

Dr Tayeb Bouazid

Golden Tears on Drooping Leaves

Collection of Poems



Foreword

This is a collection of poems edited by Mr Bouazid Tayeb, a creative writer, who thought to put between his readers' hand a series of collected poetry samples with the intent to self gratify himself and share the other readers in the different parts of the world certain experiences and feelings felt. The author has sensed it deep in his heart to keep these sensations as latent as long. He rather wants to share and experiment with his own ideas the imaginative world; hence he delightfully rejoices with his readers and wish them a good reading to his own modest down to earth productive output.

Dr Tayeb Bouazid Senior University Lecturer

1

A Dreamy Soaring Devotion

Who dares set out looking at the twinkling stars and moonbeams
None could ever gather his sense of knowledge, his wits,
The burning fire flickering his chest.
None could ever bear it in mind, ruthlessly chasing his destiny
To overcome these dreary dire circumstances.
Heart is broken and with no cure a breathing piece of flesh,
The hearty sensation roving with no help at sight,
Seeking amidst the somber summer nights.

There in the shaky remote azuring sea, I was as a dream walker
Half awake – and half sleeping raising my mean hands to erase my watery brown eyes –
I gave free reins to my imagination to float beyond time
There in the gloomy sight lusting for a destination.
Sometimes and forever waiting for someone to come,
To take by my hand, to fill it with pituosity and vim,

To whisper to my ears the very love words of wisdom,
To tease the little erring heart and appease the blazing fire
To invigorate the hellish pains in its gloomy corner.

For oft and by the lofty trees I remain alone thinking about
What to do to free my heart of that soaring fever.
Merriless, I got up for a nightingale stroll singing
lovely songs releasing the knell of my broken heart
Plunging my mind beyond time roving over to the boyish experiences
Of the very past, remembering jolly moments spent together
Hand in hand knitting a common abode of love and affection.
None in his turn could ever disrupt that sound friendly relation.

I often recall my existence to ever twist in going turn
To set in fire and motion the flying leaf of our affection
And whirl there in the blow of the gentle breeze,
Of the smooth running dawn to take an overstay
Out off the turmoil of the burning furnace and blaze.
Lo! I often feel alone quite silent sitting talking to myself
Thinking deeply of the spectrum of my little deer
Then, across time, I feel her presence quite portrayed in mind.

I turn a little bit around then I start whispering to her moving
Dwindling pictures swinging in front of my gleaming eyes,
Wondering Dear! How can I stay alive without receiving your gentle smile?
How shall I revive without even glaring at your small brown eyes?
Do come along my precious gem, I cannot survive anymore
My eye sight is dwindling, my heart is suffering with pain
My limbs dumb tormented by your blinking brown eyes.

For oft I stay up for a whole night as an overseer looking out,
Waiting for the glistening star amidst the cloudy sky
To light up on my face. But what on Earth am I doing?
Sleeping or dreaming? Ask and let the events narrate the story
Of our passing days, the scattering pleasant scent Off
The pianissimo little rose fragrant beauty and charm going
A head to attract the heart throbbing little lover.
Do bear in mind my precious thing that I cannot even forget
I still remember your gestures, your laughter and your motions.

How shall I proceed in darkness without the light of your candles,
Your affectionate advice and words of wisdom?
I shall watch out forever to let my rose peep as a culminating power

Off drenched land nicely drizzled, a porous rock taking its water
Till vigour and flourish in a spirit stirring fashion.
Shall I remain asleep to behold the burning flame digging my heart?
Shall I stay whole nights waiting for that flickering light?
I apologize for the plummeting flame that in slow motion increased my pain.

Do keep in mind my little rose, we are shifting towards an end
And none will stay alive to eternity.
Take this counsel, I shall favor your fame and never let you down
But promise to keep you sane whenever I shall survive
I reckon her love is a burning flame that renews exceedingly
She still remembers my deep ringing voice, my gladness and my faithfulness
I oft walked by a small running creek listening to the moving rippling water,
Speaking in a cool voice beneath the mild breeze emanating from the nearby mansions.

I apologize for what makes you a troublesome love thirsty little rose
I can do nothing but protecting your deep shifting roots.
I constantly look to your green leaves, to your buds, to your blossoms.
To feed you with my soul, my heart throbs love and my warm devotion.
Oh dear! I need you by my side, ogling at your reddish face musing endlessly
About your witty words fused within your blinking brown shining eyes

And though your omnipresence, yet I feel alone living by your vicinity
I have much time to spare doing nothing but thinking folded arms round my face.
I felt wicked ignoring how to get out of that dreadful situation.

Off the page with another counsel let us turn
Be patient my little rose, I am still good as my words.
I cannot abandon my precious milestone.
I am always on your heels whenever you move for a pithy spin behind the wheels.
Think over the long term promise that one day we shall meet
And none will stay alone, exchanging the very sweet love words,
Smiling to each other under a jolly atmosphere.
Keep in mind that I shall ask for your hand to be my sweetheart forever.

I cannot let you go whenever you find the fortune
Lest things will take another turn and you will be an unfortunate victim.
Never forget, one day, when you hear of my eternal demise,
To offer my lonesome grave, a hearty welcome – a bunch of flower,
To commemorate and crown the common vistas of our background.
At that time and for sure I cannot say a word but I feel your perfume
Scattered along the somber corridor, coming slowly
Through the groovy land to spread moist in my right hand.

Then, I'll feel warm, something will play with my mean fingers,
Itching them together, then taking them one by one for warmth
But alas for something that is gone, a vain hope a pipedream...
This is but a dream mapped out by an ill-tempered lover
Flattened by the knell of his dormant pet deer
What remains then for sure, creative minds perusing, growing love
That instantly fades out leaving traces on the strand of time.

June 1979

2

The Arab Spring

Fair days hue wrapped bright, turned into fight
Algeria peacefully grown grey and white
Dire ordeals marked its ground, shaking minds
First appraisal against fierce foes feigned helms
That nipped the bud, harmed the fetus in its form
Freedom of life raping reapers buried in contents
Premises of long strife omnipresent staining hearts
Death subdued leaving marks on the sand of time
Prints that set off wild the sparking flame overspread ahead
To contaminate neighboring nations latent anger
Showing for whom the next bell would toll
Tunisia, the uphold, swarms of rioters looming the streets
Down flowing as ants on “Bourguiba’s” Headway Street
They crept ablaze setting fire with remorse felt again

To overthrow the resolute regime stand fast with grim
Crowded spirits stuffed memories remnant with cud
Chewing bitter remorse on the main martyr falling aflame
People set upraise for one common – ism-liberalism
To uproot violence, suppress oppression where justice reigns
To live in peace, to end colonialism and restore justice
Through Sordid perseverant acting deeds till final victory.
Egypt, the sound of knell reigned over the nation since dawn
A sign of change lied beneath the whole active minds
Determinant struggling headway in revolt protesting
Against the foes persistent on glued chairs
The chair that was sublimely made for death coming sloth
Enacting on ripe heads not yet once stung
Slaying throats that innocently made the voice heard
Thousands of victims laid on streets; listless to their own fate
A fate that governors no more by time appraised
Friends-never confide Time as it hides unexpected goals
That might blow mapped out plans not yet realized.
Lo! In Iraq toll sounds usual, trapped victims paid the tribute
Innocent deadly corpuses smashed as balls flung into the air

Chaos spread even to mosques, to kith and kin at one abode
Souls had no valor and no creature even in his lifetime valued.
How inhuman to see Arabs unaware killing aspiring spirits
That with time perish, degenerate and fade out
As plants in an oasis where water seemed scarce
The fight that led nowhere but multiply its roots
To breed suffering, agony and eternal demise.
In the lethal land of Syria blossoms sprang nipped
Revolt protest guns scents smell in the air
Polluting the blood of native sons ruined everything
Even graveyards unknown, corpses unburied
Infernal life, bombing blood shedding since dawn
No one could understand the wren, it is the dead end
Clogged efforts in their instant pursuits suited no end
It is pity for men to die choked at times oxygen lay abound
Stand up rioters-this is your Arab spring that turned into gloom
'cause you waved victory before even too long a time
You had chanted halloo even before getting out of the wood
That you carefully paid even ere setting the ground
Take it then for every revolt to succeed and stand

A solid ground you had to erect, cement and convictions wield
To assure the start on the eternal float whose Captain
The mature, the loyal people and not the turning coat afloat
That stab the back, kill and walk the dead to its final stead
Lament his days and pretentiously weep on the nearby moat.

