

Something Wrong

Adzeb Kamal Ad-Deen

Poetry

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‘Something Wrong’- Interesting, strange and amazing!

Anne-Marie Smith

Adeeb Kamal Ad-Deen is an Australian poet of Iraqi origin who graduated in Economics and in English Literature at the University of Baghdad. A published Arabic poet, a journalist and editor, he became an Australian citizen in 2005 and started to compose some of his poetry in English as well as in Arabic. He has translated work from a range of world literatures into Arabic.

Adeeb Kamal Ad-Deen is gaining a reputation as one of Australian’s finest poets, with work represented in high profile Australian literary journals like *Southerly* and *Meanjin*, and in anthologies such as *The Best Australian Poems* (Black Inc Press, 2007). In 2009 Adeeb published his first English poetry collection *Fatherhood* (Seaview Press). A prolific writer since 1976 Adeeb has published fourteen poetry books in Arabic, English and Italian.

Something Wrong is the second English language volume of poetry by Adeeb Kamal Ad-Deen. Its forty poems include poetry which he wrote in Sydney and Adelaide. Adeeb’s poetry centres on loneliness, death and love. This new collection continues to explore the human condition. The interest of Adeeb in these universals conveys his keen search for knowledge. He engages us through his all-inclusive imagery and his use of trim, simple and sometimes elliptic phrases.

We see some thematic similarity with his earlier poetry’s stylistic use of a haunting timbre and of repetition from one stanza to the next. The repeated phrases also give the effect of a refrain.

I did not find the giant bird,

I did not find even the name of the bird,

I did not find the audience,

I did not find even that boy who is me.

Boy

This echoing effect conveys the style of chant to some of Adeeb Kamal Ad-Deen's poems, as also shown in a poem from 'Fatherhood'.

Tonight, what will I say to my children?

Tonight, what will I say to my heart?

Tonight, what will I say to my letter

And my dot?

Theft

Our thought pattern eases over innovative and original concepts through some ingenious personification devices. After the first poem where the song of a magician leads to a dance by corpses to whom he eventually apologises, it does not take long for an inner voice called perhaps by metonymy 'There Is Something Wrong' - to warn us of the challenges of our existence!

Semantic differences can be found in some of the imagery. Adeeb's new poems may contain less ambiguity ('Dyad' and several pieces whose titles start with 'An Attempt to...' in Fatherhood). This may result in a deeper representation of the human condition, yet one could say that darkness, fear, passion and isolation remain close companions in any of his work.

This poet shows that the universal concepts which affect all of us human beings are not strictly culturally specific. We recognise the generic emotional experiences he discusses. Images can exist in diverse dimensions, and refer to varying genders and universes.

The sun wants to spend the night

In the club of planets and stars

But he is afraid to be delayed

And will not shine tomorrow on his schedule. *Wishes*

We join in with his protagonist and experience the high and lows of day-to-day living, but we always do so in a timeless line and from a worldwide perspective. Deceptively simple words move us around the complex sensations of life that human beings experience.

You resemble the sea.

No doubt about it!

But what kind of meaning disappears behind that sea?

Behind that wonderful blueness which starts

So as not to end

Or to end so that it starts again. *He is Blue and you are Blue*

The questioning nature of Adeeb's poetry is not in doubt either:

Which window? ...

This question that has been torturing him

For years and years

Since he returned from the sea! *Question*

Adeeb uses questioning as a literary device. Saint Exupéry, for example, strews *The Little Prince* with guileless queries. These delve for meaning while refuting the face value of statements. They also may take on a naive quality that Adeeb attributes to part of the human condition.

You who are simple like me,

Lost like me

And naive like me, *Noah came and went*

The issues of belonging and exile and their effects come to the fore. These poems raise readers' awareness of anomie.

They also highlight the need for a sense of identity wherever we are or wish to be.

In the faraway country,
I am sitting in a dark, isolated café
To recall your image that I buried
With my hands

Forty years ago. *Apology*

With Adeeb we research a range of emotions, death and betrayal. We follow the poet in his life or his dream. Few of us have ever felt so intense that they have had to apologise to corpses.

Hundreds of corpses surrounded him
Dancing the dance of great torment.
The musician became confused, horrified ...

Apologizing deeply to the corpses. *Magician*

Some memories can appear suddenly. Have you ever felt stuck or numb in a lost environment?

My God,
I am the only one who is still living,
The only one who lives to witness what had happened.
I mean the living one who writes these letters
With his damn confusing pen
Stopping every minute
To make sure

That his fingers are still able to write! *Why?*

We also come to appreciate the beauty or harmony of a sign on a page, the shape of some lettering or the sound of a word.

When the letter sits opposite you,
Do not speak before he starts speaking ...
When he sings
You must stand up to dance.
So the letter will be your flute

And your white bird soaring in the blue sky. *Will of the letter*

Adeeb's work has been critiqued internationally and his poetry is the subject of numerous studies. Comments revolve on his interpretation of the 'Letter', the Arabic hand and printed script and its significance in Arabic writing. For the first time we read about it in English. He explains in *The letter tree* how combined letters and dots can affect sound and form, making some letters "j" (ج), sound and look harsher than "n" (ن).

J*...full of enigma...

N*...full of love's groan'...

And a dot called the Sufi's dot. *The letter tree*

In the same poem, when Adeeb uses a word like 'the tree', we gradually gain an insight into the referent- the tree- and its reality, and discover that the tree is the personification of the very poet whose words you are reading.

When my head was rolling on the beach
Amid the exiled strangers' neighing,
A tree full of light and happiness emerged
From my blood scattered on the ground.
Could it be the letter tree? *The letter tree*

As we saw earlier, an abstract concept 'There is something wrong' not only is personified but becomes a protagonist, an enemy or a fiendish friend- depending how you wish to read it.

