

Selections from
*Al- Babbain's Lexicon of
Contemporary Arab Poets*
(Biographies and Poems of 101 Arab Poets)

This Book is Reviewed

by

Abdul- Wahid Lúlúa, Ph.D.

Professor of English Literature
Dubai, U.A.E.

KUWAIT

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The Foundation of Abdulaziz Saud Al- Babbain's

Prize For Poetic Creativity

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Preface

Since its creation, the Foundation of Abdulaziz Saud Al- Babbain for Poetic Creativity has committed itself to select a number of poets from the "Al- Babbain Dictionary for Contemporary Arab Poets" and translate them into international languages. In its First Edition (1995) and Second Edition (2002), the Al- Babbain Dictionary included biographies and poetry of 1946 poets from Arab world and abroad. In other words, this translation comes as the achievement of one of the Foundation basic goals, that is, the intercivilizational dialogue in a very fast world of technological achievements. Therefore, translating poems or poets' biographies from the Al- Babbain Dictionary is not but another way of communicating with the other which is considered as one of the main components of the intercivilizational or intercultural dialogue.

Up to today, a translation into Spanish has been achieved and distributed during "Ibn Zeydoun" Session organized in Cordoba, Spain, in 2004. Both the French and the English translations are to be distributed together with the Foundation's other publications during the "Shawki and Lamartine Session" decided to be organized in Paris in 2006 to find their respected readers around the world.

The Foundation is hoping the current translation to be a means of communication between Arab and English speaking cultures and literatures, and special edifice stone to be arranged among other efforts.

I would like to thank everyone who contributed in the achievement of this book specially Prof. Abdul Wahed Lulua who revised it and to Prof. Mahmoud Al Sayed who supported the Foundation since the beginning of the present work.

Good luck!

Abdulaziz Saud Al- Babbain

Kuwait

12 Ramadan 1427 H

Corresponding to 4th October, 2006 AD

Abdallah Al- Akhtal

- Abdallah Bishara Al- Khoori (Lebanon)
- Born in 1922 in Northern Beirut Suburb
- Bachelor of Law from Lyon Law School, France
- Worked as lawyer since graduation
- Poetry anthologies: Last Anthology (1980), I Am One Thousand Years Old (1984)
- Died in 2005.

The Poet's Last Prayer

On the bough of my end,
As I approach my grave
I sing my last song,
No grudge, no crave.
I whispered to myself my last song
The basil has not heard the rose's song
Here I am, God, coming back to you
Carrying in my palms nothing but ever freezing cold
And round my neck a lace of sins
With beads of dreams and glory!

Abdel- Moneim Awwad

- Abdel- Moneim Awwad Youssef (Egypt).
- Born in 1933 in Shebeen Al- Qanater, Qalyoubiya, Egypt.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Arts, Cairo University, 1957; higher studies diploma, 1964.
- Taught Arabic in Egypt and the Emirates and was head of the cultural section of Al- Bayan newspaper, the UAE.
- Active member of the Writers' Association, a founding member of the Poetry Club of the Emirates' Writers' Association.
- Started publishing in 1974.
- Published hundreds of poems in the Arab newspapers and magazines.
- Verse collections: Embracing the Sun, 1966; Stranger Bird's Songs, 1972; Sheik Nasr Ed Deen, Love and Peace, 1974; For Love I Sing, 1976; Lost in Crowded Cities, 1980; Variations on the Five Strings (et alia), 1981. Thus sang Sindbad, 1983; Between the Sea and Me, 1985; Just like All People, He died, 1995; Mirrors and Faces, 1999. Complete Works, 1999; Eyes of Dawn (for children), 1990; The Child and the Flower (verse plays for children), 1999.
- Won the First Order Award in the Damascus Poetry Festival, 1960, 1961; and the Modern Literature Association First Order Award in the tenth anniversary of the revolution, 1962.
- His work was reviewed in several literary studies.
- Address: 7 Moez Ed- Dawlah St, Nasr City, Cairo.

Seagulls Have Different States

(1)

They've all flown away,
and you're here.
What keeps you down? What keeps you waiting?
All the seagulls let go with the enticing horizons,
the inherent drive,
and flew around the orbits.

Here you are watching the last of them departing,
flapping hard to catch up with the flock
What is the waiting for?
Have you become a shadow of a crippled crow?

(2)

Wise up!
A seagull has such longing to journey.
It flies, flies with nothing but the illusion of a meeting.
It keeps on flying, yearning, no escape, no landing.

(3)

Seagull, lost in space,
wasn't it a rendezvous?
How then did you forget the place?
Doomed to fly the dominant space,
searching every face,
across time, across visions, across false expectations,
searching for a moment that never comes,
prevaricate through the boundaries of memories,
while you are living out your obsession,
journeying into madness,
besieged by vast, vast, vast space.

(4)

We embrace this space and leave.
A strange penchant creeps into us.
Is it yearning for the sought after paradise?
Or is it the overriding desire to fathom the beyond?
We fly on where there is no shore,
dream of the desired rest.
Despair does not push us over the cliff,
licking our wounds.

(5)

Dreamy seagull,

lying in the embrace of threadbare imagination,
rags leaving behind only a handful of safety,
pale desire like your feathers weathered away by the storms,
are you content with what was?
Was your life just this dust?
Or was it a flame kindling life in your soft body,
breathing life into the limp wings?
polishing the mirrors rusty with time,
making you see the dream that was,
restoring you to the strong bird of the past,
navigating sturdily between wind and horizon.

(6)

Birds are not birds without the wings,
without the urge, the longing, the irresistible drive,
to mount the horizons, the free space,
to go, to go,
not caring for the unseen, the unknown,
just heading towards the dream.

Abdel- Moeen El- Melouhy

- Abdel- Moeen Said Al- Melouhy (Syria).
- Born in 1917 in Hims, Syria.
- Went to school in Damascus, graduate of the Higher Training Institute, 1942, and then obtained a BA in Arabic Literature from Cairo University.
- Worked as a teacher, a senior inspector of Arabic, transferred to the Ministry of Culture as the Cultural Centre Director in Hims and Damascus, in addition to several other cultural posts ending with cultural consultant to the Presidential Palace, retiring in 1976.
- A member of the Arabic Language Academy in Damascus, and an honorary professor at Beijing University in China.
- Verse collections: Bahira and Warud: Two Poems, 1970; War and Love, 1980; Abdel- Moeen El- Melouhy Writes his Own Elegy, 1984; A Ditty for the Grandchildren and Yeldez Palace, 1990.
- Other books: fiction: The Taste of Glut and Hunger, 1973; Of France's Days in Syria, 1992.
- Prose: Literary studies, translations, history, reviewing and studying Arabic heritage: Literature in the Service of Society; Literary Autobiography; Memoirs of a Spy; Extraordinary Incident; In my Cellar, History of Chinese Poetry; History of Vietnamese Literature; Vietnamese Stories; Bulgarian Stories.
- Obtained the Polish Cultural Award of Merit.
- Address: 80 Al- Shallah Boulevard, Majles Niyabi St., Damascus.

[Extract from the poem:]

My Own Elegy

How I wish I could stay a night in Hims
where I can bathe in Al Asi River,
a dream that collapsed,
an illusion in the mind,

shattered, yielding to
an awakening to dire reality,
a mirage of a deluge to the thirsty
in the vast arid desert.

1. Why I write my own elegy.

If all my poetry is one elegy after another,
why not write my own elegy?
Am I not worthy of some
of my own delicious cooking?
How tragic to write my own obituary
while life still undulates in my veins.
I am crying the calamities
teeming in my verses
tragedies, elegies, ghosts of joys
long gone.

2. My life:

A) Youth:
I sipped my youth one drop after another.
No regrets do I have now.
Many sweet lips did I kiss.
Buxom wenches dwelled in the soul
and set the body on fire.
Love takes the soul and the heart
then sublimates and kindles the body.
Souls may wither if deprived of a kiss
like plants deprived of water.
Life's dallying did not take me away from serious work,
neither did that overwhelm me.
This is life, balanced, wise and foolhardy.
I loved my youth, eulogising it.

Now that it's departed, here I am satirising it.

B) Middle Age:

Youth, colourful and bright, is leaving.

At the door, old age, banal and pale, is waiting.

One reckless venture after another
did I endeavour.

Now, crippled with age, how loathsome they look.

In the hearts of nymphs, I poured flaming passion.

Can they now be content with mere compassion?

I wandered in foreign lands sampling their light
a bee after the nectar of wisdom.

I headed towards China,

land of long heritage

learning and imparting knowledge

of my heritage,

long journeys and vast lands

then homecoming frail and ailing

suffering decrepitude.

C) Old Age:

They said I was sick if living.

I wouldn't be,

even in a measly cottage

I phrase my feelings;

I sing my lyrics;

I read my book

in the light of the stars.

I send my voice in the wild resounding

I laugh alone in the dark nights.

I love my life even if bitter;

Genuine madness,

Genuine reason

they live in me in harmony.

My madness saw farce in tragedies;

my reason saw tragedies in farce.

At the age of seventy, I am still a child
who sees visions of reality and fancy
as one.

I take delight in seeing young age
in my grandchildren.

They take pity on my old decrepitude.

Aren't they buds emerging
from an ancient dry twig?

The drier it gets,
the more they bloom.

I play with them
trying to catch my breath.

They get too immersed
to notice my lagging behind.

I carry them piggyback;
they get bored of the slow movement;

I tell them of my young days.

"Not again."

They can only see the old face.

The new age, their age, is rising;
the old age, my age, is vanishing.

Abdel- Moneim Ramadan

- Abdel Moneim Ramadan Obeid (Egypt).
- Born in 1951 in Cairo.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Commerce, Business Administration, Ain Shams University, 1976.
- Full- time writer and poet.
- Participated in establishing the “Voices” poetry movement, which published some poetry books and other creative works; in the late eighties issuing the Black Writing magazine, which saw the light of day with only one issue. The movement also showed interest in the literature of the forties, translating among other things the French works of George Honein.
- Started publishing in 1974.
- Verse collections: Dream, Shadow of Time and Space, 1980; Dust, 1994; Before Water on the Edge, 1994; Why the Past lies in My Backyard, 1995; Stranger to the Family, 2000; Away from Beings, 2000.
- Won the Lebanese Cultural Forum Award in Paris, 1998; and the Cavafy Award, 2000.
- His work was reviewed by Gaber Asfour, Sabri Hafez, Mahmoud Ameen Al- Alem, and Salah Fadl.
- 12 Mohammed Saleh St /Mosaddaq St, Dokki, Cairo.

[Extract from the poem:]

Memorial

I am afraid to go into the street alone.
The policeman may ask,
“Where’s your ID?”
“Here you are.”
“Do you carry on your person the picture of whom we mean?”
I search my pockets.
“No. I don’t have it.”

“Do you know him?”
“Yes, I do.
He used to tease me at night
and at school he would offer me
dreams and chants,
biscuits
and pie.
He would ask me to walk on his hands
to get used to the voices of the choir.”
When the policeman came closer,
I saw his stars glittering.
I didn’t notice that this officer looks like him.
“How old are you?”
A short time ago, my days used to extend;
I didn’t count them.
A short time ago, I was sixteen
fearing to go past it.
After the fourth month
my ships capsized.
“Do you know him?”
“Yes, I do.
He used to tease me at night
and when my ships capsized
he used to come to visit me.
He knocked at the door;
I didn’t open.
He waited;
I didn’t open;
he left.
He tried to wander on water.
When the water saw him
it turned into a stretched string.
When he was on it,
a trench opened up.
He tried to wander on the dew of words
and died.

Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babbain

- Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babbain (Kuwait)
- Born in 1936 in Kuwait
- Read as a child prominent Arab poets
- Worked for the Education Department in 1955, left it in 1961 to work as a business man, until he became a major business man.
- Published his poems in Al- Sharq Al- Awsat, Al- Arabi, Al- Qabas, and Akhbar Al- Adab newspapers
- Poetry anthologies: Intimations of the Deserts (1995)
- Founded the Foundation of Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babbain Prize for Poetry Creativity in Cairo, 1989.
- Established an institution in 1974 to fund scholarships for Arab and Muslim students
- Member of the Endowment Fund for Culture and Thought, Kuwaiti Association of Men of Letters, the Arab Cultural Academy, the Arab Thought Institution, and the Arab Academy in Damascus
- Obtained an honorary doctorate from Tashkunt University in 1995, Baku University in 2000, Yarmook University in 2001, Kirgizian Kuwaiti-University, and Joy University in Kirgizistan, the Merit of Culture of the First Degree from the Tunisian President, and the Merit of Independence from King Abdullah II.
- His poetry was analyzed by Ayman Medan (Al- Sharq Al- Awsat), Ali Abdul- Fattah (Al Rai Al Am), Mohammad Mustafa Abou Shawareb, and Mahjoub Moussa.
- Address: PO Box 599, Al- Safat, Postal Code 13006, Kuwait.

A Call

My soul is yours, have you not heard my call?
My cares have laid on me all sorts of woe.

My yearning to you has become a ray,
Which went upwards, until it touched the sky.

It filled the world, and all the space, and turned
Between your eyes to pour the light around.

It journeyed all the night, hoping to meet
Your lovely dawn, spreading the gorgeous dew

O my past days, do you remember love,
When young, and free to sing the way it liked?

When meeting had enough of us, but we
Were still with that union not satisfied.

O dear God! How does life run within us
When painful parting has destroyed our hope?

Parting has no chance to choke my yearning
Nor has the time a chance to stop my call.

That is my love, which is ever fertile,
Its flow abundant went past Orion.

My soul is yours, my love, and all my years,
And all I have I sacrifice for you.

Have you heard that call, my soul – companion,
Or was my resounding call yelled, in vain?

My call will always circle and echo
To bring my glorious passion back to me

.
And sweet singing will enchant all the space
It was me who taught the birds their chanting.

If you should one day hear a cooing dove,
It is my art which I offered the dove.

Or should you in the garden hear the birds
Delighting daylight, garden, and the dreams,

It is what they have heard of my singing,
A potion, which I hope to be the cure.

Restore the union; for you is my soul,
My cares have laid on me all sorts of woe.

Abdul Qadir Al- Hesny

- Abdul- Qadir Mohamed Al- Husny (Syria)
- Born in 1953 in Homs, Syria
- Finished high school and joined the Faculty of Engineering in Damascus, but left the faculty in the last year
- Raised in a family interested in literature and sophism, and his uncle taught him classical Arabic language, lexicography, literature and biographies
- Worked as assistant engineer, then a redaction secretary of the Culture Syrian Magazine. From 1980 to 1992, he was Director of Educational Affairs at the Yemeni Embassy in Damascus, before retiring.
- Secretary General (and member since 1980) of the Poetry Society at the Arab Writers Union (1989- 1990)
- Published several studies and poems in various newspapers and magazines
- Poetry anthologies: With Fire on the Body of a Cloud(1976), The Tree and Another Love (1980).
- Other creative works: Aladdin and the Secret of the Sleeping City (tales for children) (1985).
- Won the first poetry award of Homs High Schools (1970), and of Damascus University (1974).
- His poetry was the subject of literary studies by more than thirty critics and poets including Youssef Sami Al- Youssef, Shawqi Baghdadi, Ahmed Youssef Dawood, Abdel- Kareem Al- Naem, and Nouri Al- Jarrah.
- Address: Qastal al Maaf, Al- Laziqiya, Syria.

Peace

Peace to those coming to the heart
From every deep dawn
As happy songs
And offering.

Peace to their time.
The one with the green steps
Is coming
Full of the sky
Peace to those coming like green fields
Building factories
That are not unjust to the poor
Peace to the face of Fayhaa
When it returns beautiful
Peace to her palms,
Which can accommodate the sea,
That becomes in the evening narrow in her eyes.
Peace on me,
The deep roots of the countries
Made me devoted to God.
And taught me the song of the sun.
When I spread, I was like green poems
Full of childhood and love.
I said the streets must know me
And I bent down to a stone
And wept.
A deep, deep voice crept
To the bottom of my heart,
Tore it apart, by a stone in the road,
And said: Peace.



Abdul- Aziz Al- Maqaleh

- Dr. Abdul- Aziz Saleh Al- Maqaleh
- Born in Yemen in 1937
- Obtained a BA from Cairo University, MA and PhD from Ain Shams University.
- Professor of Modern Literature at Sanaa University, and Head of the Yemeni Studies and Research Center, and Director of Sanaa University
- Poetry anthologies: Sanaa is a Must (1971), Ma'reb Speaks (1972), Message to Saif bin Thee Yazan (1973), Yemeni Footnotes on Ibn Zuraiq Al- Baghdadi's "Taghreeba" (1973), The Return of Waddah of Yemen (1976), Writing with the Sword of the Rebei Ali Ibn El- Fadl (1978), Exiting the Turns of the Sulaymani Clock (1981), Papers of a Body Returning from Death (1986), The Alphabet of the Soul (1997), Sanaa (1999).
- Author of more than ten books including: Reading in the Contemporary Yemeni Literature, Colloquial Poetry in Yemen, Poetry between Vision and Molding, Yemeni memoirs in literature and art, Poets from Yemen, Readings in Literature, Crisis of the Arab Poem, Priorities of Literary Criticism in Yemen, Studies in Yemeni Short Stories and Novels, Priorities for Yemeni Drama.
- Address: Director of Sanaa University, Sanaa, Yemen

Cases

The first case
Before the land gave birth to the dew child
The east gave birth to its purple child,
Like fire,
A face comes out from the east
Spreads like pieces of emerald
in the body of the earth
Wiping its dark,

And writing
a song for borders, like the sea
And for the trees, whose eyes open to the warmth.
Allow me to welcome you, my lady.
I've been waiting since midnight.

The second case
In my mouth there is a rock;
Whenever it hurts me, I chew its beaches,
And with its molars I erode my lips:
If it becomes softer
I throw my mouth,
And let my tongue search
For another rock.

The third case
The cloud is white
And the peaks of Ma'reb are washed clean.
What light treasure are earth and heaven wearing?
What light treasure is noon wearing?
Grass has a taste;
The earth has a smell;
And the dust is mirrors.
Approach, horizon,
For my hand craves for you

The fourth case
The noon wall collapses.
In its eyelid,
The mirror light breaks down,
A wall of sand rises high.
A wall of mercurial boredom
Overcomes the streets and the people.

Pains grow in the 'Qat' leaves
On lazy faces;
The yellow times grow leaves;
The cloud dies;
The light becomes closer to its shade,
And gloominess becomes closer to its shade;
Time wears the ash cloak.

The fifth case
The pale- faced grey evening comes,
And throws away the orange cloak
Which soon becomes grey.
The face gets scared of itself,
Avoids squares, and sidewalks,
Runs behind the buildings,
Where deep paths are overwhelmed with shades,
Fooled by light,
And haunted by panic,
It wears nothing but the shade of the city
What is it afraid of?
Is it the military coat?
Or the night?

The sixth case
It's the night;
The water smoke fills the eyes
And fills the horizon.
Its brush paints in the ribs
Waste lands haunted with blackness,
It stretches
The smoke water stretches;
The whole place is wrapped in black,
The Fear Jenny comes out from a dark hideout
That has no shade

And fatigue lights up.

The seventh case
After midnight
The windows of all near houses slept
And the remote houses slept.
The face of the city slept.
And on my eyelids,
The Ma'reb fatigue slept.
But it has not slept.
O night, don't go away, and wait for me
Be my sleep, the pillow of my time,
And be my seventh case.



Abdul- Jabbar El Rahbi

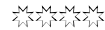
- Abdul- Jabbar Ben Jaafar Al- Sadiq Al Rahbi (Syria)
- Born in 1906 in Al- Mayadeen Area, Dair Al- Zoor, Syria
- Educated by his Father Sheikh Jaaffar Al Sadiq and Sheikh Mohamed Badr El- Deen Al Hosni. He obtained his secondary education certificate in Aleppo in 1922, and a Bachelor of Islamic Law in 1927.
- Worked as a teacher until retirement in 1964
- His poems were published since 1923 in major literary magazines such as Al- Moktataf, Al- Hilal, Al- Seyasa Al- Osbouia, Al- Sayyad, Al- Lewaa, Fatal- Arab, Asal- l- Janna
- Poetry anthologies: Releases of a Sick Heart (1938)
- Works: Faysal, King of the Arabs
- Died in 1996.

The Autumn

Yesterday, everything was
As life and lovers willed,
Everything was pretty, young
Everything was a throbbing heart,



The clouds, so plump in their swimming,
Loosely hugged the moon,
And the mild breeze was so fast
It blasted flowers cups.



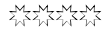
In the horizon was the moon
A lover looking for his old love.
But so enamoured, was he

He threw himself in the arms of stars.

I wish as love inspires me,
What has inspired the pretty branch
With love miracle, so it bent
To kiss the face of pure water



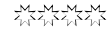
Everything is to my taste
And my beloved is happy and pleased
We spent the night so drunk with love
And love goes back and forth all night.



O, clear nights that delight the lover
Who stays awake, the pleasant dreams
The wind blows today
On you like autumn blasts



See how it blows so violent
And never left for the saddened hopes.
It left nothing in fields or bowers
No meadows, trees, or flowers
The birds forsake the forest
And the leaves fall from branches.



All submissive to the Almighty
And the ages throughout are bare or clothed.



Abdul- Razzaq Abdul- Wahid

- Abdul- Razzaq Abdul- Wahid Fayyad Al- Marani (Iraq)
- Born in 1930 in Baghdad
- Graduated from the Higher Teachers Training College, Arabic Department, 1952
- Worked as a teacher in secondary schools, then moved to the Ministry of Culture and Information in 1970 as a redaction secretary, then editor-in-chief, for Aqlam Magazine. Later he became director of the National Library, and Director of the Child Culture Department, then a Cultural Advisor to the Ministry of Culture.
- His poetry anthologies: Curse of the Devil (1950), Thebes (1956), The Great Anthem (1959), Papers on the Sidewalk of Memories (1969), A Tent at the Threshold of the Age of Forty (1970), The Second Tent (1975), How Could You Get Cool Now? (1980), Peace to the Water of the Land (1984), In the Flames of Qadissiah (1985), It's He who Saw (1986), My Homeland, Lord of the Worlds (1988), The Complete Poems, Volume 1, (1991), The Patience of Job (1993), On Love and Death (1993), The Complete Poems, volume 2 (2000), Silence of the Oceans, The Language of Pride.
- Other works: The Herald (Part 1), The Herald (part 2)
- Won the Cambridge University Merit, the Golden Poem Medal (1984), Saddam Prize for Literature (1987).
- His works were critiqued by Abdul- Wahed Lu'Lu'a , Jabra Ibrahim Jabra, Badr Shaker El- Sayab, and Mohamed Al- Jazaeri.
- Address: Ministry of Culture and Information, Baghdad.

Martyrdom at the Threshold of the Age of Forty

In all your veins blow the winds
 All your boughs are dangling
 The willow has withered in you inner soul
 A storm is blowing in your cave
 And plucked away even the live flesh

Stand high with the pipes of your bones
 Hold them high as masts till you die
 Spread your lungs as sails, even when torn,
 Sail in your desert
 Command your decayed ship till you reach death

Hurry up
Yell at the wind
You, who climb up the palm tree of your life, to log it
And the rattle of your craving for pollen crushes your bones,
Your palm tree has become old
And darkened
Dry branches,
Are all your ribs
Plunge in your axe,
Sharply
Till, like necks, all your masts are snapped
And the veins cut
With morning winds.
Plunge your axe
Further
Further
O, warmth of the blood
Your axe harrows the live flesh

The Door- Knocker

As you go past the fear of lovers
You grant a promise.
I believe
That I saw sparrows
Peck each other and fall
In my house patio.
I saw my two- year old daughter
Carrying a broom,
So I anticipated
Who the knocker
On my door would be?
Lovers' doors
Are locked by the fear
That what they doubt
Could be true.

Who could the knocker be
While I am still myself?
The sign of my despair
And my challenge
Is my fear.
I stood up,
And said grant me a promise
Even if you're lying to me,
For no promise
Had ever knocked on my door.
My daughter's hand turns over the broom
Sparrows keep pecking each other,
and fall in the middle of my home.
And at the threshold of my door
Stands the guest;
I want your promise,
Welcome to you
I'm not hungry for three nights,
For I have myself
And a sacrifice to give –
to slaughter my despair
at the threshold of my door –
I have the desire
To swap with you
Even our fears.
Let it be.
Your promise is a key
To all the hearts
Locked by suspicion.

Abdel- Wahhab El- Bayyati

- Abdel- Wahhab El- Bayyati (Iraq).

- Born in 1926 in Baghdad.
- Graduated from the Arabic Department, the Higher Teachers Training College, Iraq, 1950.
- Taught at Iraqi and Lebanese schools, some European universities, also worked in the diplomatic corps.
- Verse collections: Angels and Devils, 1950; Shattered Urns, 1954; A Message to Nazem Hekmet, 1956; Glory to Children and Olives, 1956; Poems in Exile, 1957; Twenty Poems from Berlin, 1959; Eternal Words, 1964; Fire and Words, 1964; Poems, 1965; Poverty and Revolution, 1965. Who Comes and Comes Not, 1966; Death in Life, 1968; Elegy to the June Sun and the Mercenaries, 1969. Dead Dogs' Eyes, 1969; Writing on Mud, 1970; Diary of a Professional Politician, 1970; Complete Works, 1971; Love Songs on the Seven Gates of the World, 1971; Autobiography of the Fire Thief, 1974; Sea Book, 1975; Moon of Shiraz, 1975; Sound of Light Years, 1979; Kingdom of the Wheat Ear, 1979; Aisha's Garden, 1989.
- Drama: Trial in Neyshubur.
- Prose: Paul Eluard: Singer of Love and Freedom (et Alia); Aragon: Poet of la Resistance; My Poetic Experience.
- More than twenty of his works were translated into French, Spanish, Russian, English, and Persian among other languages.
- His work was reviewed in more than fifty studies in different languages.
- Died in 1999.

Aisha's Garden

Aisha's garden on the Khubur river,
 was a magic city.
 The Arabs of the north
 coveted its garrisoned castles.
 They kept inspecting for its gates,
 offering sacrifices to the river every spring,
 hoping the gates of the city would respond
 and open up when they come around.
 The garden disappeared;
 the garrisons disappeared.

When the morning star fades out
they come back to Aleppo to wait
and cry for a thousand years.
They may be on another trip to the Khubur
to conquer the city.
They may not achieve success.
It's only Death, the city's oracle,
who can tell
where Aisha's garden
is hid?
And in what era?

The Secret of the Fire

On the last day, I kissed her hand,
eyes, lips.
I said, you're now a ripe apple
half of you is a woman
and the other half is beyond description.
Words escape me;
I escape them.
We both collapse.
How I thirst
for the innocence of this face
for the voluptuous body,
a spring of life.
On the last day I said,
you're forests set on fire,
you're the water in the river,
you're the secret of fire.
Half of you is beyond description.

The other half is a priestess in Aphrodite's temple.

Abdullah Al- Bardouni

- Abdullah Saleh Abdullah Al- Shahaf Al- Bardouni (Yemen)
- Born in 1929 in Al- Bardoun village, Alhada, Thamar
- Had smallpox in childhood, which made him lose his eyesight
- Learnt Arabic grammar, morphology, rhetoric, Principles of religion, Quran reciting, and studied Arabic at Dar- el- Oloom (Arabic Studies) Faculty in Sanaa, and had a BA in Arabic and Islamic canon law.
- Appointed as a teacher in Dar- El- Oloom Faculty in Sanaa in 1953, and worked with The Yemeni Broadcasting Corporation full time as of 1962, became director of the corporation in 1969; removed from his position one year later. He had a weekly program on literature
- He started writing poetry in 1949, publishing his poems in local newspapers, and in the New Pen Jordanian magazine.
- Poetry anthologies include: From the Land of Balqees (1961), On the Way to Dawn (1967), The City of Tomorrow (1970), To the Eyes of Balqees' Mother (1972), Travelling to the Green Days (1974), Smoky Days in the Night Mirrors, (1977); A Time Without Quality (1979), Sandy Translation of Dust Weddings (1981), Beings of the Other Yearning (1987), Elusion of the Lamps (1989), Roamer of the Times (1991)
- Other works: Journey in Yemeni Poetry, Yemeni Issues, Folklore in Yemen, Republican Yemen, Culture and Revolution in Yemen, From the First Poem to the Last Bullet.
- Winner of the Literature and Art Merit from Aden 1982, Sanaa 1984. UNESCO has issued a silver coin carrying his picture in honor of him.
- Died in 1999.

Between the Heart and the Heart

What color is the sound
Of the heart when it beats?
And does the rose
smell its own scent?

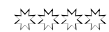
The sounds of the heart do whisper:
Before those who mince their words.
Y is the sound of yearning,
M is the sound of young love,
N has a lovely face,
S is brown, B is red,
R is the sound of
Butterflies called by the tulips.



But now the heart has languages
And eyes like those of partridges;
Are Cities of nostalgia
Dwelled by jennies
Or where have the dwellers gone?
A as if they went to death.



The rites of this heart are children
Without parents, and the parents
Of the heart are noble but impoverished;



The heart becomes an oasis at times;
At other times, it is like hungry people
Gathered round a slice.



Abdullah Al Faisal

- Prince Abdullah Al- Faisal Ibn Abdel- Aziz Al- Saud (Saudi Arabia)
- Born in 1923 in Saudi Arabia.
- He was raised by his grandfather King Abdel- Aziz Al- Saud then he moved to El- Hegaz with his father King Faisal. He studied in Mecca at the hands of a group of learned scholars, mostly teaching himself through reading works of literature, history and politics.
- Led a political life deputizing for the king, then Minister of the Interior and Health in 1950, then Minister of the Interior, retiring in 1958 to run his private business.
- Head of the Board of Trustees of the Faisal Charity Institution, one of the most prominent contributors to support the literary and sports movement in the kingdom, also a member of the Moroccan Academy since 1986.
- Several of his poems were published and many of which were sung.
- Verse collections: Inspired by Deprivation, 1373H; Heart Talk, 1393H; Inspired by Words; Autumnal Years.
- Awards: Grand International Foreign Poetry Award (Paris Medal), 1984; the State Merit Award for Literature, 1984; Honorary PhD Degree in the Humanities from the Board of Trustees of the Sciences and Culture Academy, the USA, 1983.
- His work was reviewed by Abdel- Kareem Niazi (in Arabic) and Mounira Al- Ajlani (in French).

Your Eyes

Your eyes light up my hopes.
My life sparkles against the peace of my mind.
You're near; the sun rises on my days,
full of passion, and sweet light.
In my eyes, a glow never fades.
In my senses, a lingering fragrance you left behind
takes me,

endless pleasure, quenching my thirst.
Your presence makes the fabric of my hopes,
my passion.
Nothing else matters to my heart.
A quiver touches the heart,
a quick recovery, no more agony.
Do you live this passion like me?
I see the glimmer,
the glow you're trying to hide.
This is my love in you
looking back at me.
I see it in your eyes
even if your lips
cherish their silence.

