From the Wisdoms of the East

By

Dr. Jamil Y. Al-Asmar
Short Communication

From the Wisdoms of the East

Dr. Jamil Y. Al-Asmar

Associate Professor at the English Department, Al-Azhar University- Gaza, Palestine.

Email: Jamilpoetry@hotmail.com

Important Remarks

^- the color of wisdom through these short poems is the color of man's life. Mr. M. Al-Asmar

^- the very brevity of some poems must be their strength. E. Mansour.

^- Beyond this notable achievement of the author, he molds his material so as to give it meaning. Dr. I. Brown.

Introduction

Poetry, like other forms of literature, is a various experience, a means of living vital moments of other people's lives. Its special quality lies in the interrelation of human personalities. Surely this booklet which refers to one of the exciting Eastern flavor of poesy could have made its essential point in term more immediately human.

Whatever attractions ethnology and the use of human illustrations may have for some readers, they do not here bring us anywhere near an understanding of the poet's feelings and thoughts and attitudes as experienced in this booklet through the variety of colors it offers. However, the readers are not lost throughout the pages of the book, because every one of them may find his/her own quest in a silver plate.

Finally, I may say that every short poem of this collection could stand as an introduction for the whole book.
This World! (2013)

Life Said:

Life said: ‘man, you are so a fantastic hunt’
‘It is my trap; you spent your life to shunt’
Then life said: ‘I take you into my shaken lap’
‘I leave you man under the shadow of my cap.’
‘Compulsory I will send you man to your end’
‘Your departure won’t sadden my heart or rend’
21/6/2013

As you Like

Life does not go as you like or as he likes
For it is full of obstacles and many dikes
Sometime he or she puts off a scabby skin
And shows you that you’re the next of kin
Hypocrite camouflaged behind his tongue
Adopted a silly speech over his own dung.
14/6/2013

Everyday’s Reaping

You are all ever surrounded by a deadly disease
You are never living in a Garden of Eden, of ease
Check yourself in the mourning course, after a sleep
Thank Him for health, for that every day you reap.
9/6/2013

A Trodden Road

You will find yourself a knight on a trodden road
Where you will alight and select this way my lord
It will end with you to an abyss asylum of decay!
It is you, my dear who, for the debris of life, pay.
9/6/2013

Born with a non-return ticket

In this life you are born with a non-return ticket
It is a tour into the realm of an artificial happiness
Stunned and stubborn you are, and sometimes silly
Beset with nothingness that leads to cold loneliness.
9/6/2013

Besieged With diseases

Beset or besieged you are with all kinds of disease
Spend your life in a deadly strife never has an ease
As you exempt this equation, pronounce His name
It is the only safe-haven otherwise it is a lost game.
6/6/2013
In the Last Hour

Time penetrates into things as into your body
Time leaves you behind but exhausted already
No power can hinder its heavy and sharp power
So fast that you may not grasp your last shower!
5/6/2013

Life is She

As if everything on this Earth is meant for you
Puzzled you are created and stunned, what to do
It is she who swallows everything around, life is she
Despite your nose, you are melted as does the ghee.
5/6/2013

Euthanasia (the right to die)

Euthanasia is a word, product of a civilized world!
It works on you, with no spiritual communication!
Euthanasia ever failure in this empty world and bold
You die as criminals, for life is not your own station.

It leads you to a hell fire, for the One who thrust life
In you, is the only One who confiscates it, so silly!
You are among life-clouds, exhausted of its strife!
It is He who brought you here, think not from belly.
6/6/2013

The More Days

The more days you gain, the more is your pain
You feel as if you are so heavy on this Earth
And feel you are watched, passing life’s lane
For you are stunned memorizing your birth.
3/6/2013

Same Days

Same days my dear that seem once to accept you
Are the same days that seem now you to reject!
You are entangled into their thorns, what to do?
For those days have the choice you do not select!
1/5/2013

Are you in hurry?