There is something wrong in the bed, ...

And in the surprise waiting for the bed at the end.

Something wrong

‘There is something wrong’ becomes a companion, no longer ‘a chip on the shoulder’, just a whole person whom we are fully aware of, alongside whom we can walk. Despite dark times, the hero’s emotions brim with optimism, albeit in another life, as in the last poem of the collection.

In my next life

I will read a lot of poems

Of the poets who were not born yet

Hoping I will get sources of life

Forever.

Apology

Sealed in my mind are some of the lines of *Interesting, Strange, Amazing!* - an existentialist yet humorous poem, central to this poetry collection.

* God is a sun that speaks inside your heart?

- Yes.

* Strange!

Interesting, Strange, Amazing!

A famed believer in emotional responses to problem solving, Saint Exupéry told his readers in *Le Petit Prince* ‘The eyes are blind. One must look with the heart’. When approaching *Something Wrong*, why not embrace this very vocal volume with the heart and, I would add, with the soul!

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Magician

Sitting on the ground to play his wonderful music,
He started playing childhood
So the balloons of Christmas
And the colorful butterflies dropped around him.
When he started playing the spring,
Fruits and the flowers dropped around him.
When he started playing the summer,
The cries of the ships,
The women's clothes, their laughter and their small mirrors
Dropped around him.
When he started playing the autumn,
The sky darkened and darkened
And he was surrounded by storms of light and pain.
But when he started playing death,
He was shocked at once:
Hundreds of corpses surrounded him
Dancing the dance of great torment.
The musician became confused, horrified.
His eyes got teary
Then he began weeping deeply,
Apologizing deeply to the corpses.
But the corpses did not understand
Any word of his words
And continued dancing and dancing.

Something Wrong

1.

There is something wrong in the bed,
In the bird that flew over the bed,
In the poem that was written
To describe the pleasures of the bed
And in the surprise waiting for the bed at the end.

2.

There is something wrong in the fingers,
Longing, and the moment of embrace.
There is something wrong in the body.
I mean in the apples of the body
And in their unfaithful strange desires.

3.

There is something wrong in the glass and alcohol,
In dance and the female dancer,
In nudity and the act of nudity,
In coffin documents,
In the anthem, the noise
And in the wars that ate their children
Or will eat them soon.

4.

There is something wrong in the secret,
Grave, exile and between the legs.
There is something wrong in the airplane,
In the cockpit
And in the years that suddenly disappeared
Without prior warning.
There is something wrong in the sea,

In the sitting near the sea
And near the naked women.
I mean the completely naked women.

5.

There is something wrong that becomes huge
And another that breeds.
The third becomes old,
The fourth weeps.
The fifth escapes from exile to exile,
From tear to tear
And from ashes to ashes.

6.

There is something wrong in the letter and in the dot,
In the sandy clock and the rocky clock,
In the memory, the appointment and the knife,
In the key, the door of the house and rain,
In the kiss and the word of regret,
In the desire of your lips and my lips,
In: I love you,
In: Goodbye.

7.

Finally,
In magic short,
There is something wrong that just resembles me
As the sea resembles itself,
As the music resembles the bird of the dawn.
A wrong that neither forgets nor forgives until death,
Opens the door of death
In black quietness
And flies.

Depths

In my depths
There is a white bird
That drops slaughterous in the depths of the theater.
In the depths of the theater
There are screams, moans and torn clothes.
In the depths of the torn clothes there is a dream.
In the depths of the dream there is a river.
In the depths of the river there is a boy.
In the depths of the boy there is a heart.
In the depths of the heart there is a poem.
In the depths of the poem there is a letter.
In the depths of the letter there is a dot.
In the depths of the dot there is a Sufi.
In the depths of the Sufi, there is God:
God who looks at my slaughterous bird
With weeping eyes.

Drops of Love

1.

She was dripping the drops of love
Drop by drop into my mouth
Trying to extinguish my crazy thirst
And my crazy desires.
She was dripping, sitting in a half-naked body,
With breasts full of fire,
Legs full of the naivety and the pleasure.
She was dripping, sitting on my narrow bed
In my green room with its heavy curtain
Fearing my curious neighbors.
In my stairs leading to the dark hell,
To my wet roof that quickly collapsed.
So my stairs dropped that led to the past:
To the past that resembled
A gallows rope that killed thousands of lives.
So my curious neighbors dropped one by one,
My heavy curtain dropped,
My green room dropped,
My narrow bed dropped.
Then
I
Dropped
Member
By
Member
To the bottom,
To the dark hell,
To the past that resembled
A gallows rope that killed thousands of lives.

2.

Alone

My sweetheart remained suspended in the air

Dripping drops of love

Drop by drop

With a half-naked body,

With breasts full of fire,

Legs full of the naivety and the pleasure.

Remained

Dripping the drops of love

Into my crazy thirsty mouth,

Into my mouth that does not exist.

Remained dripping

In vain and without hope.

Will of the Letter

When the letter sits opposite you,
Do not speak before he starts speaking.
Listen to him when he speaks,
Weep when he moans,
Kiss his bright forehead
When he kisses your forehead
That is covered with dust.
When he sings
You must stand up to dance.
So the letter will be your flute
And your white bird soaring in the blue sky.
When the letter burns with death and love-
And the letter frequently burns with death and love-
Put your finger to your lips
As a sign of silence,
And start writing the poem above the water.

Two Poems

1.

The lonely tree has said,
The tree that I visit every day
Where the bird's nest and at the end of the river,
She has said, 'Because I am a holy myth
And you are a myth whose crown and scepter
Have been taken
So the dialogue with you is unacceptable.
And if it becomes acceptable, it will be useless!'

2.

