

Collection of poems by the rebellious philosopher

On the violence of emotion,

Change your nature and do not be as they wanted you to be, be only as you wanted to be, and do not let what they say affect your being.

By Mohamed El Ghandour

Dedication:

“To seven people in my life, my mother, my father, my sister, then my brothers, to you all the love and respect whenever you were close to me, I was with all my senses, my love for you never ends, thanks to you I live my days and with you I feel like I own my world...”

“They did not give us love, but they planted hope in us, they did not teach us with a pen but they gave us a book, they remained a heart for us”

By Mohamed El Ghandour

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

In the name of Allah, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful

As for what follows:

First, I would like to point out that this second edition of the collection of poems "**Poetic**

Collection for the Rebellious Philosopher" has been revised and edited by the poet Mohamed El Ghandour in the year 2024, March

O reader, today I come to you with **The Poetic Collection for the Rebellious Philosopher**, this collection of poems we will try to divide into chapters, as I have not completed writing these poems yet. So you will get to know the number of chapters when we finish them, but this book will be dedicated to the first chapter entitled "On the Violence of Emotion", as for the second book, it will be dedicated to the remaining poetic poems...

So, beautiful reader, whenever a poet writes, he tries to captivate his readers with introductory words.

So what do you think, or rather what do you want first, before I delve into writing this poor introduction let me give you some of what I start my writings with...

- Do not care about their saying that you will not be able to reach your dream, resist their negative thoughts and make sure that they do not wish you well, for if they loved you, they would not criticize your nonsense.
- Give hope to yourself, not hope to fulfill their desire for you to be what they want.
- Always be sure that they will not love you even if you change according to their whims a thousand times.
- Do not tell them your secrets as at any moment they may turn against you.

Learn to write because writing helps you boost self-confidence...

These were just excerpts from the words of a person who called himself a philosopher and a rebel to dominate the universe, but the universe dominated him. Just me without essence, nothing to enhance his existence, thank you.

Let me start my poor introduction.

To my mother and father with all my love for them and my constant gratitude for their love, to my siblings who were part of my life until the end of what I was, to my friends despite their lack of credibility and their presence by my side in times of need and their domination of my simplest mistakes, to the society in which I was born and lived in. They only saw me as an empty and intruder in their miserable oppressive world. I never understood you and you never understood me, I was just a child. I was loving even though you did not appreciate my little love, I was part of you even though I was different from you, I who the time has not yet come for to become what he is, I am that little rebel against your bad customs, look at me. Be without being for him, despite the universe that suffocates from my existence.

I was not as you wished me to be, I did not always love your traditions as I loved a better life than what you were in and still are. I am someone who has no one for him, and no one loves him. Let me tell you...

I am Mohamed, a despotic person, nothing more. This is your view of me, here I have taken over myself and devoted all my time to what I have no knowledge of. I tried hard to please you but I could not, I did not know and still do not know what you want this person to be, I was me despite your efforts unfortunately...

Let me not get into the turmoil of my life, let this aside and let's complete.

O reader, whether you are male or female. I spent all my life writing and documenting these poems.

I do not know if I was right or wrong, all I know until today is that I practiced my hobby in blogging, and I always try to give the best of what I have from this life, I try to mimic some of the reality that I have lived and that I am living, I tried to share with you a part of the turmoil of my life that I have experienced since the day of my birth...

I hope and pray to God not to stir anyone's feelings, for I know that by just reading this poor introduction you will deduce this saying "Man is stupid in his stupidity, there is no stupidity in him that is not collected or spent in others"

Do not rejoice too much and do not occupy your mind because you will not understand this saying and you will not find its owner, the most important thing is that I have made a long presentation. Do not worry, I will try one day to explain to you this saying philosophically.

Finally, this collection of poems is not suitable for the young audience, so I advise against reading it by those who are young intellectually and emotionally, and those who are rigidly attached to themselves and are racially extreme, as these words are not suitable for such people.

Best wishes for all of you and a good ending.

Regards.

Chapter One: On The Violence of Emotion

The First Collection:

To the beloved and what she did not betray...!

In the nights we spent together...!

In the conversations that brought us together but did not complete

In the places that brought us together as an escape from pain

To the beloved and what she did not betray

Except that she remained faithful to the covenant

Close until she took without a solution a nightmare

Time did not separate us...

And time did not betray our harmony

But it was the stranger who stole our world

In love, it was a turning point

And with a story, I used to end your day with hope

To the beloved, is there any hope left in a withered meeting...!

If time had passed for the moments that brought us together

Together...!

Days passed without a meeting

Then a message came telling me about the inability of separation

And it was a nightmare of a separation that approached us

Without a farewell that brought us together

My beloved...

Even if thousands of years passed, I did not forget

A moment when I was close to you...

And even if thousands more passed, I never forgot you

Time betrayed the beloved to become a story

And the world disappeared apart

But you were the first in his life

You made others jealous of him for happiness;

Even the one who desired misery

He was miserable for a look...!

My dear, what looks remind me of your looks,

For they lingered in a withered mind

And in a heart struck by lethargy

By your messengers, time has not changed me.

You made me dead in your love, separation

You returned to him, my beloved

Despite a love that was in my heart, the sudden

What excuse, my dear

And no hello to my situation;

And what happened to me was not easy without you

Except that I became old in a youth that betrayed me.

So forgive me, sir...

He became dead without you,

O madam...!

We have grown up a lot...

We have grown to the point where we no longer look for new friends... or even

people who love us and we love them;

To the point where we wear the same clothes for two or three consecutive days.

To the point where we fear for our families instead of their fear for us,

We stopped arguing with anyone when we know we are right,

We let the days prove the validity of our point of view...

We no longer tell anyone what is happening to us, or what hurts us, we rejoice in silence, and we cry in silence.

We no longer care about the type of mobile phone we own, or the famous type of clothes we wear, or whether our home is a village or a city, a mud house or a decorated building and a villa.

