

Lava DARWESH**POEMS****These poems, these poems**

Are poems of a nation that strives to live

These are the poems of girls who are being killed for love.

These are the poems of fathers who kill their own daughters for love and for being loved.

These are the poems of mothers who go to their son's funeral.

These are the poems of a nation who takes No as an answer

And makes war for peace.

These are the poems of love to cure hate,

Love poems in the era when love became hate.

These are the poems of martyrs,

That history has folded between its dusty pages hundred years ago.

These poems, these poems are history written within short lines

These poems are life within a life.

Du'a

Stones show love to me
Stones rain
All I see is stone
Enough stone
To build a citadel

I have never seen such a crowd
In the crowd I see
My dad, the first love of my life,
My brother with red sleepless eyes
The uncle who used to stop by
The grandfather who never said goodbye
All of them stood by me

There is anger in their eyes
Oh, dive inside my eyes
If they loved love
If they could only see my love
My love could represent their buried love.

Love
Love is what made them merciless
Love
Love became the thick black curtain that fell over their pupils
I never doubted their love
But now somehow

My mom stands still
On the street corner,
Pretending to watch,
Still pretending to watch
She can't
Next to her, sisters, friends stand with clouded eyes

I loved you then
I love you now
Stone, stone,
I loved a boy from another world
Oh, and he loved me back even from the other world
Stone
It was love that made them lose control

The first stone came from my dad
I wanted to run, to tell him
I hold you in my heart
Stone after stone
Made me numb
Stone after stone I felt how much I was loved

Stone after stone
My skin began talking
This is the cost to love one
From another world
Daddy,
Don't worry my name, a prayer, will do it all

Stone, I called, Stone,
I don't feel you at all
They showed their love through it all
My knees surrender
My heart says,
Hold on
You don't want to miss this
There is an urge that makes all this tender.

Déjà vu

I am living the déjà vu's of my ancestors.
Every now and then I live seconds that tell a lifetime,
Of people whose memories were left behind
A tragedy, Lifeless bitter reality
Of people that history left behind.

Every now and then, I collect bits and pieces of my grandparents' wisdom.
That comes with the caution: Threads for a better life.
I collect pieces that were shattered decades ago
Collect them
Hold them tight
Or try so hard to lose them.

It's now and not then that I want to lose the track of time
Find all the pieces that were left behind.

One minute, the seductive apple aroma calls me
Seconds later I'm lying motionless on the ground
Witnessing the eternal sleep of thousands of dejavu's.

Seconds later, the sun is blurring my sigh
On the back of a truck with so many unknown faces
Far beyond nowhere
A desert during spring
Children and adults
I am confused by what I see
Sweat or tears?
Hopelessness or fear?

Minutes later, I open my eyes
And see stones rain on me
For love and for being loved.

Hours later I am living the déjà vu of a soldier covered by his own blood
I am alive because of his loss.

Every now and then I tend to leave pieces of me behind
Threads of my grandchildren's

déjàvus

Of my ancestors.

They are the past, present and future of this nation.

Pass them with the caution: we were here.

My blurred Poems

I am sinking into a lake
So cold, it aches
Whatever I say
People hold it against me and my brain
They expect me to say
What they hear
And not something they can't hear.
They want me to say this life is fair.
They want me to say politicians are good
Governments are just
Well, they are not
They want me to say that poets are liars.
Who tell illusions and disturb the universe.
And I am sinking all over again.
With my heart full of hatred and a pissed off brain.

For whom?

For whom I would make a special, bland, broth?
When I lay my head on the ground and beg God for mercy
My prayers would be for whom?

Without you my prayer would be for whom?
Whom I will take care of
While looking pale and dehydrated on an old noisy hospital bed?

Is that true that no one will wake me up in the middle of the night
And scream that he is in pain and ask me to sing a song
To tell a story that I used to narrate for him since he was four?

Watching all those people weeping and crying for you
I ask myself who their prayer will be for
What will be my answer
When they ask me about you?

What would my conversation be with your doctor
What is the new research that might work for you?
How I would look at your friends while I know they are another you?

Can you see that my world revolves around you?
I feel like a person without a home
Without an identity without you

The scar I got from the Caesarean section
Is wide open and no one can heal it but you

I hear no more bip- bap from those giant hospital machines
They receive no beat from you
I keep asking for whom,
for whom Who will my prayer be for...
If not for you?

While I stand on your grave
While I see them bury you
I ask harder and louder and I get no answer from you

You don't even make a murmur, not a word
I put my head on that ugly, merciless sand that covers you
Put my ears on it so that I can hear a murmur from you
Still I hear nothing from you
And nobody answers my question
For whom my prayers, my prayers would be for whom?

A walk on Mars

One evening I will be walking
Like nothing has happened.
I will be walking like I'm on Mars

A lifeless ground.

One evening I will be peeling off my memories
Like rose petals
And spreading them on the ground
And walk on them
Hoping for new beginnings.

One evening I will be walking
Like nothing matters
Not the people

Or the roads

What matters is that I will have to peel off the layers
Accumulated on the new born baby.

One evening I will be walking
And leave each layer of my personality in an alley
Set them free and hope they can never be accumulated on the same person.
I will be whispering "personalities to be connected"
"Layers to be accumulated"

Caution: for a desperate person that wants to be
Set free and create a new person from scratch

Those will be my kissing goodbyes.
One evening I will be walking like nothing matters
like nothing mattered.

Dreams that have wings

If my dreams had wings,
They would have left me in vain for the purpose of pursuing.
 When their wings were broken,
They would have given me a call and begged for a new set
 So they can keep running.
Whenever they have got lost,
They would have sent signals
 Make me run across the globe
 For the sake of their guidance and for them to keep running.
If my dreams had wings,
I would have been on a mission to save them
 From getting broken or lost in the middle of nowhere.
If they had wings, you would have seen them around you
Days and nights making sure that you keep running.

Internal songs of her

She kept
 Covering
All the
 Stitches
She gained from
 The scars
 Of battles
That she never had.

She doesn't move on.
She changes and
 Accept that change.
She learns how to protect herself
 From disappointments.
She doesn't fight back
But accept that there was a second
 Which changed everything
Made it impossible
 To go back to where it was.
In a glimpse of a light,
She becomes her own hero

She tries
 She succeeds
In changing the changes.

The odds of loving you

Just like gravity
Destiny pulled me to you.
Now that you are gone
What were the odds of losing you?
It all went by so fast.
In a glimpse of light. I've lost part of me
 Parts
That I've never thought I had.

Just like a sunset,
One minute you were here
A moment later you were gone.
Spreading your ashes through the sky
To darken it for the eternal moonlight.

Just like a storm,
It feels like it never existed
And makes me wonder
Will there be one more sunrise?
I keep asking myself:
What will be the odds of finding you again?
To be near you and feel that everything is alright
Until then my heart will echo
"I carry your heart with me (I carry it in my heart)"

Pain Rain

Pain

Rain

Pour over the shaky roofs.

Wind that shakes the walls

Of a house that is called temporary home.

Feet sunk in the mud that is called carpet

Still it rains,

And makes the picture clearer

Flood waves

Come back and forth

Toys swim

Children sink.

Rain pours

Wash the innocence away

Build up layers on the beast

Muddy bare feet

Sunk in regret

And cloudy eyes

Seeing visions of how they used to live

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