(July 2013)

3

Fear

Lo! how man the symbolic creature, the image of Adam
Reconciled to himself showed a great phobia for his shade
Fear relentless fear obscene dwelt his heart
The man his past long recalled a dreadful scene
Recounting the days he nibbled the sinful apple
The apple red a sign of discordance down the heaven
History then has engraved in him a sign of ashen face
Marking his mood; shaking his heart scribbling his face
Fear as a flash shuddering his enfeebled body and limbs
He oft stood resolute, steadfast yet a peeping dream
Floating in his airy roving mind not yet mature
Still the courageous creature pervaded for long
Not know the worm that pestered his existence.
Fear long in the past a shed tear drifted in dark seasons

Dwelt apart in every brave heart unnoticed
Only rolling stones plundered with plenty of green
Could to time show how dearest life would deserve
Fearless creatures no more sense to give.
Fear long a sensing state one fears though not briefed
In his premature vistas he longs for more though not yet trained
In every heart fear dwelt rooted drenched and skinned
Fear the native sound of every heart the knell of the dumb
The noise of the maimed, the scythe of the silent night
The tool that chopped the sinews and verve of the young
The man in his fearful state a dummy implored
Wept for at times not even in his conscious dream welcomed
He trembles of remorse done in his reports alive
He sinfully committed in the wake of times
A worm that itches his latent heart in demise
Recalling to his mind an eternal collapse
That affects the core, the mind and the heart killed in slow
Slow are the paces he planned for his own decay
Marking a long fearful life coveted in fear
The fear of death, the state of all creatures in life

Who withstands the fate of demise not in his own conscious know
That inside every heart there exists a growing germ
Of fear that peeps at times of surmise
Who dares not fear death in its escalating rate
The day the perspiring sweat thronged the throat
Drenched dry the bare skinned heart
Observing the soul to heaven in slow motion moved
Rendering its due to its creator welcoming its fate
As a newly born babe screaming crawling and scared
Rampant as a snake tilted in the winter sun enfeebled
He trembles for instants that his heart in motion fades
That is the right fear one has to fear a cup imbued by all
Man the sinful creature, the weakest worm dwelt on earth
He once in his lifetime should confess to his own fate
That the germ of imperfection in him there lies
How life is sweet, how man is brave, how man is weak
When he at last falls down as an oak tree,
That serves for long and from the top sees the freak

December 25th; 2013



4

Madiba The Great

History long had the grown child sought
An overshadowed dream amongst the spruce forests
Of an African bloody state curfew.

Rare the boys of his age standing erect and mature
To weave the demise of an unschooled oppressive race,
A race that ever wished to harness the agitated fire.

The black boy once imbued with latent power started off
A long strife of course life mapped out his long career,
A career printing his pathos the day rebels vanquished his den.

Nelson the youth, as a little cub launched his pursuits
To set free the holy land from invaders snatching the natives.
He claimed every strip, he withstood the fierce wind
Chilling his countrymen to eternal demise.

Nelson, your great school will ever enshrine
Great are the fighters holding your flame,
Imparting your deeds as a sordid seer
The sword you raised high will fell on the weeds.

Smite off heads that your principles do not pursue and venerate
The course you traced for yourself, the growing peace,
A constant peacemaker as the world marked in gold its traits
Marked by Ghandi and Martin Luther in their marched protests.

Long then the deed is fasting hold
Words do not in time cover the space,
A space set by your foot prints the day you set apace
In quest for an eternal bliss.

Blissful are the moments we recall your spirit to mind
And sit in pensive mood visualizing your deeds.

How great the work you set, how joyful you scored the goals
Your equity was gained after a long twist with time.
Mature before your time you showed to the whole world
That freedom is a long story to gain.

Silent waters run deep at times to see
Lost things will peacefully tactfully regained,
Long was the dream dearest Mandela to achieve
At times oppressors thought not what the future might hide.

Nelson, what a second breath did you hold unstrained
To see the fruits of your labor captive,
Sweet were the fruits coming from your perspiring brow
Drenching the burnt land watering the fading flowers
That generated in bloom a whole growing up generation.

Mandela, your great name will subdue the echoing screams
Make your lifetime a sacred plan your person renowned.

With time an eternal tribute will mark your days

Soweto jails will remember your trudging feet
Handcuffed wrists and shackled body enfeebled

The prison walls will call names that shed under their protection
In those bitter days when rain your body moistened,
Twenty seven years will eternally demarcate an age
Where an infant might dive and make a sea rough and agitated
Who grew with time grew mature yet not old.

Our great teacher, may your soul rest in peace at times of need
You departed from this world your children are still in dreams
They have just woken up the moment you depart unobserved.

Do return to take by their hands to a brighter future
Where peace, equality, freedom will mark their days,
The days when the black will no more be judged by his skin
But by the contents of his mind and his mental potentialities.

Let our days enshrine, let the flowers bloom, let the black smile
Mandela you departed at times the blacks' status is yet not defined
Blacks are not in unified force and stronghold
Lest another Apartheid might rise within haze
Taking the rein and the helm.

Dear Madiba's disciples one more advice to hold by this time –
Hold by the bridle of your pervaded time to win
The favor of your Great Teacher, observing your deeds
That you once successfully accomplish in your lifetime.

A great deed that will help his eyes drop in eternal sleep
A sleep reconforting his working spirit and soul
Then, his deep satisfaction will bless and enshrine your fate
A promising fate, bright, strong and sordid.

Let us all then not deviate from the teacher's norms
That he traced once in jail alone in cold, wet and sweat
Then claim high to ourselves – we are a reincarnation of Nelson
We are but another Mandela dead and doomed to rebirth
When life will subdue and peace shows an eternal return.

December 11th, 2013

5

Sweet Bitter Moments

Sweet are the dreams when floating upon the time
Reaching the winged seraphs upon the heaven
A pleasure scented, a tainted hue of a cyanic sky
Felt upon a scholarly cozy congregation.

Scholars in heart throbbing love extending in zenith
All happiness twittering words in their early morn
Contentment upon themselves cherished alone
Counting their words for a written assigned task.

A task whose value is on the tip of their pens
A rightful thing to trace on the cold blotting paper,
Who knows what the ink may yield when fusing
Plenty of good words scholars may in earnest produce.

Words that will stand a witness for the old sweet bitter days
When souls separate though for short.

Bitter are separations after long heart acquaintances
Lovely folks difficult to forget at moments of strong hold.

Dreary are the days when words seem abundant yet rare
Bearing departures silent alone live leaving
Spacious the world to its vilest worms creeping
Along the villainy strands of time.

Who fades by the time strives in constant pervaded smoke
Lest the world brings him some blame and shame
The world in its vastness thousands of secrets enfolds
True friendship exists if purely watered as flowers.

