

Green Leave

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Dedication

Three roses formed the beautiful bouquet of my life,
along with my two basil seedlings, the wings with which I
fly, Ahmed and Hassan.

I dedicate these green leaves to them, watered with
gratitude and thankfulness for a gift from a generous
Lord.

Three roses

I woke up in the morning, in the frost of a spring day, and in the folds of a tired heart, three roses. For my second mother, who gave me the heart of her beautiful heart, a white yasmina, her perfume smells of winter, and she has all the love, and a third rose for my dear wife, who gave me two beautiful children who imitate the eagles, and they are the fay. I will stay with him from the heat of the days.

Sheikh Al-Jabal

A venerable sheikh sitting on a hill of our novels, a
description of the yellow wazal. And bereaved shaking the
cradle with a hand of Sundus and Harir

The Gondola Journey

The gondola has reached safe harbor
After a journey on the timeless river
And you were worthy of the trip of a lifetime
And for you, roses and jasmine are showered
With a kind hand and a welcoming face
From the beautiful son of Arwad

A Day Fleeing from Summer

On a summer day in June, heavy with shy clouds, the bus departed from Hama, the city of Abu al-Fida. Its waterwheels bid us farewell, their spray a gentle caress.

In Rastan, its imposing dam awaited us, and the villages scattered along its banks greeted us from afar.

We entered Damascus, the fragrant, hoping to see its jasmine and roses, their scent filling the air. As we passed through Harasta and Douma, the buildings lining the road seemed to bow down, pleading for mercy, their hands raised to the heavens.

We arrived at Town Center on the Sahnaya road, a beautiful oasis in a barren desert. Continuing westward towards the Barada Valley, we took a winding road, climbing with gentle breezes, until we reached the tranquil Bloudan. To its left lay the Zabadani plain and its lush gardens, and to its right, the sweet and pure springs of Baqin. We had a delightful tour of the beautiful Cave of Moses.

After lunch at the renowned Jumeirah Restaurant, we visited the exhibition and wandered through its halls, the voice of Fairouz playing as always.

We returned with a lump in our throats, a tear in our eye, and a longing for the beautiful days we spent

in Damascus in the 1980s.

A Day Fleeing Winter

On a day fleeing the harsh winter of February, with cool eastern breezes and a sun that secretly warmed us, we boarded a white minibus, its whiteness mirroring the pure hearts of a group brimming with life and hope. We arrived in Al-Rusafa, and after a quick glance and a salute to its imposing and lofty citadel, we headed east. We were greeted by the shrine of Muhammad al-Yamani, with its lush and towering trees. The wood-burning stove was asleep, so we woke it, lit a fire, and the kettles rested on its shoulders. We drank mate and tea over the embers.

We continued our journey through enchanting and pristine nature, through a forest that had recovered and whose trees had blossomed anew despite the fires it had endured.

At the Al-Bayda waterfalls, we made a stop. A gushing spring and a roaring waterfall welcomed us warmly, their roar growing even louder at our arrival.

Across the stream, we continued our journey until we reached the vibrant heart of Al-Bayda.

We visited its ancient church and lit candles of love and hope for brighter and sweeter days to come.

Friday, February 18, 2022

From Al-Bayda Village to the Sea

From Al-Bayda village, we headed west to Al-Qadmus, along a winding, mountainous road with enchanting views. From there, we continued to Tartus (Arados), where the sea is calm and ships are anchored on its beautiful shore.

We boarded a boat to Arwad Island, built by the Phoenicians.

We returned to the shore, swam, and played.

As the sun set, watching it dip below the horizon, we pitched a tent and ate and drank to the melodies of a flute, its sound filled with longing and tenderness, mirroring the waves. It was a wonderful evening in good company.

As the sun rose, its rays caressing our tired faces, we awoke, had breakfast, and returned to our village, filled with longing, anticipation, and sweet, unforgettable memories.

Four years of age, roses were four years old, and they were tweeting about the inventory. The days of heat and cold brought them together, and the path of travel increased. The treachery increased.

April Moon

Our moon is gone
Gathering up sorrows
From this day forward
It will remain wandering
In foreign lands, staying up late
With loved ones and friends

Three Men

A table needs three legs to stand.

Life needs three men to go on.

A wise man: his mind guides his actions.

A passionate man: his heart guides his actions.

A madman: his passions guide his actions.

The Clock's Delay

Every delay has its benefit
And that is an ancient wisdom
Except in the land of Waqwaq
The roosters' crowing increased
The night grew darker by an hour
And with the movement of the clock's hands, relatives
were scattered
And our loved ones wandered to foreign lands
And the clouds grew darker, perhaps they will be
Rain clouds in which we hope for good
To quench the parched mouths and soil
And wash away the tears of bereaved mothers

Hama and the Orontes River

From the lush garden of Umm al-Hassan, the ancient al-Ubaysi Bridge, and along the banks of the Orontes River, with the waterwheel (al-Jisriyah) and the gentle spray of its dewy water, I continued my journey towards the al-Tawafra neighborhood, accompanied by the waterwheel (al-Ma'muriyah) and a road paved with black tiles. I saw the Aspazia Restaurant, a charming old Hama house, warm and inviting, consisting of two floors built of black and white stones. In the distance, I came into view the palace of As'ad Pasha al-Azm after passing the al- Musalla Mosque. I entered the palace, which had been converted into a museum in 1956, after serving as a private school during the French occupation, a project undertaken to preserve it. In a spacious hall, there was a pool, a manolia tree over a hundred years old, and a platform with a beautiful mural. I ascended to the second floor via a vaulted staircase, which contained halls and sculptures depicting grain milling, silk production, a bridal procession, and the Golden Hall. This hall featured a pool and a fountain with 52 openings, from which it was known that water reached the seven districts of Hama and monitored the movement of the waterwheels. I continued my walk and was greeted with a cheerful face by the painter Mustafa Rashid Najiba. I entered his studio and found paintings and memories of beautiful Hama, the faces of some of its pure people, and the Mona Lisa of Hama. I walked towards Al-Kilaniyya, but all I saw was the Sheikh Abdul Qader Al-Kilani Bridge and the Al-Kilaniyya waterwheel. Its presence only intensified my longing and sorrow for a neighborhood that vanished in the last century, replaced by the Afamia Hotel in Hama.