It has become very normal for me to tell my friends and friends that I do not have money or a penny, and not enough money to go out with them without being ashamed of their reaction, and their carelessness.

Stupid jokes are what make us laugh, because we want any reason to laugh at

We are no longer affected by sweet talk, we want actions from the heart, we no longer care about the clothes of others or to be like them, we say "God help the world"

We grew up and started giving to the poor without asking for their prayers, we grew up and learned that appearances are deceptive.

And we learned that not everything that glitters is gold..., and that the rope of lies is short..., and we know who laughs at us and lets him believe.

Written in Taounate 16/5/2018

My friend...

My friend, the apple of my eye, the days brought us together,
And the circumstances separated us in their absence;
You are the most precious thing that happened in my life,
Greetings and longing to you;
You are my best friend...
The best thing in my life...
The world revolves around you repeatedly longing...
You have added light and love to my world,
You and no one else granted the journey then supported
I describe you as an ideal friend who led me to a world
Not defined in the dictionary of my dreams;
So how can it be...?
And you do not know what is on my mind,
Be truthful and you will get what you want...
I spent half of my life with you
So how can I let go of you when you have proven my existence...
I studied with you in the same department
You were a constant companion without worries or sorrows
I lived with you moments that are unforgettable
You are nothing but my heart's desire;
You were the best and courage describes you, my dear;
And you still remain as a master on the throne,
How can the days compensate you...?
And I am a witness to you with sincerity and credibility.
Manhood has its people, and dignity has its people

You who changed the concept to define its correctness

Leave aside the wars

And return to your guidance, for you have left early

Leaving us neglectful of new worlds

O friend, we learned from you and taught you what we learned

In our path we had a goal but fate decreed

To change the path of some of us.

Our town is a small town

In it, we are united only by a tweet of love and crazy passion

You do not need it, and it needs you...

Let it return to its guidance

For it does not match your credibility

You are strength..., and you are the apple of my eye...

Return to your home and friends

Friend, oh friend, do not distance yourself

For the longing never ends,

And your presence adds light to my world;

My town...!

My town is a small town
In it, there are bad people and good people;
In it, there are trees and olive trees...!
In it, there is love and crazy passion
In it, there is a school and no prisons,
In it, there is my beloved and my family
In it, there are my words and my friend;
In it are eyes and valleys...
In it are the greatest dams and places!
In it are you and I...!
In it are others and their loved ones.
In it is an Imam praying...
In it is an Islamic religion and ethics of a high stature;
In it is another world that changes my words
It is nature that attracts me...!
But I do not love it passionately
My heart is tired of leaving it
And my longing envelops it as support
I hated some people but missed my own;
Every night I write and every night I guess,
Where did you go and travel to...?
My village is a place where electricity is cut off
But it does not bow to customers!
I document it in letters
But it does not look or expect kindness...!

I gave it a name...

I named it Abla and Antar

Love and hate unite them repeatedly

But it remains a small town

Embracing the traveler and the sick

There is no hospital

But there are herbal remedies

There is no theft or harm to the weak

For there is a strange tolerance and compassion

My village made me a writer

So I come to you with my pen as an expression of praise

My beloved... and I am ready

Wait for me for a long time as my name is engraved...

On a bond, between you and me

I spent my childhood in you

You helped me to live.. the painful life

And you were a guide to teach me my pen;

And nourishing my body with ethics and optimism;

My village, part of you is a cruel world

I loved you, despite my infinite hatred for you

The land belongs to men when they are present, they are opponents,

And for change, they are close and loving;

And for the likes of men, it is a loss and corruption,

In you, I raised a good person who heals the pain of others

And in you, I created a man who answers the disease of humanity

And a warrior who receives all the healing vitamins;

And a master who defines my path and goal;

My town, if others talked about you, you would be the first to talk

Praise and words of thanks and congratulations,

In you I continue to pray between myself and the world with pride that I was prepared

In my town;

Do not mock her small size.

And your grace is not less than the wedding of my beloved.

My country, the land of the homeland, I never mention it except that I

Close to her in a soul that clung to the entrance.

Alone in my world...!

Alone in my world, gentlemen,,
Alone, no one loves me.
I await fleeing to death.
But he hates me...!
I accepted living, but I hate my life.
My world is strange like my poem.
My heart loves her and does not know?
Passion... obsession, crazy love...
Tears flow from my eyes...!
Words flowing from my heart...!
Did I hate living?
Where are you...? Where are you, O death?
Your trip was long!
I waited for you for a long time.
My love... I am your poet!
I write and record for you. I love you.
Listen and pay attention.
I miss your words!
But alone in my world.
You will not understand and you will not change.
My heart is bored and hateful.
I waited for you, oh death.
Come and take me quickly!
Until we meet again, until a meeting soon.
I was a writer, poet, and artist...

Have I become nothing...?

Woe to the crazy person in love with you, Salma...

Let the world know!

And you also know...

Farewell my world...

Farewell... My departure is near.

Death is now knocking on my doors.

I forgot to live.

I forgot the words.

I forgot the lovers' dialogue.

My solitude overwhelms me.

And despair overwhelms me...

I am tired of you... take me, O death.

My existence is no longer beneficial.

Just a supplicant to a world that betrayed me.

In a world where I fell dead...

You are mine...!

You are mine and no one else
You are destined for me...
No one will take you from me
Be alone and I will not leave you...
I love you, and love is not enough for me
You are mine alone.
Alone waiting for you...!
Time has passed and I have not forgotten you
A ladder of love for me and not for others...
My sustenance is attributed to you.
And you are my lineage
A wife for me, you will become, God willing
And the world witnesses that you are mine...!
The pen writes you in letters,
And words of gold
My world is strange like you
But I will not abandon you as our bond is strong...
My beloved..., be like the symbol in my heart
For the symbol does not disappear..
Be a light that illuminates the lamps of my darkness;
You are the girl of my dreams
And my dreams are happy for you
And with you, my lady, I am bound;
I wrote with tears in my eyes,
A poem titled "You are mine"...