Are you in hurry Man, or accelerating your fate?
Wait here so as to go, reluctantly, into this gate.
Commit not suicide for your soul is not your own
It is given you by Him; it is a temporary timely loan.
3/3/2013
When it comes

When it comes, it comes treading on all Earthly laws
When it goes, it goes leaving behind all life’s shows
When it comes, it comes openly although without drum
When it goes, it goes causing havoc to every kingdom.
7/2/2013

Naked

Naked you come to this life and naked you leave life
In it, you won’t live if you are not as sharp as a knife.
So what is your value here since you are soon to depart
For it there at its place with its strong horse, it is the cart.
23/10/2012

A piece of beauty

No piece of beauty equals you A as a piece
Where it has, under your wing, utmost peace
Your value exceeds the luxuries of the world
What a lucky man who keeps you and hold.
7/7/2012

Days go

Days go slowly for the young, fast for the old
Life’s pleasure is felt by young, its pain is cold
This pain is held by the old; the wise and sage
Who predicts days; years and the whole age?
18/8/2011
18 Ramadan 1432

This world

What you get in this walking world but a glimpse
In history and or a spaceless space underground
Not for you, but for your scattered bones and limbs
In an evitable everlasting stagnation of no sound!
April 22nd 2003

You could lose everything

My dear, you could lose everything now
Before you erect your body you may bow
You may bow Man, a bow with no recover
You may not be able your disease discover.
14/8/2011
The root of life is death

Ay man, the root of life is death
And the root of pleasure is health
A thing is not known but to few
Who realized the fact and knew
Life is ever surrounded by decay
And you're ever a victimized prey
Haughtily go or humbly from here
It is the only passage for all, dear.
25/7/2011

Who Lurks There?

But the dread of that who has no head
Who lurks there, your beauty is to wed
A tearing wedding then, urging to pace
Your steps to an abyss dark, or a grace!
April 27th, 2003

My Poems

These are my poems, very akin to prayers
In every line there is a religious incantation
That bewares those who are with fire players
And attract you to eternity, your last station.
June, 2005

Fate

Fate usually comes fast, although it comes late!
You toil in this life; fate empties your full plate.
July, 2004

Space

How vast, how boundless is universe and the space!
How narrow my tent it is! How narrow is my place!
July, 2003

The Rope

How large is the world and tiny is the rope
Your donkey treads on; that you don't hope.
Oct. 1998

How Generous!

How tall is the balm, the tree is a palm
How generous among trees of the farm!
Throw stone at it, gives you a soft arm!
April, 2005
Life
Toiling is life! I wonder for whose aims are
An increase of its days, and yet go even far.
Jan., 2004

Inevitability of Life
You are as grain and life is a funnel
This funnel is your inevitable channel
Wherever you go, still in this sphere,
No way to go but, into its mouth dear
No way to cling to its branches yellow
For they have to deceive every fellow.
8/5/2003

Eman
Here and there, in the kingdom of man
I haven't seen alike the beautiful Eman.
Dec. 2006

Not Mine
I love you and my love to you is fine
I hate you too for you are not mine
I hate in you the lack of every sign
That shows me and him- a same line!
Thy looks suffice the hungry to dine
Wonderful it is: intoxicated! No wine!
13/5/2003

Dream
You may see a dream but out of sensation
And far away from the general narration,
You see jumble of scenes- cannot be seen!
Out of logic, away from vision and so mean.
5/6/2003

Why Wan?
One day we went to bury an old man
I could see everyone's face but wan,
Why are you so pale man, why so pale?
Since your ship the same way is to sail
For God says: 'Who he loves me to meet'
'I will love him; place him on a loved seat.'
August, 2004

Twice Coming Down
Don't you realize Man, your coming down?
The first is from mother's womb, as a fawn!
The second is into your grave, in muffled
Into eternity, that ruffled us and shuffled.
5/4/2004
Man

Upon the edge of time you man stay alive
Then, into its depth in stagnation you die.

Sooner or later you have to evacuate the Earth
Despite your nose, evacuate it for a new birth.
22/2/2004

The Pleasure Demolisher

O you severe as a pleasure demolisher
Are you here around us just to equate
The downs of life, and or that of fate
You are granted, you’re a good fisher
14/3/2004

Life Is ....