Their flowing dewy water some hot cold shed tears
Tears marking the sweet bitter days weaved together
Under common roofs minds rightfully set scribbling
Upon cold scripts whence remarks proofread.

Life is just another page upon which one prints his deeds
Leaving behind another track for the lost and the maimed
The forlorn who once departed off yet in vain
Back home trudging his feet recounting his tales
Of a desperate castaway building upon his dreams.

That one day he will dwell another blessed world
A world that he saw for himself but in dreams
Forlorn to his own desires like a broken reed
The wind has ever done away with for long.
Poor mankind in his praising angelic bliss
Playfully skip as a lamb licking the hand of fate
A fate that gathers minds and separates weeping hearts.
Separation is hard, a bitter cup for the world to imbibe
A hard experience to subdue, an eternal scar enflamed
Leaving behind ashen stains of bitter moan deeply engraved.

Soft hearts, life is not couch of roses where you might lie,
Life is a hard test to bear, a head or tail contesting game
To be or not to be-think deep before embarking upon its wave.

Long were adventurers who fooled the world and its vast seas
In quest of invaluable treasures amidst their profundities.
Beowulf and his great deeds a nation hero succumbed his death
Chaucer with his Canterbury tales recounted the bitter awesome days
That his poor peasants suffered in gloom.

Yet he traveled and met the moving world that rendered his soul
In its rightful place there in London poets' corner.
Sir Walter Raleigh who roved the cyanic blues returned home
Plundered with smoke after long trips to the far distant lands.
Shakespeare a topmast embarking the globe alone
Saw his demise on the prime youth of his yonder days.
Dickens the poor father of the poor sowed the seeds
That would engrain the stems of social welfare
An expectation that Oliver Twist would bear for the progenitors
Holding the world to its adjusted place.

The world was yet a flash, a wink of an eye for Dickens
Who saw his demise after a long struggle against a sea of arrows.
Bear it or lump it, the world is too small for us to trick
Wise or fool the world mocks us all on its ways
We are born to see our fate floating within ourselves
Yet no soul could dare change the time.
Bitter and sweet are souvenirs when evoked
Souvenirs that bring to memories thousands of fresh pictures
Of those lived and blissful playful days.

So, live, smile and gratify yourself before the sunset
The next sunrise may bring another world only the sage may predict
Who knows the fate bitter or sweet we may observe then
Another new day in prime Or another extension enshrined.

December 18th, 2013

6

Memories from the Black Decade

I want to live, to see and true some dreams I weave
With pain and intense heat: from beneath the boil
I feel porous as a rock reflecting great latent energies
To feed up my soul my sole desire to covet peace
After long endurance subdued and sufferings
Howling nights, atrocities, shaken boughs, sweeping chimneys
Lofty trees felled down, forests on fires, birds on flees
Hazy picturesque azuring waters all stagnant standing still
As if life stopped breathing out an eternal demise
Only sufferings, agony spread in all the parts
Bearing words of silent souvenirs, souvenirs of poor creatures
Striving alone as inhuman creatures, chased as flies.

Creeping, mute silence overwhelms the fall dead nights
Of the black decade; a scent of flames everywhere

Blazing no one dared get out or travel alone
Fear everywhere, tracked paths, victims launched
Pervading on soils, a horrible scene obscene
People tortured in and out with no humane feelings
Graveyards full, bodies unburied, decayed, unknown.

Ethereal demise longed over the impenetrable darkness
Small children forsaken not spared lost their lives
Corpses thrown amidst the dead wood ill-smelling
Posthumous new babies naked crying for lost mothers
An utter chaos spreads its flail on the scene
Revealing cruelty to its utmost heydays.

Many a time on their graves the poet stands
To whisper a farewell to their perished souls.
If no flowers were the best gift from him
Eloquent words were his finest tributes.
More than often he wept before love as a child
Babbling with sweet droplets of tears gentle but mild.
Lo! my flower is shedding dews as a weeping child
In lament, alone far from the disappearing friends.

All lost in a tempestuous night in the small hours alone,
All on their ways home from an unknown destination.

How man suffers cruelties submerged in blood ?
How inhuman leaving prints on an innocent child ?
The scent of civil war amidst the poor innocents,
The down trodden struggling their ways
The puny, the oppressed, the maimed, the destitute.

Life has got odd characters that none could stand,
Dead or divided we shall depart from this world
As if we lived no more, as if we were no friends
To see at last the spared in remorse of the dead

Now, let me turn the page to the post decade
To aspire right for a future bright and prospered
Here then, take my words to the sage that I profess –
Whet your tools, hit straight on dead dry woods
And let your sweat glow-let it drop, drop by drop
To water the saplings beneath your trudging feet
Let not the wild roots, the weed be watered.

Do save the green-leaves and fruitful boughs
Harvest the ripe and leave unturned the stones
Give free peace lovers and spray the seeds
To crop up in every valley-a symbol of your promise
A promise that ever a human mind recalls
Would sit in muse and add to the histories wild
That once upon a time there was a black decade
That ravaged a part of the young African heart abide
Leaving stains that ever with time none will erase
A human print made eternal in the mind of the wise.

July 2013

7

On Loneliness

It is but a remnant muse chewing man's life to hell
Silent alone, cupid felt his inner traits
Trotting the barren soil, the infertile land.
Loneliness kills talents, impedes the fetus in its prime
Seclusion is mortal if ever constant shrinking the age
Shading its tails on the lonely spirits of the isolated minds.

Lo! Two heads are better than one as legends had told
For solitude shackles deeds, curbs creative minds
Defying the myth that loneliness is the mother of inventiveness
For solitude coupled with Idle time turns into devil's time.
For oft, how many heroes died of loneliness in their avenging pursuits?
Far from aid heading their ways to eternal history striving alone
In vain hope they faced at last their own demise

Solitary is the man who moves ill along his life pathways
Hiding his secrets for no man ever knows
To fall at last, brave as a hero sere and bold.
Lament the maid who had longer passed her life in solitude
Stepping in pace, leaving behind no trace, no print to track down
As if unborn, unwept for and unsung she had gone in demise
And though she had come in others' care, ail and pain
Yet, she had as a flash lived and done with alone.

Loneliness if ever lengthens, digs deep and breeds foolishness
Better live, then, at least in twos, – as counseled by the wise.
God created couples on earth for safer progenitors
Comparing the solitary to Satan's hell life-A trait that people mostly bereave.

If living alone, man, a creature no more tastes it sweet
A fact, by nature, man likes to share what he feels
His secrets, his aspirations that he longs for another par
For how many died keeping their wealthy safe locked
With abundant riches that none ever this enigma solved
They died far from home with even their testaments unrevealed
Leaving the young birds with mothers striving in their nests alone

A fault to Heaven, to selfish men lacking in their wives' secrets share.
As death ogles the human's move in its constant shift
Better live amongst dear friends and cast away solitude
A solitude that introspects the age and brings grey hair to the sage
The sage that spends his lifetime in extreme rage pending;
Musing about how to bring the wretched, the cast away
The lonely to their own dwelling within the cozy heat of the cage
Alas! the nowadays cage lacks in the verve, the social enthusiasm
Of family reunions and cordial religious congregations
Where hearts may fuse and loneliness may slowly fade.

