



Whispers from the other side

translated by

Hassan Hegazy

Whispers from the other side

translated by
Hassan Hegazy



Prima edizione: dicembre 2009

Ebook © Clepsydra Edizioni

My journey towards the south
By: Hus̄n Abū Su'ūd (Iraq)

1

On my journey towards the south
A saint, who lived, a new age, after his death,
stopped me,
Gave me a faded rose,
A dried piece of bread
and a sad smile,
Asked me :
What did you learn on the departure journeys?
And the return ones?
What did you gain from childhood,

youth and old age?
I turned right,
then left,
Giving him back the young flower,
the piece of fresh bread
and the green smile
turned my face away Then I
and walked to the south alone

2

Who knows what is beyond that mirage?
Heavy rains Or a new mirage?
What is there on the other bank?
The end of journey?
Or more banks?
I do not know

I do not know
But , oh sorrow,
I will know
when it is too late ! only

3

On my journey towards the west
And my fall on the slipperiness of roads
I found remains of sighs
Flowing from nests taking their places by force
On the stones of roads
Left by passengers that passed
To passengers who have not arrived yet
But surely
They will arrive !

An Autobiography

By: Muhammad Ahmad 'Oddab (Marocco).

I was born from the wind,
I was its whistling,
its jumping, and its uprising between two mountains,
Every time I circle round my tremble,
I believe in the circulation of the earth,
And the impossibility of translation and interpretation,
I married twice :
Once the fire married me to its native chanting,
And secondly the neighing failed in my chest,
After saluting the grey owl,
Making my towns as sails for a dream,
And on the fences I stand with my lash
to hold back an adventurer ,
a poet who tries to climb ...
As usual
I think before the river
to be its riverbed towards collision.

What did sands teach you, then ?
By : Mubammad 'Alī Nadīm (Egypt)

It is the river, from time to time,
greet us , again and again .
what did sands teach, you then? and
It is the river who opens the testament of growth.....
And sowing the light of universe and the art of writing.
(The silence in the presence of those who taught us ...is virtue, respect and morality)

What did sands, then, teach you?
Except that the language of long departure after mirage ..and the illusion of (fertility)
What did sands confess to you? Except that all woman are captive ?
It is the river that sometimes tells us
that the fruits have a season of love and desire,

For us not to desire in the time of prayer
And not to beg by the order of invaders ..
And on the season of dryness and the sleeping of rain .
It is the river that taught us to fast and to be content , satisfied ,
If dryness and hardships have prevailed
Not to fear from its absence .
It is the river that taught us
how to spin the wool of camels
With great silence ...
And the virginity of heart...
And the flood of great passion and infatuation.
It is the river that taught us to resort to the stems of palm trees..
And when our sweetheart passes we beg for a meeting, watering , and just a look..
If the heart that suffers and complains.
Strikes the root hard in the heart of the land ..
in a spot we adore its sky ..

to like much its dust .
What did sands, then, inspire you?
Only to strike the land....
Praising all tyrants ...
kissing grass and dust in every hand..
begging for charity.
It is the river that reads us every time ...
The blood to the summit of glory is the best way.
What did the sand, then, teach you ..
to walk proudly among people ...
Humiliating yourself for all?
It is the river that reads us every time
And sowing the beauty of chanting inside us
Shining glory, gifts , and a glorious, strong sun.

The persistent lover
By: *Muhammad 'Alī Rabbānī (Morocco).*

You want (...) it hurts me to stay here
A flag without soldiers
It hurts me to stay here in the sky
A moon, glittering without any star to share her sadness
How am I burden with the bushes of this sadness !
How am I lost in the streets of this sadness ..
Lost , like you, I prayed to find a bird in the garden
Sharing in your singing

Oh ...it is the fruit of summer,
blossoming on your lips, morning and evening
and the throne of winter is still ambling in our field !

From where do these fruits come ?
From where do the livelihood of my child come ?
And this dryness that stretches its fingers onto the villages

I shed my tears , Ah!
Many times she has sent her brushes
I am in the Mihrab , When
To my beloved many times she has sent her brushes
long time I stood humble in front of Him,
As I surely do know that His mercy is always before His anger,
I am honorably satisfied that His love is my submission
and my humbleness
His majesty, he is for me, and I am his,
YOU do for me as YOU wish
My lord, you can do for me as YOU wish,
Sometimes weakness haunts me,

My soul surrenders to his fine
bright temptations
Hence I humbly say:
My Lord, do not let the lover be alone!
You promised and your promise is true
I glance His green coast in my self

