strange it is to live with a whisper. Look at me, I am standing there like a desert bird where the salty sand dyed my face, but I am smiling and silently whispering. Yes, the yellow perfume fills my shaded dreams. Look at its deep corners where I am disappearing. Why do we want to migrate to distant fountains where silent butterflies tell mad passion? Why don't you whisper together here? Let's whisper here.

The Immortal Body

My body was made by grandparents and placed in a lost treasure. The great men went away; they tore my immortal body. It is the immortal rip, the immortal tampering and the immortal wreck. This is how I come after all these golden stories, spray pots with incense, and pretend that I am a pile of pride. In fact, I am immortal sleepy story on a faded day, learning only false and deceptive stories. Time and time again, we learn great stories that we are inheritors of immortal history, but I am tired of these fairy tales and after a legendary seek, I found that I am not immortal, but just a faded tale on the road.

Shiny Apples

The sun has long braids, golden and smooth, and at dawn, goes to her grandfather's thriving garden. It's like the glamorous gardens of Kashmir, where pure faces remind me of shiny apple and pearls wrapped in silk. Where the men of Lapis Lazuli above the high walls of Uruk in copper balconies. They advised me to leave the purple coast, because the apple is something shiny and very free. They told me that the apples are sisters of the sun. This was amazing news. And if so, where are our precious grandparents' apples? Where are the prosperous old gardens?

I Asked Him

I asked him when I passed by him one day. Sir, where is the road? I really asked him? Do you know this sound? Did not answer; a whole generation. I really asked him? Where does this light come from? Did not answer; a whole history. I also asked him, shouldn't you give up messing? Did not answer; a whole world. O seasons, O seasons, here are other faces than autumn. O torment, O torment, here all wishes and desire. My hands no longer touch anything, and the stars no longer light up the place. Didn't you tell me about the wonderful moments? Are not you?

It is the Moment That We Know

When I came back, I didn't find those songs, and didn't find the lake of goose, but she quickly whispered from there: "Smile, smile, here will you find your story". Yes, purple roses here and you too. The mirrors are full of possible songs and possible longing. The birds know, the rivers know and I know too. Yes, it is the moment we know; the moment that need warmth and hug.

Something Yearns for Fade

I have a salty bird; it never tires of trying to fly because it has been without wings since its birth. It is antique, deep and subtle, and in the afternoon, it knocks on the windows of the village as if it were an old tale. You know that I'm not a rebellious man and I always try to walk beside the wall but my bird has a zealous spirit and soon fades in the love of freedom. How I wish I were like my bird; something yearns for fade in the truth.

Samar

Sincerely tell you. I'm just good at talking to my trees. But do not worry, you will not get bored, I am a very magical box, wonderful and strange. Of course, I am not sleepy as you think, but I do not see all this glory and this sparkle in your eyes, as I see only a cold and dim word for the strange absence. This is the trunk of absence; it is thick and black and it destroys the stories of my flowers.

These stories tell me about the shadows they saw when their nights were flooded in the waters of samar. If you know how much my soul yearns for samar; the warm words in the beautiful nights.

The Land of Dreamers

You might think that I came from the heart of the sun and from the eyes that color songs. You might think that I came from a land of great wishes and pleasant endings. You are wrong, my friend, you are very wrong, yes, this land is dignified, but on its back, the dreamy feet walk. I came from the land of dreamers, where the eyes are dreamy, the tongues are dreamy and the faces are a dreamy. I came from the land of dreamy words, dreamy smiles and dreamy promises. The flowers here are dreamy, the butterflies here are dreamy, the rivers here are dreamy, the trees here are dreamy, even the birds here are dreamy. Very simply, I am a dreamer who came from the land of dreamers, where traitors stole our dreams.

Unusual Moments

How can I describe all this? Strange longing? Curious passion? Laughs, uh of those laughs, when the moon lights fell between our eyelids. And whispers, uh of those whispers when the scarce voice touches our cheeks. The

moments were fast, and we called them: Wait, wait a little; our hearts are still young and dewy. How am I describe that for you? I cannot. But repeat what the cloud said to you one day, what we understand and what we do not understand. Yes, there are moments that we do not understand, and feelings that we do not understand; the unusual moments and unusual feelings.