5th August 2013

8

On Friendship

True friendship abundant but rarely found
A priceless treasure a fillip to enshrine
The value of gold better be laced and adorned
By beauties that add to its constant valor unmeasured
Not ever true friends did one day falter
Concord and commitment restrain their reins
For evaders, not a space to their freedom escape
Friendship, a source, a spring, a well drunk from
Once Imbibers taste its flavor, its sweetness
Become convicted on their beliefs remain
True friends never to time falter and desist
Their fate whirls around oppresses time and resists.
Broken friendship like broken china observed

Experienced proof lived loose ties widened
Past times never to truth impervious would stand
Let the past bury its dead once folded
A pigeon can never a white raven turn
It's difficult to withstand nature when in rage
Broken friendship a leaf of the past unborn
Forget about it ; it is not yet built on solid ground.
If you want eternal friendship to forever last
Two can keep the secret when one had already passed
A secret that sacred truth had never to time revealed.

August 11th, 2013

9

On Egypt-the injured

(Memorial on the Egypt evict fratricide of the black August 2013)

Man the sinful creature the image of Adam
On his forehead the constant sins glued
Sent out of Eden in his farewell demise
Down the earth blessed but the true souls
That knew how to God worshipped.
That was in holy scripts insinuated to so far
Blessed be those who reached God's forgiveness.
Lo! The earth swallows its plants in their prime shoots
Deadly killings reign over the silent course of life
Only the human from birth to the grave enslaved
Lamenting his own ordeals running forlorn
The human soul as weighty as the wings of bees
Is shattered on the bare streets of Cairo

Bullets piercing innocent bodies in their escape
From the busy snipers on the roofs perched
Snatching to the running souls as if their bell tolled.
What a dire scene to see thousands of innocent creatures
Laid down on the floor dead and cold?

Injured Egypt history would never forget your moan
By the dark silent serene striving nights
Humans suffering in lonely paces crossing the empty streets
Hiding from the incessant shelling of the veering helicopters
Poor innocents squeezed in sanctuaries no food no drink
The misfits waiting for them to kill, to eradicate the gene
As if the dead would end and the sins forsake not the sinners
The world scene stands as on lookers expecting the knell
Of the Egyptians in their gradual collapse and fuse
Yet far from the truth who do not defy the time
That victory though lasts for long it comes abide
By those who believe that God's faith is strong.

Egyptians deserve the great respect a destined fate is fate
That cannot fail to pass unobserved, unmarked

Great are the disloyal rulers who used gunfire to kill
The Pharaoh progenitor the bare armed the chest bared
Those who did not give time to lament the dead
For Japheth gave his child some time to reflect
Upon her death a mighty right she deserved
That the Egyptian youth stolen of its sweetness fired
Randomly they fell on the cold ground unidentified
With corpses laid in confusion receiving no burial respected.
What God's pursuits to hell did for those enshrined
The sinners today great playfully on the ground
Chanting victory defying in numbers the gunned souls
Whose blood rose upon the heaven before it fell on the ground.
Poor rioters, demonstrators whose bravery beyond measure
Floated upon the deadly scenes with bare hands
Filled up with hope, Hearts within and God overhead.
Take my Almighty pen for you Egypt as strong as a sword
Depicting what your brave hearted by an august burnt alive.
Concocters from all around history enlisted and engraved
Images taken live remained as traces to next generation
That though the pen portrayed, the eye in its slow discreet tears wept.

Egypt you are in our hearts, in our minds with your misfortune suffered
Misfortune that long in the past you had never witnessed.
Alas! For every misdeed there is a reward that God promised
For wrong doers and sinners God will heavily smite their heads
Be patient behind every heavy cloud there is a silver lining, a zest
That helps you regain your ancient helm, flavor your prime voice
Egypt, the myriads of pyramids, the empire of the past embraced
The soil of Pharaoh, the titan of Nile with its pure water dance
You will stay a giant top mast seawater implanted force
For the forlorn, the maimed, and the busy, the freelance.

August 17th, 2013

10

The orphan

Let the shabby desolate circumstances shape
The maimed, the destitute, the wretched orphan
Cast away to time deadly repentant suffering
Poor boy or maid to heaven their lives sublime
As if awe a part of their skin mortal to eternity.

Blessed be those who did grow in shame
Mapping their own fate, accepting their name
Poverty is a stain carving its shadows deep
Marking the eyes and the hearts with tears
Tears drifted crystal like dews on spring flowers
Drenching the cheeks as parched petals
Rosy, fragrant in verve elegantly hewed.
In their torn out glossy clothing there spread

Patches flinging in the air as Persian carpets torn
Sown through wind casting seeds high
That in vain hopefully unseen, untouched
Wrapping hundreds of ailing unnoticed pursuits
That the needy orphans kept all latent for themselves
Lest people know about go crazy and shocked
Lo! Only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches.

An orphan tutor as the providence in holy scripts ascribed
Is akin to seers highly valued in Paradise dwelled
So if you want to gain a scaled immortal life
Give a tender ear to the orphans' moaning knell
A knell for the sage might drift soothing eternal bliss.

Blessed be those fleshy hearts sparing bits of love
For the wingless birdies lying wet in their nests
No mother, no father to care for listless striving alone
As maids, covered in sooth, lying fresh on the grounds
For no hot food, even not a pure drink to drench their throat
The cloudy heaven above and the cold floor their closest mat.

A stand from you, a giving hand and a smile from the other
Will erase the engraved tears from their blinking dark eyes
So let us all cultivate this gift while in powers might
Before we lose our fame and orphans then will turn
In fact, orphans we are all compared to our mean existence
For within us all poor creatures, a germ of imperfect herewith exists.

August 9th, 2013

11

When wrens stop twittering

(on the memorial of the syrian babies slaughter' August 21st, 2013)

Dormant little innocents yet dawn seen not the daylight
Their souls fledged, mothers for their demise cried and howled
They slept choked toxic gas their chests burnt enflamed.
Poor little creatures from the cradle to the grave they slept
Some with little chance in white linen confined and buried
Others left to themselves, unknown, unobserved, unburied.
The cry mothers launched unheard, alone in faint voices striving in vain
For no ears paid to the maimed, the lame and the pained
What faulty deeds the young bore their lives cut in prime
Fathers fought for the offspring comfort yet unregained
Alas! no gain, only pain affecting the boughs, the tree and the roots
Whole families decimated recalled to memories that long ago existed

Somewhere in Syria, a dusted corner lost and pervaded.
Shelling surrounded the cities; bodies in blood dived and smashed
Human souls lost with time their eternal godly blessings in heaven
The image of God on earth a sound approaching with a knell that tolled
On Syrian people left to the Providence alone, listless enslaved
By slavish rulers whose aim to freedom shackled and chained
Leaving countless of escapees crossing frontiers unwelcomed.
A pitiless father weeping his lost abode his wicked child
Gone to no return had he the time to lament him anon at last,
A shocked mother hugging her baby dead lest he would open his eyes
She talked to him with a heartthrob feeling piercing her tender heart
She owned naught but a warm tear marking her deep sunken eyes
At times the world laughed, the cards played and people all ill – abused
Nonsense life! Lo! even the dead had no chance to be respectfully entombed.
Blessed be those falling in battlefields victims or falling down dead as brave
Attending their fate solemn, their blood warm in other's perceptions cold.
You, Syrian grandfathers, bare bodies and with white bristly beards
May God bless your hearts, and thank your bearing of bitter loads
You had brought offspring that time sublimely traced and marked.
You grandmothers thanked be the sweat glowing on your brows upswept.