The bird has said,
The bird whose nest sleeps on the lonely tree,
'Do not ask about my name
Whether my name was crow or dove.
But ask about your ship:
Your ship that was left by Noah
A long time ago
And all the creatures had disembarked
Happily from it.
Whereas you stayed in it alone as death
Waiting for the miracle:
The ship sails
Alone
Again!'

A Lot of Pictures

My letter friend,
We took together,
A lot of souvenir pictures
Near the bridge,
Near the door of the school,
Near the train station
Whose train goes down to hell.
And at the table of the dot,
Her glass filled with yearning,
We took the naked pictures that have nothing
But pain,
The naked pictures that have nothing
But the cries of the night,
The naked pictures that have nothing
But God's shirt.
Yes,
We took the colored pictures
With the color of the sunset at sea
Or the color of the tropical rain
Or with the clouds of the faraway winter
Or with the women's shadows
Or with the sunlight
When the sun undressed along the great ocean.
You called these pictures-
And you are right- poems.
You were delighted with them
Because you invented them
And you were the outside and the inside of them.
Whereas I will die without writing my poem
In which I say the naked truth without pictures
Without pictures of any kind.

I will Kiss you Now

The dawn is violent.
The dawn is full of sun,
And the sun is strong
As a blade that enters into the eye.
The dawn is parting.
Do not call me by my name.
My name is death
And it was the apple or the kiss.
I do not know
But I will kiss you now, so who are you?
Are you my sweetheart?
My woman?
My attractive female?
My killer?
My greatest illusion?
Are you the one who put poison in my glass?
Are you the one who ruined my days and my youth
And scattered my ashes in the wind?
Are you the one who arrested my letter?
Are you the one who threw my memory in the sea of darkness?
I do not know your name.
I know you are terribly confused,
And I am the confusion itself.
I will kiss you now.
What has happened to the dawn to become
Violent like a sinking ship?
What has happened to the dawn to become
A corpse thrown by sailors in the middle of the sea?
The dawn is parting.
I will kiss you now.
I know something

I know you are the cause of my death
And death has surrounded me
As the soldiers have surrounded
An unarmed mad man.
Farewell,
The dawn is violent
As a sky blackens from the people's sins.
As a sky is confused
To drop piece by piece
In the middle of the sea.

Little Dust

1.

Few lies will remain
And the ridiculous exaggerated praises of the poets
For the dictatorial kings.
Few sermons of the corrupted teachers
And the stupid wives will remain,
Few orders of administration to designate,
Dismissal and expulsion,
Few of the secret reports,
The articles of insults, threats and intimidation.
Few of the counterfeit victorious manifestos will remain,
And the bloodstained military medals.
Few of the lovers' bones will remain,
Their hearts shattered by separation.
Little of the beautiful women's beauty will remain,
Little of the nudity at sea and in bed,
Little of night, dawn, water and air,
And few of the tears, dreams,
The hallucinations and the nightmares
And few of cries of the football and bullfighting fans.

2.

Few of childhood's memories will remain,
The photos of the unhappy Christmas,
The dreams of puberty,
The love letters and the family photos.
Few cries of the orchestra will remain,
Few poems of boredom, admonishment, and waiting,
Few clothes of the clown, the drummer and the female dancer,
And few of the refugees' tears
And their rusty boats that drown every day

In God's oceans.

Few of God's commandments will remain.

3.

Yes,

Everything will turn to dust

And little dust will remain, too!

Wishes

The sun wants to spend the night
In the club of planets and stars
But he is afraid to be delayed
And will not shine tomorrow on his schedule.
The moon wants to fly high
Out of her decreed orbit
But she is afraid to fall in the black holes.
The lover wants to invoke his beloved
From the depths of forgetfulness
But he is afraid that when she comes,
The past comes with her
And its ghosts and its lighting knives
Through the darkness.
The river wants to return to his people
But he is afraid of thieves:
Thieves who have stood as lookouts for him
At the borders of nature.
The poet wants to write his new poem
But he is afraid that its price is
His hand that does not master but love
And his head that lives passionately
In the Sufi isolation.

Where to?

1.

The sail is in the middle of the ship.
The ship is in the middle of the sea.
The sea is in the middle of my heart.
My heart is sinking slowly
In its quiet, violent dream.

2.

The ship is in the middle of the sea.
The ship is moving with our bodies:
I and You.
You are naked like the desire
And I am the desire itself:
Its nakedness,
Its eternal fire.
I have been kissing you from the faraway morning
To the faraway evening.
I have been kissing you from the faraway lips
To the faraway feet.
I have been kissing you from the faraway blood
To the faraway sea.
And the sea is carrying our naked bodies.
'Where to?', I shout, 'O my God, where to?'

Or a Little More

After repeating your naked picture in my poem
Combing your long hair in front of the mirror
For half a century or a little more,
I decided to wipe this bitter honey from the memory.
So I got down
Off the continent of water and the evening
Crossing seven seas or a little more
To enter your window that was full with nudity,
Full with your long hair,
Full with your huge mirror,
O woman of the mirror.
But I was surprised that your window was not in its place,
There was no mirror for you to undress in front of,
There was no house on the ground
And your street disappeared from the map.
The entire suburb and the whole city lost with it.
So I got back quickly
Crossing seven seas or a little more
To enter your living picture in my poem
For half a new century,
For half a century or a little more.

The Serpent Tree

1.

When I had started crawling,
Then walking little by little,
I climbed the childhood tree
With happy eyes
Looking upwards to joy of apples
And the joy of bananas.
I went up and up
And my grandmother's prayer
Pushed me high and high.
Suddenly my grandmother died,
So I fell,
Alas,
From the childhood tree.

2.

My fall continued year by year,
But I did not get to the ground.
I was light, as the dream said.
I was light enough to fall on another tree.
It was called the love tree.
I climbed it with happy eyes
Looking upwards to the pleasure of apples
Because apples are the fruit of love as legend says.
Suddenly,
My sweetheart got lost,
My sweetheart's kisses
And my sweetheart's dates.
So I fell,
Alas,
From the love tree.