I did not talk to people three days, symbol or hint
I did not talk to them My Beloved,
Send me a hint,
My lord I did not talk to them My Beloved
Is there in my country anyone who is able to talk?
For people you have a partner
For me you are the only one
I have no partner but YOU
Your Majesty I did not speak to people
But among them I stretch my veins
My trees get bigger and bigger,
covering all the heads of people
My Beloved ...how can I talk to that who can not inter in the greenness of the sea
And stay there, by the shells of the beach
My lord I did not talk to them my Beloved
Send me a signal
My little petty ... between me and my Beloved there are
brushes of lead
I, who, departed my little petty , when I had a woman - went out from my body – as a
friend
Surrendered to fire that is burning in her chest
Surrendered to the coldness that was leaning on the rods of my soul
I am, who, erected the trees of lead
And here I am who is looking for the islands of salvation
I offered on time of tide my sacrifices to sea

But with his high tide, every sacrifice, I offered, is still surrounded by rocks and sands
So how from my self will salvation be
So how from my self will salvation be!
So how from my self will salvation be!

My little petty ... cain was a corpse flowering in my self
And the spider threw itself between me and the face of my beloved
Tell me my little petty:
How can I from the wing of this spider reach salvation ?

In your right there are the Angles and
the flower of echo blossomed in your left,
come on .. wash with the fountain of my blood
come in like air in the violet of mihrab
be persistent , My Beloved likes the persistent lover

Entangled, the branches of my sins
But I hope they can reach the eyes of my beloved
Watering with her white waterwheels the gardens of my self.
I look forward to (...) the large glittering greediness
It is the secret of my life that
I look forward to

The dark snow is coming slowly to
the gardens of this age
and the guest of my love to descend on my sad heart
coming to me with the evange , the good news ,
Now I can smell her scents from your laughing eyes
will the beloved be only one , alone ,
Neverthe promise of my beloved ,My lord is big , large ,
I glance his green coast in my self

My beloved I ask you for my arrival
Here is my humiliation between your hands
Here is my affair, My lord, is not hidden from You
I have no one but you,
to support me,
Please help me
Do not leave me , My lord , to my self for mere a second
Do not make it all my care !
Do not make it all my care !

Moon, to be born!
By: *Fātimah al-Mimūnī (Marocco).*

You, night, please flow
I thought the moon is a small atomic lamp,
the sky disappears for a while,
and the earth is a planet, divided
For a cry,
The evening is a cloud of water
irrigating the grass ,
the sun is a candle, disappears
For a while,
Coming back after a soft sleep,
Weeping the sweat of the universe
Room after room,

You, night
I forgot the divisions of history,
Do not drink your sour wine
Grow the milk of the green time
Weep his transparent blackness
Hang a small moon
To be born, time after time...
And then passed.

Biography of an adorable hand
By: Najmā al-Mujābid (Morocco)

1

In my hand there is a labyrinth of love
and a harp playing the alienation of seasons
in the days of boyhood
And a handful of speech
Scattering them over air like bubbles
Throwing them over the space of hand
For Letters to slip out of it...
question and breakdown to be subject for

2

In my hand there is a fire
From its flame I Ignite the heads of my fingers
To become candles ...lightening them the corridors of your heart
Increasing its blaze and spirit
I waited for you, even as a crosser- by in my impossible days

3

In my hand there is a white joy
distributing it to all beggars who are
for love and poetry together, waiting
In my hand there is a bouquet of poetry
Picked from the garden of heart
Put it on the grave of days
As I share it with the poetry of Nizar
And live in the tribes of his woman

4

In my hand there is a departure

Filled with alienation... and history
Occupying madness ...
Quarreling with the faces of the passers-by on the steps of memory

5

In my hand there is sadness
Wandering as madmen... breaking the color of water
Racing with mirage ... lost in the desert
Riding the sea ...sleeping on the blueness of waves
Straying in the far extent
Drawing the lines of hand ...
as if he were sadness

6

In my hand there is the strength of absence
The dream comes in my sleep
Joking, playing with my pillow
awakening the pains of memory
inviting you to the evening of heart
on the fall of absence
when he brings back his strength

7

In my hand, there are my hands,
Tempted with the furthest extent...
As it is deluded by the madness
in the moment of separation,
being away from labyrinth
My hand is a tale, words
My hand . . . my hand

8

In my hand there are big courtyards
Crossing the street of memory with the strings of meeting
Inhabiting the calmness of silence
And invite you to a cold alienation...
In a break ...on the stairs of time

9

In my hand there is a labyrinth
..and the area of age
with the depth of the division of the hand that formed...
picking all the emptiness of places...
granting love a pride on its last moment
It is a hand writing in the notes of days with the ink of childhood and
Writing down your days on the banks of paper.

