

John Obeid

Wounded Soul



Poems

JOHN OBEID

WOUNDED SOUL

POEMS

Fall 1986

#



#

WOUNDED

People look at him and say,
He's grown old:
His once heart warm songs
Are now grown cold.
What difference does it make?

What difference does it make?
If people hear him screaming
Or dancing to the music of
His dreams.

Except himself,
No soul living can
Echo the moans, the
Cries of the wounded.

LOST

Fog wraps me.

To whom shall I complain?

I walk the path
of years.

I wander the desert of life.

I am like a leaf, blown by a gust of wind, lost from a
book.

To whom shall I complain?

Like a caged bird,
I would be set free,
but the door is guarded.

Flutter as I may,
my wings
have been broken,
and dark has fallen.

My cry is like
a feather
falling on strings
of a rebec.

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To whom shall I complain?

I stand
on the tomb

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HOW SWEET THE HOUR

How beautiful the hour
and how happy I am near you.
It is really a beautiful hour,
predicting a prettier tomorrow.

Am I in a dream?
Or am I awake?

Come my beloved,
and destroy the chains of separation.
Let our hearts meet as one,
after so long a parting
and deprivation.

How sweet the hour of meeting
and how beautiful the hour of union
after a long separation.
Let me wrap you in my arms,
let me draw you into my heart,
let me sip from your honeyed kisses
the purest wine.
Let me kiss your blue eyes
and rose colored cheeks.

Tomorrow is smiling at us,
exalting us with our past #
days and nights,
rushing beyond unlimited space,
and our thirst is not yet quenched.

The freshness of youth is there

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THE ROSE

O Rose, I loved you
at the dawn of my life,

You are
the symbol of love
the eye of beauty;

you are
a balm of youth and idealism;

you are
a memory of passed days
an aromatic perfume
to a bewildered lover.

What would May be without you
but an enduring Fall?

Under your leaves
tenderness , imagination
love and beauty hide.

FLIGHT

When the evening's darkness falls and roses are
wet with dew

I feel my heart springing
with poems.

If I were a bird

I would fly

in the high atmosphere
with the first colored ray
of the dawn

to unfold your eyes before the day starts to sing for
you
the song of the little bird.

How much I would want

to fill the whole earth with a wanderer's song
to make of the blue sky brightening wings
to wrap you with tender and long dreams in
the night.

Then would I

pour your love into music
and send it with best wishes
of my little heart.

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GOODBYE

May God be with you;
and the sky be yours.

Fly as far as your
wings can carry you.

Fly!

You have flown the cage
Thirty years long, have
Given your wings to the Wind.

Fly!

You *have* strong feathered
Wings for flight to the
Distance; open wide your Wings.

Fly!

After you're airborne,
After, maybe, your mind
Will rest without the Cage.

Fly!

And should the nightfall, interrupting *your* journey,
Your destination will be Dark.

Fly as far as your
Wings can carry you;

May God be with you

And the sky is yours.

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#

MOON

Stay, O moon,
stay with me'

I will stay up with you till the daybreaks:
we will amuse each other.

Do not disappear now!
I love your sparkling light;
should you disappear before
I go to sleep,
I may go crazy and get lost
in the dark:
I may tear my nightshirt
and pass the night without sleep.

Let the stars disappear behind
the stars,
the fog behind the fog.
Stay with me;
do not disappear now.

Suddenly,
the moon disappears
and disappoints me.
My eyes sink in the
darkness of fear.
I don't know what I want, #
I throw the pillow.
I want some kind of evil's spirit
to mingle in my soul,
so I may die

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[08]

#

A CALL

The universe plays the music of darkness.

The world staggers like a drunkard
in the joy of dreams.

Breezes tiptoe quietly wandering.

And I am the only one in the darkness, whispering to
you and calling to you:

Come oh companion of night,
oh sister of love,
come oh smile of the world,
oh song of eternity,
come and perform on my
heart's strings
your tune of love.