3.

I was expecting that my fall would be extremely noisy
Because the love tree was as high as the heaven.
But in spite of spending years falling,
I did not arrive on the earth.
Perhaps because I was happy, as the joke said.
Perhaps because I was happy enough
To fall on a third tree.
It was called the death tree.

4.

This time,
The problem was serious.
Because the death tree did not like jokes,
Did not like childhood or love.
It was a funny tree:
It was as long as hell
And its leg was as smooth as the serpents' skin.
There were no colorful fruits in its top,
So I could not look upwards in to it
With happy eyes and a naive heart.
Death tree-
As it was said to me-
Was inhabited by regret,
Was inhabited by the angels
Or by the black bells
Or by the serpents.
And it was said...
But certainly,
I climb it every day
For many years
On my way to regret
Or to the angels
Or to the black bells

Or the serpents.

Interesting, Strange, Amazing!

1.

* What is your name, O poet?

- My name is the bird.

* And?

- The fish.

* The fish?

- Yes.

* Interesting!

2.

* What is the color of the sea, O poet?

- Ships and women.

* What is the color of freedom?

- Bread and salt.

* Bread and salt?

- Yes.

* Interesting!

3.

How do you write?

- I enter in the letter

Wearing the secret of the letter,

Weeping, thinking, napping,

Dreaming, hallucinating, dancing and dying.

* And dying?

- Yes.

* Sad!

4.

* The dot, how would you describe the dot?

- The dot is my mother and father.

* So, you spent your childhood with her?
- And I spent my boyhood,
Youth and my blind eon.
* Were you happy?
- Yes,
Because I lived in the center of the dot like the fish.
The dot was as a sea that extended and extended
To what God wanted.
* Did you see God?
- No.
* Why?
- Because God is a sun that speaks inside my heart.
* God is a sun that speaks inside your heart?
- Yes.
* Strange!

5.

* Well how will you die?
- If the bird gets lost in the land of God.
* And?
- If the fish gets lost in the sea of God.
* And?
- If the bird picks up the fish.
* Amazing!

Question

1.

When he got to the fortieth poem,
He decided to write it at sea.
So he went to the sea at night.
He did not find anyone,
But found a ship was about to sail,
So he shouted at the bearded captain
To take him,
But the bearded captain did not answer
Continuing smoking his pipe.
He shouted at the naked woman,
But she did not answer,
Remaining, looking at the frightening sea.
He shouted at the dog lying at her feet,
But the dog answered with barking.

2.

The ship sailed.
He went running behind it like a mad man.
Then in anger he picked up a stone
Throwing it at the ship,
Breaking a window.
Which window?
Was it the captain's window?
Or the woman's window?
Or the dog's window?

3.

This question that has been torturing him
For years and years
Since he returned from the sea!

He is Blue and you are Blue

1.

You resemble the sea in everything.

Yes,

He is blue

And you are blue.

He is naive, stupid

And you are naive more than often.

He is the owner of the meanings that begin in the bed

And end with death.

And you are the owner of the bed.

There your meaning begins to appear

Slowly

To end up drowning and dying.

2.

Yes,

The sea resembles your body that is full of fire torches.

He has breasts of the desire rising and falling.

You have breasts of fever rising forever.

He has legs of the dream,

You have legs of earthquakes.

Their torture begins with kisses that rise

Right and left

To end near the door of the myth

As the mass murder of hundreds fleeing

From the battle.

3.

In mentioning the murder and earthquakes

The sea pushes his heavy objects up

From time to time

To slay his fans and his lovers.
And you push your heavy objects up
Every day and every night
To slay your unfaithful lover,
Not by the horror of earthquakes
But by a knife that sinks in rust and mud.

4.

How beautiful you are!
You have ruined my party since my boyhood,
You ruined my poem from its beginning,
You ruined my breaths
By your breaths that are full of desire.
Then I have no choice
Only to undress in front of you full of dilemma.
You undress in front of me
Full of intrigues and secrets,
Full of your legs, belly and moons,
Full of your fire, rains, songs and tears,
Full of your summer and spring,
Full of your brave surrender,
And full with my blind loss at the end.

5.

You resemble the sea.
No doubt about it!
But what kind of meaning disappears behind this truth?
I got lost between your hands forty centuries ago
As a damned child,
As an angel that got leprosy fever,
As an old exiled man in the ends of the world,
As a poet complaining of the desolation of the sun,
As a sun fluctuates in a narrow sky,
As a sky plays under the throne of gold,

As gold is fought for by the bastard and the king,
As a king who does not care about the cries of his
People surrounding his palace,
Holding torches and knives every night.

6.

You resemble the sea.
No doubt about it!
But what kind of meaning disappears behind that sea?
Behind that wonderful blueness which starts
So as not to end
Or to end so that it starts again,
Behind those lost ships and the sailors who dance or weep
On their sailing ships forever?
Behind those cities that wait for them to forget them forever?
Behind that whiteness, I do not understand?
Behind that blackness, I do not accept?
Behind that rising downing redness?
Behind your memory that words and letters are unable to describe?
Behind your living dying memory?
Behind your holy memory?

7.

You resemble the sea.
How changeable the sea is!
Look!
Your body is lying.
I am groping with my fingers your burning sun
Going down in panic to the door of the myth.
How much I dreamed of the door of the myth,
O lost-forever female!
O lying -forever near my body female!
How much I dreamed of the door of the myth
And the sun of the myth.