For you are the light of my vanished days;
And my days are for you...
Listen, for I am your lover!
And for no one else..., I love you!
And I am here alone!
In the pitch darkness of the night
I write letters of gold...
I will not change, and I will not be for anyone else...
For you are the light and lamp of my world
And the heart longs for you...
You are an eternal love
And my beloved in my world...
For the heart carries you as it has occupied my soul...
I write to you with my pen...
A poem that speaks of an obsessed love...
Like no other, except you my dear;
And the world is a witness
To the love for you in my steadfast heart
Accompanying me, in every place and time.
You are my happiness, oh girl...
For without you, it is impossible
For love is true with you...
And passion is obsessed with you...
Both my senses are happy for you.
Have you always been with me and the end we spend
Love. A word is not enough
I want you as a passion, not just love to complete my heart

I want you as a lifetime, not just hours to make me happy in my days;

Until the end of your existence may be enough...

So what is my worth, when you are not my perfection.

My dear, you are a destiny written in my book.

And to the world of the master of light, guide my path, my lady;

Time and place may differ but you are a human

That wanderer in his sea is a pillar...

The joy of success,

The joy of success is a joy my heart awaits
A joy of another world that changes the fate of an unknown suffering..
In summer and winter, tiredness and struggle,
I waited and waited ... for joy
In a day that decides and in a dark place that lights up
I waited and waited ... for this day to rejoice
Tears flowed and streamed from my eyes?
I endured and endured in past years
For a long time, despite all the fatigue and hardship, I struggled;
To rejoice in this joyful extent with my loved ones,
A certificate that changes our lives and determines what comes next
And with it we build our future
It is perfection for our lives and destruction for a new journey.
And in it is joy for our hearts to be happy for a while
And in it is an end and a beginning for our journey to a solution more than we are used to
My mother rejoices in our joy that the boy has become a man
And my brother loves the joy of our family that the brother provides a service
We waited for it for a long time to relax a little
And today we will achieve it with no worries about what comes next
No one will take it from us as we have worked hard for it
We are ready to receive it, tweeting with our congratulations
And our names are written on it with sealed ink
With a pen that defines our feature that we have excelled
And joy by our side until we walk towards our destination.
Praise be to God for our joy.

Everyone will rejoice

And the heart will calm down a little ... for our certificate

Appreciating our years of hard work

It is the joy of success, gentlemen...!

You have inspired us to walk towards the unknown, where are we...?

A joy that envelops hearts for a soul that has defined its limits

Happiness.

The joy of success tastes different from the usual

Even if it is for a limited time.

Lost love

Between four walls alone
I write and read with no one beside me
What is this...! My thoughts on my beloved
In the shadow of sin under a sinful heart
Waiting for a heart... that never came!
Far away, not thinking about...
I love you... I love you my beloved
I write your name with a pen that finishes my words
I am here alone!
No one shares with me
I envy my tears,
Because they flow for the separation of the beloved
Love, love... love
Hold me between your arms
Let the heart fall in love and remain yours
Cry, oh sky, and pass the ball
And attack my burnin...!
Is not death a curse indeed...
It is my right to cry for my beloved
I love you...!
And love is not a shame
Because my heart is in love like this
My beloved, my heart is madly in love with you
I love you and love is obsessed with you
My beloved... I love you

So what is fate but attached to a beloved
Lost among the paths of love
He was haunted by the dream of the beloved being close
Holding her to his chest to sleep peacefully
Easing the pains of the world and its hardships,
Lost love in a land with a defined end
It changed direction and then distanced the beloved
To remain lost in its air, in love.
Did she receive a message written for her...!
“In it, the Arab boy tells the beloved” I am the lover!
And I am lost in your love!
And you are the message of the universe, easing my pains and sorrows,
And fighting against a world that has besieged me.

My beloved...!

My beloved, O light of love

Embrace me with your love, oh lover

And forget the repetitive words

I am your lover...

My heart is tired of the dazzling words

Let us be together

And do not forget me without reason

I am a worried lover.

A oppressed writer who does not take risks

I love you...!

This is the title of my life

And these are my words

I am tired of waiting

And sleeping without escape

My heart tears up with longing for you

And does not forget its love... and does not forget its love without measure

... O my beloved

Let love speak

Let people understand

My crazy love

Let the heart think

Let the feeling deduce

For my love is going with passion

And the heart is eager for love...

Do not forget...!

I am your poor poet
Dissolved in his worries
Thinking of you day and night
So why the rejection and destruction...?
Forget that I was there, O Mahyar
You are a beauty that does not fade
You are a light and a lamp in spring
Your time is the time of love
And you are the most generous...
My words are difficult
But my heart did not play a role
Understand my words,
And forget my world
My beloved, be mine
And make me a heart for you
I miss you with love
My world without you is a story
Of an unforgettable love
My beloved.... I love you

A stranger inside me...!

A stranger inside me

My life is strange...

I live and the heart is blamed for love

Unbelievable and unchanging.

I cry and sing at the same time

Tears flow from my eyes

What is this...? A dispute between them

No... damn it, I'm tired of life

And life is tired of me.

A stranger inside me

He blames me and says

No... how can I live when oppression has become a sign

Are you inside me...?

No... make me be, a planet and stars

A lonely stranger longing for your delegated love

Oh... neither love waters me nor your words embarrass me

And your words will not distance me...

Oh... I love you madly

A stranger inside me...!

He blames me and says "damn your life of play"

He cries, then cries and repeats the crying

People hate me and curse me

Lonely, I do not adore

No... contrary to words, I love you

Astonishing, neither love nor passion

What is this obsession of the stranger inside me

You will not understand...

