

Poems

YOU AND I... AND THE NIGHT



SOUAD MOHAMMAD AL-SABAH

YOU AND I... AND THE NIGHT

Souad Mohammad Al-Sabah



دار سعد الصباح
للثقافة والابداع

Publisher

Souad Al-Sabah Publishing and
Distribution House

P.O. Box: 27280 – Safat

Postal Code: 13133

First Edition 2025

All rights reserved to the publisher

It is prohibited to reproduce, store
in a retrieval system, transmit or
translate this book in any form
without prior written permission
from the publisher.

ISBN Number: 978-99906-2-183-9

Translated by: Lucinda Wills

Paintings by poet Dr. Souad Mohammed Al-Sabah

Dedication

To my life partner and friend in special
times

Sheikh Abdullah Al-Mubarak

There is no more place for me
After you colonized every room
There is no more time for me
After you sequestered every moment

Souad

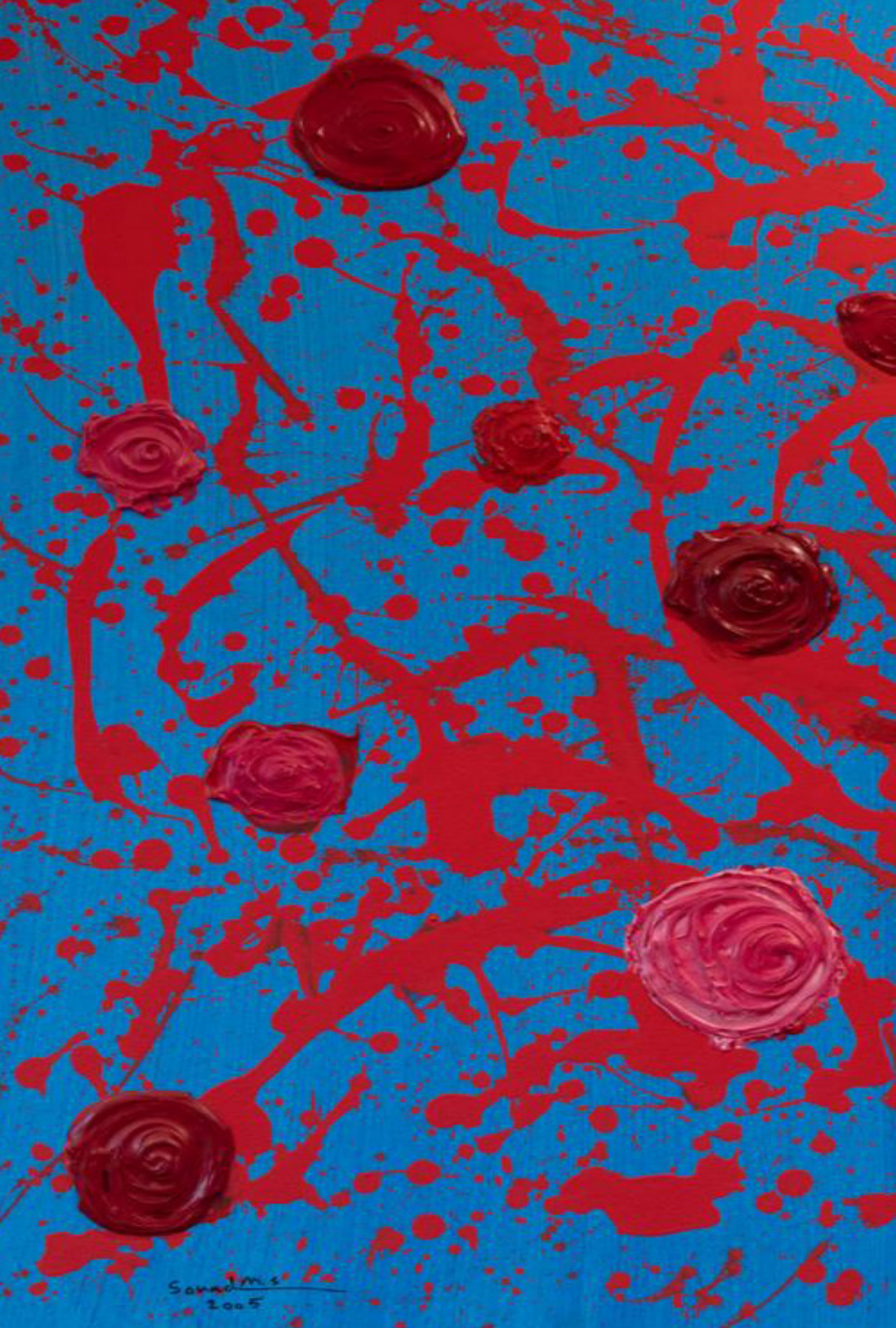
Contents

Dedication	5
Impossible Vacation	13
Snapshots of a Vacation of Love	27
The Newspaper.....	30
Love Poem.....	32
Megève	45
Locked Cities.....	49
Lamps	52
A Dream	54
Rainbow	55
Spiraling Time	56
Rhythm	57
Travel.....	58
In the Open	59
Longing and Thirst	60
A Tear	61
Pain.....	65
Memory	66
Compassion	68
Quarrel.....	69
Sea... and Breeze	70
Shorelines	71
Don't Walk Barefoot	72

Gate of Sadness	73
Umbrella	74
Burning	75
Judgment	79
Perfume... and Colours.....	80
Rain... and Estrangement.....	82
Yearning... and Choking.....	84
Owner of My Soul.....	86
Weave	87
Moon's Neighbor.....	93
Knight of Memory.....	94
Confusion	96
Despondency	97
Salt of the Earth.....	98
Safety.....	100
Edge of Extinction.....	101
Broken Heart	102
Ashes	104
Silver Age.....	105
Alone	106
Homeland	108
Power.....	113
Gathering	114
Master of My Days.....	116

Storm	118
Migrating	119
Questions	122
Exile	125
Sadness... and Fire.....	126
Travelers	128
Sad Bird.....	133
Faces.....	134
Mirage	136
Refuge	138
Fashion Me.....	140
What Not To Say	142
Journey Within	143
Memory of Time.....	144
Mirror	145
Time of Pain	149
You Are Certainty.....	150
Hovering.....	151
Glad Tidings	152
Wrinkles	154
Passing	156
I Am Renewed In You	157
Cuff	158
Remainders of Memory.....	159
Planet You.....	163
Sea... and Illusion.....	164