10

In my hand my femininity
Arranging her piece by piece,
Tear by tear,
Sharing her the mirror
Taming her as I wish
My femininity is a chemistry of sad overflowing in the hour of shyness
Wiping off the secrets of face
with the ink of tear...or the ink of water

11

In my hand there is me, myself
Clever at dancing on the theatre of heart
Inviting you to a postponed watch
It is the bag of secrets,
Filled with trees and the smell of letter
In my hand, there are everything..

In my hand, age sleeps

12

In my hand, you are,
We share the crumbs of bread
Eating the meal of sadness
On the curves of life
Giving me a cup filled with the drink of existence
Stripping my memory...from the wakefulness of dawn...
And the practice of the curse of question

13

In my hand we are together
Shaking warmly your hands
Signing the oath of love
Restoring the freedom of words ...weeping the wounded nation
Writing the document of departure
In my hand, you

I glance the torture of Sisyphus when he embraces labyrinth of the desert,
pleading for its sand hills
... .. teaching me how patient is good when losing
its pleasure in the time of waiting, and his enjoyment and his pleasure
Ah ! that hand how many things have you carried...
How heavy of troubles have slept in you... and you are erupting agony, grief and
complaint... you! the scented hand with terrified breath, sailing on the horizon of
universe...let the wind be amused with your sails onto the horizon of the sky ... and let
me for a moment contemplate the moment of my charm that filled with the smell of
soul, fear , and my oncoming to you ...
It is, you, that hand, take me and embrace me
Read the lines of my hand... grant me the hope ...hold me tightly to another hand
To fill it with love and jasmine...

Within the orphanages of innocence
By : *Amāl 'Annād Rid,wān (Palestine)*

We, who, have been vanished away
since we descended from our paradise ,
Is it our fate to descend for ever
Into a forest polluted with war and rebellion?
As if, to a mercy, we were driven away
When we disobeyed knowledge?!

Or
As our shades after their training to walk bare footed
Over the resources of thorns?
Did not our defeats know
how to extract pains from its deep resources ?
Could not they give color to banishment
With pains and sadness?

we go into the pain of consolation Sad
wounded letters uttered foolishly with the sweet fatigue and sadness
And time running towards us like the running of an enemy
Hurrying fast and
playing lightly with spears of his reckless face
Towards the dance of death !

G
O
I
N
G

On the brutality of his tasteful dance!
Does he dance in a mournful manner?

for the pains of those living-dead ?
Or did he like playing on the lutes of virgins?
On the heads of the orphans and the bereaved victims?
Has not iron got soften yet?
But, you become cleverer
Playing absurdly!
Enjoy cutting the necks of hearts
to shed our bloods
On
the roads of margins
washing us with its dried falls
and on the nakedness that covered with our blood
That wrapped with our blood
D
R
A
G
G
I
N
G
US
From falls, mortgaged
With the remains of humans!
Is it nothingness
Collecting our contrasts?
Strikes are pushing us down
To share us the loaf of life and our home- land!
Sorrow closes its locks
On the resorts of innocent eyes
The deaf cry gets too old
On the mouth of childhood that got frightened,

Pillows of victims absorb the deaf, silent moaning
Embracing the soul of fugitive dreams
From escaped bells
To nightmare of settlement?
Mother!!!!
Groups of devils
are flowing heavily
to crush me ...
to tear me up...
why are the windows of horror opened into those of steadfastness ?

Do the winds of terror pass over me
From a coming beast
Staining
my pure body
me away ... storming
.. me penetrating
With the confusion of devils?!

Darkness
F
A
L
L
S
wounded
heavy
on
the ghosts of the poor ,
the soul-sick people
who are tightly stick to

the bodies of the living!
You, my stolen dawn,
Ah!
How heavy is sadness!

The roads of dead are stumbling on the darkness lamps of injustice
To be kind...with its soft cruelty
Hunting the lost bodies in the blackness of terror
With lumps of coughing that twinkle
Drawing out swords of mercy on her clearness
Extracting them out from the scabbard of death
To entertain the dirtiness of the lantern of satisfaction!
Satisfaction?!
Or eternal resting!
The soul is scattering
On a curve of humanity
S
A
N
K

-In the deep ocean of unconsciousness
Calls for help, erupting in the corners of death and life
Larynxes of childhood that are torn by sharp chains
In the ringing of breathless fast caravans
The anxious tribes of worry are interested in burying their tired bodies

To escape in the grave of temporary sleep

To wet the thirst of the tortured eyelids by

D

R

O

P

S

From deaf sleep

Does not hear the fizzing of the blind death!

