Absence

Darkness climbed over me. From the first apple to my language.

Colorful, compassionate flames,
Lick the years...
From obscurity to a cloud of doubt.

Blazing spirit,
Clothed in silence,
As essential as a loaf...
My postal address in a crowded city.

An unmapped treasure...
The pirates fail to find it.

Your name no longer has a voice.
Water, a metaphor for your face,
A worn-out basin of alabaster,
The prayers of passersby dissolve in it,
Their lewd obsession,
An embezzlement of life.
An unmapped treasure...
The pirates fail to find it.

At night, your presence descends.
Silence is the flight of the weary.

In a naked shack...
Yesterday's poems turn into dinner by the fireplace.

The further you withdraw into yourself...
The cloud anchored –
– Unable to pass your right hand.

This is a lonely field,
The antidote may be a song.
Bitter Orange

One gloomy cup...
another,
the morning theatre
begins anew.

A train plows through my skull,
Emptying its lungs of air
With a soft wail,
An ancient train
That missed all its appointments,
another waits to cross.
Intended for lovers’ footsteps
Their way lost in the ports
Leaves torn,
A huge whale this path,
It does not end until it begins,
The sun’s fingers poking through its shade.
Autumn, a shy festival,
Afflicted with successive curses,
You both live a lie deferred.
Turning away in the morning
Seeking a tomb with shards of glass,
Or a mansion that overlooks – inevitably –
A traffic jam...
Even so!
Iron clatters down on the idol's head,
Roar,
Not enough hoes,
Maybe they light the gardens...
False is a climbing plant.
Clinging to the trail of light...
Velvet
And coloured paper.
Away from home
Noise calls him back,
Before catching his breath twice.
His language a bitter orange so mature,
Squeezed dry,
Then sprinkled
On the neatly folded garments,
A bitter language...
Leaves none satisfied.
Brightness...
Dimness...
Brightness...
Drooping eyelids,
A padded prison cell,
What a sneaky sponge!
When colluding with isolation.

But for the music
The light of the lantern extinguished,
Sore, its head hanging down
Withered,
And its legs floating.
Card Game

We are each other's mirror.
You reveal a card,
So do I,
You reveal another.
I draw a third,
And lay it before you,
Like a drunken monk with chess,
Then he marches back to bed like a general on the
verge of a glorious triumph.

You throw down a joker
With a drooping hat ...
Colors disperse
And chuckles,
‘Hooray’,
Life courses through veins suddenly,
We smile for your eternity...
And my hard-won survival.

Yet...
The game is not over.
The electricity of an idea overwhelms us.
The euphoria of victory is a cruel deception.

Yet another jolt.
Losing in front of the one you love is, in a sense, a
blessing,
Otherwise, age is but a cat
That passes over your neighbor’s wall,
Without turning around.
We lose.. Both of us.
We kneel on marble,
The ego vanishes
Into the center of the Earth,
Metals fuse,
Our hands and lips begin to speak.

Our lexicon is limited
It is enough for what we have to say,
Or for the time it takes us to convey.

Listen as I sing your name...
Pay attention to the flames
Among the commas.

What's more, if you so desire...
Engrave me on your bracelet.
Solace

On the last night
We walked
On thickened sponge
To a station that did not exist...
Withered tinsel,
Even the city’s finest fabric cannot banish the decay,
The noses were not stuffy
There was only deafening silence.
Disclosure plagues us...
And on the heads
Minutes fell
Like sharpened stones.

Why are we here?
My consciousness asked,
What came before, what comes after?
Who are the dead...
Who are the living,
Men stretched to grasp the meaning,

Torn asunder.
In the form of tight crescents...

Cousins stop
Glorifying survival

And the dust of the graveyard clung to their consciences.

Family photos are immune to mites

Memory raids them...
As vivid as a scandal.
The hand holding the camera
I never shook hands with my father,
And more faces without features.

A tent for receiving condolences
A ship, aged and fragile,
Boarded by armed pirates,

The unending abyss.
With tattooed necks.
They crack jokes,

And when there was no room left in the air...
They packed them off to distant continents...
And clinked the dirhams.
Pure Woman

Picking bunches
Leisurely,
Arranging them for a winter that will not come...
When?
All that life has exchanged for her,
Leaves stained with wine.
Yearning for the 'Seine',
and defeats.
Silence is her ink.

And hermetically sealed copper her favorite commas...
Necks turn,
And she’s reckless.
Wandering,

Floating a little in the air...
Lining up beads in praise
of that which fades away.

Send me a poem..
Drenched in darkness...
I hide it..
My clock melts,
I close my eyes.
Dali smiles in his absolute emptiness,

Where you long to be.
Gradually, I pull out a stinger
That bit my leg
For two days or more...
Without letting go.
Smallpox

A fan
With its eternal buzzing
Arrives without an appointment,
Scrapes up the mornings
Without brittle nails.

Polygon bird
Scratches our tender skies,
Who decided to spread candy
Of baked steel
On the borders of France?
A gap opens in the field
Followed by another...
In school I forever wished for a gym
The pools were very spacious...
But not suitable for swimming.

A few men, intoxicated
One woman or more...
The maps were infected with smallpox.

I drink coffee at the Museum of Humans...
The waitress brings a twisted palm,
Rubber spotted
with meanings.
In my book, shadows have a beating heart.
Perhaps the waitress with the astonishingly broad
grin
Didn't read
– In Asia’s countryside –
About the second war,
Maybe she doesn't hate Nazism
As befits those who dwell in vertical cities.

Time stains the library’s shelves.
And in our neighborhood
There is no longer anyone who cares;
How did they break out
All the legends
Of a single mouth.
**Suffocation**

Dark metal  
Passes through cooled oxygen  
To our silence.  
To cross the distance will take time,  
So...  
This is how losses happen.

Has anyone listened?  
The arteries of our home  
Were never to my taste.

The two candles on the table’s shoulders  
Two Sumerian princesses...  
Maybe we are here tonight  
Because they sought to merge with our heartbeat.

Nothing  
Are those the chariots  
That carried us to this paradise?  
I wanted to take a walk  
on the lunar frustrations.

I have yet to eat grapes...  
The blind advised me  
Passed by surreptitiously...  
That their bitterness  
Won’t make up for my memory,  
On nights knitted with grief.

As fumes appear...  
A knife near my eyes told me  
Not old enough to reach the berth;  
Either immersed in battle,  
Or forever awaiting it.

Soldiers of deferred defeat are we,  
And the bullets escaped  
The symphony of fate.
Windows

The stretched cloth
Leaning on the first letter of the plague,
Fate stares at me...
What happens
When we think nothing is happening
This is a boat
Drawn in pencil,
The lines a little crooked,
It fits us both.
That is a tree
With a swing,
Her braids are not yet loosened.
Wherever we turn, there is a shadow.
And another tree...
Windows beside it,
Opening with familiar arms.
Two pigeons...
A hunting dog.
And white curtains...
Dancing in the breeze.
If I were you...
I would empty the box of colors,
And finish what fate began.

Translated from the Arabic by Firas Al Shaer