Opposition	165
My Brother	166
Where Your Name Is, the Sea Begins	171
My Heart is With You.....	172
Last Words.....	174
My Love	183
Night Reading	184
Coffee... and Sky... ..	189
Joy	195
Rain	196
Dawn... and a Braid.....	198
Drought	200
On the Shore of My Pain.....	202
Bare Yearnings	207
My Birthday	224



Sarah M. S.
2005



Impossible Vacation

I came to Europe
To clear my memory of you...
But there you were hiding in my bags.
I came to repose from the dizziness of love...
And from the swirling sea...
But your waves lift me up high
And toss me against your chest... once again...
I tried to escape your melodic voice...
And your enveloping scent...
So I rush forward...

To the northern lands...

To enjoy my vacation...

But there you are, reserving all the airplane seats...

And all the hotel rooms...

And all the theatre tickets...

And all the buses and taxis...

Leaving me to sleep on the sidewalk...

I went to a Caribbean island...
Where no one goes... no boats reach it...
But when I reached the shore...
To stretch out on the warm sand...
You appeared like a shark from the depths of the sea...
And ate me up.

All the trips I planned
Were just ink on paper...
All my journeys were against gravity...
Vacation time is worthless...
Without your signature.

No one was dumber than me...
When I opened the gates of hell by my own hand...
And scorched my fingers...
And burned my leather coat...
And torched all the new clothes I had bought...
Except my memory

Who will protect me from Europe's rain

Now that you're gone?

Who will be my roof... and my umbrella?

Who will hide me in his coat pocket

Or beneath his watchband...

Or in the palm of his hand...?

When the wind strikes me...
And the storm swallows me?
What do I do in these cafés
Seething with demons... and ghosts?
How do I enter them...
When all faces are your face...
All voices are your voice...
And all the smoke filling my lungs...
Is your smoke?

What do I order from the waiter...
If you keep coming out...
of every cup of coffee I drink?
Painful is winter...
Since you are not with me...
Painful is the scent of firewood...
Rising from British village chimneys.

Painful are the Victorian Palaces...

Painful are the chimes of Big Ben

Painful is the flavor of Earl Grey tea

That we used to drink together...

At five o'clock...

And painful is the musical clinking of forks

And knives as they cut through the stick of butter...

And slice my heart's arteries!!

Who can make tornadoes less wild...

And rains less savage...

And the cold less chilling?

My teeth chatter from the cold...

My ribs shudder from longing...

My heart quavers from isolation

And my memories shiver from deprivation.

How do I regain my balance in this city...
Whose streets we combed together...
Chatting in all of its cafés...
Lying in its grassy parks?
How do I come to terms with this city
That always saw me
Hopping by your side like a partridge...
Hanging from your left arm like an apple...
That now refuses to recognize me on my own??

I loved the winter... because it resembled you...

Because it resembled me...

In our little silliness...

And our massive explosiveness...

And our lovely craziness...

I loved it... because it would envelop us with its gray

cloak...

And wrap us in sheets of snow...

And salve our hearts every night...

With camphor oil...

And powdered passion and adoration...

Why did you cut me off from winter's provisions...

Of oil... firewood... and matches...

Of love... compassion... and wool blankets?

Why did you rob my eyes of the colors of the rainbow...

And left me painted in black and white?

Why did you pull the rug of language from under my feet...

And left me mute?

All seasons are impossible in your absence...

Summer is impossible...

Spring is impossible...

Autumn is impossible...

And winter is not a real winter...

Unless it is with you...

Snapshots of a Vacation of Love

To the soul of my husband and friend, Abdullah Al-Mubarak
On the occasion of our fifty-eighth anniversary

1

Ayia Napa

Good morning... O my little bluebird

Good morning... O buttercup-colored twilight...

Good morning... O sea wrapping me with unsolicited
embrace

Sitting at my feet... uninvited

Taking me, if I slumber... into its bosom

Good morning... O my heart hovering like a bird over
the bay

Good morning... O love coming to me out of the blue
Leading me to delirium.

2

In Ayia Napa

Will you take me there again?

Will you take me to this shore bathed in waves and
sunshine?

Will you take me to my wedding?

Since you left the home of love, I could not find any
place

And since I left the one I adore, I could not find any
time

Will you take me there again

To sit beneath the sunshine of poetry?

Will you take me there again

To become a plant in the sea?

3

Will you take me there again
To become a blue star at dawn?
Ayia Napa... Ayia Napa
Ayia, beautiful land of seabirds
We hid you in our eyes
Why do we... when we love someone,
He becomes the essence of the homeland?

18 September 2018

The Newspaper

Drop that stupid newspaper

And read me

I am your newspaper of widest distribution

I am the black hair of widest discussion

I am the woman most broken

And the storm of greatest destruction

Read my hand

Read my hand

And don't be afraid.

My hand is foolish like me
My fingers are matches on fire
The lines of age are vessels sailing in your direction.
Toss your newspaper and read me
For I am the newspaper whose headlines never repeat
And all the world's news is hidden beneath my eyelids.

Read

My Love, read
Read your future in my eyes
For you will not be a successful man
If you do not graduate from the school of my hand.

Love Poem

1

Half of our bond... rain

The other half

Sitting on suitcases

We are winter lovers

Formed in the womb of lightning

We emerged to the joy of wind

Our coats always soaking

And our dialogues always soaking

And our language filled with the music of water.

This is my history with you...

The man who deleted summer from my life

And painted me in shades of gray

On café windows.

In Vienna...

And Salzburg...

And Budapest.

The man who shook the sand out of my clothes

And covered me with autumn leaves

And burned me with the fire of snow...

The safest moments of my life

Were spent under your coat...

And the fondest moments

Were spent taking cover under your umbrella...

This is your history with me...
This is my history with you...
You are not a fair-weather man
Nor am I a blue skies woman
My sweetest days
Are when the storm swallows me
My most delightful moments
Are when I am at the edge of the abyss
This is the frame of our magnificent story
I do not remember meeting you
Other than between a cloud about to rain down
And a cloud raining down
Or between a plane that took off
And a plane about to take off

4

We are the professors of love

Any touch of our hands becomes epic

Any love letter we pen...