Will the dams of reality fall down,

and the green dreams turn to be a land of deception?

Will the gazelles of sleep be murdered ?

Losing a womb reproducing the fetus of mercy?

A bloody painting is running fearfully,

Pouring

Waterfalls of crisis on the sources of alienation

And

on the banks of death

When night falls down

Pictures turned terribly to be upset

on the impudence of madness !

From The book named:

“My Greeting to you is Rain “

Absence

By: *Muhammad Bilmū (Marocco)*.

He was absent in his wound
In his erupted resort under his skin
Realized that light is trembling from cold
And the dream was busy with his awful dirty socks
And hope was hanged on a laughing guillotine
Absent as the ivy of bad-scheme does not expect
Drawing new shape for gloominess and titles for sweeping death
Suddenly, absent from the mountains of the graves
Climbing the trees of wind
As swallows may remember his dances
And olives write him a message
He was absent because wolves only crowned the awful bathrooms
drank on the holes , the cups of the trumpet of the
Tore the strings of gaiety
He was absent like any moon attacked by blind clouds

Let the thieves be alone with the empty doors of Juniper,
The frightened boxes and the hidden places that were dwelled with whiteness
Suddenly someone remembered the name of the sky, the color of poetry, the smell of
repentance, the taste of light
But he was absent
Helplessly,
Hopelessly,
In the book of Sadness.

Pigeons are dying !
By: *Su'ād Da'īr (Marocco).*

1

A Melodious Cooing
Neighing
Swishing
Snoring
Creaking
Moaning
Farewell

2

A Melodious Cooing
And a sad flute
Chanting the farness of his steps
And collapsing bridge
And a bitter night
And a falling rib is there,
Beside a broken leg

3

Darkness is falling down
Pigeons are dying
On the funerals of heart
His lilac skies are stretched
and filled with sadness

4

Pigeons are dying
I die like hundreds
On the temple of Jerusalem

And on the Babylon roads

5

Dying , I have nothing but a string of fire
And in my vein, I have nothing but a string of fire
And in my ribs, I have nothing but a string of fire
Folding the praises of a lark, travelling in my blood
and in the throat
then became a cough
Dancing on the waves of my dream
And in the window of my eye is a tear
And in the chest became gargle and a burning

6

Here I die
There a sun fell down
Hundreds were covered by clouds
That are looking upwards
Armed with death
And death
Is heavily burning

7

There plants do not grow
Dream do not blossom
Night without moon
No no

8

There I circled with my heart
Near the end from the hell of absence
There I saw a wise old man

Healing an old wound with a shoe ...
There I circled
And with my eye a thousand hand overflowed
And a hand stealing the dream
Extracting the songs

9
Here I am
Do I die myself
Under the wings of absence and raving ?!

10
The sad pigeons die
on the dream bridge
thousand greeting
And thousand prayers

11
We die and raving
Drinking the cups of letters
Broken wings
And there is no ink to save cup
Nor paper to ease

12
Pigeons die
The bed of Pigeons
Embarrassed with hearts
And die...

13

Pigeons die
The land of Pigeons gets green
Blood and tears
The eye of the sky is destroyed by the cooing of pigeons there
Or here
And embarrassing ...

14
Pigeons die and
On the horizon
A sanctuary lies before

15

Pigeons die
I die myself or
I spent my night raving here ..
" Viva the birds of Gaza
Viva Iraq".

Help! Help!
By: Hassan Hegāzy (Egypt)

I call
from the narrow flat steps of death,
Calling:
beyond the doors,
under the wrecks,
the sound is suffocating me,
Silence is killing me,
Through mobile
Through hope
From yesterday
To this day,
For tomorrow
Many calls are sent :
In colloquial,
In hieroglyphic ,
In Arabic,
any revolutionary language,
defeated language, any

From the depth of dream
Across the winds of injustice
Across the fire of pain
Repentance is slaughtering me,
Writing with blood
the years of tyranny ;
S.O.S" "
Under the wrecks
Over the dust
From the heart of darkness,

Dimness,
I call with all my voice,
Death overcomes me
Any answer ?
Any one can help ?