Attractive to the short-sighted; visionless man
To the rich powerful who does not see
Steps afore his feet, does not see the sea
Who takes himself as the devil's nasty fan?
6/7/2004

You Go! You Stay!

Do not cry, you are created my dear
You are to be muffled in a bier, here,
It is piteous to live at the edge of time!
It is piteous not to stay in a full prime!
For you came here totally unconsulted
And you go as the child fawn hunted,
For when you came, you came in to cry
You could go now, or before being dry!
Prepare for your happy-ugly departure!
Be good; love Him, be a virtue capture.
7/7/2004

Since equation is there!

Since equation is there, it is then the fair
Since ambiguity encompasses you Sir!
Since you know not where to go, where
Your fate is dragging you, Sir, but where?
Into the abyss of a stagnated darkness, Sir
That makes your hair stand to end, your hair
Therefore, how naughty you are, how dare?
It is compulsory your participation and share
Your share in gloom or in its lighting the fair!
8/7/2004
The Sage Says

I am here still waiting for my grave
I am waiting because I am very brave,
Brave not because I am not a sinner!
But because I have hope: to be a winner
The winner of His great vast endless seat;
A good seat of joy, of no disease or heat!
1/7/2004

In Their End

It is in their end starts others' beginning!!
It is at our loss, starts their happy winning,
One goes from here, the other comes there,
The one is oppressed, another receives fair!
He is a tent dweller among thorny bushes,
Other, for more millions of dollars, rushes,
You find a man satisfied with his very little!
The other swallows his and the other's kettle.
So this life judges, you may go up or down
It discriminates between white and brown.
2/8/2004

You Cannot Tell

You man, you are everyday to lose
A thing you would not like to choose
But you lose it dear out of your will
It is a slipped time, of it you can tell.
6/8/2004

When

When the cow gives no milk
When the worm gives no silk
When the rain stops to fall
When you are fed up- no goal!
Then you do not know where
To go, you seek a world, fair
Then you do not find that world
For everyone will be no bold,
Find now an outlet in your free
Time, say 'I agree, and I agree'.
1/9/2004

Man's Epitaph

Whenever I read an epitaph
It gives me a chance to laugh
For these words benefit not
The dead, nor the living, but
The deeds you offer as living
That taking from you or giving,
The epitaph goes and the stone
You will be in a trial, but alone.
31/8/2004
So Pale!

Why are you so pale my fellow?

So pale fellow,

It is because of death's hands

Both are yellow,

I think it is so, I think it is so

They make you hollow.

Death advanced into that night

It was so light!

It was before twenty-four hours

You were with powers

But you, fellow, yield very soon

To its wing of bone.

1/9/2004

The Dropper

Life gives you days through a dropper!

Its length is as the time of the shopper

Pushing his empty wheel into a supermarket

Leaving fast as soon as he fills his basket

The dropper appoints your days drop by drop

Then it is empty of liquid and your life is to stop

When it comes, no indulgence papers can do

Nor delay you as the length of your worn shoe.

It stops with no notification or your time to delay

It is dry then, the sun sets; it is the end of the play.

19/11/2004

When Your Cabman Stops

When your cabman stops, you get down

You disappear, others show faces frown

If he is ordered to stop, he no more moves

Neither he nor does his horse move hooves.

When your cabman sees the end of the path

He brings your water for your final hot bath.

Then appeal for the remission of your sins

Be the one who, God's satisfaction, wins.

19/11/2004

Christmas Greetings

Greetings flew to your side

To reach thy crest the wide!

Not only on this day have I sent

Greetings on every wind I lent

But all the time you deserve

Our regards for you're brave.