Becomes a legacy...

We are the two lovers with no third person

We blow on stone and turn it into a rose

We blow on the rose and turn it into a woman...

We blow on the woman...

And turn her into a collection of poems...

5

We are the fickle lovers

Every day we change the form of our hands...

And the color of our eyes...

And the tempo of our voices...

Every day we rebel against the innocent texts

And the Sufi texts...

And the texts repressing the prevailing romantic dis-
course

And we write our private text.

Every day we dissociate from the language of Qays bin

Al-Mulawwah

And Buthayna's Jamil

And Al-'Abbas bin Al-Ahnaf

And Rabi'ah Al-'Adawiyah

And we form our own language...

Every day we change the masculine form of Arabic

poetry

And sprinkle it with the water of femininity...

6

We are the winter lovers
Whenever we sit in a sidewalk café
The rain drinks from our cups...
And whenever we enter a restaurant,
The birds eat from our plates...
And whenever we buy a daily newspaper
The vines climb across its pages.

Oh... how strange, this relationship
That starts with rain... and ends with rain.

Oh... how strange is my culture
That is only intoxicated by the scent of rain.

Oh... how strange is my femininity
That only gushes forth at the sound of rain...!

7

We are the unaffiliated lovers
We have no permanent homeland...
Nor everlasting names...
Love is what gives us our identity
And what puts our names
On the list of the enlightened.

O Prince of the Sea... and the grey distances

O my prince!

Sail northwards...

Northwards...

Sail with no compass

And no provisions

Sail with no passengers... and no baggage...

Neither are you a man of quiet seas

Nor am I a woman of sandy coastlines.

My fate is to love you beneath the rain

And die with you... beneath the rain.



Souda M.S.
2003



Megève

Since you departed to your Lord

I know not

The meaning of places...

I lost my days

And lost my times...

For more than thirty years...
I've been reading the ledger of names...
And I see your face
And I ask myself:
When will you return?

When will I go to you,
and God writes what He wills?
For more than thirty years
I've been asking myself...
How do I grow the rose of hope
On the gate of my heart?

I notice the tears on...
The eyes of my little girl...
Sailing silently...
Seeking out your embrace.
Whenever we miss you...
With patience, God beautifies our days...

Locked Cities

1

I cling to your arms
As I travel through cities and towns...
And land on a staircase of fields...
And a ladder of roses.
City streets closed...
Leaden air...
And darkness casting a web of fear...

2

People at its edge...

Locks...

When do you suppose cities will wear

The sky's gown?

3

Your presence torments me...

Heavy footsteps on...

The ladder of my heart...

Dragging the cart of torture...

Out of stories and pictures.

Lamps

I see by the light of the sky's cloak

And don the shrieks of wind...

I am lost in this life...

A din filling my head...

The land strangling to death...
In a world I wander...
Lights out.
I want out...
Away from the grip of guardians...

A Dream

I am wind

Dark rain becomes one

With the bullets surrounding me in every town...

Whence comes this malice?

Whence comes this ignorance?

And the lanterns shatter...

Penetrating my dreams.

Rainbow

Alone am I in the room

In the garden...

In the café

In the street...

Is this your face that

Adorns this place?

What beautiful lines that

Drew you.

I am encircled in nowhere

Your image fades

As I cling to this place.

Spiraling Time

O language

That chills at the feet of words

I create a language to leave...

This alphabet...

A language, its mirror gleaming

No time for memory...

Spiraling time

And many languages

Infusing everything

Into nothing.

Rhythm

Do you see me free...

I write what I want!!

My wound is blood flowing...

In veins of sadness...

Dark is the rhythm of life

And reality is a wheel...

In earth's hand

And earth is a ball

No one understands...

Its rhythm and secrets.

Travel

In my sleep

I build a home for the moon and stars...

And I travel in God's heavens...

Expansive...

To sleep on the shore of your heart...

Comforting.

In the Open

I drew my face as a child
Singing the ecstasy of love.
Bearing the ledgers of his dreams
And flying away.
The dream grew
And became
My sleepy sadness
On a stone in the open.

Longing and Thirst

When will you gift me joy

Sky's delirium?

I hear my heart's walls

Stretching

Recumbent on the shoulders of a memory.

I read of longing in a book

And find nothing but confusion and absence.

A Tear

Sorrow is my perfume...
And my soul is banished beyond the limits...
No crops
No harvest...
It searches for wild rain...
My pain is a sea with no shores...
And my home wails of thirst.
I will rouse the rain
And spread open the gates of my heart...
To joy...



Souad M. S
014



Pain

The night slept on the shoulders of my pain...

And left me at the doorstep of dawn...

I pray for the quietness of the storm...

On the banks of my heart.

Memory

Teardrop has a heart

It hears pain.

Pain has a memory

It records events.

Memory has a history

Never erased nor forgotten

As a mother, a child's voice crushes me

Searching for compassion.

The televised memory
Articulates the carnage to us
Fresh...
Since killing is for free
It shreds me, this heavily armed humiliation
On the TV screen...
A child speaks sorrow from his eyes
Appears tearful
Fearful
Exhausted
Encrusted with wounds.

Compassion

I no longer have a problem with geography

Or with history...

I erased the ancient land

And ancient languages

And ancient seas

And ancient times

And let my love illustrate time...

Quarrel

I am the waves hitting the banks.
I am a quarrel between the wave and the sand
My shadow trails behind me
And sometimes before me
In the mirror's body
Your image reflects.

Sea... and Breeze

The sea races
To embrace the desert in its folds
And space is a patch of land
Caressed by the breeze.

Shorelines

I rush after the impossible
Searching for the shores of your eyes.
I imagine your physique stretched out
On the details of my time
How will my day be
And how will I colour the poem
Here I am picking letters
From the night stars and the poem's sky.

Don't Walk Barefoot

Time, be polite...

And respect my sorrow with all

Solemnity and reverence.

This rain from my eye's sky

A sea of torment and heartache.

Time, be polite...

Don't walk barefoot

With such tedium on my heart.