By name of Moses
By name of Jesus
And Prophet Mohammed
By name of
The most Glorious
The only one
The strongest
The Creator
The healer
The highest
The only one
The strongest
The highest
Can anyone answer ?
Death overcomes me....
Death overcomes me...
Under the wrecks of Doyakka*.

By name of Moses
By name of Jesus
And Prophet Mohammed,
By name of God
The most glorious, The magnificent,

The strongest,
The creator, The healer,
And the Highest,
Any answer ?
Any helper ?
Death overcomes me
Death overcomes me
Under the wrecks of Doyakka* !

"If Your Majesty is still angry with me
I will not care"
To whom Your Majesty are leaving me ?
You, The justice of Heavens
Has not Sisyphus paid for all his sins, yet ?!

To day is the day of martyrs
The day of sacrifice
The day of land
The day of dignity
The tenth of Ramadan
Here is Al-Doykkah
The martyrs met warmly
The blood is unified
The Egyptian flag is still held
On the hill of Al-Doykkah
The pure hill
On the pure bank of the Suez Canal
Giving more life to Egypt
Renewing the sacred oath
Fulfilling the sacred promise
From the heart of the random houses,

From Al-Aqsa ..to Dar For ,
From Baghdad,
Through silence,
The sound was lost,
Cameras are scratching my soul
And the false, deceiving words ..!

Today is the day of constancy
Can any one answer ...?
A call :
For the United Nations,
The Arab States,
The Revolutionary councils,
Central, The
We are calling
Is there any answer ?
S.O.S

Sorry your storage is finished
from air,
constancy,
loyalty,
and even a drink of water !!

Over the Suez canal
From the district of Al-Ghareeb,
In Sues ,
The souls embraced,
The souls of martyrs are
Carrying the morning with them
The caravan of martyrs moved

Procession of light In
Tears were shed
In the midday
Drops of scent
Tears fell down
Wetting the forehead of a young soldier
Wearing his dusty clothes
Fasting Ramadan in the hot
Struggling the rocks
the blackness of yesterday swallowing
Remembering his father, the martyr,
"Abd Al-hameed " *
On the tenth o Ramadan (the sixth of October)
Sacrificed his soul for Egypt
The souls embraced, gathered,
Over Al-Doykka
Breaking the rocks,
a white life- tyre of rescue was in his hand
With the color of purity!

Recalling:
A message is coming out of the wrecks
From the inhabitants of the graves
The bareness,
The emptiness,
The homeless
Who are living in tents,
In graves,
From Al- Dabbah,
From Der- Yassen,
From the graves of the unknown soldier,
From Karballa

From Jerusalem
Across the whole nations
To those who died
Without coffins
And covered with the sky
With nothing :
Is there A new crossing
To new dawn
To tomorrow
weeping the shame away from us
And washing the tears of the martyrs? !

Annotation:

* Al-Doykka : A random area in Cairo, exposed to a killing rocky collapse over its poor inhabitants.

*Al Ghareeb District : It is the district of martyrs in the city of the brave Suez.

* Abd El-Hameed : He is :” Abd El-Hameed Hussien Tarabeeh ” from Sharkia, one of the the of honest , chaste martyrs of October victory in 1973 .

Talk to the sun

By: *Kāẓim Ibrāhīm Mūsà (Palestine)*

Do not stay away from my eyes
You, my death and life,
I do really suffer
From the follies of years
I do not suffer alone
But we, nations, suffer more

Day and night
Do not go away from my eyes
For me you are the light of my road
And the flame of light is my religion
The justice of my days is shyness
You are my refuge for doubtfulness
You are our sun and security
Help me, rescue me every time
I really suffer
From the follies of the centuries!

Enjoyable, strange, wonderful
By: *Adīb Kamāl ad-Dīn (Iraq).*

(1)

-“What is your name, you poet?”
-“My name is a bird”.
-“And then?”
-“The fish”.
-“The fish?”
-“Yes”.
-“That is wonderful!”

(2)

-“What is the color of sea, you poet?”
-“The ships and the women”.
-“And what is the color of liberty?”
-“Bread and salt”.
-“Bread and salt?”
-“Yes”.
-“That is funny!”

(3)

-“And how do you write?”
-“I went into the letter”.
-“Involved in the secret of the letter”.
-“Weep, fall in delirium, dance, And die”.
-“Die?”
-“yes”.
-“That is sad!”

(4)

-“And the dot, how do you describe it?”