Come,
the night is eager to meet us, so we can transform
it to a festival for love.

I call you and whisper to you,
rise and scatter my darkness; descend with light and
bright hopes, pour and perfume my dreams.

Come,
the night is full of secrecy. #
It is the father of secrets.

I asked the night for your secret,
did you ask the night for mine?

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WHENEVER

Whenever
your ambition
tortures

you observe
the pain
in me.

In compassion
glance my way
as though to say:

Stay.
Do not go
yet.

A CONFESSION

Where are you,
not looking at me,
while wandering
in the night dark?

Were it not
for my compassion,
I wouldn't have revealed
myself to you...

that I was there.

[08]

#

COME BACK

Come back,
my beloved,
before my tears
flow overflowing.

Come back,
my beloved,
before the nights
fall in despair.

Promise-me

Promise me
and distance yourself from me.
With your hands
tear the pages of my yearning.
There I wrote in fire
my compassion
for you.
You deprived me of a love
which was once burning.

Before you journey
into a warm dream in
a boat of imagination
and ecstasy;
hold me in your arms
and remember me.
When you've had enough,
burn me.

My ashes will remain,
like an infant crying.
Whenever you steal
from the morning
a smile.
My soul will be crying out
to my angel, #
as Heaven's door comes crashing
and I am dying.

Tomorrow

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Tomorrow

SHATTERED DREAM

I buried my love
in the eyes of the tender grass,
between the tears of the dew.

From my heart and my eyes
I thrust down my grief
as water
among the bones of the dead.

My heart and my eyes
were food and drink
to my dream;
between the red roses
my dream sprouted,
rose and embraced the wind, exhaled its perfume
to the sky.

Then it walked
with the heavenly court
to the height of eternity:
the fullness of hope.

My heart and my eyes
got caught with its magic,
but a wild storm precipitated
my dream into #
the ruins of the world.

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FEAST

Intoxication, riot and symphony...

This is the meaning of a feast
for most people, but for me
the feast has
a different definition:

A sad echo,
a painful remembrance,
an absent mind
in the invisible
world.

You may say about me
that I live in dreams
and, always, I create
new problems for myself.

Do you blame me?

When I extend my hand
to catch the days,
my star is too distant,
my days slip
through my fingers.

I turn to pluck
the strings of my lute,
and prepare for myself
a feast.

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CROSS

I found out
you are not
for me.

The night in my eyes
has been melted
like wax.

Tear after tear,
I poured out
to trace my words:
I couldn't find
the ink.

I carried you as my cross and walked with you
to Calvary.

You are a book of poetry
and prayer,
written by a quill,
pen of the infidel
who never repents.

The cross is in my heart:
but you are not
crucified

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LAST WISH

The beginning of this poem
is the end of my life.

My life
was spent *composing
songs of love
for you;
in return,
you composed for me
a song of emptiness.

I suddenly forgot
how my years have passed:
years that once were
joy and beauty.

What crime did I
commit,
that I am punished
with your anger?

Thrown into the abyss,
I was blinded
by my tears.
You,
who could have
guided me
left me on the way
to despair.

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IN EACH DROP

When the grave enfolds me
and I disappear from the world
When the dream of my youth scatters and my
creative mind stops

When the setting sun of my life
lies covered with clouds

When the darkness invades my night
and turns into a wild storm

Then will the one that I have loved stand, the tears
running down
her cheeks

Then will appear a withering flower dying in each
shining tear

And in each drop will burn
the pages of the beautiful past

EULOGY

My love is a poem.
It has a significant meaning.
My heart composed it.
Desperation gave it a tune.
A sigh chanted it.
At every crossroad
I left a hymn;
I wrote letters
and sent them to the skies,
so that the breeze
became Love's messenger.

Each line told a different tale.
I sang it to the river
and the river grew silent.
I chanted it to the birds
and the birds sang back: repeat, repeat.

I shall sing it again,
so that the birds may
chant this poem when I am gone.
And on the day of my departure,
I will take it with me.