Gate of Sadness

Night is the gate of sadness
Take your hands off it
Sleeplessness exhausted me

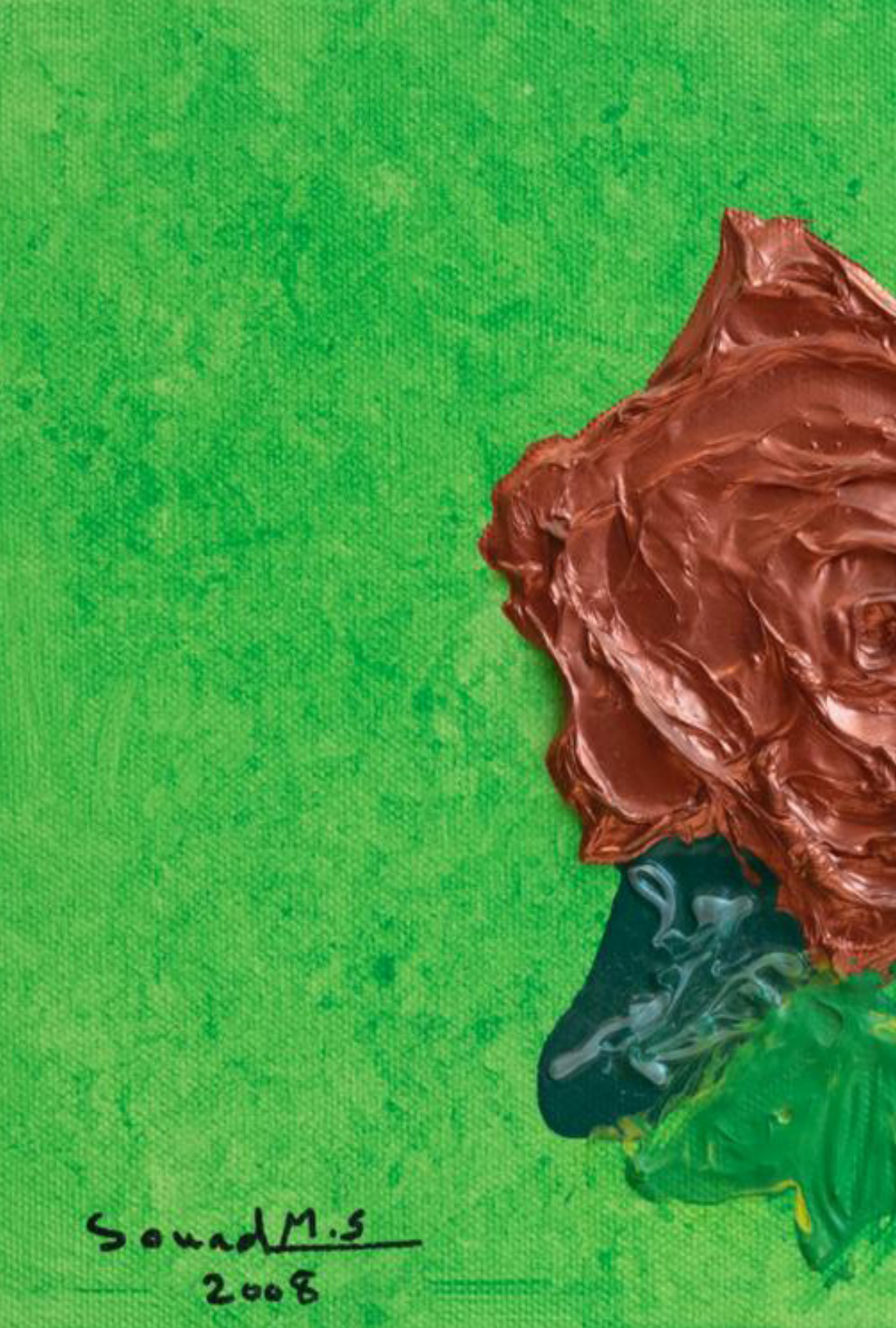
Alone in the darkness of
Life
And night pats my shoulders
And the candle drips
The last of its tears.

Umbrella

Open the umbrella of your compassion for a moment
Lest we become a tribe of orphans.

Burning

Whenever I try to sleep
In the arm of your love
Dawn comes and plucks it from beneath my dreams.
Whenever I try to replay the tape of my delightful time
The tape burns.

An abstract artwork on a green textured background. On the right side, there are large, textured shapes in brown and black, resembling crumpled paper or thick paint. The brown shape is at the top, and the black shape is below it, with some white and blue marbled patterns. In the bottom left corner, there is a signature in black ink.

Souad M.S
2008



Judgment

A dream visited me
It cried and slept
It knows, in this world...
Who I am.
It slept on my arm
And kissed my eye
And flew away
As if the days judged
My sadness
And judged the stones
And books and trees
And all that passed in my life.

Perfume... and Colours

1

I open my clothes closet to pick a dress
And your scent attacks me like a hungry tiger
It severs me and tosses me onto a rope
Of longing, lost in the real world.
Where can I escape
When my room is saturated with your scent?

2

The curtains, the chair, the bed

And the books

Emerge from the gaps

To fill the room

Noisily and happily

And a gentle smile...

Takes me as a bride

To the island of colours.

Rain... and Estrangement

1

For years my eyes
Fixated on the door
My bed cold
My heart leaning on the door
And when my grandchild knocks
Tears leap like a rabbit and rain down
Remembering the loved ones...

2

In a foreign land I depart myself
To the sky of your foreign land
My language is wrapped in sorrow
And your memory is painful
The longing hurls me
Onto the shores of your wilderness
As if I am dark clouds with no rain.
What do I name you
O fragrance of the words?

Yearning... and Choking

1

I yearn for the evening
When the stars sing
And the moon dances...
And night closes its eyelashes on us
Fearful of insomnia.
A bridge of pain follows me
Accompanies me... wringing my tears...
Ripping my soul.

2

Age breaks under my eyelids

What is with these days wearing the gown of my suspi-
cions?!

What is with this choking language

That does not ring bells

To spread joy among the people?

Owner of My Soul

You who owns my soul

You reside in these

Sad words.