I hated my life

I hated you, oh stranger

Stay away, let me speak

Neither distance nor words...

Live alone

And cry and look

Poet writer and artist

But you do not understand

Oh... stranger as if you will not understand

What is this...? What is happening...?

I write with my pen, a stranger inside me... damn

For the stranger is nothing but a part, so leave

And no return to a life that has become in a swamp

Not my life...?

Life

Oh... my life

On challenges and adventures

In you, humans are forced

In you, the heart is in love

Money makes it endearing

And the poor are betrayed.

Oh... life

I hated you from the first moment

And the whole world loves you

In you, there is temptation with money

And the weak are taken by the truth

Oh... is this life?

A source of living with much money

And the poor in your world are oppressed...

Oh... life, I hated you from the first moment

I lived in you for years but they were detestable

This life...

In it, there is misery and joy

In it, there is injustice and taking

In it, there is despair and quarrel.

In it is pride and play.

Strange life...?

It was long, you are long

It does not end...!

Joy in you for the rich mesmerizer

Misery in you for the poor weak

And pain for the poor destitute

Oh... my life

Make me a guide

So I leave you, in a dark place

Oh... my life

This life...?

And my life as well...?

Damn.... I am tired of you

So leave me, perhaps I will depart...

Depart from your world...damn

Love...

Love, my beloved
Love for the beloved in my heart
How long the journey has been...
A journey of love...
Has not ended yet
A poet in the sea of illusions
A heart that fades and returns
Crazy love..
Without a mind, obsessed
With you...?
Oh girl, this is love
Ah... many speak of it
But what is this...?
Where do the ships go...?
In the seas...?
Waves and waves of love
My journey in crazy love has been long
In the island of love
I am hidden, there is nothing to comfort me
I loved her and it ended
Drowned in the sea of illusions
Where is the escape...?
You will not leave, you will not depart
With love and passion not in consideration
You will remain there...

Where is the sea, where are the ships...?

Where...?

I wait for her to slap me...?

To wake up from my dream

And my dream is full of love

Oh... love of the beloved

Hidden in my heart

No one will know

But I know

I know everything, because it is my heart

What is this... what is happening?

Crazy about her love

A poet writing about love

And he is engulfed in the whirlpool of love

Where is the escape...?

Neither here nor there

A blocked path... damn

I sadly drowned

And the fish is searching for me...

And I am searching for you

In endless seas and oceans.

And love, escaping from me

Oh... love, obsession...

Damn... I will not give up...?

I was... damn

Town of the mad...!

Town of the mad...

Town not known...

In it, you and I,

Mad in my town

Madness takes over my mind

When I write, I express, I laugh, I talk, I get angry...

What is this anger that overcomes me?

Whiteness in my heart, whiteness in my small heart

Tears in my eyes...

Shedding over something...?

I do not know what it is...?

When I remembered a name...?

It was strange...

I am in a mad town

Sitting, writing, letters with a black pen

Expressing madness

How and when...?

I left, and became like this

Yes..., mad in my madness

Obsessed in my obsession

Waiting for something...

I do not know what it is...?

But in the near future it will come

And change my life...

Is it death...?

I do not know.

It may be death but...

No... actually death is near

It comes for the mad and the strange

But I am near...

This town is mad.

And its people too

Yes, madness

Does madness overcome...?

Farewell, oh strange mad one

Without... you will not understand and will not be understood

For this is the land of fools

No place for a madman in front of a fool

Die, perhaps it will be better

And live, regrets will haunt you...

Until a near appointment, oh stranger

Wedding night...!

Her wedding night, gentlemen

She is in a night of joy...

It is her last night

Joy in her heart

She did not look at me and my condition...

I am sitting on a chair...

Watching as people laugh

Everyone in joy,

And I alone am sad

For her departure, gentlemen

She wears a white dress, and her husband black

Contrast between them

Sitting on the newlyweds' seat

In white as well...

Every moment her outfit changes

And I imagine myself... I am the groom.

I dream and the dream is rejected

With the noise and chaos in the hall

Everyone praises her...

Beautiful bride...

And I am silent, unable to speak

She invited me, gentlemen

Invited me to take a picture with them

Ha... foolish!

She doesn't know, how sad I am for the separation

And sadness pricks me to tears

She slipped from my hands

He took her, another person

I was the one dreaming of her as a wife

But another person, my dream came true for him

She became his, not mine

Everyone tries to talk to me

And they try to make me laugh

How can I laugh...?

And my beloved, taken from me by another person

Death comes to my imagination

The mind is full and absent

The party is over...!

Everyone left...?

And I am still... in my place

I can no longer move

For I am completely destroyed

And mentally drunk

I have become insane

I used to imagine you for me and you became for someone else

Sorry for my condition...

You deserve the best

And I deserve death

Because I will never find someone to love me... ever

Damn, I got married and it's over... damn.

I can no longer...

We were better off...!

What happened...?

One night we both killed a part...?

It's over and will not return...!

The dream is over, facing reality

Unfortunately, not from within us,

And no share for us in a union,

Let love last as long as our hearts...

And may our Lord make someone's heart rejoice...

Sad in solitude!

Sad in solitude I am...
In a place filled with sadness,
And a hanging heart.
No escape or solace.
Tears in my eyes...
Sadness overwhelms me...
Longing for a beloved far from me,
She was light, and has become darkness in my life
She was the joy of my heart,
I miss her laughter.
My university was in life
I became sad and lonely in the evening
Thinking in the darkness
And no solutions come to me...!
My life is dark. A darkness with no light to illuminate it,
And the sun's rays have not shown yet,
Why my world...?
Why...?
I wait for a return to my life...
It has not changed and will not change, a fateful world,
I have become alone...
How and when...?
I have become like this...!
I was hopeful and happy
I have changed and no longer as I used to be,

My words are no longer...

Gone with the wind...