I will inscribe it
on my headstone, #
so that at my burial
it will become my eulogy.

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REMIND HER

Tell her that enlightened the darkness of my night

I will be eternally singing her love till I die.

Give to her these gifts

from my being:

my eternal soul

my aching heart

and all my love.

At sunset remind her

to fill the breeze

swaying behind the falling sun

with her greetings wrapped

in her kisses

and ask her to leave it

there at the peaceful place

of my rest:

my grave

HOMELAND

It is dressed
by Providence
in a green costume
which includes all
the beauty of the universe.

Its waters flow
from the river of paradise.
Its breeze blows
gently
full of freshness.

A tale of glory
yet to be heard,
it contains
every spectacle,
inspires
a thousand pictures,
a thousand memories.

It's worth more than
our dearest souls:
what worth does
a soul possess
should it desert
the homeland?
Its love in us
will continue to grow.

Its love is rooted #
deeply in our hearts.

The homeland
without its people
will never emerge

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EMANCIPATION

I long for all I see,
believe all that was said;
I did not say all I know,
I did not do all I could.
Yesterday, my heart
saw more than my eyes,
heard more than my ears,
thought more than my mind...
Till I stumbled.
Today,
I made a promise
to myself,
I will do all I can.
I will say all I should.
I will believe all
my Mind tells me.

I will be,
I am, Free.

MY HOMETOWN

I would see it
great as the universe:
the village where
I was born.

There my father
was born
and all
my ancestors.

My hometown,
is a place
of loyalty and glory,
It is small, this village,
but full of celebration.
It is filled with beauty
only God can have made.
In its bosom we grew
and passed our childhood.

*Oh, my hometown,
you are too dear to me.
As much as I am accustomed
to being far from you,
still my love remains
deep rooted.*

As much as we distance
Ourselves from you,

#

Our yearning will bind
us to you.

As we become great masters
in our glory,

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As we become great masters
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I SAW HER

High on a balcony
overlooking
Tourza I saw her.
Blonde, all
sweetness, she
ensnared my heart
and captured my senses.
She was in my blood,
sweetness of the
wine, she within
my veins.
She is in the spring
of age and freshness
of life: like a cool
breeze in July.
My heart was
on fire with her.
Since that moment,
with each passing breeze,
I send
to my beloved's balcony
my kisses
and my loyalty.

A PROMISE

In your promise,
Still I am dreaming:

There are many
Eyes gazing on me.
Mine have never
Gazed except
On yours.

I will remember
Always:

You and I,
Our shadows on
The roses,
As the green in
Your eyes blossomed.

Your beautiful days
I will remember always
Regardless whatever may
Happened,
I cannot deny it.

Your shadow over
The velvet flowers #
I remember.

In your love, the
Dreams and the promise

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HER EYES

The night becomes a show of kohl;
the night and its darkness
Rise to the stars:
Rise to meet with her eyes.

Her eyes are unending shining
Lights of love without end;
The music of the spheres
Begins and ends in her eyes.

They sing out for love,
They are the flute and the strings,
They are the symphony I hear:
My love I hear and see in her eyes.

MY ADORED

The soul embraces the soul,
The lips delight in the lips,
My cheek for both your cheeks.
From your heart Love flows;
From your eyes
The arrows of youth spring.
Your dominant love
Strikes my paralyzed heart.
Yes, I love you
With an unsure passion
Until your name becomes my song
Your picture my sanctuary;
I the worshipper and you
My adored one.

COME BACK

Slowly

Gently

Love dissolved me. There is in my heart

A passion.

There is in my soul

A thirst.

Longing had crushed me;

for what?

Forgiveness

Comprehension

Reflection

Remembrance.

Remember our past days:

The river

The trees

The Hill.

Tomorrow night will fall.

Come back today

To pick love at its source.

Hope puzzles me;

cover my heart.

Give me a bright smile

A smile from you

will drive away

the sleeplessness.