Your face mirrors mine

And my face wears its old gowns

And age bares its chest to defeat.

Grant this time reclining

On a stretcher

A new life...

In this city.

Weave

1

The taste of dust still sticks to my mouth
Washed by the flow of tears
The impossible weaves my coming days.
I hum to escape the stain of silence
That fills the room
A gap fills the front of the mirror
And words in their casings disappeared...

2

I establish castles of forgetfulness
And gather the fruits of the hidden age
In a distant tree
And my head is noisy with forests
Of shouts and reproach
Without an echo
And the sails of sleep sail away
Into my eyes.

3

I feel lost

When night comes and I see you not.

Between us

Galaxies and celestial bodies

Sun and moon.

You're in a different world

And I'm in the ephemeral.

You are gone beyond the oceans

And I await another visit...



Soutra M. S
014

Moon's Neighbor

My night is pierced with gloom
And the perplexity of silence
Igniting my cunning tongue
I have no more than what is left
Of my surplus age
Of resorbing my wounds
Aging in the pages of my memory
And your face elongates
In the mirror
Interrogating the stone
You who has inhabited
The soul's forest... O neighbor of the moon.

Knight of Memory

1

Beneath the storms of the present time
With all its arrogance and domination
A knight arrives in my memory
Filling the room...
Resembling the sun
In your hand you grasp the seasons
And on my soul's wall grow forest foliage.

2

Every night...

My friend, the palm tree, asks me:

Why do you stay awake?

He has departed and will not return

But you still count the years

And you will soon depart!!

Confusion

The sails of death surrounded me
With the clamor of confusion
Silence collapsed and words were lost
My room overlooking the sea of pain
On its fringes
Pain sleeps
On its walls
Your painted face
Never fades.

Despondency

Crying face of the sky...
My mouth full of dust and water...
Mixed with the odour of the room
Despondency is agony
Occupying the corners of my memory...
So how do I wash away malicious images...?

Salt of the Earth

1

You are the salt of the earth

The beginning of seasons

And the colour blue

Comforting

2

Take me in your arms
To the impossible
To an embrace seduced by
The desire to burn.
On our paths die
Hopes
And our pages display
The irony of whiteness.

Safety

Can you give me safety?

O you...

Who resides in my alphabet

And bestowed on me pride and power...

Edge of Extinction

My words are arranged
And form my language
When I repeat your name
And shout: "I love you!"
You who discovered my femininity
And occupies my eyes
And gave me a new name
And new birth
I love you
To the edge of transformation
To the edge of extinction.

Broken Heart

1

Sky's glass ceiling shattered

In my eyes

On that sad

June morning

"You are the face washed in perfume"

The pain feeds on my wound

And the sun rises on

The horseback of my cry.

Oh, my broken heart

The dead wrestle within you...

2

My knight has fallen
So I patched up my wounds
And took off running
After bleeding despair
The city shines from afar
Telling my love: Rise
There is still time for
A new life.

Ashes

I will traverse the deserts...

Searching

For your name

Imprinted in the sands

I saw you as a knight

Running after time

Scattering roses and jasmine

And when the sun set

I was shocked by a ghost dripping blood

Feet covered in ashes.

Silver Age

Love breaks

Within myself

Like the Gulf's pearls

Falling one after another

And the house's lote tree

Extending its branches towards it

The space abounding with flowers

And the injured sky

Surveys my face

And calls: You, widow shaken by nostalgia,

There is a grave covered in longing

Pour over it the silver of age

For the legend will not return...

Alone

1

Alone, I bundle up
As night falls
Afraid of the thunder and lightning
And the silence of graves
Alone, I bundle up in myself, tossed by
The waves of the long night
And my muffled cries.

2

How cruel is this night!
When will the morning come
The sky becoming
A carpet of snow
Clusters of sunlight dangling
Joy and happiness
For my young children, the dreamers?

Homeland

One evening adorned with stars

Happiness abounds

Children's laughter...

That evening

Full of love

Dripping of devotion.

That evening

I will become a jasmine plant

And a sky of affection

That evening
I will lay down in my heart
A bed for my husband
And for my children and my poems
And before them my country
And I will sleep.



Soud M.S
2008



Power

Once death dismounted its saddle

That June dawn

On the shores of my soul

With all its cannons and forces

And mightiness

My love gave up his soul

With full peace and certainty.

Single-handedly he gives me the power to cry

And his voice fills the room with warmth and comfort.

Gathering

The companion of my days had

A thriving gathering

Friends and poor people.

His words were

Like pure honey

He would pass around to us

Sun and shade and light.

And the scent of cardamom in
His tea calls out:
Here is our guesthouse
Wide open to all peoples
Here the distressed suspends his sighs
Here the needy gets
His gift
And here the people
Find a true human.

Master of My Days

1

O my roaming sorrow

O my departed happiness

O my departed radiance

O my scattered memories

In every place

Will I elegize you

Though you are alive in my heart

And the master of my days?!

2

My language died

My vocabulary rusted

And the letter eaten by the flames

No human like you has walked the earth.

My day is blind

And my night is open-eyed

To see you.

A dream awakes me

Nightmares chase me

Nightmares chase me

And the night is hanged on the rope of my tears

Silent as the silence of graves.

Storm

Dreams surge

Over the footpath of my ideas

A storm of worry

Bleeding

The dreams surge barefoot

Escaping a frightening nightmare.

I will roll my voice from above...

Barefoot.

I fell ruined in my questions

Bring back the dream, shining like the face of my love.

Migrating

1

I migrate on the wings of a dove
I bury my history in the wind
I toss my house keys away
In the grave of forgetfulness
I toss away my adornment and kohl
And enter the mirror of the blind
I toss a blind day
To be eaten by the fire...

2

On the railroad of forgetfulness

I toss my age

Like leaves from the trees

Like the desert

Where no guest enters

Due to rain

And the sun withers

Its eyes like stone.

I beseech the clouds

To come closer to me

And reveal the face of the moon.

3

I beseech the sun
To permeate deep within me
And change the hours of my day
I beseech the moon
To wash my fatigue
And embark in the maze of the sky.
Before it, a poem walks alone
And after, it becomes a procession.
The composer is the light
And the singer carries the message.