Thus, as one who gives up to his fate
That resembles a circus of clowns,
I left my fingers near that door
Groping my childhood, my youth and my old age,
Groping my letters and dots,
Groping your naked belly.
Ah,
How much I dreamed about that fluctuate sun
As a wave of the sea generated from the right to left,
From birds to the cloud,
From the blue color to the yellow color,
From standing to jogging,
From refusal to surrender,
From fire to snow.
No,
No,
There is no snow, ever.
There is a fire that shifts with me,
Shifts as the curse of leprosy in the flesh,
Shifts as the curse of poverty with the poor,
Shifts as the rumor passes between the mouths of elderly women,
Shifts as the letters move from word to word,
From poem to poem,
And from death to death.

My New Poem

I gave my new poem
With the fingers of confusion and desire
To the attractive woman seated beside me on the bus.
I said to her, 'Put the poem between the breasts
To find out her secret and eternal meaning.'
The attractive woman did not care about my words
And busied herself with her red handbag
And her small mobile, full of appointments.
Then I gave my new poem
To the child who played in the park.
I said to him, 'Play with her.
You can make of her a lot of toys
With the endless rainbow colors.'
The child cried and ran away.
Then I gave the poem to the river
I said to him, 'God was placed on earth,
Take her. It is also your daughter.
So bless her and uncover her eternal meaning, O eternal'.
But the river remained dreaming and dreaming,
Staring in the faraway distances
Without paying attention to my words.
Only the policeman approached me
Shouting in an ugly voice,
'What is in your hand?'
I said, 'A new poem.'
'What do you say in it?'
I said, 'Read her to discover her secret and meaning.'
He took her from me and entered his dark room,
To tie the poem to an iron chair,
To whip her with a long whip.
Then he hit her with the gun butt on her head.

The poem bled so many letters and more dots
Without admitting her secret and meaning.

The Egg, the Sea and the Moon

1.

The past had dropped
So the present protested
And the future went out in a mass demonstration.

2.

The egg had dropped
So the bird sitting on the tree
Wept for his broken egg.
Whereas the worms on the ground
Celebrated
For this legendary feast.

3.

The sea had dropped
So the ships overturned
And the witches came to the beach
Dancing until dawn.
They were totally naked and joyful
Carrying the torches, the skulls and the drums.

4.

The moon had dropped
So the sun disappeared.
All the lovers cried
With the tears of sorrow and regret
Throughout that unfortunate day.

5.

The dictator has dropped
So his golden chair cried,

His fierce dogs cried
And the gates of his great prison cried.

In the Drug Addict's Street

From the balcony of my room overlooking
The street of the drunken, the drug addicted and the naked women,
I appear to my drunken audience every night
To speak to them about God,
Love,
And peace.
My audience were patient,
But they mocked at me when I left the balcony.
When I became seventy years old
One of them who was extremely drunk and violent
Shouted at me,
'You false prophet,
We got bored with your God
And your false words about him.
Show us a miracle,
You lying prophet!'
I got confused, trembled
And my throat dried.
I no longer saw anything
But my fingers extended to my heart,
Took from it a white bird
And threw it towards the audience.
The bird flew over the audience
Then rose higher and higher
Until the audience shouted with happiness.
And the one who damned me wept
When he saw my corpse collapsing on the ground.

Stones

No longer withstanding the knives of separation
And the stabs of desire,
He decided to go to her one day.
When he knocked on her window overlooking the street,
She did not open it to him.
So he went to the door
Whispering with her tender name
But she did not open it to him.
When he returned to the dark window,
Stones were thrown at his back
One by one.
He was knocking.
Stones were increasing and increasing
Slowly
Covering his back, legs and feet.
He kept knocking and knocking
Until he disappeared behind a heap of stones.

Transformation

When I kissed you for the first time,
A red rose grew on your beautiful belly.
When I kissed you the second kiss
A white bird flew over our naked bodies.
When I kissed you the third kiss
A blue storm raged.
When I kissed you the fourth kiss
A thunderbolt, neither eastern nor western, struck us
To burn our joyful bodies
So you went to life like a red rose
And I went to death like a white bird.

Mirror

1.

Mirror,

I have remembered you now.

I remembered your name was a combination of laughter and weeping,

I remembered your kiss lighting with illusion,

I remembered your death too.

I remembered,

Yes, I remembered everything

When I look at you, through you and by you.

I remembered my youth that fell from the back window

Of the alienated play in the carriage,

The carriage in the family,

Family in the body

And body in alienation.

I remembered as well-

What a pleasure!-

My youth in the room hanging by the sky of deprivation

And the sight of boys playing in the street

When I looked at them without eyes.

And I remembered-

And this is an important addition-

My run from street to street

When I heard one of your names, happily,

As if I were granted the Solomon's seal!

(Is it a cloak?)

2.

This is an opportunity that does not repeat for clarity,

So I will remember with you: my sinkage in the river

Then my getting out from it

To the mystery of the female who was swimming

Up and down in it like a fish,
The fish that will bewitch me
To scatter my ash and my poems in wonderful torment.
And I will remember my childhood: my tear
That surrounded me every one of the winter's nights
Because I was born to a cruel letter
And to a tougher dot.

Mirror,

I will remember in front of the flood of your waves
The hand of the drowned man screaming,
Waving left and right.

(Could it be my hand?)

I also remembered getting lost in the name of God
In spite of my nostalgia for Him.

My nostalgia that perhaps resembles His nostalgia for me.

3.

So I am lost when I look at you
Because I see the flames of fire inside you,
I see the glitter of gold,
The window of dream,
The circle of desire,
The triangle of the body,
And the bird of death.

Mirror,

Even though you resemble the woman

As if you are the woman herself

You are so damned true.

This is the only difference.

Whereas she is (as I think) so damned false.

About the Rain and Love

1.

I will write about you the rain poem,
I will write about you the love poem,
I will write about you the death poem
And I will ask you with the child's innocence:
Can the rain be stronger than love?
Can love be stronger than death?
Or can death be stronger than the rain?

2.