□

Abdullah Al Masoud

- Dr. Abdullah Ibn Saleh Ibn Mohammed Al- Masoud (Saudi Arabia).
- Born in 1956 in Shaqraa.
- Graduated from the Shaqraa Academy, 1978, and the Faculty of Arabic in Riyadh, 1982, got an MA, 1989 then a Ph.D.
- Worked as an instructor at the Faculty of Arabic in Riyadh and then at the Islamic and Arabic Studies Academy in Indonesia.
- Wrote about 150 poems.
- Address: Faculty of Arabic, Imam Mohammed Ibn Saud Islamic University, Riyadh, Post Office Box 5762, Postal Code 11432, Saudi Arabia.

Speechless

Speechless, unrevealing, except for
a blushing face,
she looked at him nonchalantly
with a heart set on fire.
Apprehensive looks
turned into flaunting pride
when she saw the glimmer in his eyes.

Faking indifference she asked, "Who are you?"
while her eyes,
his eyes revealed their secrets.
Eloquent words can't say more.
She smiled and hope was born.

□

Abdullah Al- Oteibi

- Abdullah Al- Oteibi (Kuwait)
- Born in Kuwait, 1941
- Graduated from high school in Kuwait then studied in Dar El- Oloum, Cairo University where he obtained, a BA in 1966, an MA in 1973 and a PhD in 1977.
- Taught school then worked his way up to professor at Kuwait University and Head of the Arabic department, then Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
- Member of the Comprehensive Planning Committee of the Arabic Culture, the National Council of Culture and Arts, the Kuwaiti Press Association, the High Committee of Technical Institutes, the Writers' Association, Editor in Chief of the Arab Magazine of the Humanities, Al- Bayan Magazine, and deputy chairman of KONA.
- Verse collections: Dreams Visited, 1989; Bird of Good Omen, 1993; [the operettas:] Birth of a Nation, (et Alia); I am Kuwait, 1991; Kuwaiti People, 1992; Medal of the Patient, 1994; [the epics:] Echoes of History; Procession of Sacrifice; Blessed Step; Of Verses; Convoys of the Days; I am the Future; Arabic Era.
- Prose: War and Peace in Arabic Poetry; Abdullah Sanan; Studies in Kuwaiti Poetry.
- Died in 1995.

[Extract from the poem:]

Original and Notes

Original:

(1) Yes, you are the most original.
the first to come,
the last to ask for a share in the booty
on the day of showing off.

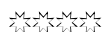
(2) And because you are like the sun, no eclipse,
like lightening, no boundary,
they see, in you, plights,
backwardness and regression.

(3) They deprived you of the right to take roots, to belong
as if you never sacrificed your blood
on the sands of Sinai,
on the Syrian heights.
Do you know why?
Because you are like the good land,
always a giver,
like rain without thunder,

(4) like rain,
just give and go
while others sink their teeth deep in the bones.
Your right restrains them,
besieges them,
shows the true path.

(5) Brother in the land of the Arabs,
they gave you a bad name,
the perpetrator of all disasters,
the sins, the plights,
the cause behind it all.

What an irony,
(6) despise you in the morning,
and sing your praises in the evening.
O nation denouncing its identity,
perdition is thy destiny.



Footnotes

(1) When the West stirs up an old grudge
splintering its hate in the face of all Arabs,
someone will say the Gulf people with their oil
are the cause behind all the trouble.

(2) If a scientist settles down in foreign land,
it's a victory of the Arabs in the West.
If he migrates to a sister country,
they say the oil country seduced him with lucre.

(3) Do you know how nations perish?
What route they take to vanish?
Here are the commandments of non- existence
for nations heading towards oblivion:
change your personality, regress,
give leadership to impostors
leave pride behind,
pay lip service to the guardians
bow, and sever your relations with "No!"

(4) Ask the poet of toil and the miserable
wherefrom he got
the means that carried him
to the posh capitals,
the luxury hotels,
the pretty women,
to write on their plaits
the song of resistance.

□

Adnan Al- Awami

- Adnan Al- Sayyed Mohammed Al- Awami (Saudi Arabia).
- Born in 1938 in Qateef.
- Learned to read and write in the village literacy school then educated himself through reading.
- Started his literary career by writing stories and plays then turned to poetry when he published his work in Saudi and other Arab newspapers since 1963.
- Participated in the poetry festivals and other cultural activities inside and outside Saudi Arabia.
- Verse collections: Wasteland Shore, 1992,
- His work was reviewed in newspapers and magazines by critics such as Nayef Rashdan (Al- Riyadh 1992); Gazi Al- Qosaibi (Arab Magazine 1992); Mahdi Mohammed Al- Swedan (Al- Manhal 1387H); Sayyed Al- Awami (Al- Sharq 1398H); Abdullah Ibn Ali Thaqfan (Al- Youm 1414H); in addition to chapters in books such as: Poets of Qateef by Ali Al- Marhoon; Modern Poets of the Arabian Peninsula by Abdel- Kareem Al- Haqeel; Qateef and its Modern Poetry by Abdel- Ali Al- Seif.
- Address: 42 Abu Bakr Al- Seddeeq St, Sea Area, Qateef, Saudi Arabia.

Drought

You say my words are shrivelling.
Can't you see my wounds are bleeding?
Can my words bloom and give fragrance
while beams of scorching heat
sing the budding blossoms.



Didn't this gardener of yesterday
use to surround you
with verdure abundant
when sweet love overflowed

to breathe life into the mounts and the plains.
Where's now the yield of the passion
spent in vast deserts that
looked like forests green
and barren land whose flinty soil
appeared like meadows.



My words didn't dry up.
It's my pains that do not heal.



Ahmed Abdel- Moati Hijazi

- Ahmed Abdel Moati Hijazi (Egypt)
- Born in 1935 in Tala, Menoufia, Egypt
- Learnt the Holy Quran by heart, and obtained a diploma from The Teachers' College in 1955; a Bachelor of sociology from the Sorbonne in 1978, and a Diploma of In- depth Studies in Arabic Literature in 1979
- Worked as Directing Editor in Sabah El- Kheir magazine, then traveled to France where he taught Arabic Poetry in French Universities. He returned to Cairo to join the editorial board of Al- Ahram newspaper, and he is the editor- in- chief of Ibdaa Magazine
- Member of: the Egyptian Journalists Syndicate, the Poetry committee of the Higher Council for Culture, and the Arab Human Rights Organization
- Invited to read his poetry in literary festivals, and participated in many literary conferences in many Arab capitals. He is one of the pioneers who innovated contemporary Arabic poetry.
- Anthologies: A Heartless City (1959), Uras (1959), Nothing Remains but Confession (1965), Elegy of the Beautiful Lifetime (1972), Beings of the Night Kingdom (1978), Cement Trees (1989).
- Author of : Mohammed and those People, Ibraheem Naji, Khaleel Mutran, Tuesday Talk, Poetry is my Companion, Egypt's Arabism, Grandsons of Showqi, Cities of the Others.
- Some of his poems were translated into French, English, Russian, Spanish, Italian, German, and other languages
- Address: 95 Hejaz Street, Heliopolis, Cairo.

Beings of the Night Kingdom

I am the god of sex and fear..
And the last of all males
"I think it's piety, not fear,
Or it could be
That I repulse fear with remembrance

So in the darkness I recall my parents
And look at my organs in the mirror
And throw my drunken heard
In the pure and gently flowing water"
I left my hideout
To have a look at my country.
This is not thirst for sex,
I am fulfilling a sacred duty
And you are but my symbol,
So follow me.
From the glory of this country
Nothing remains but an inn
And from the State
Nobody remains but the policeman,
Who shows in the last light
His long shade sometimes
And at other times.
His short shade.

I knit my shade as a hole in the ground
I knit my shade as a web
And stay in its yarned focus.
The light will shortly go out;
The web lines will stretch
To hold the leg of the queen.
In the night the summer was sleeping
Why don't we see anymore visitors
In the garden of the young widow?
Why don't we feel anymore on our bodies
The blowing scent of jasmine,
And why has its calm scent stopped flowing in our pores?
In the night
The summer was, in some garden, sleeping nude.
Splendid, away from us,
Away, like a child, who in our absence,
Became a beautiful young man

Who passes now by us but can't see us.
Oh!
Summer used to fill all months
Without touching us.

All those dew clusters
Show on the nose tip
And on the small crown
Of the small breast.
The rose body lies on the grass of the bed,
And the butterflies are on the boughs like pending flowers,
And the darkness of the orchard is a sleeping color.
So let me have you my queen.
The hands of cactus trees have blossomed
And the night is about to end
And we are still flying!

I knit my shade as a blossom
And lusty beings
I keep looking for my queen
In a cloud or in a thunderbolt
I print a kiss on
Her burning cheeks
Waiting for my end
Waiting for my doomsday
As a butterfly or caterpillar!

I wonder about the jasmine
That scents the façade of the house,
And the light that radiates like diamonds
Over the heads of palm trees,
And the shade that licks in the water
The cavities of the rocks,
And the doves that sing
Inspired by our veiled and captive beauty,
And the water drop perspired on the water pot

Like a face of immaculate purity
Coming out in silence, and in the serene shade
Falling in love with itself
At the small hours of noon,
And death that emerges
In plain daylight as a charming thief
That gets women to go out and look
In awe, and show him in the blazing sun
Their breasts and throats!
The night is a female waiting for me.
This is a city thirsty for love
I smell its fragrance as the meowing of a cat
I see her sleeping in littered pearls
In the gardens of darkness.
Oh!
How has all this beauty been abandoned
And cast in the roads,
And made available
For the policeman and the adulterer?
As if I turned impotent, unable to answer her intimate cry for help
Here is the barren wind
I feel it when it stands as a barrier between each male and female
It's the poison that falls between the land and the cloud,
Between blood and the flower,
Between poetry and the sword,
Between God and the nation,
Between the lust of death
And the lust of presence!

□

Ahmed Al- Lughmani

- Ahmed Bin Al Mokhtar Maoud Al- Lughmani
- Born in 1923 in AL- Zarat, Tunisia
- Has Completed Studies Certificate from the Teachers College in 1946
- Worked as inspector at the Ministry of Education, then director of Radio Tunis, then a delegate at the Arab Organization for Education, Culture and Science
- Member of the House of Wisdom Academy and an honorary member of Fez- Sayes Cultural Society
- Poetry anthologies: A Heart on a Lip (1966), Si al- Habeeb (1986). In print: A Grain of Salt on a Wound, and Dying in Pride
- Author of In an Arid Valley, The Caliphate and the Disagreement
- Won the first Poetry Award in Tunisia in 1983
- Address: Imarat Al- Zayaten 2, Dr. Mohamed Ammar Street, Al- Manzah Al- Sadis 1004 Tunisia

She Got Me

Fate and Destiny put her on my way
As a rope thrown to save a drowning man.
She came when I was thirsty and worn down,
And thrown away by nights of loneliness.
She came to me when I was in despair
When my sole partner was the sleepless care,
When Life's black tragedies on my heart did feed
When my poor wings were weak and failed to fly.
We met one winter night under the clouds
That whispered gently in a starless night
That soon, thanks love, got bright with ample light.
We met and then my soul went back to dreams.
She came to me from where I do not know,
But when she did my nights longed for the dawn,

For Destiny's gift, for sprinkles of the dew.
Fate was so generous when I sought no gift.
I never had a gift from Fate with much comfort
My tragedies taught me to wait and not to haste.
And so she came and she was charm to me
And mystery was all I knew of her.
She changed me in her despotic ways.
But who are you to tamper with my heart
And resurrect me back to life again?
On Love I talked before, so ask the night
It will recall, it won't forget I'm sure;
Go ask my pen; ask my inkpot too.
And ask my paper about its ecstasy.
The stars did know it; sure they learnt from me
as I would feed them wishes and tragedies.
Believe me, you who came to me by accident,
You bring to me mercy and sheer cruelty.
Believe me if to silence I resort
And drink to stupor to appease myself,
It's only you who did all that to me,
You gave me life and resurrected me.

□

Ahmed Al- Traibiq Ahmed

- Ahmed Al- Traibaq Al- Badri (Morocco)
- Born in 1945 in Tangier, Morocco
- Has a Diploma in Moroccan Literature, M.A., PhD on "Sophist Discourse in Moroccan Literature, Ismaili Age"
- Worked as a secondary school teacher from 1970 to 1977, and then moved to the Educational Center; then to the Faculty of Arts in Tatwan
- Member of the Moroccan Writers Union, and a secretary to the Tangier Branch
- Took part in Tangier radio production, and in a program called "Literary Stances". He also attended Arab poetry festivals and conferences of Arab writers in Libya, Tunisia, and Iraq
- Anthologies: Thus the Sea Spoke to Me,(1996); along with his poems in Spanish and French volumes, he has two unpublished anthologies, "The Early fires," and "Hung Poems of the Betweens"
- Other works: Tangier: the Poetic Image; Anthology,(1995).
- Address: Ibnel- Haytham Road 11, IbK Khaldoon Residence, number 8, Tangier, Morocco.

Release

My sight grew dim,
It laid me bare
Off the mist of lust.
I saw the absolute,
Was seen by the absolute.
You are not me
He is not me,
No and yes.
They are opposites,
In the sea of loneliness he drowned me
And my character vanished in myself,

And absence is my wine
And wine is my head;
The world is an utterance
With a relative meaning,
Proud of love metaphors
And puns that hide
From the ephemeral sight
The vices of debauchery.
I scattered the letters of nudity
Like fertilizers in the orchard
Of swervings
(like Arabic grammar analysis,
Utterly sound)
Erasure may lay bare my grammar,
Intoxication may cure my wakefulness
And protect it with coloring fire.
On my body the shade falls apart
And becomes dust.
Myself- ness, may you burn in the light
Flowing in the lamp, that is accommodated
In neither East nor West!
"Am I to be reformed,?" I tell my atoms
You may split from a format of fibers.
And pigeons of the specter flew from the clay cage
O bird of my soul
Here is your dock,
Dust away your sensational feathers,
And hover
Over the eternal bough,
Strip your voice off
The crow's playful tunes.
In our world
In which attributes are ephemeral
The crows were
Angels and devils.
Here my division

Ruins my plural.
Here my eyesight
Deceives my hearing;
My old small friends,
I've left them
In the market of confusion
When some of them
Accused me of impulsiveness
And others, when I announced
My divorce (and ecstasy was my drowning)
Of extreme stupidity,
The active mind perplexes me
It never relaxes,
My fate is its wakefulness
In travel and at home.
Sometimes they go apart
(me and the active mind).
My self sleeps and I let it
Dig in the bottom of interpretation;
And the space of interpretation
Has no guiding star
Until the alluded radiation
Bumps into the curtains
Of the eternal lock.
My bad self appeared to me
As a bride and a butterfly of light
(lacking the oil of Truth, the lamp dancing with blind colors)
My self flew, seeking the bright light,
Caused me to forget my Israa and Mi'raj;
My despair has become a Not
And my company has become confusion
Until I was tempted by the thirsty heart
Never bored with flowing
And running behind a picture,
That is bright
(a picture has a shadow

That dances like a ghost and a mirage).
The panting of the feeling
Stumbled in the steps of Satan.
Then blow the horn
Trapped in the bottle and boiling
When the female, bare, appeared, strolling;
(The Origin of Species? Crawling snakes)
Playing with feathers flying from the nest
And the dust of intrigue powder precipitated
In the well of E
And the rib of V
And the pelvis of E



You are not me.
She is not me
Laila/Lobna
They are the same
In the dusk of lust.
No time is followed by
Dawn and a prayer call.
O time, when is the morrow
Of relaxing?
The times are absolute.
Or is it that morning has
A banner for publication, along
With its rise
And is made sick by contracting,
And saddened?
O love!
When is the morrow of purity?

□

Ahmed Bekheet

- Ahmed Bekheet Ahmed Bekheet (Egypt)
- Born in 1966 in Assiut, Upper Egypt
- Finished his primary, preparatory, and secondary education in Cairo, and joined Dar El- Oloom Faculty (Faculty of Arabic Studies) in 1989. He is currently preparing a Masters thesis in Literary Criticism
- Teaching Assistant in the Literary Criticism Department at the Faculty of Arabic Studies, Cairo University, Fayoum Branch
- Started writing poetry in 1986, and participated in many public festivals. Some of his poems were broadcast on radio and TV, and published in Arabic magazines.
- Poetry Anthologies: Do not Ask (1986), A Homeland as Big as our Eyes (1989). Farewell Desert, (1998); Layla, Honey of Solitude, (1998); Silence of the Wounded, (2000).
- Author of: Genius Performance in Al- Mutanabi's Poetry
- He won the first Poetry Award from the Higher Council for Culture in 1988 and 1989, an award from the Ministry of Culture in Literary criticism, and the Shield of Universities in poetry in 1989, and the Shield of Universities in literary research in 1989. He was granted a Certificate of Appreciation by the Faculty of Dar El- Oloom for his excellence in poetry; won the prize of Best Poem, from Al- Babbain Foundation for Poetic Excellence, 2002
- His work was reviewed by Mohammed Ibraheem Abou Sinna, Ibraheem Issa, Mostafa Iraqi, Abdel- Fattah Othman, and Shafee El Sayed
- Address: 25 Rihan Street, Kotsika, Cairo- Helwan Road.

The Conquerors

They were, and so was love, and wrath
And winds,
And lightning,
And comets,
They were steps looking for themselves

And a human belonging to heavens
With eyes fixed to the people
And a heart spilled over the dust
Poetry is nothing but a man departing
From his own self
While closely looking at it.
The love battles he's waged
Are looting from his days
The battles of whispers that resisted
The ferocity of oblivion across the ages.
Do not blame my fall
Your drinking companion tonight is fatigue;
Your drinking companion is in ecstasy,
Never discouraged by the wound.
Deserts cannot accommodate Al- Shanfari
And Al- Mutanabbi was deceived by Aleppo;
Skilled Poets have died in despair,
And we are the title of poets;
They're missing and you remain
And I remain;
We don't achieve victory and we don't withdraw;
Only we
Drink the water of thirst;
Only we
Eat the bread of hunger;
Only we get drunk with virgin wine,
Never considered by the grape vines.
We, my friend, are the salt of the earth.
The honesty of sadness dusts off lies;
You haven't been harmed;
Neither have I..
Neither of us has lost.
The loser is he who has won.
It's you who taught me to see what can't be seen
And go far in order to get close
From your voice I drank the villages' whispers,

The fire of nights, the pride of politeness,
The boldness of the wind,
The affection of the dew,
The loudness of thunder,
And the silence of plateaus.
The sun is Time's Virgin.
Who throws at us a golden kiss
She is in love and does not blush for this,
Without it She wouldn't have risen or hidden.
Enough, and bear witness that I'm in love
For my heart is not a fist of wood
Love is the fate of the lover.
And the Merciful shall not be questioned
On the fate that He decides.
Excuse me gentleman
Grenade is too small for your dream
The wound of Morsiks hasn't healed as yet,
And the son of Abil- Ghassan is a dream gone by,
(A banner and no winner)
Has been distorted
Now no one is defeated except Arabs.
Enough, for I am angry, bear witness,
My heart is a fist of fire.
There is no Egypt in Egypt
And here I am
In my homeland,
From my homeland
Estranged.
I want a space as wide as visions
And a yell as big as this anger
Look at me you will see me as you want me:
The city of God
In a waste cosmos
Hung in the highest heaven.
The more I sing
The more I reap the veils.

The lightning of sadness shines in my eyes
And under my skin
I walk with the modesty of rivers.
And on my front is the pride of clouds
And from the burnt heart come the light
And from the neighing of the soul
Comes the pleasure.

□

Ahmed Bin Sooda

- Ahmed Bin Sooda (Morocco)
- Born in 1920 in Fez, Morocco
- He first went to a Quran school, then joined the Green School; finished his primary education and studied at Al- Qarawiyyeen University
- Following Independence he became Minister of Youth and Sports, then Governor of Rabbat Province, then Director of Radio and TV, then Ambassador to Lebanon (twice), then Director of the Royal Court, then Advisor to his Majesty, a position which he has held to date.
- As a student he founded "the Society of the Genius and Excellent"
- Participated in political work by joining the National Movement, then the Party of Consultation and Independence, then the National Union of People's Forces. He took part in several conferences in defense of Morocco's independence. He was jailed and exiled several times for his political struggle.
- He issued Al- Rai Al- Am newspaper in 1947
- Many of his poems were published in newspapers and magazines. Others are still unpublished.
- Address: Zaqat Mernisa, Al- Sueisi, Rabat, Morocco.

From: Whispered Prayers

To You Allah I come responsively
So bless me please; and answer my prayers.
I came to You crying and in bad need
I know You do not disappoint weepers.
When thirsty is my soul, it drinks from Thee
And when it is sick its cure does rest with Thee.
Nothing can pride me more than serving You
How happy I must be in serving You.
God, You're the One that has no match at all
Please give my heart some wisdom and meaning.

In your generosity you have given me
All blessings and compassion and mercy.
Please save my heart from all the sins I made
My soul grew sick of life, of old and new.
How can anyone be pleased when he sees
Jerusalem being disgraced and occupied?
A place that saw the nocturnal journey of the Prophet
And saw the revelation of wisdom
Where did Abraham go? He broke the idols
With his axe and he called for you.
Where is the one with whom You talked
The one who challenged magic with his wand?
Where is the Prophet and his army that
Conquered the countries in the cause of God?
Where are the swords of Justice of Khaled
And Ali when they repulsed aggressors?
And Hamza? Al- Miqdad? And others still
They sold their precious souls and lives to God
Where are Saladdin and his army gone?
Where are his heroes who took hostages?
Where's Ibn Tashfeen? And Tariq? And others
Who went to wars only to please You God.
I call but get no answer, all in vain,
No one seems to want to wage the war.
I beg no one but You Allah, in silence and aloud
To make Muslims victorious and help them
And make them love each other and be good,
And purge Jerusalem from aggressors
And make the banners of Justice fly high,
And save Jerusalem from the vicious
And please demolish their hiding places.

□

Ahmed Taymour

- Dr Ahmed Taymour Mahmoud Mohammed Asaad (Egypt)
- Born in 1948 in Cairo
- Graduated from the Faculty of Medicine, Cairo University in 1972 with Honors; obtained a Masters in physiology, a Masters in internal medicine, a Doctorate from Azhar University, and the Research Fellowship from Tufts University, USA
- Promoted as Azhar faculty member to the rank of Professor
- Participated in many poetic forums in several literary circles including the Modern Literature Association, and the Society of Fine Art Lovers, the Egyptian Cultural Office in Washington, and Georgetown university, USA
- Holy Quran Channel broadcast his poetry for more than 300 days on the prophet's and caliph's lives in "Inspirations from the Fragrant Life History of Prophet Mohammed," and "Genius Disciples in the School of the Prophet"
- Many of his poems were published in Arab newspapers and magazines
- Anthologies: Duality of Floating and Drowning (1990); Two on America,(1993); Sparrows in their Cairo Uniform,(1996); A Rhyme between Imri'l- Qias and Myself,(1997); A Little Love is Not Enough, (1998); A Whisper from behind the Bushes, (1998); A Woman of Porcelain and Myth, (1999);An Evening of Pure Poetry, (1999); Intimations of Letters F, (1999); A Bit of Love,(2000); Grass Blocking Palm- Trees,(2000);Jerusalem Sighs,(2000); Sorrow of Street- Trees, (2001).
- Verse drama: Good Volcanoes, 2001
- Author of more than 40 medical papers, published in specialized periodicals
- Address: 10 Sameer Sayed Ahmed Street, Manyal, Cairo.

My Name is a Berry Tree

In my right side
My wound receives..

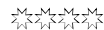
My spear,
With my right hand
I extract myself
Like a time that throws out
Dry flowers,
And parts of songs
About sheer love,
And wrecked wishes.
I contemplate myself
Like an old language
And try in vain
To spell myself.



I see myself
At the crossroads haunted by night
As a phosphoric pillar;
I go scattered
As door knobs and fence fragments,
And at a distance
The map of my sorrows looms ahead
Approaching slowly
Until I overlook from its tall mounds
My low valleys.
I stumble in the grass of a deserted plain
And the fragments of a broken spear
In its pulse.
It rolls beyond me,
And I follow,
Until I reach my heart.
I ask it about its features;
It does not recognize me.
I wander among the trees
And wonder
How graceful this beech tree is
How tall this willow is
And how long my hair was!



A berry tree obstructs my way
Complaining from a silk worm
Chewing the dot of the i.
I chide it;
It sticks around the y;
I hang to the m;
The w breaks loose as a butterfly;
But r
Is still burning as red flowers.



My voice comes to me
From under a pebble
Cracked with a moan.
I dust off its pitch
And gather in the china laryngeal pot
Some of its echoes.
My voice glitters like mercury.
I knot it like a tie
And keep on walking in my silent path
With its wand.
A family of cranes follows me
Along with a flock of squirrels
Looking for a shelter
Along with desert plants
And blond oysters
And faces like moons
My lines are plaited in the lock of a labyrinth
I slip on it,
Like a strong waterfall
Until I fall on my collar bone,
Get absorbed by my bruising experience.
In front of me
The mouth of the labyrinth opens
On the other surface of the earth,
Fatigue sweeps through me
I sit in my shade, busy

With the futility of the sun rays.
My back supports the horizon
I pick up the stars and cast them in boredom.
Various ideas form a circle round me
Along with naked peacocks.
Trembling in curiosity,
And tulips that make sounds like music,
And pansies that dance in couples,
And violets
And bustling singing;
I get overwhelmed
With a feeling of familiarity.
I leak from my tension
And flow
In all the cracks of land
Ceiled with sand
And with grass.

□

Ahmed Weld Abdul- Qadir

- Ahmed Weld Abdul- Qadir (Mauritania)
- Born in 1941 in Boutilmeet village
- Reared in the desert, went to Quran schools, and between the ages of 15 and 20, he studied Arabic language, and classical Arabic poetry. From 1961 to 1965, he studied at the Arab Islamic Institute in Abi- Tilmeet.
- Worked as a journalist, teacher, and researcher in Arabic Classical Studies, and now he is the Chairman of the Supreme Court, and an Advisor at the Presidential Court of Mauritania.
- Head of Knowledge Forum, previously the Secretary General of Mauritanian Men of Letters between the late 1970's and early 1980's.
- His anthologies include: Echoes of the Sand (1980), Changing Names (1980), and The Unknown Grave (1982).

Our Early Lovers

O valley of the lovers
Would you be our pasture land!
A lover remains a lover wherever they may be,
And you who are so far away,
Will you be satisfied with a rhyme,
That gives vent to our melancholies?!
To hell with poetry and the whole world
If we remain so distant from each other.
Take it easy, because a reunion will eventually take place,
And friends will meet once again.
To the tree boughs
Pigeons have come back with their singing,
And the trees dance in ecstasy.
Haven't you seen the seagulls hovering around
In our horizons drawing merry colors?!
So ask toasters if they have forgotten

Forlorn cups, after enjoying the drinks.
And ask your coming friends how they came,
And how they spent ages in abandonment.
The bonds of the earth are stronger in our souls,
And freemen sometimes forget the nature of freemen.

Our dear lovers, how happy is the day when you come back,
How happy it is to reunite,
And give vent to our hopes,
And enjoy the breeze of our togetherness.
We want our meeting to be a slap
On yesterday's face in a smiling tomorrow.
We want it a plant of glory that crowns the whole earth.
We do not want embellished charters
That live on papers soon to be forgotten,
Nor do we want temporary smiles
That cover our faces and fade as we go.
It is as if Tariq has asked us to act unkindly towards
Andalusia,
It is as if Oqba has never passed by our singing group.
We tell our sons how proud of our grandparents we are,
And we replace the thorns with basil in all our paths.
How can we benefit from the pride of our ancestors,
As long as we are scattered, and the prey of others.

Puzzled are the guides;
The desert is looking for the guiding star,
But cannot find it.
It only finds the breeze of Arabic that rescues us
Just as the light in the darkening dusk.
Winds have hymns but have no guide
They capture him who crosses the waves unaware
They cripple lightning, and leave the mist thirsty
If the sword of Abu- Bakr and Youssuf has not
Been spared we would have gone farther,
The flash of the stones asks us when has the torrent of tears become a

volcano.
How marvellous is the wound when
Abandoned by the bandage and casting fire on the unjust
Our dear friends,
Stay with us forever.
Why scatter when the goal is one
It's a secret that only God knows
I stand apart from my heart when I abandon you.
I try to find condolence and oblivion.
The heart rejects that we stay apart
Lovers are lovers wherever they go.

□

Ahmed Weld El- Qadi Weld Ahmedou Fal

- Ahmed Weld El- Qadi Weld Ahmedou Fal (Mauritania)
- Born in 1964 in Betelmeet, Tarareza Province
- Brought up by his grandfather, and studied Islamic canon law and language, and joined regular school only in 1977. He moved to Betelmeet to continue his preparatory education. He finished high school in 1983 and joined the High School of Teachers and Inspectors where he graduated in 1987. In 1991 he moved to Tunis to continue his education, and he is currently doing research work to obtain a high degree in genetics and biology
- Worked as a biology teacher, and in the period 1987- 1991 he was a high school teacher
- Address: Faculty of Science in Tunisia, University Complex at Manar, Tunis 1060. Gnetic Lab and Biology Statistics Po Box 5547 Nouakchott

Farewell from Longing Hearts

You passed away, preferred the Other World
And left us all in pain for you are gone.
You went to plants you grew, not answering
Calls of a lover, who saw the ordeal,
My agony's deep; I condole myself.
But all's in vain, for patience will run out.
You passed away, and all these verses smell
Of grief, of anguish, and unspeakable pain
You're gone and I can't take this anymore,
You left me here an orphan as you went.
You taught me why life means what it means
You gave me all your love and affection
I lived with you so happily and safe,
But when life ripens it takes what it gives
And after I was really close to you

My life has changed and my heart's now in pain.
I bid farewell to you from my poor heart
And from a soul perplexed and in distress.
A long history of ideals was your life;
Counted by days, it certainly was short,
But really long if we counted the deeds,
And the achievements you have made for us,
You gave us knowledge, wisdom, and you taught
Us how to give, be patient and modest.
You were like rain that saves life in the drought
And as a judge you seemed to know it all.
And like a mountain you were so steadfast.
You were the chief from whom we all have learnt.
So please my father do excuse me when
I fail to give you all the dues deserved
And O my Sheikh don't put the blame on me,
For having shown you little gratitude.
My shaken heart overflows with love for you
Despite its trauma that can crack the rocks.
Meanings of grief were just unknown to me
Until I lost you when you passed away.
They fill my heart and cannot be escaped.
But when in memory I recall your face
I do rejoice and know you live with me,
Judging among us with the pure teachings
Giving us love and mercy and pure charm.
I still remember him at prayer times,
And when he read Quran, addressing God.
I think about him deeply in my mind,
And love to mention him most of the time.
I do recall his ways when he complied
And when he had a thing to circumvent;
And when he mentions the Prophet Ahmed
Who lived among his folks so loved by them,
Worthy of every praise and all applaud.
I vow to you my Sheikh that we will go

Your way, and act like you with all wisdom.
So precious is the treasure you left us
God please bless all his sons and relatives
And please do give them all a thanking heart
And bless Safiya, mother of the boys,
And make it up for her with something good.