- “he dot is my mother and father”.
-“And so, you spend your childhood with it?”
- “were you happy?”
- “Yes”.
- “And I spent my childhood , my youth , and my blind time”.
-“And were you happy?”
-“Yes”.
-“I lived in the centre of the dot as the fish”.
-“And the dot was a sea , getting bigger and bigger. As God wishes”.
-“And do you see God?”
- “No”.
-“Why?”
-“Because God in my heart is a sun talks”.
-“God is a sun ...speaks in your heart?”
-“Yes”.
-“That is strange!”

(5)

-“Well, how will you die ? “
-“If the bird got lost on the land of God”.
-“And then?”
-“If the fish got lost on the sea of God”.
-“And then?”
-“If the bird picked up the fish”.
-“That is wonderful!”

The mornings of soldiers
By : *Khālīd Khshān (Iraq)*.

My soul is a blue tent
Raining spring of a burning desire
To the grass of your breasts
Where your voice is falling
between my heart and the dust of resorts
And the shining cities and the ditches

....

This morning is going away early
With the mail that never comes
So I will make the songs of the soul my own barrier of the evening
Starting with your eyes
where the passing mornings that do not come back
these hours that are inhabited with desire burning
And where you are
No way to you
No way to me
Only
The mornings of soldiers
The mornings of bullets.
The mornings of wars.

The alphabets of love
By: *Ayyūb Māī* (Morocco).

Did you sleep, well,
my beloved the remains of night ?
Sorry my lady
This burning beside the heart is
travelling inside me
without passport

My lady
do not be shy
I am the traveler
On the dialogue of love
Giving to the morning of your days
a smile of love
to grow on the cheek of a woman
Confessions to another day
...

You my beloved / glooming joy
Give me your fingers to form
From the beginning
The alphabets of love
In black and white

My honest guide
The damned /the embraced, the hugged / the dancer
These are my days
Cultivating them smiling steps
having long night
Beyond the winds

To rewrite what I wrote
And give back your late confessions.

Women's Myth.
By : Ru'yà Ra'ūf (Iraq).

Who, but you, inhabits my sweet talk
Who, but you , is the best in my eye
Who, but you, whose name inhabits my lips
Who, but you, my heart relaxes on!
You only, who , threw light ...
In the darkness of my veins ...
You, who, put perfume
In the narrow routes of my soul,
You, who, lightened thoughts ...
In the silence of my sadness..

In the den of your sad heart...
I found the colors of my love
Nothing looks like clouds...
Except your sadness
that heals my heart,
No one erodes stars ...
except your patience
In all my way,

... wild lily You are a
on the string of happiness
happily, you played me well,
and a complete life in your home
you provide me...
You are a spring- rose...
arranging days for my art...
lightening the candles instead of me...
you are a white bud ..

confessing its kindness...
to each color of roses to be beautifully seen ..
showing its value...
to the buds of figs and olives praying
You are a red camellia...
Looking in the far away...
To reach the festival of hopes
To extend her breath in the night

You are a white lily
on the string of happiness...
you played me delightedly...
A complete life in your home
You provided me...
You are a spring rose ...
Lightening candles for me...
You are the dearest,
the best of all and me ...
you are a white bud...
confessing her kindness...
to all flowers colors when they appear ...
showing its value...
to the buds of figs and olives you are praying for
you are a gardenia

Resting in the bed of heart and recovered...
Whispering by the truth and concealing sadness ...
You are the mirror of love...
Reflecting smile, love and hope...
Lightening foresight with patience and deliberateness ...
You are the moon writing with the pulse of your heart on the sky
And carving the stars on the space

Drawing all love on air
You are a spike of wheat...
Throwing the seeds for the hungry ...
Day and night ...
Lightening the incense of previous...the glorious

In the roads of the prophets

You are a white violet ...
Singing :
Let us risk for happiness ...
Lodging the space and promoting to leadership ...
You a red a camellia

Stretching her eyes far-reaching ...
To reach the festival of hopes
Stretching her breath into night
To smell the fine breath of love
Stretching her kindness in the dreams
To embody the light of Allah and gifts ..
And the moon gets bigger ...

And the trees will have leaves
The fields will flourish
The roads will shine
For her love, sing and chant...
Come on my love, my baby...
I will show you the flowers of honey...
Catching the drops of wet...
Having the perfumes of the morning dew
Making in the soul : diamonds and precious stones
and a safe house...

we sink
In the sea- bottom of his paradise
we sink
In the sea- bottom of his paradise !

Tutti i diritti dei testi riservati all'autore
Copertina © Najat Bouzid

Ebook © Clepsydra Edizioni