Moving as herds to the frontiers seeking refuge under the observant world
Living in tents, under harsh weather, blowing wind, shivering sunned
With no food, no insanities, nostalgic children roving unschooled.
This is life the battlefield-a game of unfair play with no head or tail
A tail for the oppressed, the appalled whose tailored cloth was nicely measured
A head for the helm taker that overran his power on the wastes of time.
Yet the world will count its sinners, the world will have an end
For sinners to forsake their deeds before time no more chance to give
Forlorn then those who did not sit in muse counting their days
Reflecting upon the murderous crimes in shame they concocted and weaved
Killing Syrian babies in their primeval bloom – an uncivilized barbarian act unpardoned
In cold blood inhuming their souls yet alive in heaven though entombed
Blind rulers kill the bodies knowing not that souls will to heaven go enshrined.
If suffocated innocent babies became part of the past history that was once marked
Syrian mothers will bear to life other infants that sow the seeds of revolt unrivalled
Once the battles renew, the infants subdue and the ex – winners will lose the game.

August 23, 2013

12

Reflection on Writing

Tell colleagues scribes greed for scripts much abundant
At contemporary writers corners deserved their flowed ink
Yield, duplicate reflections you sensed enflamed within
Ere your ideas get dried, your bones curved and memories flawed.
Bear it then self-gratification is the quality of generous minds
Blotting papers with thirst embalm your thanksgiving wits
Offered at times ideas go rare and grains wanted
Ubiquitous soft breeze melting the melancholic hearts
At their wits end go the romantic setting the reins
Zealous they depict the beauty of landscapes scented
In their roving spirits they do engrave in nature their remorse
Diving the multitudes giving their pens their freelance

Come guest writers and imbibe from the cosy writing cup
On your laps carpeted with plenty of silk melting glossy and brilliant
Nappies in decorative styles lavish and sweetly prepossessing
Tantalling in shape attractive in sceneries to mind absorbed
Endless images the pens as mighty swords retrace in miniature
Meddled images are oft profused in heart felt throbbing love
Pervaded by contemporaneous poetasters in their dwelling
Off the secluded, the profane, they wrote in endless shape
Rearing their minds, lulling them to produce sweet poetry
At large sent to sow the seeds to the distant hemisphere
Reiterating the call set by contemporary Literary Review in constant rise
Yes, welcome writers and poets, the world is yours, do take the helm
Let the world witness your deeds, let your intent be assured
In the vastness of this world the order is for the written word
Take advantage of the chances offered to duplicate and serve the world
End your paper writing fear, rid yourself of the stage dread
Renovate your old spirited views by whetting the new, the fresh
Answer the questions that itch your heart that enfeebled your person
Rare are the spirits that in gloom remain silent at times of action
Yes, the old world has already passed away in demise

Relegating the past to the old burying their dead.
Endless creatures in their sweet dreams have constantly left
Veiling the world, questioning its silence; yet giving no attention
Idleness they dived into without return not even leaving a trace
Ending their lifetime in complete forgetfulness.
Wild as lost savages they left unknown, unnoticed and unhonoured
If your greed is high and maintained do give yourself a name
Not escaping the world in void temptations drifted alone
Daunted by circumstances, ending in cold feet forgotten.
Ink inviting envious narratives to write and produce in multitudes
Anchoring their boats after a long distance swaying the world.

January 12, 2013



13

The Roses of winter

Season of mist mystic haze floats high above
Touching and caressing the lofty mount
Damp in content dewy in surface tainting the green stones
A mist dense marrying the foggy heaven
What a picturesque scenery profusing the slopes
What a colourful vision for the sage to recall
Then rain in its drizzles moistens the pasture
To generate the grass in mass abiding by the foaming creek
Only the dead vegetation in its profound sleep
Narrating the dormant days lulled by the rippling creek
Herbs green turneth yellow by the gentle breeze
Fluttering the soft reeds in their sprightly dance
The sun beyond the haze sending is shameful rays
Scattering its force to defeat the mist, the rain and the breeze

But still the winter season steadfast not to refrain and desist
A season of cold; water freezing dews and chilling frost
Roses of winter an appraise for your peep by this time
Let your petals scatter along the front door ways as usual
Let your smiling open leaves red and yellow to heaven rise
The scent fragrant pervading the atmosphere in an instant
A flavor invigorating the spirits, thriving the atmosphere cold
Though winter days are short the perfume to heaven lasts
Roses of winter you are the best companion for love seekers
The odour your petals scent through their prickly spines
Wake up the dead, add more journeying days to the dormant
Make the lazy hunters jump in joy behind their fowls
Who do not dare smell your scattered scent might doubt at times
Upon how forceful your nectar to the bees in swarms attracted
Savage flowers that lay in grey below the river often recount
Their long plea facing the frost alone that winter life spares for none
Winter roses physicians dived the oceans profundities in quest
For your green roots and leaves a cure for scarce disease
What a secret your core might enfold beneath your stems
That long used by doctors in their constant lust and the sage

Recounting idylls of your scarce treasure pages not yet turned.
How dear to me to see you coveted by the dense misty haze
Folded in ailment, alone lamenting your days
In bitter cold your petals squeezed and drenched in fade
A sullen image that evoked the spring days with much verve
To come and save the young shoots ere their long decay
A decay by the somber days of December to March
Would weigh heavy loads in length time and space
This is life a long span to live or a short nap to redeem
This is life in its turning grove may hide both
The head and the tail of the true picture decay evoked
Winter roses as spring flowers might together share
A fragrant scent from a pianissimo orchard green
An orchard that recalls to us all that time is fleeting
Lo ! only the winners who at last pick up some of its virtue
A virtue in our days dear but rare for fuzzy fellows
Seeing the world move fast yet they are smiling and away cast
Drenched to the ribs, driven by the raging water floating
The bodies beneath the tide, unconscious singing dive.

December 27th, 2013

14
Seasons

14.1

Fall

Fall, the mild weather, leaves in you mellowed and fall
The seeds sown, the furrows in you are traced dull
The curtain of somber days are lowered to heaven
Heavy clouds sheltering the bare boughs feared alone
In want of drizzles to peep high not adrift down.

Farmers in haste get their lands turned, tilled and done
Before muddy days, interminable rain, hard toil solemn
Fall, the season you call to spirits an eternal demise
For creatures yet in your sign another rebirth in turn

Autumn in blessed hue, hazy days for herds in lull
To the fresh sprouting shoots that are dormant fall.
In their long sleep undisturbed for warmth they call.

Autumn, you are the season, fresh premature and mild
The sign of a good start or a decaying end
The gentle breeze playfully teasing your leaves
Whirling in mirth before their eternal rot
Flying leaves in their eternal depart may recall
The playful world to sound the knell.

14.2

Winter

Winter boughs almost unveil the spell chilling the falling rain
Then frost in mass noxious pervading the air
Confining the tiniest creatures to stay dormant alive
Winter, though short your days you do imprint
The icy patches pervaded along the stagnant ponds
Disturbing the world, instantly blocking passage ways
Oft choking humans sparingly inviting them catch cold.

Winter, the incubation season your creature stagnant still
Latent even the grassy rocks freeze at oceans' profundities
The sun in its silent red rays shy peeping in haze
Behind the mounts caressing the lofty shadowy trees
What a dark mood lengthening moments you cast upon
Poor peasants gathering around their ashen hearths
Recounting in marvell the old one thousand and one night more

Hugging in warmth their kids sending them fresh affection
Epics, fables, fabliaux and impressive moralities concocted
Passed on through ears breaking the distant horizon,
To fell a spell breaking the ice of the cold morn.
Winter days and nights you are so fierce at times of grief
When violent winds started their bowl, whirl and howl
Howling the wolves to chant yelling melancholic sounds
As if the sound of the judgment day signalling its alerting end
Everything is calm, even the weather poignant on the rise
Oft the heaven covers in black and grey suffused in dark
Makes sobriety a common feeling to eternity last
He who travels to distant land through your rough seas
In pursuit of fresh meat, a counsel or business sought
Has to render to his beloved a fine tribute, a farewell
Lest circumstances reveal omen yet another turn
Boats and rafts on your blue spaces a drift, aghast a haste
Sweeping swift as a light feather on the surface torn
To and fro uprising the surge of a towering mast
Whose captain on his alert, a soldier striving fast
Looting the waves imploring their pious clemency in turn

What a strong wind your somber nights blow and show
Forcing the adventurers to relinquish in haste seeking refuge
Sheltering what they have at times of fortunes amassed.