□

Ajwad Mijbil

- Ajwad Mijbil Meleefi (Iraq)
- Born in 1958 in Souq El- Shuyoukh
- Graduated from the Institute of Teachers
- Teacher at a school in Souq El- Shuyoukh
- Anthologies: Journey of the Sumerian Boy, 2000 Standing in an Acute Angle (unpublished)
- Won the second award of the National Young Poets Festival in 1992 and the First Award of the Young Poets Festival in 1993
- Address: Qadaa Souq El Shuyoukh, Dhi Qar, Iraq

A Swing for Absence

It is a fate in which opposites meet;
It is from death that birth and life begin;
It is a haughty question that defies,
A question where certitude is not that sure.
The moment of death all tales must take a rest
And Sheherazade will have to end her tale.
And Letters then become a final gasp
Of a homeless sparrow shared by all countries.
The moment of death the tune goes out
And bodies take recourse in their mud.
And seasons pass like a pale dream
When sleep surprises eyes.
Nothing remains but the poet's mouth
Singing his burning bleeding
When sounds come round in him.
And on the windows love is growing fast
For my rainbow and ashes are provoked.
You who are bathing in cosmic pain come close
For that time went away.

Approach like the feast bird
When feasts forget our faces.
When darkness comes, you will be the lips
That wake up dawn so harvest comes.
Have you been tied up by the gods of silence
Or has your song been weakened by the cuffs?
Or have you been worn out by distances and winds
Or have your sorrows gone beyond the space?
You who are chronically bored
In the estranged and lonely night
Sing us your painful tunes
For your songs are our restored age
It is poetry sung and fragmented,
And also sudden presence
And expressions of astonishment unforgotten
And journeys that know no time
And a risky departure in seas
whose insanity was never tried by Sindbad
It is poetry that is strong neighing
Even before horses knew neighing.

□

Al- Hadi Adam

- Al- Hadi Adam Al- Hadi
- Born in 1927 in Al- Helaleyya
- Received general education in Helaleyyah and Um Durman, then obtained a BA in Arabic and Islamic Studies from Dar El- Oloom Faculty, the Egyptian University, then a high diploma in education and psychology from Ain Shams University, Cairo
- Worked with the Ministry of Education, and was head of the Arabic Section, then a director of secondary schools
- Member of the International Authors Society in France
- Poetry anthologies: The Hut of Longing, Windows of Nothingness; and a social verse drama entitled Suad
- Obtained the Golden Merit for Science, Literature and Arts in the Sudan
- Address: Khartoum Bahri, Al- Mazad District, Sudan.

Hymns

As morning rises, and everything on earth
Is buried deep in slumber and in silence,
And when the light from darkness does come out
With bright and darkened faces it shows up,
And when the call does take away sleep's mask,
The nests of birds do stir, and then release
The birds that lay so still in the heart of the night
Only to enliven existence, and humility,
Before the Lord, whom all of us must thank.
Each flap of the wing is a gratitude,
A hymn to the Lord, a song that is a laud
A humble prayer to Almighty God.
See them when they are carried by the bough,
They come with flapping wings and off they go
Seeking their food, hungry, in the morning

Only to come back full when the sun sets
They never spare the food for any morrow
Nor do they lose their sleep, or ever care
in thinking about the things that happened
or those that could tomorrow be happening.
They care for nothing but the day they live
And all the rest for their all- caring Lord they leave.
With their behavior they inspire mankind
And with sure certitude they get their share
But we, using our minds, we feel concerned
Because they're guided once, many days astray
Please Lord, Let us not be the hostages of our minds
For they're conceited and our hearts go blind
And in their vanity they but fail to see,
So please do tell me, then, what use the eyes can be?

□

Al- Munsif Al- Mizghani

- Al- Munsif Bin Hussein Al- Mizghanni (Tunisia)
- Born in 1954 in Safaqis, Tunisia
- Graduate of Teachers Nomination School in 1974
- Worked as a primary teacher in the period 1974- 1982, then worked in the administration of the Ministry of Education in 1982- 1989, then in the Ministry of Information
- Held poetry and literary clubs in 1969- 1992, and held poetic evening forums in several Arab and European capitals; he also has varied cultural and journalistic activities
- Anthologies: Clusters of Empty Joy (1981), Lumps (1992), The Flying Horse and the Iron Bird (children's verse play), poetic epics such as Ayash (1982), Winds Arch (1989), Handhala Al- Ali
- Other works: A Play for Huge Dummies on the Life of Abu Zeid Al- Hilali (1980), Lyrics in Standard Arabic and in Tunisian Arabic (1970- 1992), Fairy Tales (1976- 1992). He also translated short stories, verses and plays from French into Arabic.
- Won the Safaqis Municipality Grand Award for his play The Flying Horse and the Iron Bird in 1991
- His work was reviewed and critiqued by Hassan Fat'helbab, Nouredddeen Al- Fallah, and Fouad Al- Varvouri
- Address: 38 Mukarrar Nahj Kolonia Apt# 8, Floor 3, Tunis Belvedere 1002, Tunisia

The Duck's Words

(1)

The poet's mother said:
"Son,
God damn poverty!
I have no banknotes

To buy ink,
And your father
Left us nothing
But the feather
Of a wild duck"

(2)

With the feather the poet wrote
The most precious poetry;
And the mother registers this boiling
With the ink of the people's memory
Until it banged in the ears of the Palace.
The ruler issued this order:
"We have decided
To execute poverty
And we have decided
To offer the poet
Gold pens
And silver inkpots
And rose notebooks
And finally
A banknote bundle".

(3)

The poet became an organ
in the body of the palace
His party was held to honor him
After the publication of his poems.
Respected critics were pulling their glasses
Praising his prophetic vision,
All focused until
A woman
From the very back of the hall
Stood up,
And all ears gathered round her lips,
And silence listened to the breaths of
The present,
But was only interrupted

When the poet whispered to the MC:
"Please put the mike close to her lips..
"I know this woman
"(I know the woman's face from her eyes)
"For a time, but oblivion is mute hallucination"
The standing woman's lips were bare of joy
Before the mike she cried:

(4)

"I am the poet's mother
And the poet is pasted,
He died under the teeth of authority
What a fall!
God damn prostitution!
With the feather of the duck
He wrote golden verses,
But with the gold pen
He only wrote
The words of a duck."

□

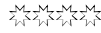
Al- Zubeir Dardoukh

- Al- Zubeir Abdul- Hameed Dardoukh (Algeria).
- Born in 1965 in Batna, Uras, Algeria.
- Learnt the Quran by heart as a child; received primary, prep, and secondary education in his hometown; joined the Faculty of Arts, Algeria University, and he graduated in 1991. He is currently studying for his MA Thesis in Arabic Literature.
- Working as a teacher.
- Member of the Arab Writers Union, and the Algerian Writers Union.
- Won several awards including Mohamed Iqbal Award in 1991, the Award of The Arts Institute in 1993, al- Shorouq Award in 1994, the Middle East TV Award in 1995, The Ministry of Culture Award in 1998, Ministry of Tourism Award in 2000, Al- Jahezia Competition in 2001, Mohamed Al- Durra Competition by the
- Foundation of Abdul Aziz Saud Al Babbain Prize for Poetic Creativity in 2001.
- Address: District 600, Apartment Building F, Entrance #2, 12, Al-Hammamat, Algiers, Baynam 16060, Algeria.

She... and Sindbad

Sailing in his sea of worries as Sindbad,
The Sea slipped away but always came back,
A king who wasted his country,
Thus planting cares deep in his soul.
How can he lure all seas? And seas
Have drowned everyone years back.
She is better than roses in fragrance
And more affectionate in heart
If she beckons with one look of the eye
All, in processions or individuals, will come by.
So, hurry up and beat your orphan dream,

Holding your bleeding heart as ink.
And ride on neighing letters
As the neighing letters have higher aims.



Lost in its seas, a Sindbad
O, What a dispersion to gather the distances.
O, exiled heart and yearning
That scatters the livers to fragments
If wishes could be truths
For him to see and believe,
If steps could be wings
For him to reach her sky,
Or come so near, he may oppose
Himself, mindless who may oppose.



Drowned in her seas, a Sindbad
Illusion swallowed his whole lifetime
Bridled the heart with wishes, not knowing
Whether they're ships or horses
A lighthouse sent a beam, he was ablaze,
And passions pushed the steps ahead
Lovers distance became so close,
The sea became an extension



He described her in many poems
That were not sung to any other.
He described her as "my queen"
And she was filled with vanity
She hoped for more than he could give,
He gave; she wanted more ...and more he gave.



He gave her his lifetime when she wanted
Had she wanted more he would have given.
Age crept on him, as he went on,
Leaving old brands as ashes,

And on the ways he left his moans,
On the horizon, a tear and mourning.
The store of patience he wished to keep
Alive ... was now about to end.
The temple, he lived his life to build,
Collapsed and silenced the worshippers.

□

Ali Abdel- Shafee' Al- Kharm

- Ali Abdel- Shafee' Al- Kharm (Libya).
- Born in 1948 in Derna, Libya.
- Special degree In Teaching Arabic and Islamic Studies, 1974.
- Administrative employee in health departments, then teacher since 1969.
- Secretary General of the Derna and Green Mount Writers' Association; manager of the theatrical group Al- Motahedeen, and a participant in establishing a local branch of the Veteran Combatants' Society.
- Prominent participant in the literary and art festivals and seminars and in establishing acting, music, dancing and singing groups.
- Writes plays, folk lyrics and literary essays in addition to classical poetry.
- Published some of his poetry since the late sixties in different magazines and newspapers in Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Mauritania, Syria, Lebanon and Yemen.
- Verse collections: Basket of Tunes, 1973; Waiting for Man, 1976; Hunger in Harvest Seasons, 1984; (verse plays:) Price of Freedom (et alia), 1967; The Call of Quds, 1984.
- His work was reviewed by Najm Ed- Deen Al- Keeb, Abdel- Salam Sheloof, Mohammed Al- Ghazali, Fawzi Al- Bshti, Abdel- Rasoul Al- Arabi, among others.
- Address: Belal St, Gebeila, Derna, Libya.

[Extract from the poem:]

Mariam's Manifestations

I smell the scent of a woman from any distance.
This protracted longing
infiltrates into the memory of the moments
pregnant with promise
in the wound of time
in the revealing roses.

How cruel it is
to suffer the pangs of cold
while there is
that mouth,
that breast.



For the before and the after to come together
that is the best that could happen in a moment of love.
Sweetest of all women, you live in me
since the genesis of things.
I keep searching in the faces of women
for your face.
I carry my soul an offering in your temple
from the cradle to the grave,
sweetest woman carrying the aroma of the homeland.
You're planted in my time.
You spell me out
with the alphabet of your feminine details,
tender threads of a language entangling my heart.
My heart's wings flutter and fly into joy,
play, frown, laugh, dream.
My heart dreams that you, that I, that you
will definitely sing.
I will sing
after centuries of death, humiliation.
I will get up from my grave
shake off my shrouds,
sweetest woman.
Dream carried me on waves of longing,
flew high
flew high
touching the terraces of the sun
drowned with shells in the depths.
But here's the shadow of the sun.
You are the shadow of the soul.
I am the shadow of a lover.

Your words, Mariam, are embraces
teeming with longing.
My heart is feverish with longing to you.
Who said we were two?
Mariam, passion in my soul,
passion setting me on fire,
you are the whole world to me.
Mariam, my homeland, my homeland.

□

Ali Jaafer Al- Allaq

- Ali Jaafer Al- Allaq (Iraq).
- Born in 19453 in Waset Governorate, south of Iraq.
- Graduated from Mostanseriya University, 1973, Iraq; obtained a PhD from Exeter University, 1983, Britain.
- Manager of the Folk Theatres and Arts 1976- 78; editor in chief of the Foreign Culture magazine 1979; editor in chief of the Aqlam magazine 1984- 1990; university professor 1985- 1991; professor of modern literature at Sanaa University then professor of modern criticism at the university of the United Arab Emirates.
- Member of the Iraqi Writers' Association, the Press Syndicate, Association of Critics, and the General Organization of the Merbid Poetry Festival.
- Participated in several literary conferences and festivals inside and outside Iraq.
- Verse collections: Nothing Happens, Nobody Comes, 1973; Home for Water Birds, 1975; Family Tree, 1979; Fruit of the Past, 1997; Adam's Days, 1993; the Complete Works, 1998; Lost Kingdoms, 1999.
- Prose: Kingdom of Gipsies; Al- Sharif Al- Radhi (et alia); New Blood Poems; Modernism in Poetry; Poetry and Reception, 1997; Transformation in Arabic Poetry, 2001.
- Address: Arab Emirates University, PO Box 17771, Al- Ein, the UAE.