#

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#

A KISS

In the core of my heart
I fostered it.
With the cover of my secrets
I wrapped it.
It took me days and nights
To plant it;
I watered it
with my tears.
I clipped the wings of the creative mind for it.
With the sheets of paradise
I covered it.
With my songs I fenced it.
With my thoughts
I wove it.
I would not compare it
To the scent of jasmine
I would not compare it to
The stars
The moon
The sun.
When your love captured my heart
I planted this precious kiss
On your lips.

HOPE

I have a hope. #
I will always
remember it.
Whenever night comes
I uncover it.

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WAIT

You are
my intellectual
self: my humble
lily.

In my heart,
your love's fire
blazes;
on my lips,
a shiver is
followed by a smile.

You are
my ideal
self: a rose
in my heart's garden.

I love you;
my love for you is
unique: the Gods
of Love brought it,
poured it pure
into my burning heart.

I lost my will:
there was no world
but you,
an upheaval in my heart.

What could I say:
Chaos all around but
within me tranquility.

#

I am taking
the path toward you;

I am bearing

my heart

WAIT

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self: my humble
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but you,
an upheaval in my heart.

What could I say:
Chaos all around but
within me tranquility.

#

I am taking
the path toward you;

I am bearing

my heart

INSPIRATION

The light of heaven shines
from your eyes.

Beauty reflects
from your curly blonde hair.

Splendor flows smiling
from your mouth.

The water of life bursts
from your crimson lips.

Your warm and lavish tears
fill my imagination;
after the farewell of our eyes,
my tears too overflowed.

SANCTUARY

Oh sanctuary of my lost love, you are the fire brand of my life. On your lips, the pure kiss burns. From your heart springs the holiest love.

In your gleaming eyes,
you sacrifice my heart. What is to prevent the soul from joining the soul?

Oh sanctuary of my lost love,
oh fragrance of my holy faith,
I love you!

My love has made of your name
my song;
you are my temple;
your picture is my sanctuary.

I am in it the celibate
worshiper.

CONCEPTIONS

The sun rises in the
morning despite
the darkness.

My heart became empty
(except of wounds)
of your love.

Oh my hope:
stir it up; do not
leave it to be profaned
after fasting days.

My heart's fragments
are burning;
my body covers them
not minding the ache.
If you wish a brand
from my burning heart,
do not fear its warmth;
that raging flame
burns but to test
who would touch it.
Don't ridicule;
my heart is exhausted,
looking for fidelity.
Don't play;

#

my heart fumes
with this misery.
Don't retreat;

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my heart fumes
with this misery.
Don't retreat;

A LETTER OF LONGING

We parted weeping with.

We broke the covenant of our lasting sadness

Each to wander in a strange country

Love which sprang from the holiest

Sources and burst from the cleaner

Springs of purity.

My Beloved:

I call you with whispers today

To converse with you intimately

From beyond the horizons,

Interchanging our sentiments,

Confiding my secrets to you

Through the carrier of love and

Peace though I am far away.

Though I am far away I am

With you every minute;

I am with you as you want

Me to be with you always,

With you,

When you eat, drink, sleep

Or wake.

I am with you in your joy #

And your sorrow.

In your quiet and wandering

Moments.

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Or wake.

I am with you in your joy #

And your sorrow.

In your quiet and wandering

Moments.

TO THE FAIR ONE

Oh, Fair One, grieve not.
Oh, humble Source of the sun,

I am on my way, carrying
my heart, my soul, and my blood.

Your hair is like golden threads;
Their metallic locks tangle with
My blood.

Your rose colored features are like
The hill flowers of Nard.

Your glances are like arrows
That pierce my body.

You are the hymn of spring,
The song of the birds.

Smile, oh Sun of the morning;
Grieving is forbidden to beauty.

By your light and your fire, you
Inflame me.

You are the rising sun in #
My soul, my inspiration
For love.

Oh, Fair One, grieve not.

TO THE FAIR ONE

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For love.

Oh, Fair One, grieve not.