10/12/2004
**Time’s Sting**

When time stings, its sting is hot!
Its poison, then, without antidote
When time, to you, turns its back
You peep at all through a crack,
It dilapidates things by its power
It ends thing and gives its shower.
A new life here cries, another dies!
Till comes a last havoc of the Wise.
19/1/2005

**It is not Pushing Wombs**

Life is not merely pushing wombs
And not merely swallowing ground
It is not merely an end into tombs,
It is a round here and there a round.
****
Who says then life and the end is so?
Narrow-minded he is, idiot and naïve
For here we came, from here we go
He only knows what we will receive.
8/6/2005

**You Swallow Time!**

With your morsel, time you swallow!
You throw the morsel and time follow
Everyday new morsel comes in or out
But time stays in you, or goes about!
20/7/2005

**If**

If my love to you is distributed over the world
It suffices the Earth, and more love to my Lord.
3/2/2007

**How strange!**

Is it necessary for good love and its taste
To permit braggart death’s assault in haste!
14/5/2007

**A Bridge of Skulls**

You walk over a bridge of our skulls
Soon you fall down as fall the sea-gulls
For others have to tread the same bridge
A bridge lest it should harm you the edge!
18/5/2007
Or

The way of man is paved with a skulled bridge
Before we cross it, stay listening to your dirge.
18/5/2007

A Prayer

O Allah, enrich us by being poor to need Thee
And never make us poor, dispensing with Thee.
26/6/2007

I Teach Him

I teach him how to shoot every day
Having becoming strong, he shot me
How often I taught him the art of rhyme
When he said his rhyme, he satirized me.
28, Sept. 2007

Never

Never write a thing of displeasure to see
on the doomsday,
Think not that illness shortens your death
or your health keeps it away.

Your Pool

let me teach your daughter the science of school
You teach me A the art of swimming in your pool.

If You

If you see the lion's teeth, sharper than a file
Never think that he is doing nothing but smile!

The Weakest Bird

The weakest bird usually hatches more and more
Than eagle's mother who keeps one, and not four.

As Palms

As palms do: above every malice be you
Pelted with stone, gives best fruit, they do!

June the second

Womanish qualities speak loudly through her
Her innocent face has, in beauty, a big share
It was on Saturday, the second of bright June
When fate brought me face to face with moon!
2/6/2007
Wisdom

The agony of your birth does not level your coming rapture
Nor the agony of your going can surpass thy joyous departure!

If you are

Man if you are in an ease of life,
You know that it is temporary.
This life is an abode of misery
Not of joy, but it is full of strife.

Death

Death has never been mentioned in the much
But decreases it, and in the little but increase it.

Her soft fences

What a pleasure lies there behind her soft fences!
More pleasure is to handle the beautiful princess.
9/9/2009

A narrow place

In this large universe, only you have a narrow place
Among this man-mass you have to control your face
Having failed dear to acquire a face and a place in it
Lamenting or enjoying your life, here or there you sit.
4/7/2012

The narrow place

The narrow place you may get, is not only for you
Few years later they dig your bones out for a place
For another body will say to you: what do you do?
Then your bones are out, you lose even a burial place!
4/7/2012
You stay behind

Never a man goes smoothly in this harsh dry life!
Mountain after another you pass toiling in strife!
Join life’s tumult under the sky, find what you find
The strife will overcome you, loser you stay behind.
4/7/2012

A Toilet-Roll Like
Life is just a toilet-roll like,
When it goes to its close
It goes faster to the end!
So your life man on it:
The deeper you go in years
More you find yourself no fit
To mount its horse,
Or to sail over its waves.
Therefore, never be sad
For it is all a company;
An enterprise of trick
Where those who do not
Understand it, are sick!
Do not go nervous to know
The reality of this life;
To know the shortness of
Its secrets and its inability,
I wonder for those who embrace
For ages and ages embrace life!
Which left them merely brittle?
Bones into its darkness;
Into its stagnated eternity;
Into its unescaped inevitability!
13/12/2009

Do not depart

To depart from my neighborhood is to part
With my hot soul mistress, so, do not depart
To depart from thy premises around us here
To drag hard my soul onto a devastating fire.

Where to go dear neighbor, where to settle?
Who will light the fire under our little kettle?
Who will cock in a kitchen opposite my soul?
Who will move in coyness and who will boil?
The tea and the coffee for us on the Eid’s day
Who will torture my feelings in a sweet play?
And wear the crown of beauty among women?
And of whom shall I boast of among all men?