Sadness is my companion

And the pen is traitorous to me

It is no longer there, damn.

The second group:

A failure...!

I am a failure...!

In my conversations with others,

In friendships,

In love,

In life...,

Failure is my companion!

And success is against my life,

A rebellious failure

In my writings I am...!

I am one in a million,

I... i...?

What is success for my failure,

Where is it...?

I have never seen success,

I am rebellious against failure,

It is a part of my nature,

As a writer and poet,

It is a part of my nature, as an actor

It is a part of my nature.

Where was I...?

And where have I become...?

I will never change...

For failure is permanent in my blood,

Unfortunately, damn.

Cruelty?

Cruelty in my life...!

It is harsh on me,

Detested and rejected,

I have nothing...

Changed by it!

Harsh on me,

Every passing day

Repeated in my life,

Every night comes to scatter my thoughts,

A writer about sadness

And a composer for it,

In the harsh life,

A struggle with oneself

Its beauty is over,

Just boring, and boredom infects the veins,

When I write,

I hate my writings,

When I try to make myself happy,

My mood is dark,

Everything is upside down,

Nothing is beautiful in it,

I no longer have the desire to live,

I am no longer in love with my existence,

Due to the harshness of life,

Nothing is worth it anymore,

Nothing, just emptiness,

Valentine's Day...!

It's the day of lovers,
And my beloved is waiting for me,
Waiting for me to bring her a gift,
Waiting for me to wear a red dress,
To be with me,
Oh, how crazy she is,
Trying for me,
And what am I doing... just nothing,
It's negligence and a waste of my time...
Wait for me, don't you see that I won't come
I am on my way...!
And my way is long
Just a crazy person
And hallucinations haunt me
They live for love...
And stay up with their loved ones
And I am running away from myself and those around me,
Like a madman,
Truly, I am not one of them and will not be,
On the fourteenth of February,
A day for lovers, and for me a dark day
With the company of fear of the unknown,
It no longer returns,
All except a return...
To what it used to be...

Do you remember, how much I loved you

And with you a constant companion

Sorry, my love...!

For I am no longer what I used to be.

The philosopher's book...

It is the philosopher writer,
He is the one who writes with written ink,
Combining between love and passion,
And his life devoid of them,
But still continuing
Writing a novel and a poem...!
He is the philosopher lord,
The passionate rebel,
Hated among them,
The lord of solitude,
And his dream of migration is his enemy
A writer of words,
Knowledgeable and a display of his foolishness,
Hated and a display of his companionship,
No supporters or close ones,
Everyone is after him,
A life lacking, no happiness
A book that combines everyone,
The first, the ego, and the id,
She left and he is searching,
He left him with nothing but...
A companion from a wise darkness,
A conscience accompanying,
A companion at night...,
And a forerunner during the day...!

Agreement, and separation...!

His words are directed despite hatred

He writes about himself with love

He was rejected with hatred,

For blogging is a vast sea

And the pen, ignorant of what it writes.

O friend, O friend,

A friend who befriends you,
Wants everything from you,
And you do not want anything from him,
He needs you but you have no need for him,
A fake argument and friendship,
O friend, O friend,
He tells you his preference over you,
But he is just a friend with an interest in you...
When you stand by him, he forgets you,
Because he does not know you...
Your days as his companion, just lies and deceit...
The falseness of life,
And what to do...?
Everyone has a need and being attractive,
Do not regret, but learn,
There is no solution in the mind, nor is it possible
Your fear of loneliness,
And your staying without them,
No talk of sincerity in friendship
Just a practice of interests
No talk at all,
A friend in times of need,
For he is not true...
Writing about those who are not and who they are not,
I expressed what came

I was a guide to what has passed
I tried hard not to...
But the truth was,
Escape with no way out,
For you are just nothing
And I am nothing but...
My treacherous pen,
There is no interest here
Take what you want,
Just let me finish what remains of my life,
I am tired of being in a world
No friend, no lover
Falseness in life
And betrayal from all sides
Dominant interest
With complete regret,
I was and I was... and everyone was,
But we have reached the end,
To the beginning of betrayal
O friend, O friend,
Who of us was, to be now,
And who of us will be what they were not,
To depart,
Your journeys may not be complete,
But rest assured, our end is.
Farewell.

A school in a village,

In letters,
I will tell you about what you are experiencing,
Dead, you no longer have a place,
I studied there for years,
I learned multiplication, division, and languages,
I studied history,
And learned Islam,
In you, I saw passion,
And in you, my literary companions were built,
I believed in dreams and miracles,
I got to know, and I knew
The grandeur of my teachers,
I was lost, so they revived you,
I learned usefulness from you,
The harshness of fate befell you,
In you, the world learned, and the ignorant remain ignorant,
I learned love in you,
And that love has limits,
You were not contrary,
You were the reason,
Neither you nor I,
Despite the harshness of circumstances,
I only took my knowledge,
And taught my lesson,
And tried to change myself,

My school,

How do I express, and the pen is unable to praise,

Longing still remains,

But love for you is pure

A school in a village.

A stranger inside me (Part 2)

A stranger who never becomes estranged,
I interacted with people, and rebelled against them
Moody,
And joyful in my being.
A stranger inside me,
Speaks to me about the virtues of the heart,
And does not speak of love
Exile is coming to me,
And the world is on the sidelines for me,
Rebellious strange talk,
In a place where I cannot find what I live for.
I wait for the darkness to come,
For the night is for the stranger and the day is for the beloved,
I have always been a stranger,
And I have always become rebellious
And I am not prepared,
To meet someone who changes me
I live in exile alone,
And I tend to be joyful
Not funny to you,
A whore entered my life
Made me infinite,
I think and thinking disappoints me,
I have become harsh, oh girl,
The stranger blames me,

And he inside me does not want to come out

He is afraid of the sunlight.

And the world is hateful,

Damn, he is a stranger.