So I will ask you for
A kiss in the rain.
Then I will ask you for
A kiss of love.
Then I will ask you for
A kiss of death!

3.

I know you will not agree
Because my requests are pure craziness
That has confused your quite, cold heart.
And my fire is as black as the Magi's fire
That burns utterly everything.
I know you will not agree
So I am used to your sour sun.
When I kiss you
The rain of your heart hides
And your small rabbit hides.
When you decide to make rain,
Your rain, alas, is accompanied by earthquakes
Because it happens at the time of the decline of the sea

And the control of death on its naked sky.

4.

So I will ask you for a comfortable death in the rain.

I will ask you for love in the sea

While the sailboat of longing and vigor sails gently

Carrying our naked bodies

In the middle of the blue tide.

I will ask you to write with the secret of the rain

My longing letter

So I can write with the secret of the secret

Your ambiguous dot.

5.

I will ask you all my life

And I know that there is no answer.

I will repeat the question every day

Because the poetry is love,

Love is the rain

And death is the rain and the sea.

6.

So I will write about you the death poem:

The poem whose letter is the sea and love

And its dot is the rain.

Then I will write about you the love poem,

O sweetheart who changes her name every day.

I mean I will write about you,

With great patience,

The sea poem

When the sea is drowning slowly

In the rain.

Magic Country

In the land of the kangaroo,
You must fly
Without a head or a wing,
Without a compass or a direction.
You must sleep
While you are cutting off the ocean,
Floating over your piece of wood.
And you must cut off the ocean
Floating over your piece of wood while you are fading away
And you must fade away while you are dreaming
And you must dream while you are burning
And you must burn while you are practicing sleep.
I mean you must burn while you are sleeping
In great quietness!

Viewer

In the final scene
I became certain that you really and truly died.
You had been looking at the sea at night,
The sea was white
And your clothes- as the director chose them- were white
And the trees surrounding you were black, black.
It was not strange that you were dying.
The strange thing was that I looked at you in the scene
While you were dying quietly
As if you were not my title poem,
As if you were not my strange wound
That haunted my lifetime
From a cloud to another,
From darkness to another.
I looked at you with complete neutrality
And I was clever enough
To forget utterly what I have seen
By the next day.
I mean the next day of
Your happy cinematic death!

Boy

1.

In the street full of high buildings
The giant bird flew down,
Flew down until it touched the ground,
Flew down in the center of a spiral of wind.
So the audience fled.
It was strong
Flying with black color,
Flying with two fixed-wings of iron.
The audience shouted and ran away.
But I approached the bird
(I was boyish in the full sense of the word)
To catch the bird's wing with one hand
So the bird lifted me a little
Then I dropped on the ground
Amid the audience's laughter.

2.

I have gone back to the same place:
The street that is full of high buildings.
I did not find the giant bird,
I did not even find the name of the bird,
I did not find the audience,
I did not even find that boy who is me.
A thread of sorrow and surprise
Appears on my face
When I lift up my hand-
As I did half a century ago-
To catch the bird's wing.
The bird I certainly know
That does not exist at all.

Intertextuality with Death

1.

On the way to death, the ancient holy death,
I was surprised by a new death:
A delicious death with the taste of poison
A death that I did not book for an appointment
Or a seat.

2.

In the presence of the music that spills
To write letters of life and love,
I should write poetry that is full of the sea
And the birds.
But for an ambiguous or understandable reason
I write about death.
Perhaps because death is my only confidant
Or my friend who dances beautifully near me
While I collapse in the middle of the street.

3.

I said to the death, 'Bravo!'
Did I say to death, 'Bravo'?
Or was it death that coldly said to me,
'Welcome'?

4.

When death attends:
In Africa they beat the drums,
The Eskimos release the birds,
In the kangaroo's land they play the joyful music.
Perhaps because they think death is only the drums
Or only the birds
Or only the joyful music that delights the listeners!

5.

Who believes that the letter who holds the miracle
Will collapse in front of the death like this?
Who believes that the dot,
The dot who has faced the hurricanes,
Fire and the earthquake
Will weep in the presence of death,
As a blind man who has missed the way home?

6.

Glory to you, O my God,
You have created death to sweep us into quiet suspicion
Just as the wind sweeps the scattered leaves on the ground.
Glory to you, O death.
Glory to you, O end.

7.

The letter told me,
'Do not care a lot. Everyone will die
Even death itself will die!'
The letter told me that and spread out his wings
Flying like an eagle in the sky.
Whereas the dot turned into a great cloud
Traveling towards the faraway sea.
How I wished she had taken me with her,
Not left me in the hands of the ghosts:
The ghosts who were surrounding me
As the thieves surrounding
A half-naked, half-crazy dervish!

One Hand

With one hand I have read the secret of your slim belly
And of your lips burning with desire.
With one hand I set out to your horrible secrets and lies
Knowing the ritual of the dot and the blood of the letters.
So I changed my boats one by one,
Carrying my heads one by one,
Throwing them behind me one by one
In the river, at sea,
In prison and in the well.
With one hand I crowned you as
The queen of exile and the act of exile
And I crowned myself
In a secret holy ceremony as
The king of death and the dead.
Then I wore the red cloak of magic
Forever
With one hand!

Together on the Bed

There is a sea
I carry with my right hand.
There is a death
I carry with my left hand.
When I get tired,
I put the sea on my left hand
And the death on my right hand.
When I sleep,
The sea sleeps restful beside me on the bed.
But the death remains pretending to sleep,
Counting my breaths,
Looking at me with suspicion and doubt,
Lying beside me as well on the bed!

Noah Came and Went

You will die now.

I know, my friend letter, you will die now.

Your dot that is more pure than the dew of the rose

Can no longer stand all this magic suffering,

The ambushes in the dark

And the loneliness of the seven whips.