Move not, and desert not thy old dwelling place
Keep here among us, a source of heavenly grace
Today, on my birthday I came to know all about
A probable departure, it is terrible in my account.

Today, too, I talked to you my heavenly rapture
Thy voice still resounding in my ears and capture!
An Elegy to My Mother

And now, thy time has come mother!
Never to be delayed by any brother,
Nor any power in a decayed universe
Nor my poesy, nor any of my verse
Can work to hinder you a moment,
Here mother, all we stand to lament,
Therefore, we need others to condole
Us and others to condole the whole.

That is the circle of attrition in life
Where decay and gloomy are in rife,
Mother! Which pen I may dare to use
In your elegy? It is but life's abuse!
Which paper will suffice, which ink
That is going with tears to make link,
Which grave will fit, which epitaph?
To stand: on human vanity will laugh.

Mother! Time has now thy page to wrap
Since it is announced: 'it is your last lap'
Rest in eternity, the safety of your belief
Makes us satisfied- you have a green leaf.
1/1/2005

Blooming Pink

I planted a flower on my window, a blooming pink
It reminds me of a sea into which I wished to sink
I daily irrigate it to keep blooming facing the gloom
Its scent doesn't substitute the woes of the groom.

Deep time keeps absenting me from a delicious memory
Every time I overcome time that hides beautiful scenery,
The torture of life A is that we cannot achieve our wish
We spend it as the hungry handling his empty dry dish.

23/5/2013

Brighter than the Bright

It was you A they said who filled the hall with light
For it is said that you were brighter than the bright
For their beauties have dwindled before thy beauty
It does not need much thinking nor needs mind witty-
You were, you have been and you will stay on the lead
Feeding all from your beauty- a rhyme for all to read,
You were the bride of the place and not the real bride
Ay, before your feet, others’ beauty withered and died
I wish I could have been there to spread my eager wing
Away to fly with thee, to perch and of our love to sing.
19/4/2013
Let us go

Let us go, you and I where a strange familiar land
Where our eyes can be filled with an evitable sand
For there is the final destination where can be His face
Where a prize can be won, in His presence full of grace
So let us leave this aching place and join His loved ones,
Let us go, for a seat to which everyone, one day, runs
The seat where all are standing, but I and you sitting!
The seat is measured for me and you, it is so fitting!
Let us go, I and you. let us quit this misty life to dew:
Sweeter than lavender and than lemon’s flowers new
Let us go, you and I, it is difficult for His Eden to apply
Let us go, I and you, for our application is above all high.
23/4/2013

Open the Gate

So you have spent a new night in our sallow world
You won’t pay the bill to us, for you won’t afford!
Your night is holy as compared to our sensual nights
For you were blind, deaf and dumb to our plights.
It is today you will travel with an open free ticket
Unreturned one, for you have no coin in your pocket.
Dr. Mosa, you leave now. Unrepented you leave
For we are left behind, our white cloth to weave!
It is a matter of time dear and we join your realm
For this life is no more than a toy seen in our dream.
It matters not how esteem your funeral is today!
It matters only where we are going and what to pay.
It is not an elegy for you my friend, it is to all, dear
It is to me before you, so open the gate we are near.
28\textsuperscript{th} of April 2013-04-28

Jawwal Company

I have just received from Jawwal Company a letter
It pleases me; in the same time my heart is to shatter
For it is my birthday today, it is my friend’s funeral
I won’t be happy, for sadness now judges my moral.
28/4/2013
When

When beauty is withered, switched off and old age on
When health is lost and when a deadly disease is won
When hunger prevails and the wing of famine is feared
When the phantom of poverty around us all, is heard
When depression and indignation are for the lost ones
When your bones no more carry you, and youth runs
When tenderness dwindled and droughty is to prevail
When the taste of life is missed, and you won’t hail
When narrow life catches you in its clipper the rusty
When you breathe hard your air, poisoned and dusty
When you are stretched on your worn mattress-mat
When you are waiting, hoping support from a sick bat
When your skull no more tolerates you and the bones
When you equal not a dead lizard among huge dunes,
There, you realize that there should be a second life
With Him, where you take off the dirty dress of strife
But what you want from Him, is not taken from Him
But by draining up the holy cup of piety to the brim!
1/5/2013