The girl of today...!

Oh girl,
Be inspired by the moon,
For the moon does not resemble you
Be a light like the sun's light,
For it will not light your way
Be indifferent to the world,
For it is not concerned with your affairs
Continue and complete your journey,
For I am also not interested
Rebel on the road,
I want to talk to you...
I want to meet you in the world,
I want to be with you at night,
I want to be friends with you during the day,
What is this...?
Who are you...?
And what is your role...?
I have words and you have used them,
You have increased in adornment,
And you are like the eye of an elephant...!
Are you hiding your ugliness...?
As if you are an angel making of yourself,
And you are a cursed devil,
In a cruel world
You show your virtues,

Forgetting that they desire you,
One night,
A rebel speaks to you,
Do you not hear,
Make yourself you,
And do not be a whore in a humiliating street,
Be kind to yourself
For your body does not deceive,
You will not enter my house,
A meeting in the street,
I will not come to your family,
For whores belong in the street,
And the good women, in their fortified homes
The self has no love in your corruption.

The strangeness of love

Strange love, oh universe,
No speaker, no world,
Where is it...?
Desiring departure,
No return from it,
Migration, death to an eye
Longing for a love that does not come...
A lover of one who does not exist,
The years and months pass,
And the heart is eager for a lover,
Where is it...?
Strange love, perhaps...
Where does it depart, and departure is hateful
What is love to it, and it is rebellious
Problems, no end
And change, no beginning in love
Life did not desire,
Nothing excites it
Nor distinguishes it.
And it does not adorn it
Where is death...?
Where is the escape...?
A waiting death for me
And a shattered life for me
Happiness, no existence

An unknown future,

And an inevitable death...

Unfortunately, I have not finished yet.

A failure... (Part 2)

Failure has come,
In my life always,
Failure strikes me
In this life,
Pain and despair in it
Did not pass in peace,
And ease, as we were taught
Difficulty has plagued my life,
For love is against me
And dreams oppose reality
A moment that kills,
Utter failure...
No change in my life
A foreign country,
An impossible dream,
And a goal for an eye
With a known name, no one knows about
No lover for me
Nor for my existence,
No one interested in my success and failure
I was and became,
A failure
They talk to me about life,
What is its origin, and what is its role...?
Just an unheard word

And a person not forgotten,
In a foolish child's poem
In a clueless world,
And in its existence, no success
Hateful, detested
An unfinished world
Has not come yet...

A dark life?

Darkness engulfing my life,
I left a gap,
Ships sailing in the seas,
A heart filled with destruction
Thoughts contrary to reality,
Gloomy and sad...!
I see nothing but a chance to leave,
Unlimited desires
Words rejected
A poet writing without thinking
A dark life, its darkness is deep
No desire, only departure
No love and no ease in it,
Death besieges everything
Hatred for life and what it contains,
Decades have passed and no apparent change,
A rebel with a pen
Where are we...?
In a grave gap on the brink,
Difficult adventures,
A shaded life, eternal darkness
Love in departure, and hatred for me
A seeker of exile, and a great distance
No need, and in need of much
I moved forward, only to find myself late

A return anew,

Rebellious miserable poems

Do not listen, for the pen does not suit you

And my pen is searching for my end

Oh friend, damn

The rebellious pen...!

The rebellious pen writes...!
Words of misery, disgust, and sadness
Claiming to philosophize,
And he secludes himself in the darkness of the night
Attempting to flatter, but he is hateful
A rebellious pen that does not write
Confidence in a pen that will not achieve the goal,
To a high place, I come
In a sleeping room...?
The rebellious pen etches on sheets,
With wasted ink...!
About sadness, misery, and death...,
Longing for exile...!
Outcast in the universe
Lover of himself
A lover of a pen, speaking to it
Expressing his sorrows and hardships
Me and others...?
Few understand, and many talk
You find them...!
Longing for words...!
In deep darkness,
And a nearly empty room,
From...?, a voice unheard
Hating the daylight, loving the silent night

Tyrant, they tell him

To listen, to himself

No need for others,

His self is a guide

And for others, an advisor,

Only one need,

Who will hear me and read my words

I am one with myself,

No need for flattery

Oh friend, damn

Have we not slept yet...!

They asked those who lived...

Have we not slept yet...?

We are humiliated in our world...!

And left to live miserably

And prepared for slow death.

They have not yet told us or are we in neglect

And they did not happen as if we were in a black sea

And the world has crowded us in an empty grave

And the universe began like a camel in a square

Have we not thought yet...?

Here we were in being us...there we ended being them...?

Has it not come yet...?

They did not tell us it is like this

With tenderness and sweetness and dignity

Until it poured on us with pride and boasting and death

And with stinginess and hatred we met with companions

Have we not understood yet...?

They told us it is life and death will come

And they did not tell us the torment of time and good news you wish not to accept

Were they not from us and we are a part

With perfection we looked and with hatred we distanced

Was there simplicity in life

And far from what we have left...

They are people who thought we no longer exist

So they found a return with no going back

Have we not slept yet...?

When will that which took a lot come

And catch up with us the near

And distance us from the noble and beloved

And from darkness a noble knight saves us

And from our neglect it distances us from the near

Has it not ended yet...?

Fear of what has come and what is to come we announce yet...

To the end of a grave and a sidewalk of black soil

Have they not told what has come to them...?

Has a covenant ended or have they returned seeking...?

And they surrounded a dead father in the universe

And a part of life has disappeared

Truly it is no longer...!

Deception has invaded what has distanced from us

And the betrayal of a trust, its voices rose

And the drums of lies took over our era

We returned to the ignorance we never left

And with knowledge we thought entered minds that became useless

And for life what refused evil and returned as a spender

Have we not slept yet...?

We longed for salvation

The end of our desire

There is no longer patience for what has come

And we did not leave a house to fear...

In a universe hanging between puppets!