Questions

1

A star appears on the sky's saddle

On a horse that appears euphoric

Where am I?

How can I not leave my delusion

And draw on the sun's face

Your death?

2

Blood swimming in my blood
When will my eyes light up with your presence
And know the path to your arms
And cuddle like a child in your hands?
I become one with you...
And I reconcile myself in you
And I sail among the waves of my despair
To you
So that I may grant myself a new life
From you to you.

3

I am sick in my sorrow

In my silence

In rivers of tears

In my chest

And I throw the clothing of weariness

Into this morning

And I leave the winds to fight the winds

How can the heart and mind not despair

From this devastation?

Exile

I want to live like
Nature in nowhere
And establish in my exile
A homeland for you...

Sadness... and Fire

1

Here is the body of sadness
Lying on my day
It reeks of death
Strewn on the rope of memories.

2

I listen to myself
Muttering verses
And my heart walks barefoot
To there
Choking when it remembers
My brother
And my fire devours itself
As I lean on the wall of air.

Travelers

1

Has not death tired of me?
My sorrow has a head touching the sky
And the sky has a river
In it swim the beloved travelers
Who will not return.

2

Sorrow intensifies like a dark winter sky

Clouds blocking the eyes of sunlight

And death guards time

And death has a mirror

Reflecting the heads

And a language passing in the night

Recording in the departure ledger

People like ships with no shores

And the stars interrogate me:

Is it true they will not return?



Sound M.S
08



Sad Bird

The cloud snatches the cloak of clear skies

The rain embraces a wave

Kissing the feet of a shore

Void of people.

A sad bird

Searches for his mate.

And a female builds her nest in the obscurity of trees.

The sky wears the gown of water

Rain... rain... rain...

And the nest collapses on the bird and its mate...

Faces

1

I migrate away from my thoughts

In the terrain of my inner world.

Faces I don't know

I want to explore them

How?

And where?

My thoughts are ships with no ports

And my heart saturated with my dead loved ones.

2

Maybe this is why I lose my way

I have nothing left

To explore.

Our desires spill onto the shore of coincidence

And my heart is hollow, roaming around alone

The rainy day is thirsty from the burn of separation

And journeys of torture...

Longing has nails scratching the face of night

The sky is impregnated with stars

And a moon invades me and fills my cells.

Mirage

1

I am a woman, half of me is longing
And half is passion
My estrangement is between myself and myself
How I wish the beloved is still here
What do I do with this world?
Nothing but a mirage
And death coming at all times
And pain penetrating under my skin
Penetrating my silence
Allowing me the blessing of tears.

2

Do you see me befriend time
Pulling it by the rope of a question
And the place dissolves... and the paths melt away?
I cannot bear remaining on this earth
While I still have a legacy and presence.
Remember that you occupy my days
And fill my nights
And that you are the one who draws my thoughts.
Remember that I am a loving star
That sleeps on the moon's chest.

Refuge

1

I resort to you

And I plunge into you towards indecision

Where are you?

If I do not embrace you

How do I live?

If I do not melt in the coffee of your hands

How do I live?

I want to live

Like a bird on your lips.

2

You are my exile
And you are my homeland
How do I live
When my enemy is time?
Your perfume is a sword
Stabbing the neck and chest and flank.
Gliding smoothly into me like a night light
And shakes my memory.
What is this pain that warms
Sadness with its captivating flames?

Fashion Me

1

Travel without a goodbye
The road is long
And the words paralyzed
The winds toying with them
And silence is a gown
Falling apart in my hands
Fashion me like an epic poem
Or a surreal painting.

2

Disappear in me
And I will disappear in you
No refuge... and no way out from you
Except towards you
Cities splinter
And you are far from me
A land exiled
And a land destroyed
Terrorism is a land where no teachings exist
And words are deified in the mouth of a highway robber.
Madness swooshes like a shooting star
And the people live in the bare outdoors.

What Not To Say

What do I tell my grandchildren?
Should I say all that should not be said
While the night rests on my pillow
Drenched in tears...?
I cannot bear the question
And I cannot bear the answer.

Journey Within

I travel within myself
I am lost in continents I don't know.
Doesn't my memory have a memory
Books with days drowned in tears
And ships guided by the winds
And a name marked by injury?
I love you... and my heart is filled with the dead
How do I believe you are absent
When you're here with me!!

Memory of Time

Like a lost sailor
I open the memory of time
And death pops up
Showing the faces of the beloved
Approaching in the darkness of sorrow
When suddenly the faces disappear
And their shadows...

Mirror

When my love's sun rises
The mirror wears a wedding gown
I have a conversation with it
Then the compass of death shakes me
The mirror shatters
The firewood of memory ignites
Dialogue and questions:
How did my love say goodbye
In a dismal June dawn?
I don't want to remember
And I don't want to write.



Seward MS
06



Time of Pain

This is the time of wailing women

Smacking their cheeks

Tearing their collars

A time of heads stained with blood

A time of children buried under rubble

A time of displacement and hunger.

The pain is immense

And words don't suffice...

And greater than that is the death of dreams.

You Are Certainty

Pull me to your chest my love

And give me the best of names

My mirror births you morning and evening

And you are the certainty even if the mirror is gone.

Hovering

He slept the night in my bed
And your bird pecked at the frost of my heart
Come, let's colour the night
And hover in the sky of the poem.

Glad Tidings

1

Do not seduce me while I
Am in the embrace of my dreams
Return with a bouquet of warmth
And scatter them in my freezing room.

I bear glad tidings
Combing the sadness of my days
A dream shaking my bed
I visit the graves of my departed beloveds
As my feet swell.

2

While I look around the graves
Images of the dead on the screen of my memory
Igniting a fire in my body.
I am a child
I pour my pain onto my days
And I count my dead
Rain... rain
And the sky is black...
I flip the television stations.

Wrinkles

1

Cars flatten the raindrops
And my day is heavy with pain
I watch the shattering of
Your shade beneath the glow of lanterns
Rain... rain
And a taste of morning coffee
Waiting.
Return... return
Have not the wrinkles of
Old age shaken your heart?

2

I miss you to the limit of thirst

Rain in the heart

But no rain in the city

To wash the trees' memories

No moon in your eyes

Calling me to travel.