TOGETHER FOREVER

Tomorrow or after
tomorrow
we will meet
under the ceiling of
the sanctuary:
the sanctuary
of our eternal love.

My beloved,
do not despair,
but laugh and smile.
Remember our past
love.

The night of distance
will end;
the day of separation
will pass.

With the lyre
made of my ribs repeat
the tune of my
fidelity,
sing the song
of our loyalty,
our love.

#

I am for you
and you for me:

TOGETHER FOREVER

Tomorrow or after
tomorrow
we will meet
under the ceiling of
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My beloved,
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With the lyre
made of my ribs repeat
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our love.

#

I am for you
and you for me:

I MADE OF YOU

I made of you
my strong faith,
the altar of
my worship.

I made of you
my poetry,
my art,
my music.

I made of you
my road,
my song,
my tears.

Why are you
so strange,
so harsh?
Why?
When you distance
yourself
It is like death.

When you come near
the world smiles.

This, #
I made of you.

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my strong faith,
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Why?
When you distance
yourself
It is like death.

When you come near
the world smiles.

This, #
I made of you.

I LOVE HER

As much as she is estranged,
I love her.
As much as the eyes love sleep,
As much as my longing has compassion,
As much as true lovers are loyal,
As much as pigeons love to coo,
As much as the patient desires the cure,
As much as the mother loves the new child,
As much as the breeze, the water, the
clearness of night,
As much as the years follow the years,
As much as the heavens and the earth:
As much, my heart wishes for her love,
And more and more I love her,
Will remain loving her,
However alienated she
Becomes from me.

MEMORY

Spring came back.
Nature awoke.
Life
With its fresh breeze
Resumed its shooting
In the hearts.
With spring,
Memory awoke deep
within me.
My heart stood
To lead the cortege
In my mind.
Moving
From memory to memory
My nerves grew dull,
My thoughts exhausted,
My eyes red.
Weak and sighing
Into the pool of memory
I collapsed.

A WHISPERING

I was by myself,
Oh my angel,
with my despair,
with my bitter hopes,
in my grief and tiredness:
My blind eyes
would see the fire
as a hell of reddish canine teeth
like that long and thick smoke
of the hottest midday hour
whose jaws thirst for blood
thirst to inflict suffering
on those who search for a shadow
of loyalty, or a mirage of truth.
In the portico of truth
is love,
and love is truth.
When it fails
it becomes like a fire
of smokeless blazes
and of raging flame.

LONGING

My grieved heart crushed
by mortal pains became
a raging volcano blazing
in spite and revenge,
blazing from a painful
past.

A dark veil kept my heart
from happiness; my heart
keeps little of happiness.
My tears flowed violently
like lava burned by cheeks
and left scars that reveal
the veil of despair.

From my broken heart
burning sighs spring
to my lips, etching
lines of burning memory,
then vanish:
echoes of the past.

MY BELOVED

Come back.
my beloved,
before my tears
flow overflowing.

Come back,
my beloved,
before the nights
fall in despair.

YOU DENIED MY LOYALTY

I n the path of life,
I planted for you a rose.
In return
You gave to me a thorn.

I composed for you
A poem of my love
A song of my heart.
In return
You tore the rhymes
from my lips.

On every dawn's breeze
I sent you my greetings.
In return
You sent me your spite.
As my messenger
I sent you a young dove.
You stoned him
And you lost him.

I offered all my feelings,
My compassion.
In return
You shrugged without care.

#

On the wings of birds,
I carried joy for you.
In return you flung me down
to despair.

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I carried joy for you.
In return you flung me down
to despair.

WHEN WE FORGET

My memories are like a fable:
I am myself
like one who, in a vineyard,
picks grapes already squeezed;
like one who seeking knowledge
searches the dark places
seeking all explanations
among the invisible traces.

We forgot how to be
young in our hearts.

The empty spaces filled
with dreams.

I tried to release your memory,
to free myself from a need
unfulfilled.

A new beginning
I promised myself,
and I locked up all
my deepest secrets.