Towards the Road

Towards these strange dreams, toward iron waters, Oh brown flares. Towards the cigar of that eternal man who wore toil every morning. Towards words soaked in praise and prayer. O thin distances, towards the chest of torn dates and bragging. O freedom, Oh full festivities, towards dewy leaves and rain. Towards all the capitals that sit in the garden of the peasantry have traveled after the era of ice revolutions. Do you know how wonderful it is to go towards the road and make a body that spreads in the city center between the crowded streets?

Eid in Babylon

Eid in Babylon sits on his high chair, on knees of snow. Grandparents smile for the beloved alleys of Babylon and overlook the mighty Euphrates. Eid in Babylon is a bright face of dawn. Magic smiled on his hands like the hearts

of the Babylonians. These civilizations have occurred here, do you not see all these lighthouses and the sounds of eternity? Don't you see dew hearts where lovers' poems mired in their dreams? At sunset, we will bid farewell to the spirit of rebellion. At sunset, a new Eid will be rise in Babylon.

A Clamor

The clamor dances like sunlight over water blown by the wind. It extracts the screams of festivals from the depth. I see how it looks, and I feel its amazing passion. Those are the places where bustle is so bright and so dark. I see it coloring the mirage space with wings and smiles lying here and there. When the lights dimmed, souls and all that clamor subsided. Really amazing mirage, isn't it?

I Hope You Understand

I hope you understand that those rocks thrown by the wind at a great party were silent. Don't you see how smooth they are? Isn't it strange that the rocks are so indifferent? I hope you understand that even graceful deer are not like this. Oh, what a loving rock that doesn't

want to break anyone's heart! But the falsehood is exposed amid the headache. So, it is not enough to say that they are the pioneers of love? I hope you understand that everyone says he loves forgiveness that adorns dawn, even strange hands that are so perfect in making the glass that hurts my heart. Come see, let's count the distance days. When will the age of the distance end? The age of the wounds? I hope you understand that it's an illusion to imagine I'm tired of your love, regardless of lying to these rocks. I will always love you despite the rocks.

The Sky is Beautiful

The sky is beautiful and soft. And I'm not telling you a secret, I just want you to look at it. The distances on my back, I dedicate them to the wind, to soften them a little. They told me they were preparing to cause wounds to shut up. It is not at all strange for this resounding voice. It doesn't matter at all that you look at your feet, but look at the sky a little. It is not inspiring to sit on the hill while you are too far away. Raise your head a little, the sky is beautiful, look at it; look at it even a little.

The City of Snow

It's a city combing its hair in snow, what a sleepy city. Despite what has been said about its great glory, and that the evenings are as smooth as silk, her eyes are still damaged, and these brown birds are lost as an innocent soul in their small evenings. As a child, I remembered what was happening, the pain was pouring out like rain, dreams were buried under the absence. Wait a while, maybe it wants to tell you something, why don't you listen, why don't you care about the pain on your face, who will know? Who will find out? Is this pain does not end? Maybe it wants to ask you something, I see its corners shameful, leaves falling here and there, and snow pouring from it.

Fake Eyes

You shake my hand in amazement, amid winter-dressed fields and tired white branches. When will this anxiety go away? Then the eternal words will come. How are hopes? When we remember those distances, we are filled with laughter and nostalgia. Yes, our memories are inspiring, full of tears. Maybe it will attract our friends and they will love to sail in this memory; in this sea of inspiration. Why not? We can be good writers, and of exceptional sizes. Yes, we can be good writers; we grow wheat and buy reeds to warm the autumn. Is not this our blood flowing, and our bodies sold in the streams? I am tired of these merchants and the people of cheap goods. They hold us fake eyes. Are they not tired of this slavery? Are they not

ashamed? I hope you hear, there must be freedom, there must be a beginning, a scream that awakens the sleepers.