You who are simple like me,

Lost like me

And naive like me,

Can no longer stand the desolation of this trip

That we did not prepare anything for

And nobody tells us about its never-ending disasters.

We waited- you and I- for Noah's ship a long time.

Noah came and went!

We waved to him for a long time

With our hands,

Our shirts,

Our clothes

And our heavy tears.

We waved to him with our eternal orphanhood

And with our eternal loss.

We waved to him with our naked childhood,

With our small sun whose taste changed

And became the size of a withered lemon.

We waved to him with everything visible,

With everything invisible.

The man did not notice us.

He was good, peaceful

And worried about his ship, son and birds.

We were asking for nothing but help!

Help!

Yes, my friend letter,
Let us scream now,
HELP!
Perhaps the good man or WHO sent him
On his wonderful mission could hear us.
Let us scream, O good letter,
Perhaps he will pay attention to us.
Do not die, please!
Look this loaf of bread is for you
And this is a dose of water too.
Look this is our sun still shining
Although its size is as a grain of wheat.
But it is a sun anyway.
Do not give up!
Hold on to your dream even though it is light like dust!
Please
I have not lost hope yet!
Please
HE.....L.....P!
HE.....L.....P!
HE.....L.....P!

The Moon, the Well and the Train

1.

The dot will go crazy from love
And the letter from deprivation.

2.

The moon said to the letter,
'Do not give me a new name.
My name is what you already know
When you are sleepless
In a garden during a summer night.'

3.

The train passed brightly and slowly.
I did not know its destination and purpose.
But I am certain that it becomes smaller
The further it gets away!

4.

Whenever I remembered the past,
I wished there was a well in the house
To look into and to quietly wipe the memories away.

5.

Should I return to you now, my sweetheart?
But the return to you resembles writing a love poem
Without the tears or the fingers or the letters.

6.

The moon is surrounded by the clouds.
In the middle of the dream
The women appear beautiful and naked

Or appear ugly and do not stop their gossip.
It does not matter:
The letter is dead in its dream
Whereas the dot is trying to arise from death.

7.

The letter will go crazy with boredom.
I know this.
The dot will go crazy from fear.
That is what I fear.

8.

The moon disappeared, and nobody bade it goodbye.

'Good Morning' Charlie Chaplin Style

Good morning, laughter.
Good morning, giggles,
Mockery,
Happiness,
The shabby childhood,
The black poverty,
The white richness.
Good morning, the tears,
Hunger,
The boiled shoes,
Unemployment,
The adventure,
The beautiful beloved woman,
The homeless lover.
Good morning marvelous America,
The ugly Capitalism,
The miserable proletariat,
Freedom,
Slavery,
The breasts, the legs,
Deprivation.
Good morning, the small creature
With the animated hat and the kind stick,
With Hitler's moustache and the entertaining walk.
Good morning, my beautiful films that dominated
The cinemas every place and every time.
Good morning, great success:
Laughter, laughter and laughter
Until death!

Beds

1.

The God's bed

They call it the throne

And the bed of lovers

They call it love.

Bed of the body

They call it desire

And bed of the kiss

They call it the pleasure.

The motherhood's bed

They call it the sun.

Then the childhood's bed

They call it Christmas or Christmas clothes.

2.

The bird's bed

They call it the egg

And the bed of anxiety

They call it desolation.

Then the bed of the sea:

They call it the woman or the cloud.

3.

I forgot to talk about the bed of the letter.

They call it the word

And I call it the dot!

4.

What else?

There is the bed of memory,

They call it- by mistake- the poem.

What about the bed of life?
It is death.
They call it death.
And it is a common mistake
As death himself told me
When we once sat together on the bed!

My Friend Tolstoy

You do not have the right,
My friend, O great Tolstoy,
To throw Anna Karenina-
Heroine of your novel-
Under the train's wheels!
How could you allow the train's wheels
To cut off Anna's luxurious fingers,
Her face that lights up with sweetness, tenderness and beauty,
Her glamorous hair
And her body which was loved by everyone who saw?
It is not your right, my dear friend,
To kill Anna
In front of my eyes that are full of tears,
My heart that sinks in sorrow
And my body which dies quietly
At the end of the world
To make me a speechless witness
Who cannot do anything
But to apologize to Anna Karenina
Every night
With meaningless and shapeless words
For a crime he did not commit at all!

Why

My God,
Death buried the beloved and the lover,
The singer,
The song
And the listeners one by one.
Then death buried the café owner
Who used to turn on the song every day
With his old radio.
Then death buried the old radio,
Chairs of the café and its huge mirrors.
Finally,
Without any meaningful or meaningless reason,
Death buried the mysterious river
That gave the magic of life to the café,
To the song,
To the singer,
To the listeners,
To the café owner and his old radio.
My God,
I am the only one who is still living,
The only one who lives to witness what had happened.
I mean the living one who writes these letters
With his damn confusing pen
Stopping every minute
To make sure
That his fingers are still able to write!

The Letter Tree

1.

There is no tree by this name
Or by this meaning.
So I have planted my skeleton in the desert,
Dressed it with the dream hat and the red shoes of my childhood.
And I hung on it
The colorful birds having the shape of the letter N*.
Then I put on it a large yellow egg.
Its name is the dot!

2.

There is no tree by this name
Or by this meaning.
When I got down from the long black boat,
I saw people carrying the trees:
Some carrying the gold tree
Or the pleasure tree
Or the blood tree.
The others were carrying the forgetfulness tree
Or the alcohol tree
Or the fire tree.
So I extended my hand into my heart unknowingly
And got out a very small tree that is full of the sun.
I called it the letter tree!

3.

There is no tree by this name
Or by this meaning.
But it happened that I was jailed for life.
In order to waste time in my eternal prison,
I planted a very small tree

In the old metallic dish
In which the jailers put my food.
The tree grew up year by year
Until it produced a letter J* which is full of enigma,
The cries of blood and of the wars
And a letter N* which is full of love's groan,
Love's feathers,
And a dot called the Sufi's dot.