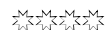
Ashes of Chants

Fatima,
the flower in the ashes of the singer,
the sun rising among the clouds of his lyrics,
a lost body,
in the ashes of the chants,
burning in its grass.

~~~~~

My body abstains from its fierceness,  
tribes of my body fasting.  
Fatima,  
for twenty centuries, I have been on her track.  
With a green heart  
and burning lips,  
I am dispersed with the wind,  
nothing but echo and the tears  
of my hands.

Will my fancy bring her back from my fancy?  
Will the wind bring her back from the wind?  
Smoke of my poems is turning green.  
The poets come back from their poetry  
extinguished.  
Wine or longing?  
Ashes of my songs  
and raging fire in her gardens.  
When will Fatima look at their despair?



The dream starts again with a din.  
The poems turn into dust.  
A herd sighs with despair.  
Where are our chants?  
Rude silver  
and stone birds.  
The dream starts again.  
Poets, clean like grass,  
rush into the night:  
here we are,  
your desperate lovers.  
Look at our despair.  
Stir the sand of our bells.  
We are your desperate lovers.  
Kindle

the light of our fading fire.  
And she looks,  
looks at us  
and in the wind again  
is diffused  
F  
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i  
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a

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### ***Ali Kharmi***

- Ali Ibn Mohammed Hadi Kharmi (Saudi Arabia)
- Born in 1964 in Jizan, Saudi Arabia.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Arabic Language, Imam Mohammed Ibn Saud University, 1409H.
- Teaches at the Scientific Institute at Samtah.
- Address: The Scientific Institute at Samtah, Jizan, Saudi Arabia.

### **Illusions of a Bachelor**

He keeps listening to visions in his heart  
ignoring friends and company.  
Thoughts travel the horizons  
and come back with lovesickness.  
He stays up nights,  
patient with no avail.  
He builds worlds of his feelings  
like castles on the sand.  
He turns the sighs in his hands  
dead corpses.  
He infuses passion in his tunes,  
pallid, fading, waning.  
He points and shoots his gun  
wide amiss.  
He grinds the machine of his mind,  
drove off thoughts going astray.  
He stays every night with friends  
just hanging around.  
He gets this pleasure  
tasteless like cold coffee.

His folks tried to salvage him  
from the depths of his illusions.  
Grandma sang the praises  
of a young beauty in the neighbourhood.  
What charm, what virtues,  
none comparable to her.  
He appalled her with  
“banal idea”.  
None of all the girls  
could lure me  
from my steadfast  
bachelorhood.  
I live like a free bird.  
Why should I bear  
the stings of a criticising wife?  
I stay out for a night,  
she turns into flaming coals.  
I look at a picture,  
she prods me with censoring eyes.  
“Where’s the child’s milk?  
Naturally you forgot like always.”  
“Why don’t you buy me this set  
to brag in front of the neighbour?”  
She would have me believe she is my catch  
while I am the miserable prey.  
Grandma what business have I got to do with them?  
Cut out this silly talk.  
Poor grandma can’t understand this creed.  
She didn’t pour over books of philosophy,  
neither did she train in the art of dialectics.

\*\*\*\*\*

□

### ***Amina Mohammed Marini Idreesi***

- Amina Mohamed Marini Idreesi (Morocco)
- Born in 1955 in Fez, Morocco
- Studied in Fez, and graduated from the Special Programme in Rabat
- Teaches Arabic Literature in Fez
- Member of the World Islamic Literature Association, and of the Woman's Society for Creative Writing
- Her poems were published in many Moroccan and Arab magazines such as, Al- Alam, Al- Raya, Da'wat Al Haq, Al- Manahel, Al- Muntada, Manar ul- Islam
- Took part in many poetry forums at home and abroad
- Won the fourth Award in the Poetry competition during the inauguration of Al- Hassan II Mosque, and the first award in Fez in 1998
- Her works were critiqued by Elal Sinasser in Al- Manahel magazine, the poet Abdul- Rahman Al- Atawi, and she had interviews in radio programs and in newspapers.
- Address: 3 Ibn Al- Khateeb Street, Ain Al- Shoqaf Road, Fez, Morocco.

### **City of Fez in Spring**

Do flowers dance in heavenly places  
Or is it magic spread by the magician's spell?  
Or is it March that has visited the parks  
To fill them with good wishes and good tidings?  
Laughing and granting Fez the loveliest dress  
Of lapels of flowers and golden crowns in emerald plates,  
Too beautiful to be perceived by the eye,  
He sets his flags in the peaks  
Soft retinues in golden crowns  
Salute Fez as spring is its bride  
Pulling its trails in bright places  
And pours light in the meadow's roses

And fills flasks with bright glare  
Touches the flowers core and kisses  
Mouths melt down from eagerness  
Beautiful virgins whose shyness  
Appears on the cheeks as fire- brands.  
And yellow suffering from jealousy  
Wavering its brightness in impassive eyes  
Or so white in branches that  
You might imagine them blonds in Caesar's seats.  
The breeze of meadows blasts it  
Conveying the emotions of bird and heath  
And the pigeon sings for her  
And the brooklets echo its sounds  
Golden mirrors are around it  
Bowers fill it with charming braids  
With their loose transparent clothes  
As brides in sweet- smelling robes  
And they lean their soft slim body  
To sing with reed pipes and lyres  
And hit with stalks of what adulthood  
Carries with March heralds to the valley of jewels  
Pleasant procession of light and ecstasy  
That unleashes my melodies and inspires me  
I see myself in an ascetic heart  
Exalted between glamour and bloom



As if I am a dreaming ray, a butterfly,  
A scent that flows from the lips of flowers,  
Or like a singing nightingale, that hovers high  
And dreams in the blossoming vineyards  
In a world that is pure and sinless  
Free from tyrants or aggressors  
So hail to you Fez, in spring visited  
By my tender youth, in days of bliss  
Around me are good people and neighbours,  
Generous all the time, and sincere at heart.

Those evenings renovate my feelings  
And pour the poetry in my blood and heart.  
Never thought I my poetry was the breeze  
That comes as gifts from the banks of jewels.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### *Aref Al- Saedi*

- Aref Humood Salem (Iraq)
- Born in 1975 in Baghdad
- Student at the Faculty of Education, Arabic Department
- Head of the Young Poets Association in Baghdad, and member of the Central Association of Young Poets in Iraq, and the General Union of Writers and Men of Letters in Iraq
- Took part in several poetic activities
- Anthologies: A Colorless Trip (1999)
- Address: Arabic Department, Faculty of Education, Al- Mustansereyya University, Iraq

### **Here I come**

Here I come even though the years  
Are wrapped up in slumber,  
Even though I stumble  
All the way through.  
Here I come  
With the dawn rising in my eyes,  
With words on my lips  
That knit up rivers and trees.  
Here I come to collect the sun eyes,  
After it threw them,  
Turning its cheek in vanity.  
Here I come to plant eyes in its breath  
So they know sun of the hungry can see.  
I had a homeland whose front I wetted  
With impossibilities, to invoke the dawn.  
I believed in the sea as it fell asleep  
And woke up with the rain showering its eyes.  
I believed in the lofty tanned cities

As villages blossomed  
From underneath their feet.  
I believed in the homeland  
Slain on my mouth;  
I believed and believed  
Till they said  
I was a disbeliever.  
After the cascade withered in my moon  
With a whispering sound of eclipse  
Which began to spread so wide,  
After the night began to creep,  
Hungry and naked,  
I threw off my overly proud injury,  
And windows that have slept for ages woke up.  
It's I who woke their fire up  
by spilling a moon  
Over their fences.  
It's I who is the dream  
So long postponed,  
And so impossible,  
Grown bigger on our shoulders.  
Our names are like the nude;  
So who will cover them  
With a singer's voice  
When the young lad  
Becomes a stone?  
Fayrouz is his first sadness,  
Known by heart to the moaning flute  
And to the travel;  
Fayrouz is the wine  
That has colored anguish  
And whenever he smells  
The wine of Sadness  
He becomes drunk.  
It's I who hid his wishes under the dust  
Layer beneath layer

Laden for ages with the bare- feet Arabs  
Laden with blood and mud and poverty  
I pass on, and the desert gets burnt in my travel,  
But with my stick, I severed the clouds  
All alone; and the sea drinks us  
Until we drew  
The islands on its shoulders  
My sadness is as big as waiting  
For the palm trees in my homeland,  
But the more I am harmed  
The more persistent I am.  
Loving you, my homeland, is my fate,  
Written and spread on the mirrors of my soul,  
So here I come  
Carrying my years scattered,  
Twenty and two;  
So please grant me a life.

\*\*\*\*\*

□

### ***Ashjan Al- Hindi***

- Ashjan Mohamed Hussein Al- Hindi (Kingdom of Saudi Arabia)
- Born in 1968 in Jeddah
- BA in Arabic Language and Literature from the Faculty of Arts, King Abdul- Aziz University, Jeddah, and MA from King Saud University in Riyadh, 1994.
- Lecturer at the Arabic Department, King Abdul- Aziz University, Jeddah.
- Her works: Using Arab Heritage in Saudi Contemporary Poetry (MA thesis).
- Address: PO Box 19421, Jeddah 21435, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

### **From: The Class**

Two eyes bare from the flames of cities and the road/  
The child draws at footsteps two eyes in two bare and trembling feet  
O mates of my class which grows over my body  
The ink is my blood  
The letters are my liver.  
Who put the history in my notebook?  
And wrote on the desks with colors:  
I had a class which got tighter when I got wider,  
And I never could go tighter;  
Illusion is the earth  
which becomes bamboo forests  
when, over her breasts,  
a child gets hungry.  
Like worms, rotten history  
is creeping along.  
O class head,  
What is the air like

when the windows are broken?  
A child broken in our eyes  
And grew on our backs  
like an eye surrounding us  
like dreams of adults...

□

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### ***Atef Yaghi***

- Atef Farhan Yaghi (Lebanon)
- Born in 1934 in Baalbak
- Finished preparatory education, and resumed high school 6 years later; joined the university, and obtained a BA in Arabic from the Faculty of Art in Beirut in 1968
- Teacher in 1955; promoted to teach in the secondary stage in 1970
- Member of the Lebanese Writers Union and the Curriculum Updating Committee in Lebanon
- One of the founders of the Thursday Forum, and the Literature Oasis in Beqaa. He hosted young poets in his house in Baalbak.
- Took part in several poetry forums in Lebanon
- Poetry anthologies: Messages to Fire (1970), Love and the Night (1979), Pain and Hope (1994), Echo of the Night (1996).
- Made a study in rhetoric, and he is the host of TV programmes on language
- Address: Lebanon, Baalbak, Raas Al- Ain Hills.

### **The Bird and I**

The thirsty bird passes by  
And makes me thirsty too.  
For my jar is empty now,  
How can I quench his thirst?  
From my water he used to drink  
Even when he had no thirst.  
By giving him the drink  
I quenched my fiery anger  
So in relaxation  
He does spread his wings  
And in my bosom  
Spreads pure love

Up in the air it rises  
No hunger, no thirst  
But singing,  
With most marvellous tunes  
Our springs have dried up  
And the springs of love  
Have Something now  
For which I know no name  
You mentioned a willow,  
A nightingale and a robin  
That softly spoke to you,  
And as you move  
From bough to bough  
And land on earth  
In safety and pride  
Around you is the grass  
Wet with dew  
And around you  
The curved beauties.  
O bird my longing you used to share  
And in my heart you grew a glare  
And you improvised your thanks for me  
With sweetest tunes  
In my sadness you comfort me  
Driving away my agony  
And black melancholy.  
You were my best friend,  
And to you I gave secrets  
Which I kept within me.  
You listened carefully  
And reacted beautifully  
With tunes comforting my ear,  
Tunes I wanted to hear.  
In times of sadness you were my host  
You took it away and washed me clean  
Your lovely feathers do give colors

The brightest meaning  
You used to give me  
Generously  
Here I vow to feed you  
Whenever you want food  
Here I vow that if one day  
You come back thirsty,  
Of water I deprive myself,  
To give to you

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Bint- al- Aqsa***

- Fowzia Haram Daifallah (Algeria)
- Born in 1970 in Harash, Algeria
- University student in the High National Institute of Principles of Religion, Algeria University, Al- Kharouba Branch.
- Housewife
- Address: District 20 Aout, 1955, Building H3 No. 125 Manayel Tower 35200, Boumirdas Province, Algeria.

### **Moans and Sighs**

My heart, please take it easy and slow down!  
My tears are rolling down: I am worn out.  
My heart! If what you're suffering from is merely love  
Then please give in, and never mind the blame.  
O please my saddened heart let go of tears,  
Put out the fire that rages deep in me  
And do not listen to those who will blame you  
Let go of moans until bad times are gone  
And do not think I have forgotten love,  
For ages failed to wipe it from my heart.

My heart! Come heal your wounds and do write down  
With blood the story of your love, so only then  
My ache and sadness will withdraw for life.  
My dream is but a revolution wild,  
That faces storms but does not bend an inch.  
My heart, this is the fire of my deep longing  
And Qais's love for Laila is not my dream,  
Although it was so strong it subjugated stars.

Let winds blow strong in still and tranquil night.  
And give life back to my poor broken heart.  
My days and nights are sad and filled with care  
Suffering in love, and sadness and fatigue.  
If I decide one day that I'd repent my pains  
I long for them and tears pour from my eyes.  
If Jobb had known how sick my heart would be  
His suffering and pains would have been less,  
If you ask Time who my grandparents are  
He would tell you that I'm the child of Pain.

What pains me most is glory that's gone by.  
Where has our great civilization gone?  
Where are the minarets? Have they all been done?  
Where are the vanguards, where are the Arabs now?  
My heart, if I shed tears it is for you to know  
That in the depth of me I am aflame.  
When pains revolt in all my being I pray  
To God, then Universe becomes all mine.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Buland Al- Haydari***

- Buland Akram Al- Haydari
- Born in 1926 in Baghdad to a Kurdish family
- Never finished high school, self- educated
- Worked as Assistant to the General Director of the Exhibitions Department in Baghdad; Arabic teacher in Lebanon; editor- in- chief of the Science Magazine in Lebanon, and Directing Editor of Arab Horizons magazines. He left Iraq for London where he was the Director of a "Pamicab" that issued Arab Arts magazine till 1982.
- Writes in London- based Arab newspapers and magazines
- Anthologies: Pulse of the Mud (1946), Songs of the Dead City (1952), Other Poems (1957), You Came with the Dawn (1961), Paces in Foreign Lands (1965), Journey of the Yellow Letters (1968), Songs of the Tired Guard (1977), Dialogue in Three Dimensions (1972), The Complete Works (1975), To Beirut with my Love (1985), Doors to the Narrow House (1990)
- Author of: A Time for all Times (Studies in plastic arts), Light Points: approaches to Iraqi modern poetry
- Won the Lebanese writers union award in 1973. two of his anthologies were translated into English, and many of his poems were translated into several languages.
- Died in 1998.

### **From: The Ten IDs**

I went that night  
And in my pocket I had ten IDs  
That would allow me to go out tonight.  
My name is Buland Bin Akram;  
I killed nobody;  
I robbed nobody;  
And in my pockets I have ten IDs

That testify for me;  
So why wouldn't I go out tonight?  
The sea did not have beaches  
And darkness was larger than any man's eyes,  
And deeper than any man's eyes.  
The sidewalk was empty  
Except for the noise of my shoes.  
Tuck, tuck, tuck.  
I gather my shadow in a lamp sometimes  
And distribute it sometimes.  
I laughed because I knew I had no shade,  
That I could throw it behind,  
And drown it in a muddy pond,  
And crush it under my shoes,  
And choke it under my cloak,  
Tuck, tuck, tuck.  
And the shade was ..  
Behind me, behind me, behind me.  
How big is the shade of a man  
Who is carrying ten IDs  
In a time, in a country that  
Does not have any identity!  
I sang, whistled, yelled, laughed, laughed  
Laughed,  
I felt I owned the whole sea and the whole night  
And all the black sidewalks,  
And that I forced them now to listen to me  
And be the echo of my call,  
And be part of the noise of my shoes,  
Tuck, tuck, tuck.  
I thrust my hand in my pocket  
My ten IDs are still there.  
This is my face, this is my figure,  
This is the stamp of the police director in my town,  
This is the signature of the Minister of Justice,  
With a mark that slit my mouth

And threw off one of my teeth  
Scratched part of my address.  
I started to worry about myself,  
So I swallowed my tongue.  
And I have seven other IDs.  
I swear, that if a mountain saw them,  
It would bend and say  
This is the best  
Of my poetry, my literature, my art.  
And because I carry ten IDs in my pocket  
I sang, whistled, yelled, laughed, laughed,  
Laughed,  
How big is the shade of a man who carries ten IDs  
In the darkness of the night,  
Ten IDs in a time, in a country  
That does not have any identity.  
On the second day  
There were two policemen  
Standing at my door  
They asked me who I was  
And I said,  
Buland Bin Akram  
I come from a well- known family;  
I killed nobody;  
I robbed nobody;  
And in my pockets I have ten IDs  
That testify for me, and that I...  
So why?  
They laughed at me,  
And all my ten IDs.  
I saw a hand that flashed in my face,  
Falling between disappointment and cowardice.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Edmund Shehada***

- Edmund Ilias Shehada (Palestine)
- Born in 1933 in Haifa
- After finishing high school, he joined some private institutes
- Owner of a bookshop in Nazareth
- Founding member and member of the executive committee of the Palestinian Arab Writers Union
- Took part in different cultural and literary activities. His writings were published in local, Arab and European magazines and newspapers.
- Poetry anthologies include: The Merger of Faces and Meanings (1973), When All Left but You (1975), Overlapping Voices (1981), A Moon Overlooking my City (1985), The Neigh of Rain (1989), Going out from the Mirrors of Love and Travel (1996), Time is No Longer a Guard (2000).
- Other creative writings include: The Road to Beer Zeit, a novel (1988); plays including: The Glass Tower (1974), The Balloon Fence (1975), Silence and the Sand (1978), The Saint Woman (1980), A House in the Storm (1982), Leaving the Red Light Circle (1986), The Chestnut Flower (1990), The Strange Visitor (2000).
- Won the First Award for Dramatic Production in Haifa in 1977, The Award of Devotion to Arabic Literature from the Ministry of Culture and Education in 1988, the shield of national poetry house of Culture in 1992.
- His works were critiqued by Farouq Mawasni, Habeeb Boulos, 1989, Nabeeh Al- Qassim, 1991 and others.
- Address: 107, Private House, Nazareth 16000, Palestine.

### **Remains of men**

(Dedicated to the soul of the fighting poet:  
Abdul- Kareem Al- Karmi, Abu Salma)

Ask the poems in the burning revolutions  
And in seasons where there is no play;

And ask the rhyme- heroes, they would say  
If any of them has passed away,  
With words they said and all they had to say.  
Remains of all the heroes shall forever stay,  
To tell us about the sacrifices made,  
By heroes that are so long gone by,  
In heated battles where martyrs did die.  
And since we lost our land, our dear homeland,  
And sine we were slain by the evil sword  
We have been homeless, living in exiles  
As if we descended from nowhere  
My tears have dried up, my throat is choked,  
And in the sky the clouds are wearing black.  
The winds of death have blown, the anger has cooled down  
Abdul- Kareem in his estrangement died,  
His olive tree was also crucified  
And when you passed, the pain ne'r left the heart,  
We are a people that does keep the word  
Not weak, not lax, no matter how the times may change.  
Abdul- Kareem, cheer up, we're on the way  
That you have paved,  
And with the anger of the flames, you'll spray  
Our angry words, for moans of suffering are no use today.

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Edoum Weld Boulmsak (Mauritania)***

- Born in 1971 in Attar
- Studied in Quran Schools, obtained his high school certificate, and is currently studying Arabic at the Faculty of Arts, Nouakchott University
- Teacher in tertiary education
- Read classical and modern poetry
- Address: Edoum Weld Boulmsak, Nouakchott, Mauritania.

### **The Statue of Stones**

O Heaven  
Hug the earth,  
Pour your rain  
Over our dunes  
For they're thirsty.  
Narrow are their gloomy horizons  
as winter rain comes along.  
The rash blowing winds are severe  
When they wrap them in Ramada year,  
And they cry, for Al- Farouq is many a year  
Away from here.  
Jerusalem, thirsty for our blood,  
Is the nucleus of the desert.  
Towards you Rome we turned our face  
Until our humped backs are totally yours.  
The calls and anthems we have heard  
By the rebels;  
We also heard the sacred temple  
In whose shades the poets muse.  
Birds with tunes do herald  
The coming dawn and an Arab uprising,

Shaded is our sky  
By an Arab red banner  
Soaring high  
Rebels' cheers are heard around  
They say the martyrs will return  
To life,  
Along will come from everywhere  
The refugees with bright lit candles in their hands  
Here we are in Noah's Arc  
Gathered in will and pride.  
Hebron is still the game  
Of savage barbarians,  
What a cloudy day that brought  
To us the plague!  
But it will surely go away  
When Arabs keep away  
From their disunities  
And build their glory.

I no longer speak with guns  
For Palestine is a stone of fire  
In my being,  
A statue made of fire, beckoning to us.



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### ***Ezz- Eddeen Maihoubi***

- Ezz- Edeen Jamal- Eddeen Maihoubi (Algeria).
- Born in 1959 in Ein Al- Khadra, Messilah, Algeria.
- Graduated from the Faculty Beaux Arts and Literature, and the National College of Administration in 1984.
- Practised journalism since 1986; was the editor in chief of the People newspaper until 1992, then set up a Media establishment in addition to managing media and specialised programmes in the Algerian Television.
- Member of the parliament in 1985 as a representative of the Democratic National Party; was elected head of the Algerian Writers' Association 1998.
- Verse collections: In the Beginning was Oras, 1985; Damnation and Forgiveness, 1996; A Palm Tree and a Row, 1996; Khairiya, 1996; Something like Poetry, 1997; Quartets, 1998. The Sun and the Hangman, 1998.
- Prose: operettas and plays such as: Stephis; Massenia, Zabana, the Martyr Said; Dangling.
- Participated in a number of literary seminars and conferences in several capitals such as: Riyadh, Cairo, Tripoli, Baghdad, Tehran, Kuwait, Rabat, Beirut, Damascus, and Rome.
- Won the National Award for Poetry, 1982, 1961; the First Award for operettas, 1987, and the First Award for best drama text, 1989.
- Address: 750 Hassan Belkherd District, Building 10, No. 101, Satif, Algeria.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **Elegy of My Luck**

I just can't  
extend my hand to a hand I shook in the morning  
which in the evening tried to slay me.  
I just can't

see the face of the mother that taught me the alphabet  
and in patience suckled me  
and then when I called her in my weakness  
denied me.



I just can't  
give people shadow and dreams  
songs of passion.  
Sweet birds  
give my heart threads of vision  
and spread your fragrance  
in the moments.  
Give me  
rain or storm.  
or bleeding roses.  
Life fades away  
and I stay  
like a palm tree  
always upright.  
Give me  
a moment of the warmth of your eyes  
so I can live two moments.  
Draw me a moon  
dripping light and silver.  
Give me  
a home or a lily,  
a shroud or the gallows.  
Give me anything.  
All I have  
is the joy  
these evenings carry to me.



### ***Fadwa Touqan***

- Fadwa Abdel- Fattah Agha Touqan (Palestine).
- Born in 1917 in Palestine; now she is A Jordanian National.
- Went to primary school in Nablus; after that she educated herself and attended a number of courses in the English language and literature.
- A member of the Trustees Board of the Najah University, Nablus.
- Attended several Arab and foreign conferences.
- Verse volumes: Alone with Days, 1952; Eureka, 1957, Give us Love, 1960, Before the Closed Door, 1967, Night & cavaliers, 1969; Alone on the Top of the World, 1973; July and the Other Thing, 1989.
- Prose: Difficult Journey, Mountainous Journey (memoir).
- Awards: Jordanian Writers' Association 1983; Silver Olive (Italy); Shield of Poetry Pioneers (Jordan); Sultan Al- Uweis Award 1987; Salerno Verse Award (Italy); the Palestinian Medal; Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babbain Poetry Award 1994.
- Nine academic studies dealt with her work in a number of Arab and foreign universities, in addition to different newspaper articles including critiques by Ibrahim Al- Alam, Khaleel Abu Isba, Bent Al- Shati, Rawheya Al- Qelini and Hani Abu Ghadeeb.
- Died in 2003.

### **Pictures of the Israeli Occupation**

Sighs at the passes window, Allenby Bridge  
Standing at the bridge begging the right of passage,  
Ah, begging.  
Suffocated, panting in the blazing afternoon,  
Seven hours of waiting.

Who clipped the wings of time?  
Who crippled the feet of noon?

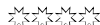
Heat whips my forehead.  
Sweat of salt dripping on my eyelids,  
Ah, thousands of eyes  
Hanging eagerly like mirrors of pain  
On the passes window,  
Waiting, forbearing.

Ah, begging the right of passage.  
A voice of a hybrid soldier resounds,  
A slap on the face of the crowd,  
“Arabs, chaos, dogs!”  
Back up! Off the fence! Shoo, shoo, dogs!”  
A hand slaps the passes window,  
Blocking the way for the crowd.

Ah, dehumanized, I bleed.  
My heart drips agony.  
Venom and fire rage in my heart.  
“Arabs, chaos, dogs,”  
Ah, O Mo’tassem, Great Caliph, where art thou?  
Vengeance of the tribe.  
I have nothing but waiting.

Who clipped the wings of time?  
Who crippled the feet of noon?

Heat whips my forehead.  
Sweat of salt dripping on my eyelids. Ah, my wound  
Is rubbed on the dust by the killers.



Oh, could only those who love us see us?  
Save us?  
Ah, humiliation of captivity!  
Myrrh of lethal taste, that is what I have become,  
Horrendous hatred rooted in my heart.  
Petrified, sulphured, my heart gushes fire.

A thousand hearts stewed in hatred infiltrate under my skin,  
My hatred hungering to feed on their decaying hearts.  
Oh, they killed love in the depths of my heart,  
Turned my blood into tar.

□

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### ***Farouq Jweidah***

- Farouq Mohammed Jweidah (Egypt).
- Born in 1945 in Kafr El- Sheik, Egypt.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Arts, Department of Journalism, 1968.
- Worked in the economic section of Al- Ahram newspaper, now heads the Cultural Section.
- Member of the Press Syndicate, the Writers' Association, and Writers and Composers Society.
- Wrote verse dramas, which participated in many international festivals, representing Egypt in many such event around the world.
- Verse collections: Leaves of the October Garden, 1974; Don't Leave, My Love, 1975; Love Survives, 1977; Longings Come Back, 1978; My address is Your Eyes, 1979; You Are Always in my Heart, 1981 Because I Love You, 1982. Something Will Stay Between Us, 1983; My Heart Let me Forget, 1985; We Won't Sell Our Life, 1988; Years of Oppression Taught Me, 1990; Once We Had Homelands, 1991; (three verse dramas:) The Lover Minister, 1981; Blood on the Kaaba Curtains, 1987; The Khedive, 1994.
- His work was reviewed by: Mohammed Enani, Rajaa El- Naqqash, Youssef Kholeif, Salah Fadl, Shawqi Deif, Anees Mansour, Nehad Seleha, Abdel- Aziz Hammouda, Samir Sarhan, Khaled Mohammed Khaled. A dissertation on his works is being prepared at Al- Azhar University, Assiut.
- Address: 7 Nobar St, Bab El- Louq, Cairo.

### **Star Looking for an Orbit**

A beautiful face  
flashed for a second  
then went away.  
I see it as grass  
travelling in the forehead of earth  
proud green.

They pass by;  
it fades away.  
How I lived chasing it  
despite storms, and arid lands.  
Isn't it time  
the travelling dream  
stopped spinning?

Modern Sinbad, go back!  
Love has become nothing but  
this suicide.  
Go back; the land has aged;  
the green years have become dry.  
Go back;  
shores of dreams have grown tired  
of the screaming waves.  
Isn't it time  
the travel- loving heart  
slept like children.

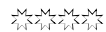


A beautiful face  
flashed for a second  
then went away.  
Saying goodbye,  
my eyes felt the ticking hours  
the din of a thousand trains.  
The innocent face  
sinks deep into my heart.  
A painful decision to take,  
why not take to the road?  
sick of the narrowing shores,  
the fleeing destination.  
Beautiful face, my heart aches,  
I get intoxicated with your light.  
Why not set out?  
Thousands of lands

would welcome me.  
I can't see before me  
but remains chased  
by storms  
and dust.



Shining morning  
kept luring me.  
My heart that I taught mad passion  
now teaches me worries of defeat.  
It's the story of the heart that  
loved departure with the day  
that I saw a star on the run  
looking for an orbit in the sky.  
Sindbad of the age,  
The age of love has gone,  
you'll no more see  
a pearl in the arid land,  
Or even shells.



A beautiful face  
flashed for a second  
then went away.  
I went after it  
only to find  
my face  
on the wall.

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### ***Farouq Shousha***

- Farouq Mohammed Shousha (Egypt)
- Born in 1936 at Shoaraa, Damietta.
- Learnt the Quran by heart as a child; graduated from Dar Al- Ulum Faculty in 1956 and from the Faculty of Education, Ein Shams University, 1957.
- Worked as a teacher, 1957, then joined the Egyptian Radio, 1958, to become its head in 1994. Teaches Arabic literature in the American University in Cairo.
- Among the most important of his media programmes are: the radio Our Beautiful Language, since 1967, and the television Cultural Evening, since 1977.
- Member of Arabic Language Academy in Egypt.
- Head of the text committees in the Egyptian Radio and Television; member of the Supreme Council for Culture; head of the Writers and Composers Committee.
- Participated in several Arab and international poetry festivals.
- Verse collections: To a Traveller, 1966; Burning Eyes, 1972; A Pearl in the Heart, 1973; Waiting for What never Comes, 1979; Tight Circle, 1983; Complete Works, 1985. Blood of Lovers Language, 1986; Arab Blood Says, 1988; I am Made for You, 1992; Lady of Water, 1994; Time to Catch Time, 1997; Habiba and the Moon (for children), 1998; Ebony Face, 2000; Beauty in the River, 2002.
- Prose: Our Beautiful Language; Best 20 Love Poems of Arabic Poetry; Best 20 Poems in the Love of God; Therapy with Poetry; Our Beautiful Language and the Problems of Modernity; Cultural Encounter; Agonies of a Beautiful Life (autobiography).
- Awards: the State's Poetry Award, 1986; Mohammed Hassan Al- Fiqi Award, 1994; the State's Award of Merit for Literature, 1997.
- His work was studied in Mustapha Abdel Ghani's The Poetic Structure.
- Address: 35 Mohammed Mazhar St, Zamalek, Cairo.

#### **[Extract from the poem:] Poem and Thunder**

There was an old vendetta  
between the poem and thunder.

Every time it oozes its heart's feelings,  
thunder would rage with a dusty attack,  
felling it in its superb grief  
burying its agony in the clouds.  
The poems in tears  
thunder wreaking havoc  
in the intimate space.  
furore in the highest skies  
containing extents and outskirts.  
The poem disperses in the  
primordial matter  
navigating the nebula  
dissolving in strands of rocks  
in the silt of the river  
the trunk of an oak.  
It takes refuge in the night  
pour tears in the eyes of the stars.



The poem wonders  
looking on the universe  
what a plight  
the thunder hides for me  
to extinguish me.  
I almost withered  
I almost left.  
Thunder attacks me  
suddenly.  
I said news is coming,  
rain is about to fall,  
but it didn't.  
Sterile thunder!  
Shall I imitate its clatter?  
Life is a clamour  
speaking a language of  
chimney ashes  
The horizon is shabby.

Suddenly  
like the flash of a meteorite,  
sound of a prophecy in the heart,  
a vision takes shape:  
don't fear thunder,  
burst out singing,  
sing in the fabric of the nebula,  
don't fear thunder,  
no,  
this is but a passing time,  
the poem is a beginning  
and is  
in the grain of things  
staying.

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### ***Fatima Al- Oshbi***

- Fatima Ali Al- Oshbi (Yemen).
- Born in 1959 at Al- Oshbi village, Mehreet, Yemen.
- Was raised in a traditional rural surrounding where she taught herself to read and write in secret. However, her father, the Head of the tribe, rejoiced and brought her a tutor who taught her the Quran, Tajweed, religious jurisprudence, interpretation and history, in addition to grammar and literature. She got married, completed her formal education and obtained a university degree.
- Works as a researcher at the Yemeni Research and Studies Centre.
- Wrote verse as a child then took up poetry as a grown up to write around a thousand social and national poems.
- Verse collections: Dawn Glow (et alia), 1991.
- Address: The Yemeni Research and Studies Centre, Baghdad St, Sanaa.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **How I long to the Beginning**

On the way in the oppressing night,  
I hesitated like a confused nightingale.  
I stopped to mend my hidden wounds,  
it's only a setback.  
I stopped panting sick of my frail steps.  
I looked at my past in grief  
how I traveled to the present.  
How I asked the darkness about my tomorrow  
when longing rose in my eyes.  
I cry out: when am I going to cross the sea  
not fearing its raging waves?  
Mountains of resolve took up my heart.  
But after preserving struggle  
I saw what was not revealed.

Storming winds resound in my ears  
high seas rage in my sight.  
My boat tossing on the waves  
disappearing in the tumultuous commotion.  
Swimming is not my favourite art;  
a depressing longing for the shore arose in my heart.  
My will withering, alas,  
where's the spirit of the rebellious heart?  
I was a lover of the extended sky  
aspiring to the distant planets and stars  
Am I going to be a captive of the land?

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### ***Fayez Khaddoor***

- Fayez Khaddoor (Syria)
- Born in 1942 at Qameshli, Syria.
- Went to school in a number of governorates and studied Arabic literature at the University of Damascus.