To Depart A

I came to know A. that you are going to depart
So put my heart in, and yourself drive the cart,
Drive along the side of that deep precipice valley
Let your cart down into it, then come and dally
With the flowers and daisies around the place,
Where the tortured heart ended with no grace!
Come and testify that you have turned away
From that heart, and never have given a day;
For him, and that was the cause of being sick,
Come if you can daily, and a flower you pick.
Put the flower in a vase lest it should be dry
Sit beside, remember the heart, but don’t cry.
Visit the shrine of a dead heart or its remain;
Come darling, your deed isn’t in vain but sane;
Come and say: this man was in infatuation,
Say: his heart has died without any relation.
Come and say not bye, say how his heart dies
Come in your good attire, come by the sunrise.
Come and erect a statue where destiny stood
Say: he is a sincere lover, a man alike be should.
On the pedestal write: ‘here a sincere heart lies’
‘It died on a twelve-year age, vain is love and lies,’
10/6/2011
The Time-mill

Two mills are there ruling over this world:
The one, works by sea wind, grinds wheat
This wind-mill ever keeps the Man’s feet
This mill has heat, although its air is cold!
****
The other, works by time wind, grinds souls
The former does stop, but the latter does not
Its heavy hands revolve around Man and cut
Him, where attrition and grave are its goals
****
Time-mill is the victorious, as it ends wind-mill,
We are the victimized between these powers
Wind-mill is faster than its sister counting hours
Time-mill is slower possessing paradise or hell.
11/1/2012

Where to Run?

Man, every passing moment, time reduces your days
The time is deep and black, at which you will gaze,
A time is coming when you’ve to leave all pleasures
To time, which, with weakness, fills your treasure.
Then to travel a compulsory travel to that borders
Where, with all, you submit to His celestial orders.
The thing is then done as if the thing wasn’t done
Encompassed by damp and darkness, where to run?
A long stay, motionless, rotten and bones scattered
Into the depth of end that ever our stay here flattered!
But despite all that, and in spite of this inevitable end
We swallow ourselves and our hearts haughtily rend!
Hasn’t the time come yet for all to repent in good will?
Will never come back to work well, to avoid the hell,
The hellish earth that surrounds our painful pitiful birth
An end that is going to swallow one day our silly mirth!
Do whatever you like if you don’t understand my lines
Nothing is free here and one day you have to pay fines.
29th of Nov.2011

Being enmeshed is strength

Being enmeshed with others is stronger than anything
You detest life on the way to your true love and sincere
Nothing is valuable before this fort, by which you sing
Nothing stands before true infatuation, nothing to fear.
****
When love is lost, nothing is gained in this weary life
How easy to sacrifice the valuable on its way and sake
And how easy to detest everything on your way to strife
You could look at life then from an angle of being a fake.
****
You could, whether due to the agony if the loss is great
Even if you tear, gain is nothing, when you lose hope
Nothing is left for you then except submitting to fate
Slip into life reluctantly; do not put off that soft rope.
4/1/2012
Better to die or better to lie!

You know H. it is common: better to die than to lie!
And you know H. it is not better to lie than to die!
Why did you once lie to the very good person I sent?
Why did you borrow the celestial tranquility I lent?
Why did you confiscate a smile sent from Heaven?
And why did you snatch the satisfaction to us given?
Why did you absent a right, to my family is a right?
Why did you allow darkness taking the role of light?
Why did you overturn to distress our quiet cozy life?
And into a cold thoughtful and into a futile strife
Did I, or did my family ever caused you a trouble?
We weren’t the maker of fate: making you a cripple!
You could make us sinners through your sinner lips
God may restore our right from your curved ribs
H. a white-faced man carrying grudge and spleen!
Your leaves have become dry, but were they green?
H. none loves you where you are. Heaven doesn’t too
We feel the hatred from your side towards us blew
For people’s love is from God’s, that is not available
Therefore go, for as you torture us, yours is inevitable.
15/10/2011

I’ll Split honey

It is a vow, big promise to split honey in that night
Around those borders before the army attack starts
And enjoy the flowing honey and enjoy the sight
Then start swallowing the honey from both parts.