Days upon days passed
and nights ever longer. #
Years passed by quickly
like a line of horses
one after another.

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Years passed by quickly
like a line of horses
one after another.

POET'S THEFT

You have stolen from a poet
The muse he was to protect.
Again, you have stolen
From his heart all
Love and appreciation,
Leaving him, who loves you
As in a purgatory.

You have stolen,
And I have not
Complained of your theft,
Or accused you.

To assure you,
I have voluntarily signed
My deed of assignment,
I have given you
Your freedom.

But theft from a poet
Has great effect:
Especially when you have
Taken love, loyalty, feelings,
And his muse;
He is left
Like one who had fertile land
Which is now left uncultivated.

When first you stole,
My heart charged your theft

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Love and appreciation,
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To assure you,
I have voluntarily signed
My deed of assignment,
I have given you
Your freedom.

But theft from a poet
Has great effect:
Especially when you have
Taken love, loyalty, feelings,
And his muse;
He is left
Like one who had fertile land
Which is now left uncultivated.

When first you stole,
My heart cheated your theft

PERPLEXITY

Will we shatter our love
built with difficulty?

Will the separation last?

Will the hope be fragile?

Will we keep our memories
until Eternity?

Will we silence our grief?

Will our hearts still young
ring true?

What of the eyelids heavy
with longing?

Their brilliant star set, shall
they look toward a shining morning?

What of the smiling mouth
turned down?

Shall it speak again
of love?

THE OLD DAYS

Together
we had our old days,

beautifully spent.
On the wings of dreams,

we flew.

The world seems small,
but love was a big dream.
The memories:
where have they gone?
Will they come
back to gather
the flowers of the past?
The past is concealed
and the time of romance
is gone.

The old days will never return.
Lovers are separated.
Life is
walking without direction,
running to the future #
without hope, hiding
a million memories,
erasing the past.

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we had our old days,

beautifully spent.
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IF...

If the days would thunder

I would hear them.

If the generations would weep

I would feel for them.

The cries of the whole universe,

The tears of all the generations:

These would not compare

To my eyes and my tears.

SUPPOSE WE

We grind the years
between agreements
and disagreements,
in the ripeness of our years
exposing our every part
to cruelty and kindness.
Suppose we return from
our forgetfulness,
suppose we reverse
the number of fleeing years,
suppose, like a pitcher of water
smiles to a thirsting man,
the nights of promise return
to smile again upon us,
suppose we return the wine
to the grapes and intoxicate
the atmosphere simply
by our presence,
suppose we realize our hope
long lost in a dream world:
do you think we will be
free from the ties imposed
on man by man?

BY FATE AND DESTINY

I became acquainted
with you
by fate and destiny.
Through the light
of your eyes
I saw the universe.
I looked over many roses
but a rose like you
I could not find.
You are the tune
of a lute;
the bird of honor
is hovering over you.
The essence of disdain
exists in you.
My heart will always
be with you.
Why do you
hold off my
love?

TO THE END

Should you deny
The feeling
Of my love, I
Would never deny you.

Should you forsake
Our shared friendship,
I will
Never.

Should you forget me,
You, my heart will
Always
Remember.

HOT TEARS

The very sight of her
Reveals my secret,
Plants in the unbeliever's
Heart faith and devotion.
She offered me,
For drink,
Vinegar and Gall.
She opened wide
The sanctuary of
My heart.
She planted there,
In my heart,
Embers.
And in my eyes,
She planted
Tears.
Shall we ever,
In all Time, burn
Again like candles on
The altar of Love?

I FED YOU

I sensed
you were hungry for love.
I fed you
till my heart ached.
I saw
you were sad.
I forced my heart
to have enough room
for the world's sadness
and yours.

Your strangeness
made me see
the true picture
which has no veil
or mask.
But in love,
I would be blind
convinced
of your faithfulness.,
and I was lost.

Love's humiliation
Made me kneel
In front of you.
In your eyes
there was delusion
like a vast
desert plain.