- Taught school for a year (1966) then took up political journalism in both Damascus and Beirut. Now he works for the Manuscript Dept of the Arab Writers Association in Damascus.
- Participated in a number of local, national and international conferences.
- Verse collections: Shadow and the Graveyard Guard, 1966; Dumb Winds Neigh, 1970; When the Swallow Migrates, 1972; Rains in the City Autumn, 1973; Book of Waiting, 1974; The Tombs Weather Begins, 1977; Winter Dust, 1979; Bullets Don't Leave Early, 1980; Adad, 1982; Snow Fruits, 1984; Salmas, 1986; the Complete Works, 1986; Purple Omen, 1989; Curtains of Damned Days, 1991.
- Prose: Space of the Other Face (Prose extracts).
- Address: Manuscript Dept, the Arab Writers Association, PO Box 3230 Damascus.

#### **[Extract from the poem:] And the Sea Recedes off the Land**

(1)

The sea comes forth from your shores, tenderly wild.  
Tenderly extend your shores.  
In the fire language,  
It is now soothingly cool  
Drawing roses,  
On the forehead of memory.

It is abandoning its petrified exile  
For the sun:  
A scarecrow,

A waxen mummified bewilderment  
For the skull of the gloating.

It was not asking for forgiveness,  
When they harnessed it on a ferryboat  
Cracked with wailing  
And corpses putrefied by the submissive years

It is now inventing wakefulness.  
Addicted to spectacular joy,  
Crying guffaws of mockery.

When it comes across funeral shame,  
It declares:  
The clown is still dancing  
And people are filled with sighs.

It did not seek meaningless mercy  
It is now violating wakefulness,  
Chewing phlegm,  
Crying out loud:  
This is my weapon  
And this is the sinful peach  
Oh, country of a losing game.

(2)

O, Dead people, forgive it as it said:  
“O, Dead people  
The wailer of the massacre has not arrived yet..!  
She is now dying its plaits  
black.”

She is filling up with tears  
The two bowls of her breast,  
Hiring sadness from a lord of bloodshed  
Folded in two spells

Which she hides  
In the jungles of her armpit  
Saying: leave me with repression,  
A flute  
The humming of the failing steps hushed her moaning  
Then it says, "Let her go!"  
And recedes, heavy with longing.

(3)

It did not seek forgiveness  
It was seducing a guillotine on the waves  
To find comfort on his neck  
To incite the distant shores  
And dormant ships  
To navigate the epic of salt  
On the copper palm trees  
To be pregnant with the soft dates  
To extend for the passers- by in these ports a hot afternoon  
It was aware that the clouds, not born of the blood of the land,  
Are but passing by.

You know and it knows that you both live a disastrous debate  
With one conversing language: silence.

Who vanquished silence?  
Who unravelled the grain of things?  
Is it a stray meteor?  
A planet out of orbit?  
Pushed with a sudden urge?  
Or is it a passion for loneliness in the midst of a crowd?  
Like poetry declining its lover!

O earth  
You alone know  
How it was bolder than a daring dream  
This adventurer

Bolder than a lurking thought  
Haunting the fearful in the lonely night  
Bolder than a secret Samurai  
Slighting trepidation and fear  
Slighting light and traitor's stabs

You know, and in your eyes, draws back a flash of stubbornness  
That imprints marks on the naked body  
When you yearn in passion

O reeds of the river  
Lovers' songs are husky  
And the universe is but hunger and alienation.

(4)

It was only too aware that the way to its yearning is arduous  
The equator of creation was deflected  
Barren  
Tributaries dried up  
No seasonal rains  
The stream of its exile was about,  
For the loss, to meet its death ..!!

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### ***Ghoneim Mohammed Ghoneim***

- Ghoneim Mohammed Ghoneim (Egypt).
- Born in 1933 in Alexandria, Egypt.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Arts, Arabic Department, Alexandria University, 1956.
- Teacher of Arabic; Director, Ministry of Education.
- Wrote poetry and short stories since young age.
- Prose: Winning Stories, 1968 in addition to other novels and short story collections (unpublished).
- Awards: several poetry awards among which: the Supreme Council for Arts and Literature; the Helal Magazine Award; the Mediterranean Competition Award; the Short Story Club Award; Children Literature Award; the First Order Award and Gold Medal from Dr. Taha Hussein in the years, 1957, 1963 and 1965.
- Address: 1 Ahmed Sedeeq St, Seedi Gaber, Alexandria.

### **Stars Suns and Children**

If the dark night overwhelms us,  
vanquishes our dreams,  
turns pitch black all vistas ahead,  
look into the thick dark for a glimpse  
of a shining star  
that beams light, tunes, and colour.  
The night is followed by day.  
The light is destined to stay.



If the stormy winds threaten our budding crops,  
sweep the meadows,  
flood the river,  
shatter the tender petals,  
look closely at a geminating sprout

like a dream, a good omen,  
of a future certain to come.



If humiliation hits the dead and the living,  
pushing us apart, weak, worn out, dying,  
spreading fires of hatred in our hearts,  
look at your smiling child  
unaware in innocence of the dire condition.  
a good omen  
a glimpse of faith.



If wolves of malevolence forge the books of good and truth,  
throwing up duns of garrulous nonsense,  
falsifying rights and proofs,  
look at the setting sun,  
it moves westward  
then it rises in the East.



Look into the ever- triumphing nature.  
Take its force into your heart.  
If you sing a triumphant song,  
time will have to sing with you.

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### ***Ghazi Al- Qosaibi***

- Ghazi Ibn Abel- Rahman Al- Qosaibi (Saudi Arabia).
- Born in 1940 in Ahsaa, Saudi Arabia.
- Went to school in Bahrain; Graduated from the Faculty of Law, Cairo University; MA in international relations from South Carolina University and PhD from London University.
- Taught at King Saud University; Head of the department of Political Science then Dean of the Faculty of Commerce; General Manager of the Saudi Railways 1974; Minister of Industry and Electricity 1975, Minister of Health 1982, Ambassador to Bahrain 1984 then to Britain 1992.
- Verse collections: Roses in Sanaa's Plaits, 1987; Complete Works: Poems from Algeria; Pearls; Drops of Thirst; Battle with no Flag; You are Riyadh; Long Verses; Back to Old Places, 1988; In the Tent of a Poet (I), 1988; Elegy of a Former Cavalier, 1990; Stone Necklace, 1991; Colour and Prayer, 1995; Saheem, 1996; Reading London, 1997; For Your Eye, 2001; Poem, 2001. Rhymes of the Island; In the Tent of a Poet (II).
- Prose: Freedom Apartment (novel); Golden Cage (play); In the Tent of a Poet; A Hundred Rose Leaves; Poems I like; In my Humble Opinion; More In my Humble Opinion; Cultural Invasions and Other Essays; Of This and That; The Gulf Crisis; An Attempt to Understand; Development: the Big Questions.
- Address: Saudi Arabian Embassy, London.

### **A Song to the Gulf**

I came yearning for my rendezvous with the moon,  
charmer of the waves, the shores, the islands.  
My gift is a quiver of longing and a rhyme,  
carrying my sufferings of distances.  
I came to live a merry moment on the sand,  
unearthing my memories of the past, of the first love,  
of the stars dissolving in our cups,

the nights we walked the tight rope.  
I pass by the sleeping shore  
to wake it with a kiss and a heart talk.  
“Your loving poet. Do you remember him?  
He came dreaming of the shells and pearls  
after journeying the world and experiencing,  
on the other shores, nothing but boredom.  
You were there, blue- eyed, so I came  
with the thirst of the desert for the rain.



My Gulf, whenever I heard the echo in a shell  
it was your call, warm and soothing.  
Any sailing song would bring back  
memories of diving songs at dawn.  
Any sail on the horizon is but  
fishing boats on the Gulf.  
Even the scorching sun  
wouldn't singe my skin if I remembered you.



My Gulf, it's only one year of separation.  
Tell me your news; I'll tell you mine.  
I traveled the seven seas, valleys and mountains.  
I flew on the wind from safety to danger.  
I laughed with love smiling tenderly.  
I cried with love a dark stormy night.  
I lived a life of bliss that seemed everlasting.  
I lived the darkest plights that man could ever endure,  
until I came to you.  
So let your breeze wash away my wounds.  
Extinguish that fire.  
Immerse my senses with the symphony of your colours,  
shades and shadows,  
the glow the sun draws  
on your cheeks,  
the pearls glittering in their shells

for the eyes of the diver.



My Gulf, white wave travelling  
on my love to my heart,  
you will always triumph in your glory  
whatever the odds,  
always Arab  
as I always knew you  
speaking no foreign tongue  
proud of your identity  
proud of the tongue  
of the Holy Verses.



### ***Hameed Saeed***

- Hameed Saeed Hadi (Iraq)
- Born in 1941 in Al- Halla
- Graduated from the Arabic Department, Baghdad University
- Worked for some time in the field of education, but since the late 1960's worked in the field of culture and journalism. Among the positions he held were: Director of Writing and Publishing, and Press Consultant in Madrid and Rabat. He was also the editor- in- chief of Al- Thawra Newspaper.
- Elected Chairman of the Union of Men of Letters in Iraq, and Secretary General of the Arab Writers Union for two session running.
- Poetry anthologies: Beaches that Never Knew Warmth (1968), The Language of Mud Towers (1970), An Eighth Reading (1972), Gypsy Songs (1975), Fires of the Presence(1978), Hameed Saeed's Poetry Anthology (1984), Abdullah's Kingdom (1986), Towards a Wider Horizon (1991); Chaos Under Another Title,(1996); Water Childhood.
- His work was reviewed in several books including Youssef Saeed's Fires of Poetry, studies and articles in reviews such as Al- Aqlam, Poetry 69 and Arab Horizons, and chapters in books. His biography and poetry have also been reviewed in "Encyclopedia of Iraqi Men of Letters" by Hameed Al- Matbaee
- Address: Union of Men of Letters, Baghdad.

### **The Snow**

When winter comes  
And blocks my windows  
And locks me in,  
It wakes the dark in me  
And the wild winds tear apart my sails  
And take me away from my homeland,  
And tear me apart so ruthlessly

And a sterile snow wraps me up  
And I cry: where are the places  
of Wakefulness?  
Where are the places in our villages where the sun draws  
One thousand shades, all magnificent?  
Where is the warmth with its scent  
Extended as a spring of gold?  
It is as if our offspring,  
So weak, so bare, so hungry,  
Are white- winged birds, embraced by wind.  
Without the warmth  
Our songs would not have smiled,  
Our gardens would not have grown  
In our deserts.  
I almost doubt that the blood of my parents is in my veins  
Perhaps the snow of my age is now seducing me  
Perhaps a seduction from Adam's times is coming to me  
Through the night of Death  
Though for a long time I rejected Satan's temptation.  
But.  
I almost doubt that the blood of my parents is in my veins  
I forgot their rituals and rejected my face,  
The face of my parents  
So torn apart I lived without blessings  
Haunted by my echoes in the night of Silence.  
When will you, warmth, overwhelm my heart,  
That is so thirsty for happiness?  
When, o warmth, will snow go off,  
And melt away from my senses?  
Still in the depth of my soul  
The speech of my parents rings  
And still, of all distorted things,  
An icy hand is trying to reach me.

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### ***Haroun Hashim Rasheed***

- Haroun Hashim Rasheed (Palestine).
- Born in 1927 in El- Zaytoon, Gaza.
- Graduated from the Teachers Higher Institute.
- Worked as a teacher, and manager of Voice of the Arabs Radio office in Gaza, and Head of Public Affairs in the Governor of Gaza Office, and a representative of Palestine in the Arab League.
- Verse collections: With Strangers, 1954; The Strangers' Return, 1956; Gaza on the Fire Front, 1957; Revolutions Land, 1958; Until Our People Returns, 1965; Anger Ship, 1968; Two Messages, 1968; The Stormy Trip, 1970; Freedom Fighters, 1970, Psalms of Blood and Land, 1977; The Return, 1977; A Lover's Diary, 1980; The Complete Works, 1981; Diary of Steadfastness and Grief, 1983; Gaza.. Gaza, 1988; Stones Revolution, 1988; (Verse plays:) The Question, 1973; Birds of Thorns, 1989.
- Fiction: The Years of Agony (a novel), 1970.
- Prose: The Arab League, Combatant Poetry, The Fighting Word, A City and a Poet.
- Won the Alexo 1st prize of verse plays, 1977 and the 1st prize for the Arabic poems from Radio London, 1988.
- His work was reviewed by: Zuhair El- Enaty, Saleh El- Ashkar, Naser El- Asad, Abd el- Rahman El- Keyali, Kamel El- Sawafeery, and Saleh Abo- Esbaa.
- Address: 28 Dijla St, El Mohandeseen, Giza, Egypt.

### **Man of the Future**

I call upon you whatever the distance.  
Wherever you are, I'll sing for you.  
I long for you. I reach out for you.  
I'll travel time and distance to seek you.  
We'll build together, in the spirit of faith,  
the castles of peace.

We'll make a blissful age  
with love and wisdom.  
Remote and near,  
white and black  
live in harmony.  
No war, no sins,  
just a world of prosperity  
restoring dreams to children and mothers.  
It's the beginning.  
It's the end.  
It's love spreading its wings.  
We'll explore space, rockets of wisdom  
no missiles of destruction.  
Flowers in our yards,  
dew and budding life.  
We'll conserve seas, marine life,  
to posterity,  
We'll kill ignorance and poverty  
wherever they are.  
Agonies of the past will disappear;  
a new world is emerging, blissful,  
Renew, rejuvenate, and create.  
Uproot fear.  
Tomorrow is here, in us,  
glorious, magnificent, everlasting.  
We made it of the fabric of our dreams,  
beautiful, singing, cheerful.  
It's tomorrow that we created in advance.  
It's our dream, our vision  
that we won't give up.  
It looms there,  
approaching  
with splendid ideas, new attire.  
A tomorrow of the new man,  
christened with principles and integrity,  
fortified, without fear,

unthreatening,  
relinquishing arms,  
embracing peace.  
It has come to celebrate  
the new man of tomorrow,  
glorious, master of his destiny,  
building our tomorrow,  
our life.

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### ***Hassan Fath- Elbab***

- Dr. Hassan Fath- Elbab Hassan (Egypt)
- Born in 1923 in Cairo
- Obtained a Bachelor of Law in 1947, Masters of Political Science in 1960, and Doctorate in International Law in 1976
- Worked as a police officer, and retired as a Major General in 1976
- Spent ten years after retirement in Algeria as a Professor in the Faculty of Law, Wahran University
- Member of the Poetry Committee of the Higher Council of Culture, Writers' Union, International Law Association.
- Poetry anthologies: Inspiration of Port Said (1957), The Knight of Hope (1965), City of Smoke and Dummies (1967), The Eyes of Manar (1971), Our Love is Stronger than Death (1975), Spreading like Waves (1975), Music Played by the Imprisoned Guard (1980), Visions to Palestine (1980), A Rose I Hid in the Nile (1985), Lyrics of the Migrant Nile (1987), Eyes of the Horses (1990); Complete Works, (1995), Exit from South; (1999).
- Author of: A New Vision of Old Poetry, Poetry of the Young in Algeria: Reality and Horizon, A Poet and a Revolution.
- He won the October 6 Poetry Award from the Egyptian Ministry of Culture and Writers Union, the Award of Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babbain for his Anthology Peers of Horses.
- Works critiqued by Mohammed Mandour and Abdel- Qadir Al- Qutt.
- Address: Villa #10, Al- Shaheed Ismail Muhiddeen, Golf Land, Heliopolis.

### **Eyes of the Horses**

The gloomy autumn  
Is right behind the door;  
The trip is about to begin.  
Among the four seasons  
The horses stood.

They saw the winter winds  
And mounted them,  
They startled  
And lost their locks  
And lost their manes.  
They sat on the mud.  
Down did all the boughs fall  
In the mazes of naked ribs;  
They lost all the shields.  
O my horses do wake up;  
Here come the winds  
Of your deserts  
With all the good,  
From the high and cold water springs  
The atrophied neck does stretch,  
Reaching to the face of heavens.  
The weakened get born.  
But the hollow eyes and empty hearts  
Cannot see the springs,  
Nor can they see the good winds.  
The forts get higher,  
And the deaf clock strikes louder  
In the tower.  
Drops of rain pour down  
The winds of childhood vanish away  
O my horses you lagged behind  
But the seasons  
Stood between the black foreheads  
And the night threw itself  
Between the hoofs,  
And there came the summer  
With a sun that hurts  
And the flute was the melancholies  
Of the traveller.  
On the horizon  
Lie the remains of a comet

Going off, not alive, not dead,  
And the remains of nursing palm trees  
And the painful labor  
Before the birth of victims.  
O bird of the twilight  
That hovers round the eyes of my horses!  
At dawn you came before your time  
Wrapped in the dusk  
Will you call on the barren night  
And the blackening of white locks  
In the ruins,  
Heralding the return of the white wave  
In the river of snow  
And the sound of fire in the wind  
And the huts of slaves?

O my horses!  
Do not pay attention;  
The fires in the altar will go out one day.  
And the singers spend the night hungry  
In the wild.  
Then only the hired do disperse  
But the wind spreads wild in the ashes.  
And the impossible happens  
When you twist the neck of the seasons  
You don't die, but get stoned to death  
Only to come back.  
Here the doors are reopening  
And here the places turn more bustling  
And the racing with time more heated.  
O my horses  
Do mount the last wind.

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### ***Hassan Tewfeeq***

- Hassan Tewfeeq Mahmoud Mohammed (Egypt)
- Born in 1943 in Shubra, Cairo
- Obtained a BA from the Faculty of Arts, Cairo University in 1965, and an MA from the same faculty in 1978.
- Worked as a Director of the General Book Authority Chairman's Bureau; Chairman of the General Art Authority Poetry Committee. Since 1979 he has been the head of the Cultural Section in Al- Raya Qatari newspaper
- Member of the Egyptian Literary Society and the Egyptian Writers Union
- Anthologies: Blood in the Gardens (1969), I Love to Say No (1971), Loving Poems (1974), When the Dream Becomes a Sword (1978), Waiting for the Coming (1989), The Story of the Flood from Noah to Kursani (1989), Her Face is an Endless Poem (1989), What Sindbad Saw (1991), Laila in Love with Laila (1996), Poetic Works (1998)
- Author of: Free Verse Trends, Ibraheem Naji: Unknown Poems, The Poetry of Badr Shaker Al- Sayyab, The Complete Poetic Works of Dr. Ibraheem Naji, Nasser: The Leader in the Hearts of Poets.
- His works were critiqued by Soheir Al- Qalamawi, Youssef Khaleef, Farouk Khorsheed, Rajaa Al- Naqash, Shukri Ayyad, Ezedden Ismail, Sameeh Al- Qassim, and Abdul- Aziz Al- Maqalih
- Address: 19 Sannan Street, Zaitoon, Building # 6, Cairo.

**From:**

#### **Dreams in the Night**

Your eyes are in my heart,  
and music is the heart of night  
For my fluttering dreams  
In my blood.  
I taste the depth of the first look  
And get tipsy by more looks;

I go high in ecstasy,  
Stupefied in the company  
Of a flower- filled cosmos.  
The two sweet flowers stupefy Time  
And I am born anew  
As a child humming on a feast day  
Throwing himself in your banks.  
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The dreams of my soul  
Approached so gracefully  
And on the velvet carpet  
Lay so proudly  
like a gazelle boasting  
Of her beauty,  
Pondering  
About "the ruins",  
How many a lover went away and still sighs  
Wondering  
"Where is passion?"  
Alas, was it "an edifice of imagination  
When it fell apart?"  
The dreams of my soul sighed  
In remembrance  
And went astray,  
Remembering the photos we had  
And lived at sunset.  
O My God! How beautiful is sunset!  
But it's a time that melts away  
In the darkness of the coming  
Noise, and passions, and threatening clouds.

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### ***Haydar Mahmoud***

- Haydar Mahmoud Haydar (Jordan)
- Born in 1938 in Taira, Haifa
- Completed his university education in Amman, and obtained an MBA from California University
- Worked as a Redaction Secretary for Al- Jihad Newspaper; worked for Jordan Radio and TV; Director of the Culture and Arts Department; Advisor to the Jordanian Commander- in- Chief of the Jordanian Armed Forces and to the Jordanian Prime Minister; Ambassador of Jordan in Tunisia.
- Member of the Jordanian Writers Union
- Took part in many literary festivals
- Poetry anthologies: This Night Passes (1970), The Oleander Sings on the River (1981), From the Statements of the Last Witness (1986), The No's of Logs (1986), Complete Poems (1990), The Duel (1991)
- Author of: Apologies for an Unexpected Technical Flaw, Modern Poetry in Jordan, and Types of Jordanian Poetry
- Obtained an Honorary Doctorate from China in 1986, and won the Spanish Ibn Khafaja Award in 1986. Some of his poetry was translated into Spanish
- Address: Jordanian Embassy, Tunisia.

### **An Elegy for Innocence**

Tonight I gather  
In the deck of my sadness  
All the poor  
To tell them about a mermaid  
That used to come every night  
With bread baskets  
And water jars.  
She used to spray the joy

On the heads of harvesters  
And on fishermen's eyes  
Before her, all the children were  
Like the field's butterflies.  
And she was a field of shadows  
For the deprived  
And the wounded  
And those who wait.  
But the sea,  
and the sea also has the insanity of waves,  
Found it too much for the beach to rejoice,  
So with a knife it tore it to pieces.  
I ask myself:  
How can the tulip die in its prime?  
"This is the tulip's fate".  
And why does the tune burn at the fall of the moan?  
"It reaches the absolute".  
O Sadness let me embrace you  
Your sadness is too heavy to carry.  
From my eyes take all the tears you want  
And from me.  
But O captain of our ship  
This sea is very stubborn.  
Let us then arm ourselves with patience  
And faith  
Let us defy the storms  
The way we used to  
In all times.

#### Love Begins at the Beginning of the Line

Between you and me  
There are two steps.  
O moment of the meeting!  
The grapes are longing for  
The hungry lips.

Love, ever since there was love,  
Is the heart's rest,  
Like a pigeon's rest  
In her nest.  
Her singing is a prayer  
And love, ever since there was love,  
Is the soul's joy  
When it feels secure  
After estrangement.

Between us there are two steps.  
Poor blink of the eyes  
When dazzled with the light!  
A moment goes out, and lights up  
And goes out only to light up,  
And break the closure of horizon.  
The symbol then becomes a moon,  
And things impossible to see  
Can now be seen  
And love, ever since there was love,  
Has always been captivity,  
And a captive.  
The pain caused by the handcuffs  
Is just the same  
(In both cases the pain is joy and ecstasy)  
Love is the destiny of the soul,  
When it becomes transparent  
Like a spring  
Flowing from beginning to end  
Clear, as if water bathes water!  
My love  
I am now with you, draped in warmth  
Wrapped in the joy of a ship reaching her docks  
Eager like tunes restored.  
Embrace me tight,  
For I am now with you,

A word embracing its meaning,  
At the beginning of the line,  
"The beginning of all letters, it's me,  
And I am the end.  
I am Love, and the lover is poetry and the poet,  
And my beloved has a house in my land  
My love, I am you;  
Love has unified us;  
O my captor,  
My soul and yours are twins.

And love, ever since there was love,  
Is in your arms a rest  
As a pigeon's rest in her nest  
I am now with you.  
You know that in my soul  
I have nothing but loving you.  
My love,  
And you know that my soul  
Will embrace no one but you.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ***Helal El- Amery***

- Helal Ebn Mohammed Ebn Hellal El Amery (Oman).
- Born in 1953 in Smael.
- Educated in the Emirates, and went to college in Beirut, Britain and the United States of America then graduated from Denver University, USA, 1978 with a degree in administration and economics. Obtained a University Administration Diploma from North Carolina University and a Television Management Diploma from Manchester University in Britain.
- Worked as a Deputy General Manager for Housing, Acting Manager of the National Income Department of the Development Council, the Projects Department Manager in the Governor of Zuffar Office, a general Manager of Omani Television, the Deputy Secretary General of the Sultan Qaboos University, the General Supervisor of the Cultural Centre and Literary Forums, then General Manager of Culture in the National Heritage and Culture Ministry.
- Conducted several studies and researches published in different periodicals and cultural magazines.
- Verse collections: Homesickness, 1983; A Drop to Drink in the Time of Thirst, 1985; Writing on the Wall of Silence, 1987; Rest in Worrying Time, 1974; Migrating Glow, 1991; Reasons for the Sun to Set, 1991.
- Won in some verse competitions.
- His work was reviewed by: Said Dabees, Ahmed Darweesh, Nasser- ed-Deen El Qarsy, Kamal Abou Shella, Mohsen Ahmed El Kandy, and Ahmed Mashaal.
- Address: P.O. Box 51331, El Fahl Harbour, Muscat, Sultanate of Oman.

### **You're Alone Were Inside Me**

When you are in the eye of time  
Like a departing hour,  
Before departure, you come, an echo,  
the night preys on our aspiring dreams.

When the quivering hope is your love,  
I see your face in the sea a wave, a dream, a hope of a meeting  
dragging our quivering absence.  
Let me shake away the pains of silence  
and seek the secret of our fleeing feet.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Ibraheem Al- Arayyedh***

- Ibraheem Abdul- Hussein Al- Areed (Bahrain)
- Born in 1908 in Bombay, India
- Obtained his secondary education certificate in Bombay in 1925, learnt Arabic after migrating to Bahrain in 1927.
- Director of a school till 1931; founded a private school that was in business till 1934; appointed as civil servant in 1937; Head of the translation department in the Oil Concession Company till 1967; elected in 1973 as chairman of the Founding Board; appointed in 1975 ambassador in the Bahraini Ministry of Foreign Affairs
- Poetry anthologies: The Brides (1946), Candles (1956). He wrote a verse play entitled Save us Mu'atassem (Wa Mu'tasemah) (1934), an epic entitled "Land of Martyrs" (1947), and a verse story entitled "Two kisses" (1948), and "Rubaeyat Al- Khayyam" (1966)
- Author of: Selected Modern Poetry, Poetry and Fine Arts, Poetic Techniques, a Journey in Contemporary Arabic Poetry, The Case for Poetry in Modern Arabic Literature
- Honored by Suad as- Sabah Publishing House in 1996
- Honored by the medal of Sheikh Issa bin Salman AL- Khaleefa, 2002
- Won the Bibtain prize for excellence in poetry 2002.
- Died in 2002.

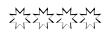
### **The Living Statue**

She lived in the dark storey of a house  
And she could not afford to feed herself,  
But in her beauty she was really rich.  
So shabby were her clothes but she did have  
A soul that was sublime and elegant.  
A revolution robbed her of all she had  
And left her nothing but her self- defense.  
She always twists on seeing the empty house

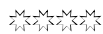
Her parents were all gone in dark eternity  
Her brother was killed in war by evil hands,  
And so he died; his flag was flying high  
How can she stop her tears shed day and night  
When Time deprived her of everything in life?



She left her home in quest for a nearby neighbor,  
Who lived among the people like a stranger;  
On his old front aging has left its scars  
Tell me: whose heart survived catastrophes.  
She came to him when working in his studio  
Sculpting in rock bodies so wonderful  
He saw her in her shabby clothes walking in doubt  
Pale were her cheeks, for hunger made them so  
And so in deep silence he bent himself  
To contemplate the beauty of the girl.



With vigor he came close to the heated body  
Why doesn't she shake; isn't she scared of him?  
His eyes radiate the light of prophecy  
When unabated, opened bold and wide  
For he loves beauty for his art  
She felt his hand undressing her with force  
In shyness she wanted her breasts unseen  
"I'm a female, can't you feel I'm above an abyss"  
"stop it", he said, "I am a dad for you.  
If you undress you'll make my art sublime."

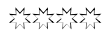


She threw off clothes barely covering her  
And asked the man, "What time will you feed me?"  
The sculptor answered: "In the afternoon"  
Nude as she was, she stayed between his hands  
Her body was complete but slim a bit;  
To test it more, the trunk and the branches,  
He bent towards her: Immense is her beauty

Especially when she closed her eyes.  
When he said lovely words describing her,  
She got up with a smile between her tears  
"will your exquisite beauty immortalize me  
For generations and generations to be?"



Nude like a pearl she stood among statues  
Forcing her mouth to laugh; a tear about to drop.  
He went on sculpting in marble with tools  
During which time she never bent an arm,  
But stood unmoving for a whole day:  
He works for art, there is no shame in that  
If hunger had not been her main concern  
She would not have the patience he does have;  
He's in his world, no one knows his secret  
He casts a glance at her, and on his marble.



The sun began to set and he still worked,  
And marble in his hand became a shape  
She bent a finger to support her cheek  
And when she did she did exposed her breasts,  
That bore a challenge right above them both.  
She also showed a rounding belly, much better.  
At heart he wished that she was not hungry.  
He put the right hand on the thighs  
And hid the thing that was alluring more.  
A leg he lengthened till he reached the heel  
And made two feet capable of tyranny.



Close came the night, he didn't care for her  
For all his care was his accomplished art.  
He put hair on the head in rich successive waves  
The front he polished like a glittering mirror  
So you can see a glance in long questioning.  
On the temple by the side of the ear he made a crescent

The nose was straight like a needle  
And when he considered the mouth  
He thought it would be better if it were open  
And then the calling of the cock at dawn rose loud.



Finished the dummy was, except that it can't talk  
Apologetically he laughed with the girl:  
"See what my hands have done; it's worth considering  
It's an eternal miracle like daylight".  
But then he saw she did not move a lip  
Her body, he realized, was still naked.  
With fire in his ribs, he went closer to her  
She was still in her place like a bracelet:  
A body with no soul, waiting and unmoving  
And the mouth, just as he likes it, is open



He stooped in front of her with crying eyes  
With her own dress he covered her, confused  
"I'm calling you, he said, but can the dead ever hear?  
I would bestow my life on you, but will it do?"  
Then he cast a puzzled look at the statue  
The statue stared at him uncaringly  
In his despair he did something that never struck his mind  
He threw a rock at it distorting some beauty  
And went on looking about  
And crying in madness.

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□

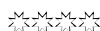
### ***Ibraheem Al- Khateeb***

- Dr. Ibraheem Ahmed Ibraheem Al- Khateeb (Jordan)
- Born in 1938 in Qowmia, Palestine
- Obtained a bachelor of Medicine from Damascus University in 1973, and the American Board Certificate in 1981
- Worked as a teacher for nine years in Saudi Arabia, and is currently a gynecologist
- Poetry anthologies: *My Morrow, Sing for Me* (1984), *Lamps for the Extinguished Day* (1985), *Ezzuddin Al- Qassam* (1986), *Wind Stable* (1987), *I Recourse to the Stone* (1989), *Face to Face* (1990), *The Scarlet Ears of Corn* (1991), *The Blood of Handhala* (1992)
- Many of his poems were published in Syrian newspapers and Palestine Revolution Magazine in the period 1966- 1972. He participated in Jarash festival in the period 1986- 1992, and Al- Mirbid in the period 1988- 1992
- His poetry was reviewed in studies by Soliman Al Azraei's review of *My Morrow, Sing for Me* (Al- Rai, 1985), Munira Kahwaji's review of *Lamps for the Extinguished Day* (Al- Dostoor, 1986), and Nemer Hijab's review of *Ezzuddin Al- Qassam* (Sowt Al- Shaab) and others.
- Address: Irbi, PO Box 808, Jordan

### **Labor**

In the festival of silence  
All lips around us are locked;  
The dictionary is folded on the mouth,  
And the park of darkness is too small  
To accommodate tales of the night.  
We do not twist a tongue.  
The heart is what the tears expose  
Or dampened by its return.  
Inhaling has no destiny;

Exhaling has no banner,  
Or a message or waves.  
You are so hanging on flowing blood  
And you don't know.  
And when the eye blinks  
It doesn't show.  
What will remain of you  
When hair regains its hue?  
What will the wind tell the hedges  
Will it tell them  
That Fire becomes eloquent when  
It remains on the lips  
As burning coal?  
When ash keeps its secret and its date.



In the festival of silence, a lady  
Complains to the mirror about her bad luck  
About her summer which cheats on her.  
A mirror's dialog with a woman.  
Until when will this cheek remain untilled and fruitless?  
Until when will I whip this skin behind the lipstick?  
Until when will these ears remain for the echo?  
Until when? Until when?  
Eyeliners have never masked the eyes,  
And the mask is not a meaningful sentence.  
Cosmetics and perfumes lie still in the pots  
I spill them on the dishes of the cheek  
For every morrow  
And they never give a scent one day  
Nor do they revolt.



In the festival of silence  
He was a lover, by himself,  
He never planned to lose sleep  
In the façade of lovers there are no windows

The night is the same night  
The eyelashes are no separator  
And the star is no guide  
What can lovers do except shedding  
Two tears,  
One crying over the other?



In the festival of silence  
There is a poet, a candle and a table  
His blood gives his papers its inferno  
And ink has no waves  
He boards the night behind its words  
Between a missing hint,  
And an extra pulse  
He pulls them towards him;  
He whips them and they whip him.  
His sheets are still white  
And they still have no interest  
And his inkpot is still cold.

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□

### ***Ibraheem Nasrallah***

- Ibraheem Ali Nasrallah (Jordan)
- Born in 1954 in Amman
- Studied in UNRWA Schools in Amman, then in UNRWA Teachers' Institute
- Worked for two years as a teacher in Saudi Arabia; currently a journalist since 1978
- Anthologies: Horses on the Outskirts of the City (1980), The Rain Inside (1982), Noaman Regains his Color (1984), Morning Songs(1984), The Last Dialogue Minutes before the Killing of the Sparrow (1985), The River Boy and the General (1987), Green Logs (1991), The Scandal of the Fox (1993), the Poetic Works (1994); Autumn Balconies, (1997);Book of Death and the Dead (1998); In the Name of Mother and Child (1999).
- Other works: three novels entitled: The Prairies of Fever, Hooo; Just Two; Good Morning Children; Good Things We Call Homeland
- He won the Jordanian Writers Union Award three times, and Arar Award for all his works, won Tayseer Sbool Award; Sultan al- Uweis Award. Some of his poetic and prose works were translated into English, German, French, and Russian