Winter, though you splendidly break off the force of time
Your inner strength as source of water is constantly valued
The secret of your core for sure is in the springtime revealed
All to shoots a history page of dormant days regenerated
Recounting their inner experience that in cold nights passed.

Listen to their stories that are brought by the gentle breeze
There upon the surface, they float, they flutter in their bending and rise
Whispering their long immature adventures of winter wet
Announcing the springtime with daffodils shooting upon the dales
Once the sun in shame caressing their petals hot and mild

14.3

Spring

Spring at last you invigorate the scene with your scent that you sow
In the air Changing the landscape green
What a picturesque portrait in hue you splendidly attribute
To the environment red, green, yellow a spectrous image
That the eye in greed has long and deeply praised

Spring in your clear heaven wrens soar and flutter their wings
Twittering lovely appeasing sounds that refresh the ailed hearts
And bring to the tired minds thousands of solemn blessings

Spring you are the poets' season for tremendous inspiration
You are their latent wit catalyser at times ideas seem scarce yet bright
Nature beneath your lap restores its lost suffocated breath
Renewing the roots, lengthening the stems in their cycling growth

14.4

Summer

The fading flowers the daffodils tossed in the air that once
Laid its yellow and white flowers pitching the air
Had gone with shame leaving way to the dust bowl
Whirling by an august hot summer parching the slopes
Summer, your foolish month withers plants to final decays
Leaving roots in demise rotting in soils turning to dust
Summer, you come in haste after a short spring in memory passed
As a flash that to memories an instant, a leaf turned fast
To bring dryness to the sloping mounts and the dales below
Where fowls flock, birds soar for grains and water fought
Summer, you come with long days for farmers hot
Beating their crops with wooden flails to sift the chaff
The golden seeds on their sheath shifting to the ground then fall
Farmers on their busy buggies piling the wrapped bags
Along the prickly dust itching their back and feet

The weather in its mild mellow sunset in slow move
Lulling the harvesters to hasten collecting the crop of the days
Before the twilight many more stories to recount in jolliness
There on the dry fresh old chaff covered floors
Night dreamers gathered telling stories under your gliding moon
And starry nights that swimmers fetch along the swarming beaches
Playing on the golden sand building castles in the air
Summer, you are the season of hot burning dreams
As hot as the swarms of bees in their intuitive pursuits for nectar
You are the season of vastness, space and openness outdoor
The heat parching along the dry long days hardens the tasks
For busy workers inviting them all for short evening naps
To break the toilsome day routine and brief for nights stay long
Summer, as sages told – you are the season of the needy, of the poor
In you, the workless strongly persists the short lived moments
Where the grain is often in need and is greatly wanted.
Summer, you are the mild, the moderate fine and temperate
Sweet season for all-the lamb, the cub, the puppies and kittens
Ducklings enjoy their Indians-file drifting in creeks
Following their plump mother geese in their water floats

The doves under their eaves caressing their mates necks
In cheer, warm, serene gliding in the blue heaven
Flocking for a far distant destination in search of fresh grains
Hunters with their greyhounds hushing the bushy forests
In secret pacing the spruce sprouting vegetation tiptoeing
Lest they disturb the sleeping fowls in their day dreams
Frrr the partridge shakes the boughs, put the spaniels in dread
It flew veering along the trees in hide that none could observe
Hunters launched their bullets at random amidst the haze
Dived into the swamp forest in search of the twittering chicks
They drenched to the bones, caught in quagmires in pricks
Looked at one another then laughed at their misfortune
These are the traits people in summer seek for cost
In comparison to other seasons far, fraught and naught.
Summer, you upkeep spring libertine in your airy rooty plants
A promise you bestow to the fall season, a new blessing
For the next cropping to generate a linking bridge you serve
A cycling wheel rotating alongside with the celestial bodies
Showing to the simple wisest man that nothing is eternal.

Jan. 22, 2014

15 On Blindness



The world in its enlightened gloom
Seem short
yet perverted.

It is the heart not yet the eyes
that impair to shape the world
in its full shade.

The world we see is chrystal clear, a daylight
that may peep to the shortsighted
unequally the same.

For oft the one eyed profused in contempt
reflecting alone
A deep sigh engraving
the loss of the other eye
That the blind in remorse
longs to obtain.

He contented himself with the inner darkness
Wrapping his eyesight
living his world alone.

A world that the creature enlightened
with mystic visions
The vision of the heart surpassing the eye
That inward eye the sane eyed man
does not possess.

Fair creatures, vision seekers
do not to time cede

Lo! how Louis Braille transcended blindness
To transform the lives
of millions of folks.

Helen Keller the American deaf-blind writer,
Conveyed through her lectures
The real functions of the activist.

Be proud the blind men are in histories taking helms
See Juan Carlos González Leiva – The Cuban lawyer
Standing a pillar for the *Cuban*
Foundation of Human Rights of the BLIND.

See Miles Hilton-Barber – The British traveler and climber
Together with James Holman the Blind Traveler so called.

The eye not to the world may confine
The truth that we can make
A blind may surpass in vision the sane
in the ethereal competing time.

Where is Homer. – the Ancient Greek orator
of the epic poems the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*?

Where is John Milton – the Poet who was blind
for the last twenty years of his life?.

And though he lost his first eye
under the physicians's pursuit
He procrastinated not in writing
his books on *Paradise Lost*.

He lost his second eye
yet not his writings compelled.

What bravery that modest scrivener
to the world had shown
In his deep search for illumination
A light that some lost others behind
might find of merits to the mind.

Lo! how precious eyesight to writings compare
That Milton did never falter to devote.

In the same wave Nikolai Ostrovsky, Aldous Huxley
Ved Mehta, Jorge Luis Borges and Taha Hussein
Showed their great talent engraved their names

God alone the supreme
had in life them endowed
with an enflaming flame
That lightens in black nights
when torches to destinations redeem.

Nabil our great scholar in his long eternal muse
Has thought it right allright
That success is not easy to gain
Hence he stabbed laziness in a peevish hurry
And wrapped for his master degree
To stand a captain controlling his mast
With an offhand ease that he profused in time.

The world is light for the blind
As the night is dark for the sane
The blind, should no more be seen belittled
For richness in hearts and faith abide.

The blind that in his demeanour oft misconceived
Can travel to far distant summits marking his fame

Let us then observe the Ugandan-Norwegian athlete
Tofiri Kibuuka – One of the first three blind people
to reach the summit of
Mount Kilimanjaro.

And not far from the same trend, Erik Weihenmayer
The First blind person to reach the summit
of Mount Everest.

Those who see are often blind
For the truth in them
is not yet discerned.
Hence, we may live blind
yet with true vision
Than eye sane with bad deeds
widely prolific

The blind, my dear, has over time challenged
And defied the world with strong records
The blind is no more to the chairs confined
But roves the world and sets the alerts on the scenes.

See Doc Watson – the guitarist and Stevie Wonder
In his Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
and Song writers Hall of Fame inductee.

Terri Gibbs – the country music singer and musician
Lulling Akbar Khan the Indian singer.

See Mati Bachir in his golden voice
Echoing the Algerian music Halls

In solo, Oum Kalthoum and saliha the great
Had long stayed up their fans
For jolly festive moments enduring fatigue.