#

But in love

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you were hungry for love.
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In your eyes
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#

But in love

GRAVE

I adore you.
you escape
Love's sanctuary,
blushing,
sell your sentiment
to the prime of youth,
lose your life
on the edge of time.
Come to me
today to be
together
in our separation.
Tomorrow, write
with your tears
on my gravestone
an epitaph:

"Here the prophet
sleeps wrapped
in his own talent."

RED DREAM

Your fool glances resemble
a fierce fire.

They kindle my eyes
without feeling.

Your tears
have burned in the night,
are sitting on the embers.

Your deviating eyes
turn my night into red
tears.

GREEN DREAM

Our love is a green dream
which will grow with your age.

As you grow,
the evil of suggestiveness
will grow
deeply in your soul.

Your life will end
on the lip of a glass.

For you and you only:
the value of the glass
equals
the worth of your life.

MY FEAST

Come back,
Richness of my happy days;
Come back once more. I
n one night,
I will renew my youth,
Then move to a far world.
I am not willing to increase
My suffering; I do not want
My song's tune to be suffocated.
I am not seeking power
And respect.
I do not desire
That others be my servants
And slaves.
I do not want
My clothes to be decorated
With gold.
I do not desire
My hand to be covered
With rings.
I want only
My happy days returned
At least for one day of my life:
To make of that day
My festival.

PAIN

My pain includes
Art, knowledge,
And humanity's
Poetry.

As I have taken
the secret of the world
into myself,
all that is
for a higher wisdom
and destiny.

Even as my thunder
burst
I would shed tears
over sterile earth
my eyes
the eyes of rain.

As my humanity
overflows
with pain,
I walk alone
loaded
with human cares.

GO

#

Goodbye.
You are wrong;
I am not to blame.

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THE EVERLASTING CREATOR

Oh miserable life!

How much would I like
to construct my dream palace?
How much would I like
to pass the night
awake in all my dreams:
to fill my heart
with happiness,
to see the roses
flourish on my road,
to live a pleasant life?

Oh miserable life!

I remain,
I will remain,
planting my strong
desire in your fields.
Even if what I have
built be destroyed,
I will remain
to build anew.
In sentiment's wine
will my thoughts
ferment and, on the bosom_#
of death, I
will inscribe:

Praise be to God,

The Everlasting Creator

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How much would I like
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Praise be to God,

The Everlasting Creator

A HANDFUL OF DUST

There is in life,
A leader of nations:
Opposite him, another
Insignificant.

There is in life,
The strong and the humble.

There is in life,
Greed and ambition:
Opposite that, conscience.

There is more than one
Servant for the great palace;
The servant will have
Always in his eyes
The wealth and power
of the ruler.

There is in life,
Much that is great.
However the greatness
Of their years,
The life of the people
Is always short.

Thus was the world #
Created, that all men
Must bow to death,
All men go
The way of the flesh

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TWO ROADS

Where is the better road?

At the crossroads, we stood
as adversaries together.

Before us were two roads:
one the road of our ancestors,
for union and for prosperity;
the other divided by an evil
which could only lead to destruction.

Why should we change our way now? Come, Let us
walk hand in hand,
let us start again and walk
to a beautiful feast of life
without promises.

You are my remedy
and there is no other.

Let us walk our road together
now.

Should we encounter some small evil?

There in our road of prosperity,
it is better than to stand here, undecided between
the two roads.

Do not be faint in your decision;
do not be puzzled by it.

#

Follow me in my choice: the lesser
of two evils.

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#

Follow me in my choice: the lesser
of two evils.

A DANCE OF THE WOUNDED

Which is **th**e **bea**ut**if**ul life?

A life of ha**pp**iness and pro**sp**erity

A DANCE OF THE WOUNDED

Which is **th**e **bea**utiful life?

A life of **h**appiness and **pro**sperity

A DANCE OF THE WOUNDED

Which is **th**e **bea**utiful life?

A life of **h**appiness and **pro**sperity



#