- Address: PO Box 621252 Amman 11162, Jordan

### **Mirrors**

The man who is staring at me  
There in the mirror;  
The man who is waving at me  
So cheerful  
While I'm on my way to his beloved,  
What will happen to me  
When he disappears?



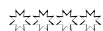
Away from my picture  
Which is in the frame  
I roam about;  
I'm still alive.



The mirror became waves,  
The mirror carried my image,  
The mirror rose in lightness,  
The mirror missed me.  
Yet  
Did not look for me  
At the bottom of the wall.



The mirror that confused me,  
The mirror in which I didn't see my image,  
My mirror,  
Is it possible  
That it forgot me?



Harsh features  
Kept scratching the mirror.



It is as if they have never seen each other.  
They met as strangers,  
Those gathered  
On one mirror.



The old mirror  
Saw in the party  
Only the legs of girls!

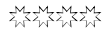


The old mirror  
Forgets her tales.  
The old mirror

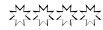
Suddenly remembers them  
Whenever we were about  
To leave the house.



More than a mirror  
Were in her purse  
More than a mirror  
She looked at closely  
Every five minutes  
To assure herself she was still young



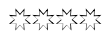
Wherever she went  
She took her mirror with her  
The lonely woman.



Beautiful or ugly  
They will hug us gently  
As if they were  
The mother's heart,  
These mirrors.



No need for shame  
Let loose all your sparrows, girl.  
Your mirrors which will see everything  
Will not tell us anything  
We who peek at you from the keyhole.



If only my mirror had a tongue,  
The girl whispered.  
And at her feet she sat in sadness,  
In shabby clothes  
If only my mirror had a tongue

I may have had a lover  
A long time ago.



Whenever I wondered  
Whether the mirror had a memory  
I got scared.  
I remembered that small closed cupboard  
There underneath.  
The cupboard to which my mother sneaks  
In solitude  
At the end of the night



The lonely stranger  
In his lonely room  
In the strange city  
Before the arrival of death  
Stood among his mirrors  
Which he has saved.  
And died  
As if the whole family  
Was around him.

□

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### ***Idrees El- Tayeb***

- Idrees Mohammed El- Tayyeb (Libya)
- Born in 1952 in Marj, Libya
- Memorized the Quran by heart and studied Islamic canon law until High School, then studied mass communication in Finland
- Journalist since 1970 in Al- Bayt Magazine, The New Dawn newspaper, The Cultural Week paper, The Arab Culture magazine. He was a reporter for the Libyan General Institution for Journalism in Scandinavian countries for three years
- Wrote articles and research papers on poetry, criticism, politics, and Islamic philosophy in many Arab publications
- Poet and short story writer
- Political detainee in 1978; sentenced for life, but released in 1988
- Poetry anthologies: Sketches on the Head of the Poet (1976), Embracing at the Range of Blood (1991), Loophole to Breathe (1997)
- Some of his short stories were translated into Swedish and Finnish and published in newspapers
- Address: Benighazi, P.O. Box 7877, Libya.

### **Hovering Towards the Beach**

(1)

As I hold myself together  
Blossoms on my tongue  
A happy, ecstatic song.  
Here is Maryam,  
Glaring at me,  
from the remote dawn  
With astonished eyes,  
Because locking me  
behind ironed doors  
Sets in my blood

the fire of fountains  
of winged and vast crave,  
my love becomes like the wings  
of butterflies hued with wishes  
hovering over the violets.  
I go into her worlds  
Happy,  
Flooding with expression,  
Then land  
in her small hand  
Sitting,  
Holding to her lines,  
To her plateaus,  
To the jagged alleys,  
Of her comforting palms.  
Between her middle finger and  
Tanned wedding finger  
Goes a long road  
leading to...  
The cities of beautiful tales  
Told in the cold nights.  
Slowly the princess carries me  
So I could see two eyes  
Breaking into me  
With astonishment.  
A great suddenness colors the magic  
Of the unique emergence  
And the only color I can see  
Is the color of sparrows  
That are told about us.

(2)

Here is a man  
who has wished to be a butterfly;  
The street leading to the cities  
of the beautiful surprise  
ends in a town,

white as the clean clouds  
whose children drink  
beautiful, gratifying poetry  
as luscious as the cherries.  
The land yields in the season  
corn that turns yellowish  
at the heated singing.  
All the children and the trees  
crowned with sun rays in the forests,  
share the delightful dance  
in the poems carnivals.  
Each child has in his pocket  
Candies and giggles  
Each child has in his hand  
A butterfly.  
A man who wished to be a butterfly  
Tells them, like me, about the dreams  
That florsih in the blood.  
He sleeps, like me, my little bird,  
At the rhythm of their breath,  
Overcome by delight,  
When poets pillow  
the children's wedding fingers  
Till they close their eyelids.  
It is bedtime  
So please O free bird of the sun  
Let me pillow your wedding finger.

□

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### ***Jassim Mohammed Ahmed Al- Sahayeh***

- Jassem Mohamed Ahmed Al- Sahayeh (Kingdom of Saudi Arabia)
- Born in 1964 in Al- Jaffar village, Al- Ahsaa
- Finished prep. school, then joined ARAMCO. Five years later he was sent to the US where he obtained a Bachelor in Mechanical Engineering from Portland University in 1990.
- Works as a mechanical engineer in ARAMCO, Saudi Arabia
- Poetry anthologies include: My Shade is My Successor (1414 H), Dance A Gnostic (1419 H), Pigeons Sweeping the Darkness (1420H), Olympics of the Body (1421 H).
- A number of his poems were published in Al- Yawm newspaper, Dammam, Saudi Arabia
- Won the Best Poem Prize from Foundation of Abdul- Aziz Saud Al- Babtain for Poetry Creativity
- Address: Al- Odaylia, PO Box 3070, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

### **Profound Tales**

Your Bedouin hair,  
When you comb it  
Is my days in life.  
Extending from the beginning  
Of the desert  
To the city end.  
I count my days  
Like I count chains  
That besiege me;  
I cannot count the years,  
For with your plaits  
I am the hostage tied.  
On your shoulders  
The seas roar up

And in this sea,  
as a ship I stand up.  
In the waves I entered  
To look for the profound tales,  
And beyond the coldness  
Of monotony I go  
Towards the generous surprise.  
Never was I betrayed by longing,  
For I have always sailed  
In its safe shaking,  
Just to see the shells on your forehead  
Let go of the precious pearls...



Ask your hair  
To have a limited range  
When you comb it.  
For my life is behind it,  
Going in its sad night journey.  
So gently hold the comb.  
What is your hair?  
It has a secret that  
Even you do not understand.  
For things go loose  
When you let your hair loose;  
And they return the usual way  
When you tidy up your hair.  
And when you wrinkle your hair  
I see the wrinkles  
Of the years on my face,  
And when you lull it  
I see the slumber of my days  
What is your hair?  
It is my fate that you write  
With the comb of your hair.



### ***Jawad Jameel***

- Jawad Jameel (Iraq)
- Born in 1954 in Thi- Qar, Iraq
- Bachelor of Civil Engineering
- Chairman of Al- Hoda Foundation for the Cultivation of Youth, and Editor- in- chief of Al- Hoda Child Magazine
- Member of the Iraqi Literary Association, the Arab Union of Men of Letters, and The Islamic Literature Association, and Advisor to the London- based New Thought Magazine
- Has lived outside Iraq since 1981, moving among Syria, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Lebanon and London
- Poetry anthologies include: Echo of Rejection and the Scaffold (1986), Censored Items (1988), Revolution Poem (for children) (1988), They Ask You About Stones (1991), Only for Revolutionists (1991), Fragments of the Sea, Tales from Exile (1992).
- His anthology Fragments of the Sea, Tales from Exile (1992) has been translated into Spanish.
- His poetry has been handled in studies by Saleem El- Hussein, Abdul- Rahman Hassan, Taha El- Tahan, and Abd- Alrahman Al- Waeli, Ammar Al- Baghdadi, Yasser Al- Qadi, Zuhair Shulaiba, Jamal El- Sa'ati, Mahmoud El- Ali, and others.
- Address: 108 Saxon Drive, West Acton, London W3 0NT England

### **Sadness**

A streak of sadness floats  
On the remains of my candles;  
And in my eyes lurks silence,  
Hued with humiliation.  
Why do the beaches cry  
For the funeral of the spring?  
Though they killed me

And left my tears uncollected.  
And with their hands  
They tore up my docks and sails,  
And in my thirst, they made me dark  
As a shade, and crucified my hunger.  
Why do the beaches cry  
For the funeral of the spring?  
Have they traveled in my wounds  
and their soaked sands?  
Or have they twisted their paces in pain?  
Why do the beaches cry  
For the funeral of the spring?  
When they are taken aback  
By hums from my decapitated head?  
In my veins rises the sun,  
And in my ribs grows a forest.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **The Desert**

This desert  
Knows I am a lover  
who hides seas in his coffin  
And that my home is the water.  
This desert all of a sudden  
became myself,  
And took my pain for a harbor,  
And my rebellion for a port.  
This desert  
Opens up her eyes in my face  
And tells me about the fall  
Of blind cities.  
This desert  
Blossomed up, from my thirst,

Flowers, persistence, pride  
It never recalls  
The stray convoys  
Nor the seasons of nudity.

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Kamal Nashaat***

- Dr Kamal Hussein Fahmy Nashaat (Egypt).
- Born in 1923 in Alexandria, Egypt.
- Graduate of the Arabic Dept., Faculty of Arts, Alexandria University. MA and Ph D. degrees from Ain Shams Univ., 1965.
- Taught at Al- Alson Faculty; Arts Academy; Faculty of Arts, Mustansseriya Univ.; and Faculty of Arts, Kuwait Univ.
- Member of the Verse Committee of the Supreme Council of Arts and Literature.
- A pioneer of the new verse movement in Egypt, establishing in the fifties, together with Mohammed Al- Faytourney and Fawzy Al- Anteel, the literary association Al- Nahr Al- Khalid.
- Verse collections: Winds and Candles, 1951; Chant for the Road, 1961; What Spring Says, 1965; Migrating Words, 1969; The Sweetest Years, 1981; Tired Stars and Waiting Morning, 1988.
- Translation: Live Hell (A Chinese novel translated from English) 1967.
- Prose: Modern Literary Criticism in Egypt; Of Literary Criticism; Abu Shady and the Modernizing Movement; Poetry of the Migrating School; Mostafa Sadeq Al- Rafei.
- Critiques on his work by: Mohammed Mandour, Mohammed Mostafa Haddarah, Abdou Badawi, Hassan Fateh Al- Bab, Maher Hassan Fahmi, Soleiman Fawzi, Farouq Moneeb, Hassan Tawfeeq.
- Address: 49 Misr- Helwan Road, Maadi, Cairo.

### **Homecoming**

Guards, open the gates to the city!  
Open them! We are no strangers to you.  
The walls do not keep our kin away.  
Neither do the lost years  
Amidst the fangs of beasts.

Open! We are dying!

Let's die in the bosom of the family.

Guards, open the gates to the city,  
So we can see friendly faces,  
Names of the streets,  
Home lamps.  
Fragrance of the land fraught with peril

If only we had not abandoned the tranquillity where mothers were!  
What have we gained but a wounded soul, a broken dream and  
bereavement?

Guards, open the gates to the city!  
Open them so kinship won't be devastated,  
And blood won't yearn in the arteries.

We are of this land blessed  
By prophets' prayers,  
And sanctified by approaching heavens.

Guards, open the gates to the city!  
Open them!  
We are no strangers to you.

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### ***Khaldoon Jaweed***

- Khaldoon Jaweed (Iraq)
- Born in 1947 in Karbalaa
- Continued his education in Baghdad, and graduated from the English Department, Baghdad University in 1973
- Worked in Algeria as a teacher and language auditor, and has lived in Denmark since 1991
- Poetry anthologies: Writing on the Cross of My Homeland (1992), Thanks from the Camp (1993), The Remains (1995)
- His first poem was published in 1965. His works were then published in newspapers and magazines in Iraq, Algeria, Yemen, Syria, Lebanon, and in the London- based "Literary Alienation", and the Canada- based "Ittihad" magazine
- Participated in several poetic festivals and forums in Iraq and other countries
- Some of his poems have been translated into Danish
- Address: Smakkegards vej 165. st.tv – 2820 Gentofte- Denmark

### **Austerity**

On the brink of dignity I stay up the night  
Neither faking nor pretending honor.  
On my windows there are no doves  
Or other birds that over me cry.  
Gone is my elegant dream  
And gone with it are all beauties,  
And gone is the poet too.  
No jewel has kept its glitter  
As long as jewels are still buried in ash.  
On the mud fell my skull,  
And over it arrived the wolves  
And all the fierce animals,

To break and tear and cut and circle me.  
Their many claws are dipped into my eyes  
They drink from them as if they drink the wine  
When I did blame them with pupils of the eyes  
They drank the tears remaining and then went by  
I am a bird that in the clouds flies  
Over whose fate the minarets and churches cry  
My wings are wounds of ages memories  
and bleedings and sheer misfortune.  
Nostalgia

Father, O Father!  
I am dying to see your face  
To see our pond  
On the green highway  
And the horses that drink in the morning  
and the cars that lead into the fields.  
Father, O Father!  
I'm dying to see the grapes  
That fell unconscious on you palms,  
And the butterflies sniffing your dress  
Filled with flowers and your lovely children.  
The girls on the river bank are playing.  
By chance they remember me and then go by  
They laugh under the breeze.  
I long to hug the dawn,  
And stretch the pigeon's wings  
On the boughs  
I long to pick the seeds from your hand  
And from their laughter too.  
Father, O Father!  
Shall I come that shabby  
With this dress torn by the wind?  
With this white hair  
And all my questions?  
Shall I come

After my years have turned that dry,  
And my lips that bitter?  
My wound is ripe  
But birds keep scratching it  
When I have this nostalgia  
For my brothers.  
Shall I come with my fear?  
With this face, homeless and strange  
After a decade?  
What shall I answer if they ask who I am?  
Or if they screen me with cold looks?  
What suicide on the door bench shall I make  
When they fail to recognize my face?  
Shall I say my name?  
Shall I stutter from a quiver?  
On what mud will the blood tear fall from my lung?

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### ***Khaled Muhyiddin Al- Baradei***

- Khaled Muhyiddin Al- Baradei (Syria)
- Born in 1943 in Yabrood village, Syria
- Learnt by heart parts of the Quran, and studied in Damascus
- Worked as journalist and writer
- A founder of the Arab Writers Union in 1969
- Poetry anthologies: Pictures on the Wall of Exile (1971), Departure to the Future (1972), Poems on Struggle and Love (1973), Singing Among Lost Ships (1973), Messages to a Strange Lady (1974), The Kiss from the Lip of the Sword (1974), Tales to a Woman from Yabrood (1975), Stories of Al- Mutanabi before Saifudowla (1976), Love is my Language (1980), Poems to the Land, Poems to the Beloved (1989), Abdullah and the World (1991), Tale of Prince Jannan (Verse tale) (1985). Verse Plays: The Throne and the Virgin (1977), He Destroyed a Lover (1978), Goder and the Treasure (1981), Ghosts of Sinai (1981), Ebony Horse (1982), Peace Besieging Carthage (1983), The Last Conference of Petty Kings (1989), Island of the Birds (1990), Emperor Zamaskees (1991), the Prophecy (1991), Damascus Wedding (1991).
- Other Creative works: Plays : The Monster (1975), The Locust (1978), Abu- Hayaan Al- Tawheedi (1984), Sheikh Bahlool (1985)
- Other works: Eternal Singing, Creativity
- Some of his works were translated into French, Spanish, and Russian
- His work was reviewed and critiqued by Zaki Naguib Mahmoud and Adnan Bin Thurail
- Address: Yabrood. PO Box 114, Syria.

### **Rising Light**

Abdullah was probing the horizon  
After wakefulness  
Demolished what he constructed;  
On and on he went,  
Hiding in his own secret,

Wearing his world  
That was knit of the dew yarn,  
Whenever the winds tore a sail he sew  
He knit the wind as sail,  
And knit the wishes as boat  
And on and on he went  
To go beyond tomorrow.



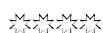
In the Atlas Abdullah was a sailor,  
And in Israa, he was a sophist;  
In the air, he was imagination incarnate  
Hurrying in the paths of life  
Carried to a promise, not the Promiser  
If he was deceived by Night on one path  
Off he would dust the night and still go by  
Looking for the Morning  
Without knowing in which fold he rose  
Behind him the years of life slept  
Like forgotten bodies,  
Wrapped in illusion,  
And covered by torment.  
They never rejoiced in life  
Not for one second  
They never knew the source of light.



Abdullah said: How far I am from this world  
And how close it is to me!  
Are we enemies walking along together?  
He folds himself in its dark  
It folds him when he's fiery  
How am I to hold the dream in the dark then?  
And see those who are coming nearby  
Or those who are going far?



One day he saw in a mirror  
An extinguished disaster  
And a front.  
On which Time has forgotten its rust  
And the curved grooves carved on his face  
Whose silence investigates his secrets,  
And a dream in which he has stored  
All that he has seen.  
It was strange and startling.  
Abdullah said:  
How hard it is  
To live and not to live  
In the forest of upside down visions!  
Has time sucked my wishes  
While, in my heart, I guard the sound of Passion's hidden waterfalls ?  
Abdullah bent backwards begging  
For the extinguished years.



On the table of Night  
Which gave him company  
In his estrangement,  
Abdullah is a guest  
He put off his shoulders  
The basket of melancholy,  
And off his palm a lamp  
That has fallen asleep.  
From the Hole of the Night  
Abdullah saw a woman,  
Worn transparently by Light.  
Here she comes like the morning star  
Rising in subtlety  
At the beginning he thought she was a specter  
Or some creation of Illusion,  
So thin, and so transparent  
No, he said.  
But yes, it was.

What he has seen is the birth of beauty  
To be harvested,  
And so he did  
One beauty following another,  
At the blink of the eye.



Abdullah said: how beautiful it is  
To resume my journey in the autumn  
And take Beauty with me as a hymn!  
My only concern now is Passion.  
After all the paths became crippled  
Now that the guide did fall asleep  
And now that I am in the darkest side of my life  
A stranger in disguise,  
A lonely man tumbling over,  
All the fruits of joy I have tasted  
Have now withered.



Do you want to come with me  
So we can begin our trip,  
Swiftly?  
He still awaits the answer,  
But as yet, she has not uttered a sound  
To Abdullah.

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### ***Khalifa Al- Waqyan***

- Dr. Khalifa Abdullah Faris Al- Waqyan
- Born in 1941, Kuwait
- PhD in Arabic from Ain Shams University in 1980
- Worked as a Secretary General of the National Council for Culture and Arts; member of the editorial board of World Culture Magazine; member of the Kuwait Scientific Advance Foundation Award Council; member of the faculty of Education Council and the Faculty of Arts Council.
- Member of the Kuwaiti Journalists Society and the General Union of Arab Journalists; Secretary General of the Men of Letters Association in Kuwait.
- Currently advisor to the National Council for Culture and Arts; board member of the Kuwaiti Center for Studies and Research; member of the editorial board of the Arab Magazine for Humanities; and member of the editorial board of the World of Knowledge book series.
- Participated in many cultural events and festivals
- Poetry anthologies: Those Sailing with the Winds (1974), Time Changes (1983), Going off the Circle (1988)
- Writings: The Arab Cause in Kuwaiti Poetry; Bohtori's Poetry: a Study of Technique
- His poetry was reviewed by Ibrahim Abdurrahman, Ahmed Matloub, Mohamed Hassan Abdallah, Abdullah Al- Oteibi, Abdullah Zakaria Al- Aansari, Ahmed Suweilam, Faysal Al- Saad, Abdurazaq Al- Baseer, Fadel Khalaf, and Khaled Saud Al- Zaid. A Masters thesis handling his poetry has been prepared.
- Address: Kuwait, PO Box 1296.

### **Signs**

Here come the conquering commanders  
With stars glittering on their shoulders  
In the murdered morning,  
Raced by the roaring bullets,

Blocking all the outlets  
And the sad roads;  
Their shoes sweep through  
Every inch in my house  
And my heart beatings;  
They litter my silent papers  
They tear apart my scared children's toys.  
I glance at them  
In their victorious ecstasy  
In this sick time.  
"Who am I?"  
I'm a poet  
I hide nothing in the bosom of my house  
I hide nothing in the beatings of my heart  
I hide nothing in the bosom of my child  
But Arabism, my old love,  
And my everlasting care.



Yes,  
Here are the proud and victorious  
Holding my neighbor's child  
With her wounded face  
And a perforated head  
And an amputated palm.  
They shoot at the body  
Bathing in a sea of blood.  
They turn their shoulders  
And the shining stars  
in the duel field.  
I ask,  
"What has a blossoming flower done,  
Giving off the scent of Arabism every morning  
In the school playground,  
'Long live the Arab nation?'"  
And the small flowers answer  
"Long live the Arab nation,

Long live the Arab nation,  
Long live the Arab nation"  
And I ask "what has the breeze of Khuzama done"  
And the brave soldiers answer:  
The crime lines are on the wall:  
"Long live Kuwait, death to the tyrants"



My child keeps asking me in the gloomy evening,  
"Who are these people?"  
"Where have they come from?"  
"What do they want?"  
And Kuwait's face looks in sadness  
From the windows.  
Silence envelopes the city;  
I cannot see anything now  
Except for a cat crossing the path  
Going nowhere in particular  
Going back to the house of their absent loved ones.



My daughter keeps asking me  
And silent I remain, no answer,  
I look around at the streets,  
Which have become open  
For murder  
For Panic  
For Sadness  
For oppression  
For the trucks,  
Which carry the Arab brotherly flag,  
Which come light at night  
And return with loads of booty at sunrise



I pondered for a while,  
Turned my face towards the sea.

My head is heavy.  
Here lies my grandfather  
Whose body was eaten up by the sea  
In the long travel.  
Here lies my father  
Whose limbs have been torn apart by sharks  
When his hand plucked out bread  
From the fangs of the Ocean's ogre  
And offered survival  
to his hungry children.



Over The Desert  
whose back is sun burnt  
and turned Hell  
I saw the arm of my brother  
piercing the rocks  
Looking for a water drop  
To wet the rust.  
And the beach has never asked  
If it's been mean with the thirsty.



My child asks and I come round  
A bombardment rocks the place.  
All windows shake,  
Bullets roar  
The noise of the "brave soldiers" gets loud  
They run after a young boy.  
I hug her  
Take her towards the lounge,  
Across the broken glass:  
Come on  
Let me tell you  
Before you sleep  
The story of Cain

And the story of a boy called Sinmar  
Who erected a palace  
On the banks of Euphrates.

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### ***Malak Abdel- Aziz***

- Malak Abdel- Aziz Abdallah (Egypt).
- Born in 1921 in Tanta, El- Gharbeya, Egypt.
- Went to school in Gharbeya then joined the Faculty of Arts, Cairo University, obtaining a BA in Arabic in 1942.
- Worked as the editor in chief of El Sharq magazine 1965- 1980.
- A member of the Supreme Council for Culture (poetry committee), the Press Syndicate, Writers' Association, World Peace Council, and the Arab Society of Cultural Integration.
- Participated in many poetry events in Egypt and abroad.
- Wrote a great number of essays and radio talks on literary criticism.
- Verse Collections: Youth Songs, 1958; What the Night Said, 1966; the Sea of Silence ; To Touch the Heart of Things, 1974; Night Songs, 1978.
- Prose: The Torn Sock (story collection), 1962.
- Died in 1999.

### **The White Village (To the builders of the High Dam)**

(1)

Isis, we came back to you,  
to the white village by the great river,  
your love,  
in black Nubia, the sanctuary of the eternal deity.  
A sweet tender bird approached  
the majestic Sun procession.  
The fluttering wing whiffed the breeze.  
It looked at me.  
A tuned song captured our ears,  
a starlet in our hearts.  
It hovered over the white domes of the village,

then headed north,  
carrying the affectionate songs to the plains and the mountains.  
The fertile valley whispered,  
“a resurrection of the soul;  
the shadow of death is gone; barrenness is history.”

(2)

Isis, blossom of the valley, spirit of the land,  
You're not old; you didn't age;  
your young affectionate heart is still throbbing  
with life- giving passion.  
Isis, don't cry; the beloved is back.  
He's back with the fervour of your old love.  
He's back to sow opulence  
in the barren land.  
The mighty river is flowing,  
the virgin soil quivering  
with sumptuous life;  
tender whispers of love filter through  
the flirting breeze.

Isis, don't cry; the enemy won't come back  
to capture the beloved and hurl him to the raging sea.  
The magnificent will of your people destroyed the enemy;  
they built a stubborn dam  
to keep your Osiris in your embrace, grace of life.

(3)

Your beloved can slow down his pace,  
approach you shores lovingly,  
turn into serene tenderness.  
Your beloved can turn the scorching summer air,  
the tumultuous autumn wind,  
into yielding loving care.

The white village, Isis, is  
a gift to his love.  
It melted in passionate love  
and he reciprocated by serene tenderness.

(4)

In the embrace of love,  
the white village will not die.  
Love is resurrection, revival.  
When passion cuddles the craving soil,  
life evolves again and again.  
The white village will emerge from the lush river  
a thousand villages and temples of love and opulence.

Isis, don't cry; the beloved is back,  
revered again, young again.  
Sons of Horus built him temples and palaces  
for fertility, persevering creativity.  
Beautiful Isis, take off the mourning attire;  
life is back, a resurrection of the soul.

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### ***Mahmoud Darweesh***

- Mahmoud Darweesh (Palestine).
- Born in 1941 Barweh village, Acre, Palestine.
- Graduated from high school in Kafr Yassin.
- Practiced journalism in a number of Arab countries.
- Verse collections: Wingless Birds, 1960; Olive Leaves, 1964; Lover from Palestine, 1966; Dawn after a Long Night, 1967; Diary of a Palestinian Wound, 1969; Writing in the Light of a Rifle, 1970; My Beloved Awakes, 1970; Ahmed Al- Zater, 1970; Sparrows Die in Galilee, 1970; The End of the Night, 1971; Complete Works, 1971; Drizzle in Remote Autumn, 1971; Love You; Love You Not, 1972; A Soldier Dreams of White Lilies, 1973; Complete Works, 1973; Attempt Number 7, 1974; Her Image and His Suicide, 1975; Weddings, 1977; Body Chant (et alia), 1981; Praise of Mighty Shadow, 1982; It's a song ..It's a song, 1985; Fewer Roses, 1985; Siege for Sea Praises, 1986; I See What I Want, 1990; Eleven Planets, 1993; Why Did you Leave the Horse by Itself, 1995; Of the Last Andalusian Scene.
- Prose: Something about Homeland; Diary of Normal Sorrow; Farewell War- Farewell Peace; Of Our State; Letters (et alia)
- Awards: the Lotus, Avicenna, and Lenin awards; the Palestinian Revolution Shield, as well as other international awards and medals. His poems have been translated to several languages.
- Address: 7, Place des Etats, Unis 75016, Paris.

### **Teachings of a Nymph**

(1)

I once thought of leaving when a goldfinch  
rested on her palm and fell asleep.  
It was enough to play with a twig  
for her to see that my wine cup was full.  
It was enough to go to sleep  
for her to see into my dreams

and stay up a sentinel.  
It was enough to receive my letter  
to know my new address, my new jail,  
and that my days are hovering about her, and for her.

(2)

Mother would count my toes and fingers from afar,  
Would comb me with her golden locks, and search  
for foreign women, in my inner rests,  
darn my socks.  
She did not watch me grow up  
as we agreed;  
we were parted at the marble slope  
where clouds waved to us  
and to the goats  
inheriting the place.  
In the exile, two languages arose for us;  
a simple one for the pigeons to realize and keep the memory,  
a subtle one to explain its shadow to the shadows of the place.

(3)

In your sea, I'm still alive.  
You did not say to me the words mother would say to her sick child.  
I was sick by the copper moon over the Bedouins' tents.  
Do you remember our exile trip to Lebanon  
when you forgot me and the bread bag, wheat loaves?  
I didn't cry lest the guards would wake up.  
I was laid on your shoulders by the scent of dew  
O antelope that lost her babe there and abode...

(4)

You had no time for sentimental talk.  
You kneaded the noon with basil.  
I know what burns a hole in your proud heart.  
Since you were driven out of paradise the second time,  
all our world has changed; our voices went hoarse;  
our greetings fell off our lips, like buttons on the sand,

No echo heard  
Say: Good morning!  
Say anything so life can offer me its kindness..

(5)

Sister of Hagar, her stepsister, crying  
with the sad flutes over the dead  
still walking the earth.  
No graves around her tent to tell her how heaven may open  
She looks beyond my fingers to see her garden  
on the face of a mirage,  
and the old times snatch her to consequent absurdity:  
her father gone like a Circassian soldier on the wedding horse,  
her mother, suppressing her tears, preparing  
wedding henna dye to the husband's new wife,  
and tested her anklet.

(6)

We meet to part at the cross- roads of words;  
she would say, marry any foreign woman;  
they're more beautiful than the local girls, but  
don't believe any woman but me. Don't  
always believe your memories. Don't  
burn to light the road for you mother;  
that's her sacred job.  
Don't long for the dew;  
be realistic like the sky  
and don't long to your grandfather's cloak  
or your grandmother's little bribes.  
Dart like a colt in the world.  
Be who you are wherever you are.  
Carry only the burden of your heart.  
And come back when your country  
opens its arms to its people  
after conditions have been changed...

(7)

Mother lights up the last candles of Canaan  
around my mirror,  
and throws her scarf into my last poem.

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### ***Mahmoud Momtaz Al- Hawari***

- Mahmoud Momtaz Ahmed Abdu Al- Hawari (Egypt).
- Born in 1932 in Mghalqa, Mellawi, Egypt.
- LI.B., Cairo University, 1958.
- Worked as a lawyer up to 1964 then for the ministries of Health and Culture.
- Published his poetry in many Arab literary magazines, such as Al- Faisal, Al- Arabiya, Al- Doha, New Yemen, She'r, Ibdaa, Al- Azhar, Manar Al- Islam, and Al- Qahera.
- Some of his poetry was broadcast by the Egyptian Radio & Television.
- Participated in several literary carnivals in Egypt.
- Address: Jaish Str., Monshaat Barakat, Mellawi, Egypt.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

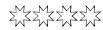
#### **Escaping the Moon**

Wandering moon, where are you sailing in the night?  
Row, row across time and distant horizons.  
How many mortals have contemplated you?  
How many have you weighed up?  
Lovers heaped praise on you;  
but in your silence, you are the poet.



By God, did life hurt you?  
Has treacherous time slighted you?  
Did winds of agony add grey hairs to your head?  
In your forbearance you stand fast.

Does grief wear you out, withered flame?  
What about people and your memories;  
do you still hold that dear?  
Answer me if you can;  
the answer outwits me.



The full moon smiled to me in glee,  
looking at me with a lovely face.  
In the gardens of heaven,  
I discerned a reproachful look.  
Captivated by celestial light,  
drowned in divine glow,  
I was taken by an angel  
to the charming shores of the moon.



I looked upon earth from high above  
A frowning face I saw.  
Turning around itself as bomb  
waiting to explode,  
to burn in its own hatred,  
swinging in the space  
between two fires,  
in the East, infidel sophistry  
in the West decadent revelry.  
In the midst, whole peoples were slighted,  
losing their evident rights.  
In shacks, in skyscrapers, smoke is rising,  
and the young, lacking faith, dance  
under blaring lights tapping their hooves.



I discern through the extended space  
tears, rending the heart,  
and broken- heart child limping away.  
departed with his folks, he's lost with no presents,

to live in exile treading thorny roads with faltering steps.  
Our earth is riddled with wounds,  
lying down licking its wounds,  
receiving no worrying visitors.  
In every corner, flames erupt,  
and mockery is what it gets.  
Gushing tears escape no eye.  
Bleeding spares no heart.

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### ***Mamdouh Adwan***

- Mamdouh Sabry Adwaan (Syria).
- Born in 1941 in Qeroon, Mesyaf, Hamah.
- Graduated from Damascus University, English Department, 1966.
- Journalist since 1964.
- Playwright, and columnist in many Syrian newspapers and Arab magazines.
- A member of the Press Syndicate, and the Arab Writers' Association in Damascus.
- Participated in many drama and poetry events in many Arab countries.
- Verse collections: The Green Shadow, 1967; Tired Hands Waving, 1969; Blood Hits The Windows, 1974; Impossible Times Arrived, 1974; The Night that Haunts Me, 1975; Familiar 50 escape , 1976; Mother Chasing Her Murderer, 1976; Necessary Details, 1978; Fear for All Times, 1980; And That's Me Too, 1984; No Roads to Rome, 1990; Forever to Exiles, 1991; Wind's Memory and Mine, 1997; Flying Towards Madness, 1998; Life Leans on You, 1999.
- Drama: 14 plays, 4 monodrama plays, among which: Trying the Man that Didn't Fight, How Come You Abandoned the Sword, Slaves' Night, Hamlet Has Awakened Lately, a Visit to the Queen, The Maid, The Heritage, and a play for the handicapped.
- Prose: several translated books, an autobiography, and three books on the theatre.
- Died in 2004.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **Tired of monologues**

I sing a song to fatal love,  
on the relics that turn into rubble.  
I sing, so I can search the remains of silence  
for signs of a massacre,

covered by rusty words.  
Here, I have come across something.  
I'll dash into it unapologetically:  
I'll die.  
I'll disturb the placidity of the dead.  
I'll deprive my killer of the pleasure of aiming  
at my heart  
that never gave way to submission.  
I'll deprive my killer of the chance  
of making my life a target of his venomous darts  
a land suppressing its volcanoes.  
I'll die.  
My fears have bled me dry,  
skin over bones.  
Chilling despair dispersed my dreams.  
Take away my body which,  
exhausted, neglected, and forgotten,  
has turned into rags;  
It has become nothing  
but a burden.  
Take away that waste!  
It wasn't but a weed  