And again I will split the honey on the same place
And again enjoy the taste before I am admitted in
Then have a deep look at thy innocent childish face
Oh God, account not my action to my love as a sin.

How beautiful to split honey again in a plat white
And get ready the spoon for this fantastic meal
What a nice moment then to start a lovely fight
Over your field, green by the touch of your heel!
11/11/ 2011

You are as dear as my land

Today I just remember you creature in my land
I equate between you beloved and soil and sand
Innocence, in both, is made by the hand of God
For in both enjoyment is the same, I am not mad.

But my lady surpasses the value of land to me
I regret the theory of equation above if it be
Of the same value, nay, I say thousands nay
For my beloved lady is my whole life I do say.

In this way A. you are the first and will keep
Till your field is ripe and I am ready to reap.
14/11/2011
The end

The end you long for, man, is surrounded by an end
That, your soul and your body, is going soon to send
Into the abyss of the unknown, deep, gloomy and dark
And yet you spend your time behind life's sinkable ark!
26th of September 2011

The End

The end you try to avoid is surrounded by the wind
And when it is gone, no body borrows nor can lend
You, sometimes, look at every face for an out let
But you come depressed, exhausted as if in a fit.
This I say out of experience in the kingdom of Man
That was when I used to collect for my son any fan.
6/10/2011

When Grudge Prevails

When the grudge's dust prevails over the heart
And when a halo is formed around every part
Your life becomes impossible in this shadow
Where dry looks follow you in your meadow,
Life becomes intolerable among your fellows
And your days are counted by broken billows
You find your kingdom as an animal kingdom
Where men of grudge each beat his own drum
To wake you up for life’s tumult and challenge.
Could you stand its weight? Can you manage?
You may then withdraw under its heavy feet
Or come temporary victorious, your days greet,
How victorious while R and H's grudge prevail!
Could the world’s oceans sweep it out and hail?
No, the answer is clear, for the malice of A too
Adds insult to injury, everyone has become a foe.
4/10/2011

The Story of life

Here you go Man and there he goes
Thinking that life has many a rose
But ah! If once we are able to realize
The value of this folk- for life cries!
**
Therefore, it is thy story unchangeable
While your page is everyday readable
Then to which asylum you intend to go
Where everything seems to you a foe!
**
Relax then and stand in the life's queue
Wait for the snatching hands that grew
Before your being here and after that
That erases mighty mountains and a bat.
**
The safe path then is through Him but:
Only through Him you get a celestial hut.
27th of September 2010001
The Cart of Life

As you are dropped, immediately you join the cart
That is awaiting you, rolling towards a counterpart
To the next station, that is not far, that is not far!
Soon you find yourself in it, alight from your car!
Turning your back to the scented glimmering life,
Not willingly turning back, but it is the end of strife.
Stunned you will be, your life was at utmost speed!
Nor your tears, nor repentance, nor a rebel can feed.

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

23/2/2013

Thy cake (choco cake)

I have never tasted such a delicious flavored choco cake
For your hands carried it, not due to the hands that bake
Blessed be your hands, Lindly, and blessed be your face
Flow upon us and the world, from your abundant grace.
I love to lecture here at Gaza University, where you are
So as to be near you, to smell thy scent, even from afar.

20/2/2012

The Day I Did not Come

How could I count the day, Lindly, I did not in come?
As one of my days beautiful, nay, it is of awe and hum
Not mine for I did not see you lady soft and lady kind
For the whole respect and admiration in you to find
The day I did not come was not mine, never be mine
For I was not honored seeing you, neither it was fine.