4.

There is no tree by this name
Or by this meaning.
In the strange boat,
A gathering of the exiled strangers:
Of the savages, madmen and semi-madmen
Sailing to become lost in the middle of the sea.
The first said, 'We will reach the beach
When we see the apple tree.'
The second said, 'When we see the Dinar tree.'
The third said, 'When we see the bird tree.'
The fourth said, 'When we see the woman tree.'
When it was my turn
I said, 'We will reach the beach
When we see the letter tree.'
When we arrived at the beach
A damn, huge king with sharp eyes
Received us.
He gave to the first stranger an apple,
Gave to the second a Dinar,
Gave to the third a bird
And gave to the fourth a woman.
When it was my turn,
The king's face got extremely frightening and he shouted,
'O hangman, Cut off his head!'

* * *

When my head was rolling on the beach
Amid the exiled strangers' neighing,
A tree full of light and happiness emerged
From my blood scattered on the ground.
Could it be the letter tree?

*N: Arabic holy letter. It is also used in the Arabic language to refer to women in general.

*J: Arabic letter with which many fearful Arabic words begin such as: jinn, madness (Junun), corpse (Juthah) and hell (Jahanem).

Scenes

Everyday Scene

Every day my poem comes full of the sun
Lifting to the fiftieth-floor
Of my building: the building of letters.
In my strange room, she begins to comb her hair
And put lipstick on her lips.
Then she undresses completely
And goes to the window
Staring for a long time at the city:
At its black birds that have filled the sky.

Landscape

The leaf fell from the tree
So the wind held it to send wherever the wind chose.

Emotional Scene

Kneeling in front of her,
He told her with tears dropping from his eyes,
'If you are the big tree
I am the small axe,
O my sweetheart!'

Theatrical scene

'Let your love be burning forever!'
The professional actress shouted at the unprofessional actor
Over the stage.
Then she kissed him hotly.

The unprofessional actor got confused with her passionate kiss
And his words fell on the stage
Like stones
Word
By
Word.

Madness scene

On the top of the huge mountain,
The madman knelt over the spring to drink water.
But instead of water,
He drank the moon and the stars.

Scene of happiness

I bought a field and planted it with pomegranates,
Leaving the birds to peck at them
Or for children and the homeless to gather them
After the pomegranates dropped.
I was delighted:
Because, when the children, the birds and the homeless went,
I picked up the sound of the pomegranates landing
On the ground,
Then I released it again into the beautiful air
As poems full of happiness and madness!

Death scene

The captain shouted to his drowning ship's passengers
While they were surrendering to cold and death.
He shouted to them
But no one woke up.
My God,

Even the captain's shouts
Surrendered to cold and death.

Giggle Scene

The wind scattered him and her,
Poverty and hunger divided them,
The earthquakes, the thunderbolts and the wars ruined them,
But they remained giggling all their life!

Tragic scene

After forty years of separation,
She met him to begin at once
Cleaning his words from rust and dust.
So he began in divine quietness
Cleaning her body from blood and the stab wounds.

Alcohol and Blood

My poet friend had written
A poem about the star.
So he got meningitis
And they found him after forty years
Dead in the street
Holding a bottle of alcohol.
Whereas I had written a poem about the cloud.
So I went crazy
To die in the last continent of the world.
But fortunately they did not find my corpse,
They instead found a bottle of blood.

A Deer Whose Heart was Eaten by the Tiger

I love you when I am inside the text.
I love you when I am outside the text
And I love you when I write inside the dot of the text.
So be kind to me,
You whose name is mercy,
Because the text does not know who breathes it
Every moment
Shining within through the darkness
Every moment,
Pulsating within every moment.
You,
And only you,
Know who reads the text
Without uncovering its secret.
You also know who breathes it
Till it nearly pulsates within the heart
Pulse by pulse.
So be kind to me
When I am inside the text
Or I am outside the text
Because the darkness that has deepened around me,
Is not like any other darkness
And the thirst that has ruptured my tongue
Makes my words wounded
As a deer whose heart was eaten by the tiger.

Apology

1.

When the snow of the winter's poem had melted,
The white paper overflowed
With the letters and the dots.

2.

Trying everything to recover from love sickness,
I began with burning and fire,
Addicted to alcohol and the homeless streets,
Shared with the talismans of magic
And its jinn, madness and smoke.
Then I wore the Sufi rag
Ending up at death, at the iron gate of death.
But I never recovered.
Something strange:
I tried everything to heal from your love sickness
But I did not try
Once
To see you!

3.

In the faraway country,
I am sitting in a dark, isolated café
To recall your image that I buried
With my hands
Forty years ago
In the center of ashes,
And in the center of the oven that burned suddenly
And almost turned me burning forever.

4.

In my life

I had read a lot of the dead poets' poems
Until I was filled with hopelessness and death
So I died.

In my next life
I will read a lot of poems
Of the poets who were not born yet
Hoping I will get sources of life
Forever.

5.

I was afraid to see you
And to see your bed
Because I knew that it had traveled
Away.
And its sparrow died a long time ago
Leaving only the crow
Croaking for forty years
With the voice of loss and unfaithfulness,
With the voice of sunset and dust.

6.

So before I died
I was smart enough to apologize to the crow,
To apologize to the winter and the white paper,
To apologize to the alcohol, homelessness, magic and mysticism,
To apologize to the faraway country and to the isolated dark café,
To apologize to ashes and fire,
To apologize to the dead poets and to the living poets,
To apologize to hopelessness
And to the bed which led me
From exile to exile,
From letter to letter.
And to apologize to the sparrows that died a long time ago,
To apologize to life and the sources of life,

To apologize to death once and forever!