that arose in a swamp  
that was once homeland.  
I wean myself of the breast of bitterness.  
I declare a fast.  
I am tired of salvation,  
enshrined in a waste of hope.  
I am tired of my innocence, bogged in the overwhelming crime.  
I choke on water where humiliation floats.  
The neutrality of my prison teems with guilt and nausea.  
I die.  
Spiting you.  
I don't turn yellow with fear.  
I don't hide,  
to sing in spite of myself in the funeral of the homeland.

I sing my song now:  
Hail, my friends, my killers.  
Revel in the petty pleasures of injustice.  
Scream your humiliating din  
to dim away my appeals.  
Hail, dark horizons.  
Hail! I'm travelling into the night to heaven.  
I'll steal their light and disappear,  
So they can remember, when they come to,  
that I was their full moon.  
Hail, our end.  
Come, embrace me.  
Keep away the homesickness of the soul,  
dried like a reed.  
Help me run away from a life,  
tailored for me in my absence.  
I cry out loud:  
O God you know;  
my eyes did not see;  
neither did my ears hear.  
I'm moths coming out from my decaying body.  
I'll start with my crucifixion.  
My beginning may take long.  
Mother may not even notice me;  
won't even say: "Dismount, O cavalier, from the cross".  
My journey started with the cross.  
I only dreamt of an end, but  
here I am, lonely on the beams of the cross,  
no questions raised.  
I see what I feared would be,  
seeing from the beyond  
men aging without the passage of years;  
their shame peacefully streaking the hair grey.  
They are too weak to see their flaws.  
I'll come out of the darkness of silence,  
turning tables in the markets,

uncovering their big game.  
If I can, I will say,  
in despair you sold yourselves;  
I don't sell.  
Bequeath bargaining despair to somebody else.  
I say to a world I glimpse from the cell:  
hark! Listen to my words!  
Don't give an ear to hissing despair.  
They made our despair to hide behind it,  
to become our excuse.  
They made it to stretch the blanket of death.  
Then the hangman would gracefully end our disgrace.  
Their fake peace becomes a grave to our dead.  
And we forget retribution.  
I'll get off my cross to tell you in candour:  
"Vengeance is mine".  
Old revenge doesn't die;  
there is a reckoning.  
I want my brother back, alive.  
No justification but that  
I am the plough, the water- jug, the land.  
My revenge never dies, or my life is but bubbling foam.  
I am not afraid of tomorrow; I am tomorrow.

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### ***Mohammed Ahmed El- Azab***

- Mohammed Ahmed El- Azab (Egypt).
- Born in 1932 in Mansoura, Egypt.
- Ph. D. in literature and criticism, 1964.
- Taught as a staff member at the faculty of the Arabic Language in Mansoura; Professor, 1985 and dean in 1995.
- Participated in many literary conferences and seminars, publishing his work in Arabic periodicals.
- Verse collections: Cloudy Dimensions, 1964; a Traveller in History, 1970; Asking You About the Meaning of Things, 1976; Of Perpendicularity and Obliquity, 1994; My Name on My Chains, 1994; Various Manifestations of a Woman, 1994, Lyrical- Dramatic Themes, 2000.
- Address: the Faculty of Social Studies for Girls, Mansoura, Egypt.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

##### **Lottery Ticket Seller**

She smiles to me while anguish haunts her eyes.  
Selling lottery tickets, she tells me stories of agony,  
A daughter of twenty years of woe,  
A violet plucked from the warmth of the shrub.

A threadbare dress barely covering a flat bosom,  
the light of her eyes revealing the cruelty of the rain,  
a withered spring complained in her smile,  
her steps gone astray by the storm in a moonless night.

Barefoot, she trod the road lightly, shadowless.  
Did she once have love rest on her hand and arms  
which she then lost? Why do we see the hungry as heartless  
dummies with no longing or love.

Selling tickets of luck and has no luck of her own.  
Burning with need she verges on selling what she can.  
Behind the mask of a smile looms hunger and worry.  
She tells her innocent story of sweat and labour.

A tortuous journey in the labyrinth of the nights pushes her over the  
edge,  
leading her to go astray and efface her past.  
We continue condemning her and in arrogance slap her face.  
Forgetting her hunger and stray nights.

These black streets recognize her roaming steps in the night,  
moving in silence and fear.  
Many times did she rove around lacking folks and home,  
leaving on the walls shadows of helplessness.

Many times did a question rage in her mouth:  
Where's the winner? What happiness!  
Clueless, she picks up the tickets and counts them.  
And goes on her grim way and disappears in its fringes.

Many times did she sleep the night drowned in thoughts and fancies,  
wondering: Who am I? How can I sell luck to people,  
live a saga of loss day and night,  
and lead a life of autumnal labyrinth?

She cries, simple human crying and smiling,  
a flute singing a tune in the face of mighty winds,  
a female made more sensitive by calamity and tragedy.  
How fine feelings are whetted by pain!

Here, many times did she slumber contently.  
Here, she has in every forgotten corner an image.  
Here, a myth kneels behind the shades and shadows.  
Here, in these quarters, numerous of her stories are renowned.

\*\*\*\*□

### ***Mohammed Ali Salman***

- Mohammed Ali Salman (Syria)
- Born in 1938 at Tartus, Syria
- Graduate of the Faculty of Arts, the University of Damascus.
- Teaches Arabic at Tartus schools, Syria..
- Verse collections: The Sail, 1996; Olayya & Essam, 1997.
- Critical studies on his work by Poet Essa Soleiman and Noaman Harb.
- Address: Manuscript Hanafayya Farm Tartus, Syria.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **Message to Abu Firas Al- Hamdani**

Whither have those days gone?  
Do you still remember the times when the beloved would relent?  
The beloved would loom in the memory  
and the heart would find its way home.  
It would live it joy and bliss  
in a paradise of extended green shadow.  
You're a sweet- natured person, a gentleman,  
benevolent, serene, pure.  
Your only friends are the spear and the sword,  
valiant sword and the hands of valour,  
Coeur de lion chasing the Romans out,  
and determination that never wears out.  
Castles of the land seek your protection,  
roaming the land with your chivalrous horse.  
Tortured by virgin ideas  
you fetch back from elusiveness.



You've chosen the blood- spattered battle.  
Where hearts would flinch you are steadfast,

a battalion by yourself.  
You would launch an attack on the Romans  
and stand out where heads were falling.  
Your daring attack would turn their nights even blacker,  
a battalion by yourself.  
You're there. Their hearts are stricken with lethal fear.  
You'd never retreat in the thick of the battle,  
your army has no worry.  
Many times have you protected people's country's honour.  
You would sheathe a bloody sword,  
and come back with laurels of glory.  
Greatness is for you;  
petty matters are for the petty.



You once fell a prisoner of war  
After torrential sword strikes.  
You did not spare your glorious self  
when calamities were poised for attack,  
and any mortal would worry himself to death.  
You would seek your own end on horseback,  
no resting in a grave.  
You've looked forward for a peer  
but no such equal is there.



### ***Mahmoud Al- Mahrouq***

- Mahmoud Abd Fathi Al- Mahrouq (Iraq).
- Born in 1931 in Mowsil, Iraq.
- Graduated from the Teachers Institute, after high school.
- Practiced teaching and worked as a copy- editor.
- Verse collections: Wind Harp, 1954.
- Critique of his work by Dr. Abdel Rida Ali (Aqlam magazine, 1993); Ali Akram Qassim, Mowsil Univ. 1992; Mowsil Encyclopaedia of Civilization, Vol. V, 1992, etc.
- Address: 18, lane 13, Section 414, Najjar District, Mowsil, Iraq.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **The Depth of Silence**

Drowning poet of silence,  
have you had enough gazing beyond the banks?  
The sad boat has gone,  
and you're still singing with the waves about your journey.  
The raging storms are resounding  
while you, wretched man, are drifting.  
Silence storms will engulf your being and shatter your soul.  
Waves will destroy your aspirations declaring  
the demise of hope.



Drowning poet, forbear,  
an abyss of silence looms behind the banks.  
You were misled. Come back! Life is such a chasm.  
You extend a hand reaching out and a wave would strike you back.  
You'll fall back into silence,  
you'll give up hope,

and tomorrow you'll be left  
with just shrieks swallowed by the dark.



Singing poet, you're lost in the midst of things.  
Come back now, don't reach for the moon.  
Serene poet, you're a heart knocking at iron gates.  
Why the dejection? Bliss is but a charade,  
life senseless fatuity, absurd to try.

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Mohammed El- Abboudy***

- Dr. Mohammed Suleiman El- Abboudy (The United Arab Emirates).
- Born in 1955, in Sharjah.
- BA in Arabic from Kuwait University, 1977, MA and PhD in French literature from The Sorbonne University, Paris, with honors 1987.
- Worked in information management, and the Emirates Radio, and has been teaching at the Emirates University since 1988, and a Head of the Language Center since 1990.
- Participated in many literary, informational and cultural conferences and seminars in Greece, Saudi Arabia, Spain, Indonesia, etc. Undertook many official assignments in several countries on behalf of ministries of Information and Cultures
- Address: PO Box 17916, El- Ein, the U.A.E.

### **Deluge Worry**

Sweet lady, it's a deluge worry that set fire to my thoughts.  
Keep off this fire, my fire.  
It would kill me if you got burnt.  
Instead, kill this illusion.  
I am not what you fancied.  
I am an ocean of sand that  
drowned ships of dreams in clashes of fire and water.  
How can I protect you from my bewilderment  
when I have lost all my years searching for identity.  
How can such loss give you a face.  
Go back. You can't find help here.  
Thirsty salt and the mirage in my chest,  
may have lured your eyes to murder me.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Mohammed El- Faytoury***

- Mohammed Moftah Ragab El- Faytoury (Sudan).
- Born in 1936, in Sudan in an Arab, African, Egyptian family.
- Grew up in Alexandria and learned the Quran by heart there.
- Studied in the Religious Institute in Alexandria, completed his Azhari studies in Cairo in then in Dar El- Oloum Faculty of Arabic.
- Worked as a literary editor in Egyptian and Sudanese newspapers, and was appointed as information expert in the Arab League 1968- 1970, a literary consultant in the Libyan Embassy in Italy, a consultant and ambassador in the Libyan Embassy in Beirut, a political and information consultant in the Libyan Embassy in Morocco.
- Was a part of the literary movement in Sudan as well as a part of the Egyptian poetry tradition as he started his poetic career in Egypt.
- Verse collections: Songs of Africa, 1955; a Lover from Africa, 1964; Remember Me, Africa, 1965; Africa's Sorrows, 1966; The Hero, the Revolution and the Gallows, 1968 ; Debshaleem's Fall, 1969; A Tune of Wandering Dervish, 1971; Omar El Mokhtar's Revolution, 1973; Smile So the Horses Can Pass By, 1975; East of the Sun .. West of the Moon, 1985; The Lover Comes to You, 1989; The Night's Death... the Day's Death, 1994.
- Awards: Award of Refinement (Al- Fateh, Libya) 1988; The Golden Award of Science, Art and Literature (Sudan) 1990.
- Address: the Libyan Embassy, Rebat, Morocco.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

##### **Songs of Africa**

Brother in the East, in every dwelling,  
brother on earth, in every land,  
I call upon you.  
Do you know me?  
Despite our plights, I know you.

I tore off the shrouds of slavery.  
I tore down the walls of illusion.  
I'm no more a worn off tomb.  
I'm no more a slave of my shackles,  
a slave of the old past,  
a slave of a stone idol.

I am alive, eternal in the face of death.  
I am free despite the bars of time.  
Listen to me! Listen to me!  
Only decayed matter can't listen.

We have trodden thorny roads,  
enduring great duress.  
We have spent nights with no shelter and no food.  
We have lived barefoot in misery.  
The plough exhausted our strength.  
But we stood in defiance.  
Our hangman exploited us,  
and we stepped on our hopes,  
raising him on our necks,  
kissing his feet in awe,  
filling his cup with our blood.  
He sipped our wounds and sighs.  
We glorified the very stones of the mansion.  
But then we revolted against ourselves  
and obliterated the stamp of servility.

The millions have woken up after long sleep.  
Do you hear their resounding voice?  
They are searching for their history  
after they and it were lost.  
Wielding their axes, they came down the hills  
from every remote corner.  
Do you see determination in their eyes,  
and the dawn of resurrection on their foreheads?

Brother in every land deprived of light,  
in every land divested of a smile,  
with gloomy eyes,  
rise, free yourself of the coffins of misery.  
You are no freak, no mummy.  
Go free day and night.

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Mohammed El- Qaissey***

- Mohammed Khalil Ibrahim El- Qaissey (Jordan).
- Born in 1944, in Kafr Aana, Palestine.
- B.A. in Arabic from Beirut University, 1971.
- Practiced teaching and journalism, including radio and television, finally taking up freelance writing and poetry.
- Participated in Arab and international festivals and conferences.
- Verse collections: A Banner in the Wind, 1968; The Death and Life Quintet, 1971; Ezz El- Deen El Qassem's Storms, 1974; Mourning Becomes Haifah, 1975; A Vase for Sarah's Flowers, Thyme for her Orphans, 1979; Abdullah's Fires and Days, 1981; How Much Dying do We Need to be Together, 1983; Stopping in Jarash, 1984; Houses on the Horizon, 1985; All That's There, 1986; The Street Musician, 1987; Hamdah's Book, 1988; Dispersion of One, 1989; She's Lit up with her Beauty, I with my Sadness, 1990; The Doting Poet of the Tribe, 1991; Friendship of the Wind, 1993; I Go to See My Face, 1995; The Flute of Our Time, 1996; Core of the Heart, 1998; Earthly Guide (the Icons), 1999; For Children: Songs of the Land (lyrical), 1983; In Loving Palestine (Songs for Young Men) , 1982.
- Prose: Archipelago of Dead Pleasures; Masked Air; and My Life in the Poem.
- Awards: Jordanian Writers Award, 1984; Ibn Khafaja Poetry Award from the Spanish Arab Cultural Institute, 1984; Abdel Aziz Saud Al-Babtain Foundation Prize for Poetic Creativity, 1998.
- Died in 2003.

### **The Death of a Palestinian Prince**

Asleep in the drizzle of the night, he is  
a real prince.  
Light two candles, so he can wake up.  
Light a candle, so he can see me.

Asleep like an olive,  
a motionless pebble.  
Asleep in the perishing transience  
like a prince.  
Asleep like a singing river,  
passing by the lands.  
On his chest, his hands  
drip stubbornness and agony

He didn't live his prime,  
didn't roam the vines in the morning,  
didn't send flowers to his beloved,  
didn't visit me in my loneliness,  
but to take my heart away and go.  
How dear he was to me,  
my prince!  
He was a flute and an ear of corn.  
Asleep like my tired soul,  
he's not coming back,  
to shower my window with songs.

Asleep in the drizzle of the night, he is  
a real prince.  
Light two candles, so he can wake up.  
Light a candle, so he can see me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
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### ***Mohammed El- Tohamy***

- Mohammed El- Tohamy Sayed Ahmed (Egypt).
- Born in 1920 in El- Dlaton, Menoufeya, Egypt.
- B.A. in law and economics from the Faculty Of Law, Alexandria University, 1947.
- Lawyer and journalist: Editing Manager of El- Jomhoureya newspaper, 1953- 1958; Information Manager of the Arab League, 1958- 1974; Head of the Arab League mission in Spain, 1974- 1979; Consultant with the Arab League, until retirement.
- A Member in the Specialised National Councils, and in the Verse Committee in the Supreme Council for Culture, the Writers' Association Board, Secretary General of the Literary Association, member of the Journalists' Syndicate.
- Participated in more than 30 poetry conferences and festivals.
- Published his first verse collection when he was a high school student.
- Verse collections: Songs For the Nation Lovers (national poetry), 1987; Arab Longings, 1988; I am Muslim (Islamic poetry), 1990; Arab Blood on Kuwaiti Walls, 1991; My God, 1994; Drops of Lifetime's Nectar, 1996; Lovers' Songs, 1998; Selected Poems, 1998.
- Prose: Islamic and Arab Nations League: Why and How?
- Awards: Golden medal for Port Said poetry 1956; the art and literature council award for the national poetry 1961; State Award of Merit in Literature 1990, etc.
- Address: 449 Haram St., Giza, Egypt.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

##### **To My Son**

I am coming to see you my son, wait for me.  
Don't deprive me of your sweet smile.  
I brought you something. As it's for you I hold it very dear.  
I head towards where you are with tender love,

hoping to live your morning, the tune of my world  
that takes me farther away from all worry.  
I went through the journey of life, throbbing with pain  
which melts into thin air and disappears when you're there.

You taught me love and dreams in a world void of both.  
I have long sought such bliss in vain.  
A mirage that seemed to exist then vanished.  
How I languished and forbore and endured!  
I sought love that fled. What an illusory thing!

Then I heard your first attempts at lisping words,  
eloquence, expressiveness, articulacy, fluency.  
What a poet, what an orator!  
You faltered then stopped. Incomparably clear to my heart.  
Your eyes put it more clearly than any mouth.  
Love is a gift of the Creator,  
a glimpse of Paradise,  
welcome to those deprived of its nectar.  
Seeing you rekindled the dying ashes.  
Longing and affection survive.

You tell me stories of days past,  
in faltering words on a smiling face,  
a lovely tune to my old ears,  
a tune that creates harmony in the soul.  
You start moving, a toddler learning to balance  
his steps around furniture, colliding and missing.  
Steps of tender feet tread the paths of my heart.

Sonny, wash away the agony of the years,  
the complaints of the sad heart, the aches of the wretched.  
My heart has embraced wounds of lying, deceptive, betraying friends,  
and false loves, and has been dubbed a fool for its sincere honesty.  
Loyalty on my part came back to stab me,  
ingratitude, thanklessness, and ungratefulness.

Friendships that I sow, nurture and cherish  
turn into Frankenstein creatures and perish.  
I still love people, sonny, even if it is only hatred I get.

What efforts I exerted! What hard work I endured!  
Natural work fruits thus. Why the envy of the unworthy?  
No personal interests did I follow.  
Ascetic in nature, I just give.  
Not very intelligent, your mother says.  
But it's my nature to love others not the self.

\*\*\*\*\*

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### ***Mohammed Ibrahim Abu- Senna***

- Mohammed Ibrahim Abu- Senna (Egypt).
- Born in 1937 in Saf, Giza, Egypt.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Arabic Studies in 1964.
- Worked as an editor in the Public Information Organization, and supervised creative and critical programmes in the Cairo Broadcasting. He is now the general manager of the cultural programme.
- A member of the Poetry Committee of the Supreme Council of Culture, Lyrical Text Committee of the Broadcasting Corp., and the Egyptian Writers' Association.
- Participated in several international and Arab conferences and festivals. He presented his programme "Varieties of Poetry" on the Egypt Radio.
- Verse collections: My Heart and the Blue Dress Weaver, 1965; The Winter Garden, 1969; Screaming in Old Wells, 1974; Evening Bells, 1975; Meditations in the Stone cities, 1979; Meeting by the Sea, 1982; Complete works, 1985; Distant Mirrors of the Day, 1987; Ashes of Green Questions, 1990; Nile Dances, 1993; Roses of the Last Chapters, 1997; Hamza of the Arabs, 1971 (Verse Drama); Siege of the Castle, 1983 (Verse Drama).
- Prose: Studies in Arabic Poetry; Philosophy of the Popular Proverbs; Experiences of Criticism and Literary Issues; Voices and Echoes; Critical Contemplation in the Garden of Poetry; Eternal Poems.
- Awards: The State Award for Young Poetic Talents; First Grade Medal of Arts and Sciences (1984); Kavafis Award (1990); Andalusia Award (1997); Mohammed Hassan Al- Fiqi Award (1998).
- Address: 18 Al- Hadi St., Omraniya Sharqiya, Giza.

### **By Your Eyes**

My heart is bleeding  
a rose, a bird, the impossible on the grass;  
and you're looking,  
sitting on your beautiful throne,

your eyes travelling in my history,  
two clouds dancing over the mountains,  
two sunrises,  
two singers sowing stars in my void,  
and my years blossom with joy.

.....

Is this the beginning of the road?  
Is this the end of the road?

.....

Did the roses use to start burning  
While you smile to the blue brooks  
So they do not die of thirst?  
Were the birds in their nests  
Preparing for the morning song  
While you were asking me about the direction of the wind?

.....

Was your merry heart  
surrounded by waves and fortifications  
while you discerned in my eyes a rendezvous with madness?  
Were you killing time with an innocent prank?  
Or were you killing me  
with the end of the encounter?  
Oh, if you realise my loneliness  
with the night staying still  
and my feet sinking deep in the bitterness of days!  
Stuck on the crossroads,  
hanging by the neck  
fooling with the sword  
falling on my neck

.....

If you realised my loneliness,  
you would, my sweet song,  
open the moon- lit paradise for me.  
You would invite me to these gardens dangling with fruits.

.....

If you realised how lonely I am,

You would let me continue on my journey  
in the heart of this flame  
by your eyes.

\*\*\*\*

### **Love Song**

Let me rest on your bosom.  
Melt the rocks of my days  
with this virgin kiss of your lips.  
I flee the raging fire of the world to burn in your fire.  
Extend the shading cool of your eyes  
to the desert of my life. Smile.  
I carry my woes from age to age,  
while the burning sand of the desert wear off my feet.  
Fields of thorns grow under my eyelids.  
Where are the jungles of your eyes now!  
Hug me! Cover me in the abundance of the night of your hair.  
Let me write my poetry on your starry breasts  
and feel the virgin fruits of your cheeks.  
Before you, life was a futile escape,  
encounter with no meaning.  
Let me rest on your bosom.  
Melt the rocks of my days  
with a virgin kiss of your lips.

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□

### ***Mohammed Kheder Kousa***

- Mohammed Ahmed Kheder Kousa (Lebanon).
- Born in 1934, in Tripoli, Lebanon.
- Memorized the Quran as a child in addition to a great deal of Arabic poetry, Pre- Islamic, Islamic and Abbasid. Obtained a degree in language from London University.
- Practiced teaching until he became head of the Arabic Dept. of the Tripoli Education Faculty.
- Published many poems in Marefa and Thaqafa magazines in Damascus in addition to publishing his articles and researches in most major newspapers in Syria and Lebanon, such as Al- Lewa and Al- Anwar.
- Published with Lebanon's Mufti, Sheik Taha Sabonchi, the Islamic Culture magazine.
- Publications: Debel bin Ali Al- Khozaei; Bank Interest: Religiously Prohibited or Not; Renaissance and Progress: Abundance of Poetry and Absence of Philosophy.
- Address: Islamic Education House, Tripoli, Lebanon.

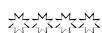
### **She Lured You ...**

Did she lure you or was it youth?  
A wench of eternal prime  
in the face of time.  
All and sundry dote on her.  
Ascetics are liars.  
selling life on credit  
coveting a profit.  
There is humility in love,  
but even when she is all mighty,  
loving her is my pride.  
I could find some dignity in taking her by force  
rather than begging affection.

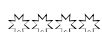
To a coward, she may give her reins,  
inflicting grievous wounds on a staunch warrior.  
All are bewildered—a green pod, a veteran sage.  
We accept what befalls us.  
All experience leaves casualties behind.



I got so used to her that I felt eternal  
with sweet dreams of youth,  
content with life's misery and bliss.  
Drab colours bloomed bright.  
Waste time flourished with meaning.  
The unknown future became present,  
assurance with impunity.  
The heart seeks out for her,  
a cloud enamoured with an elegant garden.  
Crying over young life,  
old age is resented as barren dry land.  
There is no safe oblivion away from the approaching end.



We find condolence in bidding our travellers farewell,  
fooling ourselves. Those who depart do not come back.  
We only long for those who haven't departed.  
When a mother meets mortality, her children can long for dust.  
We are here, and hither they have gone.  
Depths of remoteness, an abyss,  
take them and youth away.  
Opposites are assumed one,  
departure is a homecoming;  
the sunset is the sunrise;  
the beloved in the heart is absent,  
charming in a revealing veil,  
lovely eyes under closed lids,  
tantalizing absence.  
If we know our destiny,  
we have nothing else to anticipate.



A sanctuary is bound to turn into relics;  
the sun to send its beams elsewhere;  
your legs to falter after long steadiness;  
agony to push you away from your heart's desire;  
and death to lead life of eternity —  
just a mirage you were living.

\*\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Mohammed Mahdi Al- Jawahiri***

- Mohammed Mahdi Al- Gawahri
- Born in 1903 in Najaf, Iraq.
- Grew up in Najaf, the literary religious centre of Iraq, in the midst of an old family interested in knowledge and literature. Studied Arabic grammar, rhetoric and religious jurisprudence. Wrote poetry and published his first poem in 1921.
- Worked for a while in the royal court, then resigned after the political commotion of 1930 when he took up journalism for a long time before going to live in exile.
- Was a chairman of the Iraqi Writers' Association and the Press Syndicate at the beginning of the republican era.
- Verse collections: Literary Arena; Complete Works of Mohammed Mahdi Al- Jawahiri, 1927; Feelings and Sentiments, 1928; Forlorn Letters from Afar, 1965; Misgivings, 1971.
- Won several awards and medals including the Lotus Award and The Sultan Uweis Award.
- His work was reviewed, critiqued and discussed in conferences such as the Eighth Arab Writers Conference, Damascus, 1971 and the Tunisia Conference in 1973.
- Died in 1998.

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

#### **Forlorn Letters from Afar**

I stayed up late suffering  
such longing for Iraq.  
Can longing bring closer what's afar?

Do I go closer with my relentless yearning?  
It's just soil that turns sweet and sour,  
habitat to fauna and flora.

I cry over youth  
slipping between my fingers,  
a child crying over spilt drink.

I remember moments passed,  
materializing before my eyes now.  
The pitch- black night,  
ugly, forlorn, bleak, surrounds me.

Stargazing, I am chained  
to impenetrable stars far away.  
Hooting owls,  
sighing waterwheels,  
flapping branches,  
fill the night,  
falling into a dawn of dejection.  
Echoes I can hardly hear.

I crack a rock  
and another appears,  
unbreakable flint.

Foggy memories slip away,  
swerving, dodging, racing,  
lagging behind.  
I guzzle them in thirst and satiety.  
My loved ones,  
the mere hope to see you  
relieves my agonies.  
I see life through you.  
If you're not there, it's gone.  
You're the wine of my life,  
sweet, refined, subtle.

Brave I am,

but not in bearing separation.  
Such a coward I could be  
if courage means parting  
with the loved ones.  
Two selves I have.  
I relinquish audacity  
in accepting separation  
from those who dwell in the heart  
I put on a pedestal  
courage in facing perils.  
Calamities take both brave combatants  
and coward evaders.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Mohammed Monthir Lotfi***

- Mohammed Monthir Lotfi (Syria)
- Born in 1935 at Hamat, Syria.
- Military B. Sc. 1956 then an Aid de Camp PhD- equivalent degree.
- Taught Arabic in 1953; worked as a pilot in the Syrian Air force till he retired in 1972.
- Member of the Arab Writers Association in Syria since 1974; head of the Hamat Arab Writers Association.
- Verse collections: A Song to My Beloved, 1962; Rain Songs, 1968; Babylonl and the New Light, 1970. Dialogue with the Expected Prophet, 1975. Warm Spring Rains, 1976. Death in the Early Noon, 1975. Pleadings before Amr bin Kolthoum, 1980. Al- Motanabi and Some Current Issues, 1980. A Solo Tune for Quds, 1990. Poems for Children, 1982. Happy Field, 1984. A Medal for Cooperation, 1987. Moon Songs for Children, 1991. Life is Beautiful, 1993. Thoughts on Thinking of Abu Al- Ala Al- Maarri, 1994. Songs for the Four Seasons, 1999.
- Awarded a number of prizes for national songs, poetry, and verse operettas. Some of his poetry was translated to European languages.
- Critiques on his work by Juan Dominez La Sera, Adnan bin Theril, Mohammed Conakry, Hamed Hassan, and Mostafa Akrama.
- Address: the Arab Writers' Association, Hamat Branch, Syria.

### **Love- Drunk**

Jasmine- petalled morning,  
and canary songs,  
anticipating your beauty,  
I can't wait.  
No magic has ever been like that;  
no wine was so elating.  
Damascus lips exploring love in innocence,  
a quivering breast in elegant curves,

a perfect blossom free of garment,  
all charming, all sweet  
in a rich dream,  
a full moon, pure light, orbiting my sky.  
Take my very soul,  
pomegranate blossom and jasmines  
lighting up my darkness.  
Precious pearls out of the shell,  
breasts broke out of the garb.  
With blushing cheeks, she warned of the high seas of love,  
depths and currents of light and fire.  
Sweetest desire, I bid thee sweet days and nights.  
Majestic black eyes on a throne of beauty,  
nothing would keep me from navigating your high seas,  
eternal distant horizons puzzling my sails.  
I risk my life for that queen  
even if torrential rain, oriental charm, tropic warmth engulf my ship.  
A fair lock of hair nonchalantly lies there  
a beam of light, dawn.  
a Syrian dusk, a sighing earring, a flirting bracelet  
breathe life into the night.  
How can love be chained?  
Who can escape?

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Mohammed Samhan***

- Mohammed Abdel- Qader Hassan Samhan
- Born in 1942 in Nabuls.
- MA in Arabic.
- Cultural editor of Akhbar Al- Isboa (1968- 1969), Amman Evening (1971) and Al- Dustour Jordanian newspapers in addition to Quds magazine; editing manager of Afkar magazine; practiced teaching in Libya and Jordan. Currently he is Chairman of the Board and editor of Al- Mar'a Al- Arabiya newspaper.
- Member of the Jordanian Writers' Association.
- Participated in several Arab and international festivals and conferences.
- Verse collections: Two Tunes on a Broken String, 1972; Canaanite Knight Chants 1972; You or Death: Thus Spoke the Outcast Prophet, 1980.
- Prose: Essays on Contemporary Arabic Literature.
- Address: PO Box 1930, Jabal Al- Hussein, Amman, Jordan.

### **Gate to Love**

I muster my shattered self  
and head towards you.  
My heart is my guide.  
I listen to your eyes,  
saintly and wanton,  
seeing the origins of distinction.  
Prophets do not mingle with impostors.  
I armed myself with awareness and patience.  
In secret, I declared loving you  
in my poetry, in my arteries.  
Straits, Obstacles.  
Who believes love  
builds a bridge of longing,

crosses the gates of passion.  
Here we are in the heat of sorting impostors out,  
naked in the glaring noon.  
Love is not a word.  
They have nothing but false talk.  
Here they are between us.  
They are collapsing and we survive.  
The birds declaring their love for the oak  
survive.  
The eyes declaring the love  
survive.  
These letters travelling in virgin language  
after the new meanings of reunion  
declare the demise of absence  
and the beginning of violation.  
They write between a conjunction of love and worry.  
They explode:  
new letters, new love, new worry, new death  
new resurrection.  
All letters are set on fire.  
All dots that cannot bend  
to weather away storms  
declare the beginning of land tremors.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Moheye- Eddin Khoreiyef***

- Moheye- Eddin Khoreiyef (Tunisia)
- Born in 1932 in Nafta, south of Tunisia.
- Memorized the Quran and got a degree in education in Zaituna.
- Worked as a teacher then an employee in the Ministry of Culture.
- Participated in numerous Arab literary carnivals.
- Contributed to radio programmes of poetry, literature and history.
- Contributed to several Arabic newspapers and magazines.
- Verse collections: Words for Strangers, 1969; Lanterns Bearer, 1970; Imprisoned in Words, 1975; Ma'bad Cities, 1976; Quartets, 1976; Seasons, 1980; Palm Pollens, 1980; Septets, 1983; Beginnings and Ends, 1987; Karkh Wine, 2000; (for children:) A Child and a Golden Butterfly, 1975; Childhood Songs, 1975; Children's Dialogues, 1979; Plays for Children, 1980; Childhood Blossoms, 1992.
- Prose: Images and Memories with Mostafa Khoreiyef; Selections from Tunisian Folk Poetry; Ahmed Bin Moussa.
- Awards: Sidi Youssef Channel Poetry Award, 1968; Tunis Municipality Childhood Poetry Award, 1983; The Tunisian Bank Poetry Award, 1988; The Presidential Arts and Literature Award of Merit, 1991; Foundation Abdul Aziz Saud Al Babbain Prize for Poetic Creativity 1992.
- Address: 8 Nahj Al- Tawfiq, Aryanah, 2080, Tunis.

#### **Quartets**

(1)

Tell her, sweet and graceful, we've come ashore.  
High seas, raging waves, and sweeping storms could shatter budding hope.  
That history of ours and what we've been won't matter.  
Spring attire is ripped and we're caught between desire and death.

(2)

Stay my young years; my life is spent in sighs and tears.

If wishes can come true, I would present them with love.  
Wishes are nothing but ephemeral, leaving us high and dry.  
We hug them for warmth while life is seeping through the gaps.

(3)

If you see my tender care of her, my loving songs,  
You would know what passion lovers take refuge in.  
Her love engulfed my being, a tiny bird in the twigs of rough winter,  
Living this infatuation that I would never give up.

(4)

I loomed over there, a moth seeking the burning flames,  
Still in its young prime feeding light to dawn light.  
If revenge arises, it calls like a gashing wound.  
Who tends my wounds? Who lets the birds return to their shelters?

(5)

I stood there looking into your face simply because we were strangers.  
A stranger would seek shelter in the passing faces.  
Sounds rise and fall in a dragging night.  
Days pass leaving behind the remains of glimpses of talk.

(6)

Algae and moss besieged us in the darkness of the sea.  
O wind, blow waves; blow away.  
Let's travel into the morrow before the night falls.  
Tomorrow is here in us, in our numerous friends.

(7)

One poet will survive when all poets perish,  
a poet who sings for love against perdition and oblivion.  
He will go into eternity and come back with the rising light,  
A mountain of sunshine and a deep sea,  
a torch in the dark night.

(8)

Daisies whispering in the pastures of the morning,  