The illness of separation is incurable

I am a soaked cat out in the open

And your words are repeated by absence

Return... return as a knight like you were...

Passing

Time passed
Possibly the soul
Still has a place
For those who left us
Without asking permission
For those passing to the station of
Death in full safety.

I Am Renewed In You

Be my memory
That does not get old
So I can be renewed in you
Be the endless sky
So I can be a sea
With no limits!

Cuff

Grief encircles me like a cuff.
Not Yusuf's brothers conspiring
And no well to throw me into
And death is far away from me.

Reminders of Memory

I lean on the shoulder of yearning
Every evening
I question your picture
That hugs the bed.
From the banks of my mouth
Grow flowers
And the moon is a burden
Except to the star on its cheek
And in the long, long night
Alone I gather the remains of
Our memories scattered
Everywhere.



Souad M.S.

08



Planet You

How many light years
Separate me from you?
Planet You
Escaped me into space
And your eyes flood the night
With a river of light
And joy has no colour
Like water.

Sea... and Illusion

Sorrow and me
Each of us grasping an illusion
Running towards the unknown
To flow into the sea of life.
Sorrow and me
Our rendezvous unfailing
Every evening
If it does not visit me... I visit it.

Opposition

I want a night
Like the embrace of a shining sun
And a dawn not lost
In the light of day
And our impossible dreams
Uncountable as the sand of words.
Is it our fault that everything around us
Opposes us
And dust is the master of the worlds?

My Brother

1

My brother

I see you drowning, swimming

In the lake of my day

I feast my eyes on your face

And listen to my heart's sobs

I see you as handsome as Yusuf

Breaking through the daylight sun

Then I rearrange my words

To meet the torture

And blackness of night.

2

Night is blind
And your face is missing in the clouds
I shout: "My brother"
But you don't hear me
Like a child missing in a crowd
At any hour of the day
Or night
My time begins
And I catch bits of sadness
And drown in gloom
And collect my sorrow inside the coffin.



Souad 2016



Where Your Name Is, the Sea Begins

Where your name is, the sea begins
Into your harbors, my boats enter every evening

Where your name is, the sea begins
Into your harbors, my boats enter every evening
To stock up on perfume and gems and fox fur
Where your name is, the shades of blue begin

And the blue horizon

And the bluebirds

And the blue poems

And I begin.

My Heart is With You

1

My friend,

At the limits of might...

O horse bathed in lightning and thunder,

My heart is with you...

You stand like a rose at the entry to my heart

My heart is with you...

You hold to your chest the keys to the rivers,

And the trees, and the symbols of the homeland...

You are a forest of heroism and power.

You who is firmly on the dividing line between good

and bad...

2

My friend...

No language in the world comprehends your noble
heroism...

You have broken through the wall of language,
And triumphed over the alphabet

My heart is with you...

My friend, the hero...

You who hides in his pocket the map of our future,
And our children's childhood, and the banners of our
freedom...

And the taste of our victory...

My heart is with you...

Last Words

1

You are as far as pain...

And I love you as far as pain...

Open up the artery gate so I can enter

For I am tired as far as pain...

2

O my master

I have become shy of you

If I say: I love you...

This expression is much too small...

For the man who occupied the extent of the universe...

And invaded me...

3

In estrangement I became sure
That you were the fulcrum of the world...
And that the earth without you...
Becomes a nebula with no order.

4

Cling to me more

For the world is a jungle of hate

And I am alone on this planet

That loves you...

I want to return to the airport of your compassion...

Because travel without your arms is impossible

Unbearable...

Intolerable...

5

I love you...

Though I do not ask your permission... nor ask your
advice...

And I do not seek an entry visa from any authority to
reach you...

For you are the land I was born in...

That I wish to reside in...

So will you accept me as a political refugee to your
chest?

6

When I fell in love with you...

The world went electric...

Do you know of an energy source

Greater than my devotion?



Sonia M.S.



My Love

You are my love...

Don't leave me...

I drink my tears like the palm tree

I drink my sadness like the palm tree

Break... scatter Demolish... ruin

Your whims are strange

Like a child

You are my love

Night Reading

1

Snakes of the night
Crouching on my breath.
The room is dark
No moon in the sky
And the night is my friend

2

If only the night knew what is inside me
It would run to kiss my feet

3

Your name bled
All over the evening gown
I didn't know that night
Does not preserve names

4

Night calls upon the dawn
As the two sit at the edge of my bed
Confiding in each other
The night suddenly gets up
To bade farewell to the morning star
And the star sobs
In the arms of the sun...

5

I await the night
Once it lands at the foot of daytime
It casts its net over me
Catching my dreams
And remains suspended on the shoulders of morning
Hoping to meet again.

6

As Megève* wears
A scarf of light
On its shoulders a coat of whiteness.
Take me in your arms, O night
So I may sleep.

* French city in the Alps

7

The sky taught me
To read the night...
And poetry
Inscribes on its page what it wishes.

8

The night is
Like a dress woven with stars
It walks softly in the alleyways
Distributing the bread of the beloved.

9

You will come, O night
As confined as the world may be
And fills the horizon

10

My feet are tired
And the night is still at the start of the path.

Coffee... and Sky...

1

The sky is still

A pretty girl

As I knew her with you

Imprinted with purity

And the morning coffee awaits.

How distressed time

And place in your absence.

2

Who will join me in

A morning coffee?

Who will join my isolation

Or is there no bench in the park?

3

The poem wants to
Teach me what I want
I distance myself from it and put it in
The port of memories
Bearing a yearning
And a little sadness.
It is capable of
Illuminating my night
And making me a young girl again
Joy dances
In her morning coffee.



Souad.M.S
03



Joy

1

The night is a dream I build
It holds the houses of my joy

2

Descend so I may see you
Between a sky and a sky.
Give me a time overflowing
With joy
Before we part.

Rain

1

Thunder roars
And rain falls on a body of water
A lost star falls alone on the shore
And is swallowed by the waves.

2

You, you who has left me
Hanging on the rope of rain
There is a sea raging in my throat
And a transparent ladder
Congested with those descending into graves

3

My cry is rain
Awakening hope
My besiegement will last
Until I meet you again.