Amidst the world of the blind names in constant rise
Esref Armagan the Turkish painter
was born blind

Didymus the Blind – the Ecclesiastical writer
of Alexandria

Ed Lucas – the Sports writer; Francis Joseph Campbell –
the Anti-slavery campaigner

And Colin Low, the Dalston, Member of the British
House of Lords.

Blindness this faculty stirs
the spirits in muse
Long pages in ink scrivening
will not suffice
In conveying the secrets
the blinds may enfold.

The world counts in deeds yet not in years
That the outward eye
often failed to witness
At times onlookers project in distant their views
Yet they missed the target,
the promiscuities.
So. Long life to the blind community in rise
And Hails to their bountiful deeds
as long as
days lengthen and life extends to the infinities.

Feb 10th, 2014

16

Happiness

You laugh and I laugh, a lurking lure
For spirits tamed for sure.
Cheers for the sweet smiles and the sung songs
Of the blissful adoring morn.
Merry wishes lasting eternal once departing
From a sincere heart unto a blessed soul,
Happiness your value in time is valuably valued
For the innerward eyes blessed not in disguise.
Happy outgoing traits do not in vain fly
Trodding feet on the ground are easily tracked.
Laugh my guy, be merry and share your bliss
The world in its shell deserves sweetly laughter
To cherish saddened hearts appeasing weighty burdens
He who in happiness built his castles upon air

Will no more bother about the prescribed fate.
The world today is listless for happy moments scarce
Rarely merry making is observed, voices screeching
In monotony, people suffering bitter loneliness appalled.
Hearts within minds, agony everywhere suffused and felt
Love that tender word has become volatile
In a present shaken by flails that prick both the heart and the mind.
Happiness where to lay your sepals, gloom may pervade
For those who to love and bliss knew no opening gates
The world is a prison jail for those to smiles mean
Their lives are shortcut no more vigour enters their heart
Blind spirited, heart felt, broken wings
Yet, birds without wings will not to distance fly.
Back to happiness, the cheer secret that saves souls
From their frets and trots, and their jerky life and sots.

(Feb. 11th, 2014)

17

Sadness

Veiled in blacks a sign of bereavement and demise
The path trodden swamp and muddy,
The face ashen, melancholy drawn in eyes
People in their sloth following the coffin.

Poor man carried to his eternal abode
Leaving behind his material world.
Where is his dowry he used to attend to
As a phantasiast boasting eternal?

Where are friends that used to back him up
In times of remorse they had all gone?

Sadness you are the mating pair
That happiness added to the lives of saints
In their rituals devoted forgetting the material world.

Sadness, when your shadow veils the fate
It renders its bloom infernal
And makes somber hues as ashes strained.

The course it thunders upon a great curse
That shakes the minds and enfeebles the spirits.

Under your umbra, people embrace the world in gloom
And observe its goodness as ill omen trace
A dim view they thrust upon anything good

Sadness, you have impaired great minds anon
Cast away the evident, and baffles the sound and sane.

Man, the oppressed, the marooned? wake up sage,
The world is too narrow to hold in its dark cage

Live your life as an eternal dweller resident
Or a transient visitor wrapping to depart
From this vilest world as a non dwelt worm.

Do not take it to heart, fie on the days that brought you forth
Your fate on earth is either head or tail
The sadness you brought in comparison to happiness
Entreats your life to a certain demise.

The loser at last the one who mistreats his destiny
And calls his life the worst bad names
Sadness, though you are oft a catalyser to the passive
Minds, your symptoms may bleed the sane
There is nothing good or bad if eternal fate is death
Why living melancholic, pessimistic and sad?

Feb. 11th, 2014

18

Social Oppression

How affective seeing a poor or orphan oppressed?
In daylight passers by looked envied but surpassed
By oppressors bad deeds mistreating in negativity
A citizen whose sweat still glowed the soil that frets
Colonial powers decimating the racial group.

How piercing to see a shabby peasant harmed in his dignity
The day he wakes up to dust his rags
He thought the ancient day had folded its past
Yet in dread he saw another day alike

What a dreary life imposed he upon himself!
A scapegoat unleashed in the play of time
Denigration, dehumanization, and demonization
Jargon terms and stereotypes of colonial names.

Life has yet yield progenitors in oppressive blood
Inheriting their masters red carpets they lay
Open before the giants to belittle the young.

Brave are the hearts that support oppressive practices
In daylight they observe mute and silent
Yet the world before them leaps ahead
They in fatigue look, consider and decide not
Their fate is mapped out by strong yet enfeebled spirits
Who oppress the living dead hailing aloud
Victory that for the poor is not yet born.

The world marks in its stand every mistreatment
That affects bodies and souls in rise
The sun is high, the moon is low but God judges the right
The time the oppressors will stand up brandishing
The sword that prunes the ripening head
The oppressors whose patience then will not fade
Will smite the corrupt, the ethnic cleansers
And claim high their civil Rights as a denouncing term
To wag above the milestones

The history that once imbued the colonisers
Oppressing the poor, the maimed and the puned
Will retrace the new course to its normal version
The oppressed and the oppressors will debate the common law
That equally sets the demarcation line
That in the full moon, the peasant will erase his dust
And the oppressed will see his returned dignity alive
No more oppression, this is an old taboo
For every creature, he is a boy of a nine months old.

11 Feb, 2014

19

The Wise Foolish Traveller

Distant was the land, the land he dreamt of
A mirage pesting his mind all night long
A dream that he in the course of his desperate mind
Weaved incessant, a target to reach
A goal to score, a deep sea to swim.
The weather was rough; the sea was troubled
Yet the traveller dived into, floating on its raft
Striving the tide that endlessly roared and howled
The mean boat as a feather on its blue floated
Drifting apart nearing its edge on a long decay
The traveller piercing his eyes on the darkness
Lured by his vision an island to veer to
Yet seas of storms he in the long run faced.

The non starry night whose breeze rather howled
Breaking the topmast worsening the tracks
Now the traveller lost amidst the howling wind
Only the small boat was drifting apart
The man in his resisting force trying in vain
Giving the boat its free rein.
The boat floated, sank and floated again
A feather – like on a flat moving plywood
Here and there its shaping figure peeped
Along the interminable azuring sea.

Life in comparison to the boat is of like shape
The traveller is the modest man roaving on its lost track
The man whose temperate force often goes away in vain
Is hopeless he surrendered to fate
To fall down at last seer and bold
What is the human? the enigmatic figure that since antiquities
Had proved violent, stubborn and not yet wise.
The lost traveller, who gave in his fate to the lost boat
Looked as the destitute man in life with pipe dreams

Often times the creature acts with blind open eyes
To see but the unseen, the non wise
Man was doomed to failure as long as he thought
He could make out the world he faltered to mend

(July 27th, 2014)

20

Joyful Moments

Blissful is the secret of ethereal love and latent joy,
Born in pathetic sympathies of God eternal blessings
A gift that the providence endowed his creatures with
To spread love, mirth amongst the contented universe
Mirth your sign a symbol of heart throbbing tenderness
Wherein hearts whisper in their eternal hiss
A hissing sound that shifts through the flying Angels
In their Joyful spirits congregating lucky people
Cheer is the peaceful heart when awe inspired ailing alone
Turning thy anger into a blended scent fragrant rose
Where bounty deeds never in value be measured.
Laugh, jump as innocent lambs the day they started to dance
Merry making, skipping of joy playfully nibbling at the fence.
Lo! what a dreary life one counts melancholic walking around

Musing he could gain anon; yet naught on his rise might recount
The jolly past never to the present recalls its past
A fleeting moment in sadness is another calamity cast
Before the eyes of the temperate a shadow of a dead living
Replaced by an eternal happiness as valued as gold.
Play in earnest, generate joy, disseminate full embellishment
Smile as young babies crawling on the sand of life.
And though man's days count as instant winking eye
With God's blessing to heaven they still lengthen in praise.
Be blessed, the spirits that to heaven chant glorifying
In a gentle pity worshipping Glory, glory in sane spirits
Life in its true sense does send in disguise
Its eternal gloom upon the ashen hearts
Lo! then my friend be wise enough to counterpart
The chilling waves enforcing your breath
Chant victory through earnest smiles
You are the wren; you are the red throat gliding high
A good-omen bringing in verve, invigorating the heaven
A heaven we need at times of upheavals and depression

Only a smiling child may turn the load and the course of the wind
For there is nothing better than joy if well exploited
Jolly moments in counts of the histories past are naught
Make joy there upon time for everything endeavored skeptic.