It will never come...!

You always secretly tell them

Hasn't the time come for them to be visibly in front of them?

They do not understand, yet they speak in knowledge.

Will it never come...?

As long as you are in shadows other than darkness

And misery without blessings

And love without kindness

And a heart indulgent like a heart in the game

Will it never change...?

A part you will think is close

And a heart that was in a big absence eyelid

To be what you did not want and what did not want anything else

For life has a grace and its grace is a struggle

For knowledge is a lesson and its lessons are deceit

Refused to come...

To a hope that did not end

Love for what has come

Just a part of what you were in a dream before

Isn't it so...!

In the veins of a time that has come...!
She was the consoler and the compassionate in a state that refused,
A fearful luxurious era...!
Love for a love rarely taken
She is the part stuck between the paths of passion
And in the veins of a heart love
And in its being what it's insight never foresaw
A provision in which he was sincere
Isn't she the one who betrayed the covenant...?
Did her love, which she named,
Rise to her throne like a loaf in an oven...?
She died bravely for a love that passed between them
She refused to inform a lover
Isn't she the one who was the consoler of her pride as she rose
And between his arms she played
Like a playful wind lighter than the sown harvest
She, and no one else, ended a world
For him in a universe that became empty
Sharing with others in a world with no return...

Smile...!

Did time deceive you to shed tears
Didn't they tell you about a close lover...
For tears shed from you in sadness
He, like others, is indifferent to you from oppression
And a world that has become tyrannical
Smile, O virgin
For today your words are higher in value than you
And the beauty in your cheeks is a blush
Hasn't he told you yet...!
He is a part that has become complete in you
And to you, a search for hopes
Despite you and your love, it adds a part
He completes what little he says
With the shining strands of your hair
In his embrace, you prepare a fragile world
From you, close to others and the distant
A wife to complete what was taken from an orphan
And a world you adorn with a smile
To make you laugh a little, what deceived you in time
So be a lady, not a follower
A lover who tells you of a beloved
Four for words, fearing what has become
Smile and let your hair strands flow for love
To glide through time to the end of aging
Smile...!

I am Arab...!

Arab I am, who told you I am a foreigner
I am not a stranger, Arab in origin and race I am
Smiled at life as it came
And from an Arab woman I was born, oh my father
A word I spoke was so tender
In an Arabic language, I witnessed myself extend
I am not a stranger in a continent named Africa
They called us with a fragile and fleeting word
But fundamentally, an Arab does not fear
A history written with pens, may it not be forgotten
Which of us, despite being among a transient world, refused
O universe, remember the Most High
For Islam, a religion we have chosen
And from a messenger who was a guide
His words are recorded and preserved for us
Scholars wrote everything that came from the messenger
And scholars were among us...
Arab I am an Arab!
Some of us learned generosity, but some of us were arrogant
And ethics were taught to us by our fathers
In the mosque we gather in five
And on Friday, a sermon is delivered to us
To strengthen our faith...
Arab I was born and I will die
And what we leave behind is only a pure heart

My mother...!

Lady, who lost...

A princess whose throne is disappearing

My mother gave life to conflicting children

Beloved to those who brought me

Created between your arms with tears...

Shed from my eyes...

To you, oh world that sleeps without hope

And in preserving it, I contributed

And you completed it!

Under your feet is a paradise

A promise from the Lord of the universe

Taking care of you, the Prophet advised;

Despite a harsh time, you cared

And out of love for the children, you granted

Time did not enchant us with its condition...

But you managed to gift us with love

Mother, how can the pen praise...?

And words of praise for you are endless

The pen has nothing to express the greatness you possess

A queen of the house you were

And a lady of a universe you became

Hearts flutter for your sadness

Making a heart cry for a drop of your tears

You are an angel in our land

Even though it is not harmonious in its morals

Praise for you never ends

And the pen is not enough with words for you

A lady with your love and tenderness you are

And a princess with your kindness and fear...

Mother, a lady without a mother has no existence

Joy fills a home with you

Your presence hides a deficiency in the universe

Mother...!

Have you ever been asked...!

In her, our solution was near not far,
She gathered smiles not sorrow that plunges,
And no stinginess prevails in her embrace...
Have you ever been asked about her family...
And her answer convinced the stranger and the beloved...
She is the eager beloved friend,
For a love that unites between two...
Have you ever been asked about a situation and how you lived it?
Or were you asked about a covenant if you fulfilled it...?
Or a greeting you forgot...?
From her, she granted us love not hatred
From her, she granted us tenderness and compassion
To others, she taught us closeness not fear
And to a home, a return not an escape,
Between two beloveds, she gathered what never separated
Have you ever asked about who she is?
Have you told them the truth you hid...?
Or did you hide their families in mind, not a spy?
She was the part that formed us in the best way
She did not teach us in a study in vain
And she did not teach us a sweeter word than what she taught us
She was overseeing brilliance and upbringing
But we were not in goodness as we were taught, nor was knowledge beneficial,
It is a part that was and still is waiting for us,
Have you ever been asked about a mistake that was a sin...?

Or were you told that you are guilty of a sin that is not shameful...?

It is not as many thought it to be...

Nor what some believed to be a master thought little of,

Her question is fear...

And her embarrassment is destruction for a soul and a self that shed tears,

In her embrace, warmth for a heart that died in anguish,

She was asked: "Who are you...?" A question that had never been asked before...

For an answer from her that was not close...

She is one who gives and does not give anything

In her heart, tenderness for others...

And for a companion, a neighbor,

And she did not leave a sad person without giving them happiness,

And she did not leave a crying infant in her arms without comforting him,

Her heart is a companion like no other,

And she is a lady who comes close to everyone,

Giving more good than our Lord...

And living in our hearts with love

A perfection that was for us, and Allah is a witness to her longing,

And her kindness, gentleness, truthfulness, and love...

Have you grown weary of life...?