4

Rain... rain
How fascinating!!
Sky's fascination with rain
Trees' fascination with rain
Stones' fascination with rain
And your scent subsides beneath the rain.

Dawn... and a Braid

1

I startled the dawn
Cutting the moon's braids
And washing the dark of night.

2

How beautiful is the night
Stars falling on its cheek
Breaking dawn's darkness
And night appears naked

3

Dawn has holes in the darkness
Bearing their images

4

Dawn star
Awakened me
And you leave
My embrace to the sky.

Drought

1

Dawn breathes in the cradle of the sea
As if it was not born

2

My mother's silken hair flies
And my soul flies with it
Towards the sea
Washing the feet of the day

3

The sea dried up after you

The day dried up after you

The tears dried...

And the air crumbled.

On the Shore of My Pain

1

This evening is obstinate with me.
I lie on the shore of my pain
And pursue my hobby of thinking about you.

2

The evening set down its cane
On my doorstep
Preparing to leave
The morning flower got ahead of us
Wearing the rays of the sun.

3

The poem avoids me
And seeks refuge in your eyes
The sky illumines
Walking quickly
It approaches the door
Little by little

4

I love you
Come close like a raincloud
Come close... the house bursts into tears
Over the traveler who will not return
This evening.



Southern
08



Bare Yearnings

1

In the Alps

The sun stayed long

On the throne of clouds,

So I asked her: When will you borrow the evening's pen

To write the night's page?

2

The horizon has two eyes to observe the night...

And the night has two eyes to observe the dawn...

And I await a dawn that was never born.

3

If salt was only salt
The seas would be rivers.

4

This is the life that throws me
From the window of pain into your arms
It submitted itself to cyclones,
And opened the windows of time.

5

I ask myself: What have I accomplished?
And what have I seen besides pain?
What do I say to those I loved and died
And to those who loved me and left?

6

If sadness comes, embrace it,
And say: My beloveds passed by here
Into infinite time,
And left me with the scent of wounds.

7

I tie the knot of night to the knot of my sorrow,
And sail in a bed of darkness.
Are there words on the cliff of dawn?

8

All love writings are hourglasses
Except for my passion written
On the eyelashes of the horizon.

9

The nicest part of your smile
Is the boats of our joy
Running among its waves.

10

Absence is bitter,
Distance even more bitter,
And the wound of your cigarettes and your perfume
call out to me
Like an orphan calling out for his mother.

11

The world shines,
And the night is a ship dragged by its footsteps
To the desert,
And what is between you and me is a history of
Places and time and names.

12

Days come,
And days go,
We realize that someday
We will die...

13

I see the sun of Kuwait
Fading in your eyes,
Leaving the ships of the night
To sail in your palms.

14

The sun takes its leaves
From the daytime
Rejoicing in the loved one,
And the night sleeps
On the shoulder of a star.

15

With my love's death
The last bastion of goodness
Has fallen.

16

In the sun, he is
My umbrella,
And in the shade, he is
The storm of my grief.

17

The rose of sorrow steals
From my soul the joy of time,
And shares with me time
And place.

18

Memory is a sea
With no shore,
And pain is a ship
With no port.
The ship and sea converse with me,
As I sit at the step of the café.
I have nothing left to say.

19

A blind man asks me:
When will the world transform
Into a world of eyes
So I may see you?

20

The forest of my tears
Clouded the mirror,
And fear is an endless number.
Vainly, this night
Runs into the unknown,
And the wind howls,
And the screams are unbridled horses,
And the day is a blind man
Sweeping the path of alienation.

21

Damn this gloom...
If not for boredom, I would not write poetry
Dripping like water
Through my fingers.

22

I see the songbirds of my love in their cages
Sobbing...
Do I let the bird be sad...
Or feed it compassion
And patience?

I drank the night
And waited for it to drink me
Does the soul comprehend
All of these wounds??
I advanced with vivid senses
And drank the night until intoxicated
There are moonlight and shadows
How will I bear this torture?
What cage can contain this
Soul?
Is there a word in the garden of languages
More prevalent than bitterness?
It is me
I will choke... I will choke
On the words.

24

I prepare for the rendezvous
In a beautiful dress at the foot of the oncoming night
So why the distress?
It is my foolish idea
To embroider the sky
But it is a blackness that alarms the horizon
What can I do for your sake?
You are in the afterlife... and my longing is bare in my
hands.

25

What if you spread
Across my bed
Like a morning glory every night?
What if
This was not a dream
And was not an illusion?

Good morning
O sadness drinking
From our days.
Good morning
O wound coloured by sighs...
I gathered the steps
And shut the garden of the heart
I wished that day was night
So I can see your radiant face
I wished that the day would be inverted into
Night
So I may enjoy being close to you.
I am the guide of darkness
While in the place two stars hovered
Ahead of me are times
And bells leaving their imprints in the air.

I want to write words
That do not resemble dreams
And invent a language that does not resemble words.
I want to befriend the dictionary
I want to resign from my day
Until I tailor a dress for my tomorrow
That no other woman beside me has worn.
I want to impose my authority on decision-makers
And own continents and rule over peoples
And play with words as a child plays
With sand on a beach
And make woman the madam of the moons.

M.S

8





My Birthday

Here I am walking
Towards a year
Emerging from my new age
While people sing around me:
“Happy Birthday”
If only they knew that happiness
Avoids my path
What happiness...
When the owner of my heart is out of sight?

But in spite of his distance from me
He resides in my pulsing heart
While I am a free poet...
I live like slaves
Eighty and passed...
Ah... my long life
As I suffer despair...
In the life of opulence and ease
I feel the fire as I reside...
In a castle of ice

And I see the bracelets on my wrist
As an iron lock
Ah, if you ask me, my king, what I want,
I do not wish for glory or more wealth
No, nor a brilliant future
Nor a longer life
You are my most precious hope...
You are my sweetest song
You are my loveliest rendezvous
And happiest birthday

22 / 5 / 2022

What happiness...
When the owner of my heart is out of sight?
But in spite of his distance from me
He resides in my pulsing heart
While I am a free poet...
I live like slaves
Eighty and passed...
Ah... my long life
As I suffer despair...
In the life of opulence and ease
I feel the fire as I reside...
In a castle of ice