January 8th, 2014

21

Onomatopœic Words

Splash! The stone drifted into water
Ripples whirl around bubbles into the air
Swollen deflated puffing poof.
The whistles of the train in their hush hush
Deafening the ears awakening the mute,
Nature disturbed by the gentle breeze
Caressing the growing grass; hissing the herbs
As a serpent in its crawl amidst the pasture.
The dead wood in its cracking shakes the atmosphere
Barren leaves in their soaring shuddering the little deer
In its hip hop skipping all around.
Thunder in its roar inspires the wild life

To agitate all shouting and chanting hoo, hoo.
Wolves in their yelp howl and howl
Tossing their heads below the deep dales
Inviting the birds and the fowls for a common feast
Where sounds meet and silence in its deep breaks.
Listen to the sighing wood in its universal appeal
Begging the human hand not to fell its axe
Not to sap the core, not to impair the morrow
On the green bark the squirrel in there
lives and squeals.

Squarrels rise and dance all in joy
Feeling in frets the wild peanuts
Nibbling the shells sifting the seeds
Cracking the hard nuts in their breaking shoot.
The bees in their buzzing; fly in fear
Swarming high marking in grey their path.
Quack, quack, sighed the goose and gander in pursuit
Flushing their wings over the stagnant pond
For a fly try scattering water droplets as pearls.
Wild horses drifting along the rippling creeks

Their gallops disturb the dormant crocodiles
Gaping wide their mouth in greed, their shattering teeth
As sharp as a knight sword pending in revenge.
The hunter in his banging annoys the sleeping cubs
Descended the river fetching the fowls beneath the weed
Frr, the partridge in its departure to the blue heaven
Dreads the spaniels looping their tails barking in fear
Chirping birdies long not seen their mothers highly perched
Leaning their heads dry, wet and ill fed.
Zzzz! they chant and chant their voices enfeebled
Mothers in their whirl, soaring around the nests
Baits in their beaks weaving and looping around
Adding another charming scene to the lofty trees
Standing stout against the murmuring wind
In its blow varying degrees along the seasons.
The rain with its colorful spectrum draws its carpet
Stretching the horizon in hue diverged
Giving a paradise life to the eternal world
That drifted tears in remorse of the impairing hand
That in harm marked its print scribbling its awe.

Lo! How the sound in its foiling end drenched our ears
Cherishing hearts healing the ashen face
Natural music there in the wood inviting naturalists
In muse meditating for a natural cure
The vastness of the green abundant in whisper
Shaking boughs, tottering birds, dropping leaves
Cotton drifting snows, changing colors
Whooping, howling, cracking sounds, hissing
Rippling, whispering, the breathing vegetation
Lowering trees in their pending curve caressing
The soil as thank for the seed keeping a secret unfold.
There is no escape denying its generous offerings
Nature you are the source of recovery,
You are the savior of the human soul
In the poorest human soul you dwell
In the richest human soul you reside
You are within the core of the human spirit
In every human Dream your phantom peeps
A company to the wreck, the lonely and the ill tempered.

Nature a ringing bell for all not averting its abuse
The music in every ear, the drum in every head
In its sighing there stands
The wise who learns and thinks in tears.

Feb 26th; 2013

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The Secrets of Nature

Nature serene bountiful the beautiful
In your folded sepals fragrance flies high
Mountains in chains covered with frost and snow
Lengthening touching the clouds and the heaven high
What a beautiful scene do your lofty trees add to the sceneries
To the sunset on its fiery setting by a summer noon
Nature the eyes to your secrets see wonderful days
Gaze, with mouths agape onlookers astonished
Admiring the tiny creatures in African caves amaze
The witty minds and render foolish the sage.
There are wonders in pinnacles on Alp Mountains
That ever humans – have yet in dreams seen
The oceans abound in corals and marine species scarce
Globetrotters had gone in search of pearls with no return

Your vastness baffled expeditors in their enigmatic solutions
The rippling water in its serpentine flows along the Nile
Traversing distances a symbol of your constant giving
Divine are the gems that overlap the ample hand you bestow
To the needy longing spirits for moments of joy
To the ogling eyes in your secrets see the overseers
Your presence amidst the living world heartens the hearts
Embellishes the souls and enlightens the tender spots
See the full moon crawling and shrinking to a baby lune
Signalling the birth of another existence, another page turned
The stars in their twinkling galaxies twisted in joy a decorative view
When rotating, swinging in their marvelous maze in rows
Showing their splendor to men the ignorant, the unconscious
The marvels you enfold remain unexploited anon
Nature, in you; innocence of babies are immensely traced
In you, the blessings of a pure smile enfeebles the souls
In you, the brave opens his chest to welcome the good deeds
In you, before you witty minds bend and venerate the endless
Wonders you create another colour for Adam and eve
In their relinquished eternal depart from Heaven

Nature though the forbidden tree belongs to your descent
Your offerings abundant by passed men's greed to imperfection.
Nature, though life is short the value in you is outright
What the poor creatures counted, sought and fought for
You are the topmast veering the colours spectrous you wage
To appease the sorrows, lifts the loads and cheers the ailed hearts
Life is nature, nature is life, what intricacies for man to behold
Man hates nature, hates himself – a child neglecting his mum
Who denies mothers' -breast, denies existence in nature
Nature his root causes, his umbilical cord, his lifeblood.
Nature, the more I gaze at your wrinkling time, at your helical turn
My blessings to the Divine creature that gave you this shade
To serve humanity and render their lives sweet
You gave them vision of spirit and mind to observe
Your grandeur in its inner ever changing shape.

January 15th, 2014

COLLECTION OF Poems
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Brief Bio Data noting history of professional expertise.

Mr Tayeb Bouazid is a graduate and postgraduate lecturer in the English Department University Mohamed Boudiaf, Msila, Algeria. He has an MA in psycho pedagogy and TEFL, a MEd (with specialisation in Environmental Education (UNISA) and a Teacher Trainer Certificate of Advanced Studies from Lancaster University. In addition, he is recently awarded a completion certificate with Middle East Partnership of the best practices in teacher training programs. Mr Bouazid is a freelance writer for the London School of Journalism and he is a fifth year doctorate student at the University of Batna, Algeria. The author has already contributed to many articles writing – Southern African Journal of Environmental Education, Vol. 26, 2009, Arab Gulf Journal of Scientific Research, 27 (1&2): 59 – 69 (2009), Per Linguam 2010 26(2): 33-49 Department of Curriculum Studies, Private Bag X1 7602 Stellenbosch, South Africa. Mr Bouazid contributed with poems and short stories with CLRI July 2013, Jan. 2014. He also contributed in Teaching in Higher Education online with Routledge Publication London., July 7th, 2014.

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