It was said about her that she was miserable and loathsome,
She was not a small or big calamity,
Except that she brought it to you following you,
And she did not give a dream a path,
And she did not make words a motivator for the one who died hating her,
Have you grown weary of life...?

A question that haunted a soul as it felt strange,
Searching for a feeling that is no longer close
And an existence that has become a scientific reality
He looked at others and found a rope in his hands,
What happened...?

The poor man died in the prime of youth
A cause unknown and leaving no trace
A message left by him that was said to be a speech,
They made it a reason and it became part of a journey
Have you grown weary of life...?

How can I not despair of it and my heart no longer understands,
A dream in absences with no place,
And what I did not realize as a bright future, only to depart,
Waking up in search of hope,
Never finding it...

They were told: "What happened when he was old..."
And what steps towards an end were the cause,
Somewhere a researcher took...

So the conversation was heavy on the heart,

And he would ask about what happened to so-and-so,

To become jealous of her, saying:

"I returned to die in your embrace, you who tasted pain from it..."

There was a sorrow on the outskirts of his heart

And he forgot the promise of the Merciful One who gave him hope

With prayers that distance him from boredom,

And supplication to guide his heart to a dream

Perhaps it was a mistake he never thought of

Have you grown weary of life...?

Who taught you the words...?

It was a strange question in which he realized...!

It was said that her question remained in its place

And in search of a convincing answer, he rectified,

Who taught you the words...?

I taught and learned and in a school I taught,

Rarely did I hold a pen in my hand to understand the letters I struggled with,

And from where did you gain knowledge that you understood...?

It was said to the jurist, where did you learn...?

His answer was nothing but a mosque where I taught,

And it was said to a student, where did you complete...?

He answered out of fear of realizing a truth

In its sea there are settlements

And in its heart there are prostitutes...

And between its walls there are hiding places

With their lover of wealth and cars...

It was said about him that there is no understanding,

And no intention reached...!

So he repeated some words from it in a simplified manner

And informed them...!

In it there is a wall surrounded by two lovers living in their romance,

And in its midst there are prostitutes revealing themselves for money...

And in cafes inside it, a cigarette in his hand,

And outside of it, his eyes only see his friends,

In it I learned but I did not understand like him,

I broke my wings in a future that went on its way,

Leaving me in a sea of many worries,
From which I sought refuge and was handed a cigarette
And afterwards granted me a life in a street
To the tune of music and forbidden drink
I found no solution for myself in escape,
Who taught you the words...?

In conclusion, O beautiful one, or rather O reader:

I tried to present to you in this chapter the highlights of what I wrote in my previous years, when I was a poet and a learned novelist in high school. Now you have read the highlights of what my mind produced for years and for a long time, since I was in my youth, in every moment of my life when I secluded myself with my thoughts, and every night when sleep eluded me, I wrote on torn pages from an old notebook, and I wrote on them what my eyes saw, my ears heard, and my life lived. I was always sincere in wanting to be the first to search for a world free of loud and noisy voices. I always loved the peace and tranquility of the soul. For knowledge has limits and I have limits too. Perhaps one day these poems will praise me with them, and truly say "He is the rebellious philosopher" and perhaps they will drown me in flattery, and out of genuine interest in you, and perhaps you will hate everything I have written until today. I am just a person like you, not different from you, but I have a passion to convey what is in my mind, and I want to share it. You will talk to yourself, why didn't I try to publish my masterpieces on that day and share them with you.

I tried hard for years, but luck did not favor me, and no one cared about my opinion or what I wrote. All they saw in my being "Mohammed" was a failure with no money or intelligence, a fool who roams and tries to be one of the writers while studying at school. The donkeys have a better stable than him, for their purity, and they say about me, crazy, you can barely remember your name, how will you write a book and become famous.

Realistically, fame is not my goal, my goal is to convey information to you through poetic puzzles. My choice of writing poetry in the style of free verse came naturally, as in my youth I was like you are now, and what I have now. I had a dream that haunted me as your dreams haunt you, as everyone lives for a purpose in this life, and my goal was slightly different from yours, I was seeking to satisfy the desire for writing and research, and to send a message to the universe that I am one of the poets of this era.

So as not to burden you with my words, dear reader, I dedicated this book in its first chapter to simulating ***the violence of emotion***. This chapter talks about many changes that make a person who he is, but sometimes he does not recognize who he is exactly... where this chapter gathered the highlights of the pre-Islamic poems that simulate a reality that many

may live and perhaps the whole universe lives. Every thought and perspective was written in those poems...

It was my honor to present to you my poems, and God willing, I will dedicate a new book to the remaining poetic verses, which will come in a new form, and I pray to God that you have enjoyed reading these poems...

Always remember that even if life always stops at that road that does not lead to the desired destination, there will come a day when we will reach a path that was destined for us in the sky...

Life, in turn, allows things to happen in their time and hour, and do not despair of what haunts you in life, perhaps that thing is the journey in which your life will start anew.

It is worth noting, gentlemen, that this version is a second edition that has been modified by the poet Mohammed Al-Ghandour from his new perspective, where some blogs have been deleted, such as the message that was the opening in the first edition, and others, as well as some missing verses have been added to the poems...

Peace be upon you.

Edited in 2018.

نسخة تمت ترجمتها من خلال الذكاء الاصطناعي للغة الانجليزية، النسخة الاصلية تتوفر لدى دار shams publisher تحت رقم إيداع دولي:

4-91294-3-620-978 نشرت في أبريل 2023

والطبعة الثانية تحت نفس رقم الإيداع الدولي لدى مكتبة سماوي

روابط النسخة العربية:

موقع دار shams publisher:

<https://www.morebooks.shop/shop-ui/shop/product/978-620-3-91294-4>

موقع مكتبة سماوي:

<https://www.print.sa/bookstore/PublisherProfile/1UsPAA/AgAAAA>