Brightness of Our Cake

The cake has wings and it feels our pleasure as a witch. Yes, we are the cake neighborhood and any aura that occurs on a clear night around the moon is a birthday cake. Come here and see the book of soft love, you will find his birth with the seeds of our earth; it woke up on the eyelids of an old palette that had a smiley cream. You know that the cake lived like rose in our dreams, and we hide in its perfumes like butterflies. At home we have a cake like the face of our flowers, pure and shining, and I would be very happy if I saw her chants swing like a fairy on the beach. Because of this brightness of our cake, you may like to sit under our warm tent and contemplate the wonderful cake scent.

Love is More Beautiful in Winter

My father is not a big lover, but he knows love well and one day he said that love in winter is more beautiful. In fact, my father was a soldier, but he knew love very well and on a winter day he looked at twilight and said that love in winter is more beautiful. I was a kid at the time, but I was thinking that winter love is more beautiful. I am a southern farmer, and I knew from the river and the trees that winter is the season of love. We are from here; from the south, the land of love where trees are images of love, rivers are a stream of love and women are pieces of love.

I am from here, from the south, where love is more beautiful in winter.

the South

I am from the south, where everything is tan and smooth, with soft fingers caressing the cheeks. Here, the streets embrace our intimate stories and the nights fall asleep in a whisper of the moon. You can't see anything here but songs and lovely stories. We are lover people and our dreams are warm. Yes, winter here is weird and reckless, but we do have amazing smiles which fill my lungs with warm air. The south has very attractive oriental eyes. Just imagine the spirit of that twig, that leaf, that little bird. You might feel them, but you wouldn't know anything about their deep desires. Here, in the South, spirits are magically playful, smiling, and warm, so summer here is incredible, and makes amazing and timeless stories.

My Martian friend

My life is simple, it is not juicy and fragrant grapes like the girls of the Temple of Enlil, but my life is a brown date, whose heart is full of sand.

I remember very well when my Martian friend descended therein in a chariot made of the wood of the famous Gate of Enkidu, which he brought to us from the Cedar Ends. I told him, I admire the way the houses are built there with no roofs and no hatchets.

The Martians are not like us, their hearts are attached to the sky, even my friend told me about his ancestors. They would go out early in the morning looking for warmth, like winter butterflies that would fall asleep in the hands of the construction workers at the door of the scene and the collectors. The times were magical and picturesque. For example, I remember well that Martian alley with its bright colors, as if you were looking at an ornate Indian party. What caught my attention the most was that man sitting among trees with colorful branches, with a hat of snow on his head, telling the boys fairy tales. That's when I learned that we are not the owners of history and civilization. I asked about his age, and it was said that he was a million years old, but the strange thing was that he was full of youth. I was amazed at those moments when he and I sat with a group of young people of millions of years at the gold seller. We were giggling out loud.

A Postponed Man

Here I am walking exhausted and merciless - under the shadow of promises - bumping into every rock on either side of the road. My feet are so cold that they despair, and my forehead is a legendary promise that knows no death.

I am a man who is very postponed and dull. My life is dark, its knees are tired of emptiness, and its forehead is filled with cold wounds.

How can I wake up while the shattered mirrors await me, scattering my body in space, holy wars, their stalks dancing above my capitals like branches of dewy corn. And they laugh and tell me that I am something immortal, bleeding here and there with pleasure. Oh, my miserable luck, is there other choice than holy wars?

Yes, my friend, this is how I fall, a waterfall that knows nothing but crying. I disappear in my longing like a traveler of snow, whose ribs have been shattered by the stories of passersby.

Yes, this is me, a postponed man and a crippled dream. When I live with all my voice and when I drown in my pain to the marrow, the harsh afternoon devours me, and many great voices swallow me in a moment. Then I know that the beloved earth is lying when it sheds a tear as pale as the color of sunset.

End

ANWER GHANI

SECRET SPRINGS



Postponed poems
Poems that cannot be read
The complete poetry of Anwer Ghani