Khaled and Issa

In my country, Syria

Khaled and Issa

Live together

And in the time of cholera

Die together

Two Tears in the Sky

On a beautiful, tranquil autumn night, the moon was full and radiant, accompanied by its companion, Saturn, the pearl of the sky, and the giant Jupiter, protecting them from afar.

And in the distant horizon, Sirius, Orion, Andromeda, Cassiopeia, and the Pleiades with its seven stars, and the soaring Eagle.

As the moon and Saturn converse and whisper to one another in their clear night journey, voices and moans rise from the depths of the earth and the heart of the world, the cradle of Christ, passing through ancient Syria and its seven gates, and the lands of Sumer, Babylon, and Assyria.

Two tears fall from the sky, extinguishing the flames of a raging fire, watering parched land, and quenching the thirst of a grieving mother.

And at the end of the night, they rest upon the bed of morning and fall asleep with the arrival of a new day, a day of hope and life.

War Memories

This morning, as I was washing away the grime of the previous night's heat, two planes roared past in the sky above my beloved town of Masyaf, close to its majestic mountains. At first, I was seized with panic and terror, a feeling of dread washing over me as thoughts of horror and memories of war flooded my mind. But then, I felt elated and joyful, for that sound transported me back to the days of the October War of 1973, days intertwined with childhood innocence and the dream of victory over the Israeli enemy, a time accompanied by air raid sirens and the rush to shelters. Our house was a refuge for refugees, where boys, women, and men would come and chat until the air raid ended, and everyone would return to their homes, laden with beautiful memories and the dream of victory. Our town was targeted by airstrikes because it was a stronghold and home for Palestinians and a training ground for resistance fighters, due to its strategic location and the kindness, generosity, and warmth of its people. In conclusion, I had hoped that the morning flight would bring back those childhood memories... but it turned out to be just a training sortie.

July 18, 2012

Tender Necks

Tender necks:

They fear treacherous hands

They accept outstretched hands

And prayers with open hands

They rummage through garbage containers

And tears are shed on paved graves

They dread the fierce winds

They seek safe havens

They eat dry crumbs of bread

They stand barefoot

They sleep on an empty pillow

They dream of future hopes...

Permissible Speech

O hospitable and violated people of my land,
You are obligated to fast from permissible speech,
until the grieving dogs cease their barking.

Salmiya, an oasis of love

Salmiya, an oasis of love in the desert

A palm tree embracing the heavens

And the bride's hands adorned with henna

Her light reached Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula

In her fire, leaves and blood mingled

Masyaf Al-Safsaf

Masyaf Al-Safsaf, its bounty is from heaven

And the fog wraps it in a white veil

Protecting it from the defilement of harsh days

And the vine sprouts leaves between the black cement
walls

And flowers welcome the approaching one

From afar, bringing hope and life

For sweeter and more beautiful days

A Green Tree

A green tree

Watered by the tears of a child

For his grieving, captive mother

And a bird that escaped its cage

And breathed the taste of freedom

And landed on the tree

To sing a melody of love and beauty

And a blessed Christmas and Resurrection

They left in the green buses

They left in the green buses
To green Idlib
And returned with green flags
With clean hands
And green wheat stalks
After lean years
Hoping to reap the harvest

Unripe grapes

I and the unripe grapes yearn
To play and drink aged wine
With the companion of love and passion
On the ruins of pen and paper
In a time gripped by insomnia
From Al-Bukamal to Damascus

Green Idlib and its generous people, with the radiance of a long summer day, escaped from a long winter. Al-Numan, with its red color, its demolished houses, its temporary tents, and bullets pierce its walls, like our grieving hearts. Fear of the oppression of the Byzantine emperor in the fourth century AD. In green Idlib, it was an "overwhelmed" meeting with love and loyalty in the huge cultural center, and with their generous hands they drew a map of Syria in green, and each of us wrote with a red pen, inked the heart, his hopes and wishes. Then we headed north, to the Knowledge University of Applied Sciences in New Sarmada, with an extensive explanation and tour of its laboratories and halls.

The land of peace

Abd al-Hadi and the best of names Maabd and Hamad, he lost his right hand with a landmine, while he was carrying out a military mission in the army, which necessitated his dismissal from service. Hamza, the master of the martyrs, lost his left leg after a barrel fell from the air, and he referred the area in which he lives in ruins and destruction. So Abd al-Hadi became one hand, and Hamza with one leg. They were collected by two rugs in one of the old neighborhoods of Al- Sham. Hamza wraps the falafel sandwich with fresh green, wrapped in love and dipped in tears of sadness over the old days. Abdel-Hadi prepares tea in the bitter cold days and fresh lemon juice in the sweltering heat days. They are brought together by a cup of night coffee, with the flavor of cardamom and the talk of Samar. The sea has its share in seizing the spoils, as each of them lost his eldest son during his escape journey from an inevitable fate. The color of the blue sea became "wacky" from the abundance of spoils, and the tears dried up in the waters. With the beginning of a new year, vegetables prevailed in the country, so they embraced and rejoiced, hoping to harvest the crops together in the summer, and they ate together a loaf of bread from the country's wheat, a morsel of appetite that would make them forget the lean years.