25/2/2012
Before You Run to the Sea

Go now, before you run to the wavy sea!
Now go, before you are compelled to see
What will tease you and raise your anger,
Now, before no food to be in your manger
Now, before you crowd to reach the shore
Any shore that could be safe, as any door!
Now, you do it before time is useless to cry
Before the time is hard and the time is dry!
Now, for we are promised the whole cake
Through our holy lines, working for its sake
So, before you throng and crowd to the sea,
Before a plea for mercy is a sure useless plea
Go now, for now only you could collect things
Go now, for now is useful time to fly the wings
Now, before you run to the sea with no sun!
Now, before a time is useless, to you, to run!
This is the message from that who lurks there
Who lurks there, waiting with his hard sword,
Therefore, put thy silly old understanding out,
Save your skins, it will never be useful to shout.
The garment does fit and suit its anxious owners
For it looks better on them than on the horners.
23/7/2004

To Mount Girzim

Oh! Girzim! Beneath thy foot lies Rujeeb
A place where people, their honor, keep
How old are you, a million years or more?
You overlook Nablus’ eastern old door,
You overlook Nablus’ western high gate,
You stand encountering the able sullen fate
How many states and kings ruled and gone?
How many armies fled away or had to run?
But undefeatable you stayed ever since
Watching the silly race erecting a fence!
Fearing you, and your beloved long host,
Stay Girzim embracing us, we are not lost.
Embrace thy brother Mount Ebal the high
Stay, farewell us when we surely once die.
A source of dignity and of honor you are
Among us all you are, you will never be far.
Girzim, tell us when the victory once comes
We’re buried beneath you. Tell us in drums!
Let your sound resound among all the mounts
Let generously water overflow from the founts,
Tell every one of us, in his grave, of the triumph
Beautify, for every Palestinian martyr, a nymph.
8/8/2004
Our Beloved Prisoners

Who said, dear prisoners
    that your prison is so dark?
Who said who could not hear
    around you, the dogs’ bark?
Who said it is terrible!
    terrible is thy cell, and the vault?
To them we say, nay, listen to us,
    for you have to halt.
Our prisoners are the prisoners
    of the world’s freedom,
They fight against tyranny and
    kingdom of a vacuum drum.
Our prisoners have the right on their side
    against oppression,
The Israeli oppression which causes
    Man’s wide depression!
To you prisoners of freedom
    we say be patient for an hour
Be patient my beloved prisoners,
    owner of the world honor.
Whatever their wall is high,
    and their cell is dark and damp
The cause of being in fetters is
    the light of the world lamp
Whatever the barbed weirs
    surrounding your cell are sharp
Still the cries of your torture
    is sweeter than their ill harp.
The sweat you produce has fragrance,
    has a taste of honey!
Oh you jailer, you cannot resist their will,
    you are a silly funny.
Oh let the drunk world witness
    if the world has a living ear
Let the free people of the world
    read your message my dear,
However we warn you jailers
    we’re creeping to free them all
It is our duty; you are on the wrong,
    occupiers with no goal!
Occupiers with no goal!
Gaza 12/1/2013

The Ephemera of Man

Yes it is, Man is ephemeral on this dry hot cold land
For he spends his life here counting the yellow sand
Deceived of his being- his way is lighted by gloom
A flower temporary, but never ever in his bloom!
To nothingness he goes, where his originality abode
Where his name is erased from the eternity board,
Have you realized that you are notoriously tricked!
You possess nothing to deter your soul being picked
Therefore, relax, live a politely life, work for that day
Otherwise you get nothing – you’re a loser in this play.
15/1/2013
Fairer than Fair!

She is very fair, fairer than any fair
Fair, jumping softly here and there
What do you think of her beauty Sir?
She is fair, and fairer than every fair.
I am not liar, she is beautiful I swear
But to find her equivalent, it is rare!
Round faced, created with so a care
Happiest is the one who has a share
A share with her in one cottage Sir,
Sweet is, touching her face, the air,
Fair is the air, if touching her hair.
She is so fair, and fairer than any fair
With fair eyes and fairer than any pair
Tenderly she moves, as does the mare
What do you think of her beauty, Sir?
Happiest then is the lion of her lair!
Who will be her lion, who will dare?
22/9/2001

The End of this file