Meadows of life, pleasant and cheerful,  
Joy of being, intoxicated nightingales—all  
turned silent;  
no singing, no chanting.  
The wind in the woods is raging.

\*\*\*\*

### ***Monzer Shihawy***

- Monzer Ali Shihawy (Syria).
- Born in 1949 in Salameya, Hammah, Syria.
- Finished primary, preparatory and high school in Salameya, then obtained the preparatory education certificate (arts) from the Teachers Institute in Damascus.
- Worked as an art teacher since 1972.
- Wrote poetry since preparatory school, and started publishing his poems in high school, in local newspapers and magazines.
- Verse collections: Penniless 1990; Auch, 1998.
- He practices Arabic calligraphy and water and oil painting.
- Won the 1st Prize in traditional poetry award 1993 in Salameya Poetry Festival.
- Critics reviewing his collections: Mohammed Mustapha Aloosh, Nasr Ali Said, Mohammed Ahmed Khabazy, Hatem Kharbeet
- Address: Ebn Sina St, Salameya.

### **Chariots of Ashes**

Lonely night traveler, what are you seeking?  
Desolately putting up sails, in what direction?  
Is it the home country? Is it the beloved of the heart?  
One cup after another a stream of thoughts awakening,  
An echo of a beating heart dispersed.  
You escape the night to the day, black still as ever.  
Black nights are one thousand and one,  
and no raconteur can fool you.  
High seas hurl you to raging seas that Sinbad had never seen.  
Stranded with no supplies but a poet's wings and throbbing heart.  
Your wounds are still bleeding, your pen dry.  
The wind carries no rain to quench the thirst of the stranded.  
Lonely drinker in a blind age when going astray is wise.

Spilling your heart to but a cup and regenerating grief.  
Futile bandages hopelessly staring at your bleeding wounds  
determined to stay with your anguish.  
You leave in a chariot of fire and return in crucibles of ashes.

□

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### ***Mukhtar Ali Abu- Ghali***

- Dr Mukhtar Ali Abu Ghali (Egypt)
- Born in 1935 at Ashraf Village, Koum Hamada, Beheirah Governorate.
- Graduated from Azhari Secondary School 1958 to join Dar al- Oloum for a BA in Arabic followed by an MA, and a Ph D with distinction from the Faculty of Arts, Ain Shams University.
- Has been teaching at Kuwait University since 1965.
- Presented most of his work in Kuwaiti radio, press and poetry seminars.
- Most his research papers were published in the Kuwaiti Bayan Magazine.
- Verse Collections: Egyptian sorrows, 1982.
- Prose: The City in Contemporary Arabic Poetry; Poetry and the Language of Paradox.
- His poetry was studied in Salah Fadel's book, Producing Referents.
- Address: 16 Noor El- Hoda, Iqbal, Laurent, Raml, Alexandria, Egypt.

### **Opening Verse**

Yesterday I received gifts,  
tokens and presents,  
carrying the name of the loved one.

They simply materialised.  
I know them;  
they suddenly appear;  
they are no charity.

O Guardians of worldly paradise,  
who can give me a rose?  
to raise to her sanctuary.  
My tongue is tied.

If you tasted this love before, tell me:

Do my tears suffice?  
Can my heart keep her secrets?

O visitors of our mundane dwelling,  
O carriers of her tidings,  
tell the loved one:  
I reside at the outskirts of heaven,  
I cannot budge.  
My inarticulateness is revealing,  
stranger, alien, abandoned by all earthly venues,  
crowded out by all things and drowned in tears.

Tell the loved one:  
I am at the gates,  
“May I?”

She knows, angels,  
that I came in dusty attire,  
when I was overwhelmed with her gifts.  
I had not yet been ready;  
I came from the wild in bewilderment;  
I had not enough time to cast away the mud of the road,  
the mire of memory.

Angels of the loved one,  
Tell her:  
I am spellbound, passionate in love,  
Drunk with lovers’ hymns



Tell her:  
I feel cold.  
I came to sample the mountain of fire.  
I am thirsty.  
I felt the running water at the mouth of the river  
In the valley  
I followed the birds

Here.

Angels of the loved one,  
ask her:

(We may not have made ourselves presentable  
we may not have well presented our love.)  
to send a light  
to us

so we can know we are at the gates  
we are determined to stay by the gates

We will not budge.

We will not budge.

We will not budge.

\*\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Mureed Al- Barghouthi***

- Nawaf Abdul- Raziq Al- Barghouthi
- Born in 1944 in Deir Ghassana
- Finished school in Ramallah, and obtained a Bachelor in English from Cairo University in 1967.
- Worked as a teacher, and in the media, and in international organizations, then as a director of the Center for Heritage and Arts
- Poetry anthologies include: The Flood and Re- genesis (1972), A Palestinian in the Sun (1974), A Song for Armed Poverty (1976), Land Divulging its Secrets (1978), Poems of the Pavement (1980), Long Diaspora (1987), When We Meet (1992), The Ring of the Needle (1993), Selected Poems (1994)
- Address: Po Box 960426, Amman, Jordan.

### **A wink**

A wink of her eye in the wedding,  
Made the boy crazy!

As if the parents, the nights,  
The shoulders of the young,  
Taking refuge from sadness  
In the Dabaka dance,  
And the aunts  
Became nobody.

Alone he stands,  
Shaking all the night;  
And the girl  
who gave him alone  
the light,  
The pure light,

Became all the country.

He stretched his right arm;  
Spread the handkerchief  
twice and three times;  
Put the Jinnies on his shoulder,  
Then cast them away and stooped;  
Put the jinnies on his knee,  
Then cast them away and stood up,  
Nailing a foot to the ground  
And throwing the other in the air  
Like a hammer,  
And returning it  
Like a wedge.

Whenever he was about to fall on a palm  
He had a rescue from a flute tune.

He catches the dark, like lust,  
From the height of night  
Up to the very light  
Of her eyes.  
Sweating is his chest,  
And his chest hair.  
The sweat of the back flows  
Totally perpendicularly,  
And the shyness of the heart  
Made everything in the heart  
Disappear.  
And the white shirt,  
Wet from the shoulders  
Down to the leather belt  
Made the spine parts  
Easy to count.

One more wink

Even if I die here  
One more wink,  
Even if I stay longer,  
Forever!

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Nadeem Mohammed***

- Nadeem Mohammed Hassan Nassour (Syria).
- Born in 1909 in Jabla, Ladhqiya, Syria.
- Followed traditional Education in El- Kottab then in the public schools. In France graduated from high school then joined Montpellier University for a BA degree in literature.
- Worked as an employee in several departments then retired devoting his time to literary work.
- Participated in many local and international literary conferences and festivals since the thirties.
- Verse collections: Horizons, 1949; Pain, 1953; Butterflies and Spiders, 1955; Colours, 1956; Companions Pass Away, 1963.
- His work was reviewed in many books and periodical.
- Died in 1994

#### **[Extract from the poem:]**

##### **The Sixth Chant**

Quiet and stillness are everywhere,  
hectic fog panting around me,  
running in the night feverishly.  
I stop by the balcony of love  
in bitterness,  
bitter tears in the eyes.  
“You eclipsed my star.”  
Thus you pour your grieved heart out,  
being cautious amidst watchful ears and eyes.  
“You eclipsed my star.”  
Subtle hint, a prank, a trick,  
reproach, confession?  
I can see through your very intentions.  
Daughter of light, rosy horizons, my guiding star,

why do you shun me every time we meet?  
It's my fate to sing your praises and you deny me.  
It's our luck. It's no law, no creed.  
Mock my anguishing soul, pity me.  
Am I mad? Overwhelmed with delusions?  
No, the heart can't deceive. The soul can't deceive.  
You didn't deceive me.  
We had a pledge written by the blood of the soul.  
You're my fate; you're my luck,  
since times passed,  
since the genesis of things.  
We were one soul  
lost in two.  
Remember me, and my youth awakes,  
my joy, my pride, my freedom.  
Remember me, and my tears will dry and my sighs wane.  
This is wine to my thirsting lips,  
salve to my ailing soul.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Najeeb Jamal Ed- Deen***

- Najeeb Mustapha Jamal El- Deen (Lebanon)
- Born in 1924 in Meqna, Baalbek, Lebanon.
- Degrees in History and Law from Damascus University.
- Taught Literature, Literary criticism, History and Humanities in the Orthodox and Catholic College in Damascus. A practicing attorney in several Arab and European countries.
- Published lots of columns and poems and aired some of them in Lebanese, Syrian, and Egyptian radio stations and television channels.
- Verse collections: Corns of Wrath, 1967; Fires on Ice, 1973; Writing on Sun Columns, 1975; Poems to the Capital of Eastern Countries, 1980; Black Odes and the Wolf, 1982; The River, 1984; Gods' Winds, 1988; Huda, 1990; The Two Rivers, 1994; Of Man's Greater Epic, 1994; The River and The Mirrors, 1994, Writing in Triangles and Cufic Letters, 1994.
- Prose: Of Women; Khalil Matran; The Shiites at the Crossroads; In the Heat of the Battle; Words from Europe; Maid from Baalbek.
- Won the Said Akl Award 1968, and the Fakhr El- Deen Award from the Lebanese Army.
- Writers reviewing his work: Said Aql, Mohammed Kamel Saleh, Khalil Farahat, a dissertation at the Sorbonne.
- Address: Atta El- Ayouby St, Damascus, Syria.

### **The Spider and the Night Lamps**

(1)

Everybody is fast asleep;  
longing is staying up with me, the night and the road.  
Night lamps follow me, watch me.  
They won't blink,  
gazing needles in my back in the day,  
staring lamps in the night.

In the great darkness,  
would they hasten to light up the road?  
They decorate the walls of my tomb.  
My eyelids are glimmering warm.  
Fire lighter, don't put out the fire;  
it's turned cold with the coming dusk.  
Yearning should not forget the loved ones  
while the ribs are heaving with passion.  
Fire is set to the land of snow.  
Beware, snow wolves,  
You'll burn  
They visit me, keep each other company,  
they who suffered, sweated, loved,  
spent long nights longing,  
lived in the sleepless night,  
when asked why they left their stars,  
they say they fell in love.  
Who are they?  
Yes, who are they?  
Moths say they took a trip into flaming passion  
and burnt themselves out.  
Suns travel in their company,  
dragging twilight behind.  
Letters lighting up our books, sending,  
in the horizons, beams of light.

(2)

Will the bridges of the night  
stay with the lovers,  
taking care of them, trusting them?  
Giving them of the treasures of the night  
what the suns took away,  
protecting them  
when raiding, when raided.  
They are one of a kind.  
The ink of the universe comes from their blood;  
echoes of their sighs travel the planets.

(3)

Willows of the wind,  
I say the wind is raging  
and you are in the snow  
without sap or leaves.  
And I am caught up in poetry.  
Flames of fire are taken up like ideas.  
Don't envy me  
the embers of the fireplace. Take them.  
Take also the ink, the paper.  
These papers on my hand are but shreds of longing  
with worry.  
Ink has petrified like my tears and the embers.  
No, no I'm suffocating.

(4)

I asked my life in furious doubt:  
Are you what I am?  
I am wasted away with insomnia.  
Tomorrow you go away.  
Don't bid me goodbye.  
Don't say why we part.  
And if we meet again, don't say.  
If you say, if I listen, who believes?  
It passes by like an illusion.  
I did not realise it was here until it had gone,  
unsheathed my vision  
leaving me without myself, a tomb on the ground.  
Roses and basil have died.

(5)

It was said,  
I'd mount to the throne of a library,  
a crown.  
I did not escape the thieving spider here.  
How can my ancient books survive there?  
Sun eater, I don't ask you to have mercy on me.  
I asked who is usually asked and gives mercy.

You are my issue as long as there are papers.  
And about you I write  
till papers collapse.

□

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### ***Nazek El- Malaeka***

- Nazek Sadek El- Malaeka (Iraq).
- Born in 1923 in Baghdad.
- After finishing college in Baghdad, she obtained an MA from the USA.
- Taught in the Faculty of Education in Baghdad University, in Basra University, then in Kuwait University concluding her teaching career.
- She was a pioneer of innovation in Arabic poetry with her poem "the Cholera", 1947, with Badr Shiker El- Sayyab's poem "Was it Love?" in the same year. Both poems were considered the start of the innovating movement in the contemporary Arabic poetry, wrongly called "Free verse".
- Verse collections: Night Lover, 1947; Sparks and Ashes, 1949; the Bottom of the Wave, 1957; The Moon Tree, 1955; Misery of Life and a Song to Man, 1977; For Praying and the Revolution, 1978; The Sea Changes its Colours (several editions); Complete Works (two volumes, several editions).
- Prose: Contemporary Poetry Issues; Fragmentation in the Arab World; The Hermitage and the Red Balcony; Psychology of Poetry.
- Many studies were written about her, and lots of academic dissertations in many Arab and foreign universities
- Address: the Iraqi Academy, Baghdad.

### **The Serpent**

Where am I heading?  
I'm sick of these roads,  
these meadows,  
and the pressing hidden enemy  
is still following my track.  
Where is the way out?  
Passages, roads, paths?  
Navigating to every strange horizon,

with songs.  
Vestibules of pitch black darkness  
and corners of barren day —  
I covered.  
The enemy is on my track,  
stubborn, persistent,  
an icy mount in the remote north,  
steadfast like insomniac stars  
sleepless with worry,  
steadfast like time when waiting.  
When my feet try to dodge the road;  
he bypasses mountains and brings me back  
the shattered memories.  
I won't seek an escape from my memories  
while my enemy's eyes spread autumn  
Over a soul seeking spring.  
Behind transparent fog, stands this dreadful serpent,  
this ghoul.  
Where's the escape  
from the shadow of his palms on my cold forehead?  
Where's the way out  
while his loathing looks  
pour a dead tomorrow in my way?



Where should I go? What closes the door  
in the face of my dreadful foe?  
He challenges hope,  
laughs in the face of my appalling silence,  
stays numb in the face of tears.  
Where to go?  
Banal continuous escape.  
No response to my terror.  
What good is calling out?  
Is there a close refuge,  
or remote. I'll go even beyond the skies,  
or borders of hope.

Then one evening, I hear a voice:  
“Go on! This is unfathomable; it goes beyond space.  
You won’t hear the hissing serpent.  
It is an ancient labyrinth.  
It may have been built by an ancient hand  
of a weird prince. The prince passed away  
leaving the way to loss.”  
I hear the voice resounding.  
I go hoping for an awakening  
from an eternal, murky, impertinent nightmare.  
Maybe my enemy will get lost.  
I detest walking, leaving no tracks,  
echoing faintly at the curves of the long road.  
He won’t catch up, even if he crossed the impossible.  
No he will never come.  
He won’t overtake my innocent heart.  
He won’t once more blow winds  
to block my way in the serene morning.  
No, he won’t come.  
Won’t ...  
I hear a venomous guffaw;  
He’s here.  
Fledgling hope disappears  
in the blind, bleak labyrinth.  
A giant hand presses cold and horror on my guileless calm.  
He’s here. What good is the escape?  
I’ll kiss my short- lived dream goodbye,  
dragging its cold corpse behind me.

Life goes on and on,  
and my hidden stubborn enemy  
is behind every new road  
in the dark nights of grief,  
behind every dawn,  
looking at me like my future,  
my distant past,

with moonlight,  
with the infinite space.  
Where is the way out?  
He's like fate,  
everlasting,  
eternal.

□

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### ***Nizar Qabbany***

- Nizar Tawfik Qabbany (Syria and Lebanon).
- Born in 1923 in Damascus.
- Graduated from the Faculty of Law, the Syrian University.
- Worked in the diplomatic corps then established a publishing house in Beirut.
- Verse collections: the Brunette Said to Me, 1944; Childhood of a Breasts, 1948; Samba, 1949 ; You're Mine, 1950; Poems, 1956; My Love, 1961; Painting with Words, 1966; Indifferent Woman's Diary, 1968 ; Wild Poems , 1970; The Book of Love, 1970; 100 Love Messages, 1970; Outlaw Poems, 1972; I Love You, I Love You etc., 1978; To Feminine Beirut with Love, 1978; Every Year You're my Love, 1978; No Woman but You, 1979; That's How I Write Women's History, 1981; Lovers' Dictionary, 1981; Beqlis Poem, 1982; Love Shoots the Red Light; Crazy Poems, 1985; Unwelcome Poems will Remain, 1986; Love's Still Going to be My Master, 1987; I Married You, Freedom, 1988 ; Trilogy of the Stone Kids, 1988; Extremist Lover's Secret Papers, 1988; Autobiography of an Arab Swordsman, 1988; Matches in My Hand and Your Tiny States are Made of Paper, 1989; Love is the Only Winner, 1990; Do You Hear My Neighing Sorrows, 1991; Footnotes of the Defeat Notebook, 1991; I'm One Man and You're a Tribe of Women, 1993; Complete Works.
- Prose: Poetry a Green Lantern; My Story With Poetry, Of Poetry, Sex and Revolution; Woman in My Poems and My Life.
- His work was reviewed by: Mohyee El Deen Sobhy, and Kheresto Najm.
- Died in 1998.

### **Granada**

At the entrance of Alhambra, we met,  
sweet unplanned encounter.  
Black eyes generating new dimension,  
"Are You Spanish?"

I asked her.  
"Spanish, born in Granada."  
Granada. Seven centuries came back in these eyes,  
the Umayyad flags and massive armies.  
History brought me back to a brunette grandchild  
of my ancestors.  
I saw in the Damascus face  
the memory of those Arab girls.  
I saw my old house, my own bed room,  
the old jasmine bush the pond,  
of the golden chants.



She said, "Where's Damascus?"  
Like an unrealed corn field,  
In your hair, the river of black,  
your Arab face,  
your mouth warm like the sun of my country,  
in this garden, the fragrant citron, the Arabian jasmine.



She walked along, hair flying in the air,  
long earrings glittering like Christmas candles.  
like a child, I followed my guide,  
leaving ashes of history behind.  
I can almost feel the pulse of the arabesque on the walls.  
She said, "Here's Alhambra, the pride of our ancestors.  
See my glory?"  
Her glory!!! I was bleeding in the heart.  
I wish my beautiful heiress could realize  
that she meant my ancestors.



I hugged a man in her image on leaving:  
A man called Tarek Ibn Ziad.

□

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## ***Nazih Abou- Afsh***

- Nazih Suleiman Abou- Afsh (Syria).
- Born in 1946 in Mermerita, Syria.
- After graduating from high school in Mermerita he joined the Teachers Institute in Hims.
- Taught school in different places in Syria; now employed by Ministry of Culture.
- Verse collections: The Face That Never Goes Away, 1968; Of Fear and Statues, 1970; Dialogue of Death and Palm Trees, 1971 ; Scarf Made of Weed for Mothers of the Dead, 1976; You Narrow Time, You Vast Land, 1978; God is Close to My Heart, 1981; Between Two Deaths (verse and prose), 1983; Thus I Came, 1989; What is not Anything, 1991.
- Prose: Let's Define That Despair (prose) 1981.
- Address: Tower 2, island 9, Dummar Project, Damascus.

### **Questions**

How can I comfort life?  
How can I restore its flowers destroyed by plights?  
How can I darn the holes in its skies, fading gradually,  
turning with fear into shroud white?  
How can my heart guard its ruins  
when madness attacks it in the negligence of its guardians?  
How can I alone light up its mourning,  
bring back the departed?  
How can I call out loud  
to the dying: life, life?  
How can I interpret  
the sighing,  
the fainting flash in the eyes of the dying  
as a flash of light?



How can I

while I contemplate my torn off limbs,  
blood and bones of my soul?  
How can I describe that certainty as fake?  
In my darkness, can I simply say  
this is but a way to endure life's madness?



How, my interrogator,  
my killer,  
my master?  
How can I, blessing the phases of life,  
believe that the bullets in the hearts of lovers  
are no sins, simply mistakes?  
How can I confirm to the killers  
that behind the hunter's blind  
there are eyes not seen by the shooters?



How can I after all that  
go against my heart's truth:  
"Life's withering is a stain  
in the tyrants' conscience" ?

\*\*\*\*  
□

## *Saadi Youssef*

- Saadi Youssef Shehab (Iraq)
- Born in 1934 in Basra
- Graduated from the Higher Teachers Training College, Baghdad, 1954
- Worked as teacher and media counsellor, cultural counsellor, and editor-in- chief of Al- Mada magazine, published in Damascus, then dedicated himself to poetry
- Poetry anthologies: The Pirate (1952), Visible Poems, (1965); Songs not for the Others (1955), 51 Ballads (1959), The Star and the Ashes (1960), Away from the First Sky (1970), Ends of the African North (1972), Al-Akhdar Ben Youssef (1972), Under the Mural of Faeq Hassan (1974), All the Nights (1976), The Last Hour (1977), Less Silent Poems (1979), Complete Works, (1979); Who Knows the Rose? (1981), Memoires of Insanity (1981), The Spring (1983), Here Comes Mariam (1983), Take the Ice Rose (1987), Attempts (1990), Paris Poems (1992), The Paradise of Forgotten Things (1993), The Lonely Wakes up (1993), All the Inns of the World (1994), Erotica (1995).
- Other creative works: short stories, plays, novels, prose writing, translations of poetry and novels
- Writings include: Contemporary African Literature.
- Won the Arar Award (1987), The Italian Year for Poetry (1991), Sultan Al- Oweiss Award (1992)
- Address: PO Box 7366, Damascus, Syria.

## **Elaboration**

The small room is full of nails;  
All the dwellers have left  
And left me nothing  
But the nails.  
They fixed them in the wood;  
They drove them in the heart of iron;  
And seamed the cement apart

Like a wall of wood,  
And left no trace  
But these nails.  
Where have they brought them from?  
What have they done with them?  
Nails at my head,  
Nails filling my bed,  
In the basin  
Where I wash my face,  
Nails everywhere,  
Even in the air.  
Don't be surprised if I tell you  
That I thrust my hand in my pocket  
Looking for a coin  
Only to find the nails.  
I comb my hair,  
And off come the nails.  
Even the girl I had loved  
Has been put away by nails.  
.....  
.....  
.....  
I am a man like you  
Seeking comfort in a room  
And a girl  
And a song  
Why do I get the nails?

□

\*\*\*\*\*

## *Saeed Aql*

- Saeed Shebl Aql (Lebanon)
- Born in 1912 in Zahla, Biqaa
- Studied in 1917 in Frères school. Left school in 1927, when in the first secondary class; studied in 1939 at the Wisdom Institute, and in 1943 joined the French High School of Arts.
- Educated himself in the library of a French officer in Zahla, and taught himself Sanskrit, Chinese, and Phoenician literature
- In 1950 he established a secondary school in Zahla
- Poetry anthologies: Randala (1950), No One is More Beautiful than You (1960), When Lebanon Speaks (1960); A Cup of Wine (1961), Jasmine Bells (1971), The Book of Roses (1972), Poems from her Notebook (1972), Delzi (1973), Quintets (1980), Yara (1981). His complete poems were published in 1992
- Other works: The Daughter of Yaftah, The Magdalene, Qudmos, The Elite of the Orient, As for the pillars, The Nabadei Document.
- He won the Literary League Award for Novels in 1935
- His work was critiqued by George Zaki Al- Haj in "Joy in Saeed Aql's Poetry," Hend Adeeb Dorlian in "Saeed Aql as a Poet and Thinker," "Poetics in Saeed Aql works" Yassin Al- Ayoubi in "Schools of Literature," Talal Al- Meer in "Symbolism in Modern Arabic Poetry."
- Address: Ain Alrummana, Beirut.

## **For Your Eyes?**

Was it for your eyes, the moon slowed down and swayed  
To spread the light over the hill?  
Laughing to the bough, feeling at ease  
On the river bank, gentle to the stones  
Should your eyes catch but some effect  
From it, the night will certainly feel numbed.  
Its light, wherever you turn, is mirth

And basils, scattered, or bunches.  
It beats the daisies and the jasmine,  
Hoping to provide you with a rare perfume.  
Who many you be, should you let out  
What your eyes have concealed of secret fate?  
Of which of the jinnies you are a dream? O song  
On its promise the magic chord has lived!



The fabric of your eyelids, yarned by the sun,  
Each eyelid was expected for long years.  
April is for you, and not for it you are  
It is so near to you, a wink away.  
Before you were formed in our yearning  
The thoughts were drunk, thinking of what to come.  
Imagined kiss, a beauty wrapped around,  
Desired, hugged, and then escaped.  
The look your eyes cast on our star  
Is a story to tell, a whisper through the night.  
They said "we look" so dew became so sweet,  
The shadow had some rest, the light poured down.  
Unique is your look, should you send it out  
The earth will fly upon a wing of blooms.  
And if your eyelashes should follow suit,  
A world upon a world would come to life.

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Sameeh Al- Qassim***

- Sameeh Mohamed Al- Qassim (Palestine)
- Born in 1939 in Al- Zarqaa, Jordan
- Finished high school in Nazareth, and held a career in education and mass media
- Chairman of the Arab Writers Union in Palestine
- Poetry anthologies: Sun Passions (1958), Fall of the Masks (1960), Songs of the Paths (1964), Iram (1965), Volcano Smoke (1967), My Blood on My Palm (1967), It Happens that the Thunder bird Comes (1969), Waiting for the Thunderbird (1969); Trip of the Deserted Labyrinths, The Trip at Home and Abroad (1969), The Quran of Death and Jasmine (1969), Party Applicant (1970), Major Death (1972), Sameeh Al-Qassim's Elegies (1973), God, Why Did You Kill Me (1974), Carbon Trioxide (1975), They Have Not Killed Him; They Have Not Crucified Him, But So They Imagined (1976), Zeal Poetry (3 volumes ) (1978, 1979, 1981), I Love you Just like Death Craves Souls (1980), The Other Side of the apple, The Bright Side of the Heart (1981), In the Middle of the Desert (1985), Persona Non Grata ( 1986), Captors of Princess Yaboos (1990), The Complete Words of Sameeh Al- Qassim (1992), Play: Qurqash (1980), Verse Earthquake Remorse (2000), Perception (2000), The Word of the Deceased During his Commemoration (2000), Homer in the Desert (2000), I'll Get out from my Image One Day (2000).
- Other creative works: To Hell Lilac (novel), The Raped and Other Plays, The Last Photo in the Album (novel)
- Author of: On Attitude Art and, Iskandaron in the Trip at Home and the Trip Abroad, From What you Say I Condemn you.
- Address: Arab Writers Union, Alrama, Haifa, Al- Jaleel.

### **From: Voices from Remote Cities**

(1)

You, who are going to Aleppo,  
With you went my love,

To return the end of wrath  
In the body of the murderer.  
You, who are going to Aden,  
With you went my love,  
To bring back to me  
The face of homeland  
And the end of ghosts.  
You who are going,  
and behind you lie  
The eyes of a wakeful boy standing by,  
Watching through the night,  
Still watching your specter  
As a moon over Aswan.  
My heart broke up to pieces  
And met a rose in your gardens.  
Come back with it  
And we shall meet  
In the Return Square

(2)

They come at night, they do,  
So wake up, please do,  
And guard the scared village.  
They come at night, from the west  
In the middle of the storm,  
with nails that are remains  
of the chains,  
with teeth that are  
fragments of the bombs.  
They come from the darkness  
Of previous time.  
They come, I said, on ancient charts,  
Drawn by moaning horses,  
Horses of the crime.  
They come at night,

So bring the truncheons,  
Bring the torches  
From the west, I said,  
So understand this.  
And throw the prayer- beads to the fire  
And cast off the dust of  
Centuries gone by  
And stand up to fight

(3)

She made me her son  
Centuries ago,  
She nursed me to survive,  
She pumped blood in my veins  
She willed, and so I have become  
What she wanted me to become  
And she willed, and so the book  
Became a blessing in my hand,  
And she willed,  
and so was the generous winter,  
And the race ended  
Behind the mirage.  
Is it her flesh or my dust  
that resists the wounds?  
Is it her rocks and tree trunks  
Or my own bones  
That are under the blade of the arm?  
Well, no way,  
I carry her usurped blood  
And mine too.  
I carried it,  
And both of us face the same danger  
So let us struggle

Let us struggle.

(4)

Stand up; see me, going up, like the wind from my humble cave  
Stand up; see my eyes as two candles in the long night  
Stand up, for I am coming, a generation after a generation.  
My lungs have boiling blood,  
blessed boiling blood.  
And my hand firmly holds the machine gun,  
My face turned towards the intruder.  
Stand up; see me, going up, like burning hell,  
my foot on the snake, and my mouth in the flowers of the fields  
Here I come, to light up the nostalgia of my years,  
Here I come to harvest my wheat, and rearrange the seasons  
Here I come, so stand by the door, mother, to bless my entry.  
Living, with you, is a luxury, and I am happy with a small part,  
And if I am killed at your home, mother, what luxury for the killed.  
Stand up; see me bleeding at your doors, in ecstasy  
Singing to my pouring blood, here I arrived, so pour down.

(5)

My sweetheart stands in the mud,  
With her plaits cut,  
Stands in the thorns,  
And in the holes of the ground.  
My sweetheart had her veins cut,  
And her nails plucked  
But still your front sheds light  
In the dark of consciences.  
Your voice, my beloved, still  
Exposes the murderer,  
After the night of the daggers,  
And still I am waiting for a sign,  
To burn the torches,

Because still, my sweetheart,  
In my catastrophe, I believe  
In light, in man, in civilization.

(6)

They passed by my door at night  
They passed and did not knock  
Woe, if they do not return!  
Woe, eagerness will kill me!  
They passed, and I was behind my window  
Like a wound on wood  
They have not asked the strangers around me:  
O people, who crucified him?

□

\*\*\*\*\*

### ***Sami Mahdi***

- Sami Mahdi Abbas
- Born in 1940 in Baghdad
- Studied in the Faculty of Arts, Baghdad University; majored in economics.
- Director General of Cultural Affairs Department in the Ministry of Culture and Information, and also Director General of Iraqi Radio and TV.
- Editor in chief of many papers and magazines, including Poetry 69, the Arab Intellectual, Pens, Alpha- Beta, The Republic.
- Poetry anthologies include: Ashes of Calamity (1966), Books of the Lover King (1971), New Books, (1976); Questions (1979), Ephemeral (1981), Foliage of Mortality (1985), Happiness of Ulysses (1987), Poetic Works (1987), Mail of the Continents (1989), Soft Throat (1993), Elegies of the Seventh Thousand and Other Poems (1997), First Fault (1997).
- Other creative works: Mounting to Seehan (novel) (1987), Selected Contemporary Spanish Poems (translation) (1992).
- Author of Poems (selected verses), Jacques Privert (Selected translations), Henri Michauld (selected translations)
- Address: Baghdad, Iraq.

### **The Sound**

Is it knocking on the door  
That I hear?  
What is there?  
Is it a wind  
Thundering in the black night,  
Or just a pulse of your steps?  
On the road there's a stray echo,  
A sore and humming echo,

Like a choking sound,  
arising from the floor of a deep well.  
Is that your echo  
Roaming the roads of the city?  
Or a glimpse of thunder  
In the bone of a banished  
Person, other than you?  
Banished?  
But how can the banished  
Knock on our doors?  
May be he's a watchman,  
Watching us,  
Like our conscience  
When it chases us,  
When we run  
From ourselves  
To ourselves.  
The ashes of the times  
accumulate on us,  
Together with seven thousand years of fear  
We still continue to escape;  
We still continue to link the bridges.  
Say it's an old resentment,  
Or the scream of buried cities,  
Or threats of demons  
In the infernos,  
Say it's a sound that keeps echoing  
In the dark nights  
"Now I know"  
And warns us against  
painful torture.

A Natural Scene  
From here where I stand  
I see everything;  
I see a bustling crowd in an alley;

I see the ugly face of an old man;  
I see the door of an old house;  
I see a woman clinging to a door,  
With children crying around her.  
I see an angry man avoiding eyes;  
I see women asking who he is;  
I see a policeman who sees him,  
handcuffing him, tightly,  
I see them all,  
Each trying to get over an impasse  
Looking for the moment of release.

\*\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Shahla Al- Kayyali***

- Shahla Khaleel Al- Kayyali (Jordan)
- Born in 1941 in Al- Lid, Palestine
- Forced out of Al- Lid in 1948, and had her primary and secondary education in Al- Zarqaa, and obtained a Bachelor in Arabic.
- Works as a principal in UNRWA schools in Al- Zarqq camp.
- Member of the Jordanian Writers Association and the Arab Writers Association and the National Association for Childhood.
- Poetry anthologies: Words on the Wound (1985), Rupture of the Strings of Silence (1987), Revolting Voices (in English with others) (1987), Steps on the Waves (1992), My Face Over There (1996)
- Other creative works: children books including: The Rope Game, The Pigeon's Eggs, In the Safe of Grandmother, Common Interests, The Ape and the Sunflower, One Question, A Dream Come True.
- Her poetry has been studied by many critics, and academic research on her poetry was conducted by scholars from Mu'ta, the Jordanian University, and Yarmook University.
- Address: PO Box 268, Amman, Jordan.

### **Rites**

I know this face;  
I bear witness  
that every morning  
I hold the line of light  
On his cheeks,  
And hurry with more steps  
To catch up with a group  
Heading towards a road  
Driving me one day  
As a sound on his lips,  
I kiss the lashes of my prayers

In his eyes,  
Under my steps  
Dance the fingertips of spilled sand  
On the beach, in euphoria;  
The bright tune moans,  
Searching and searching  
For nothing,  
In the palm.  
I wake up, with his fingers reaching for me  
To play a tune,  
To give me water to drink  
To give me a field,  
Where wild mirth is grown  
On his lips,  
Along with a love pigtail  
That keeps creating poetry  
In the pulse on his hands,  
The sails wave and clap their hands,  
And yell with the crazy storms of the sea  
Looking for a dock in my nights  
No docks,  
No oars, no oars.  
The face departs,  
And Qais leaves Layla,  
Fighting  
with the wild whales of the beach;  
He leaves her as a plant;  
He abandons the dreams  
That she's implanted one morning.  
Rose colors  
And eyes beyond the ruins of my days  
Attempts to pluck out the destined steps  
On the beach sand,  
Playing with the wind whose steps  
Are looking for stray faces,  
And darkness that fills her eyes

With pitch black dark.  
Who amongst you can get Layla  
A small candle?  
And now you come extending your arms,  
To show tenderness to the ruins of my days.  
Get your things together  
And let us go,  
With a ballad that comes, and touches  
My sadness,  
It bleeds in our palms  
Let us wash the hunger of our life  
And go,  
Go to wherever our steps can take us  
To a safe beach,  
To grow love  
And merriment  
And wipe out  
From the face of sadness  
The tear.

\*\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Showqi Baghdadi***

- Showqi Jamal Baghdadi (Syria)
- Born in 1928, Banias, Syrian coast
- Finished his high education in the Faculty of Arts in Damascus and the Faculty of Education in 1951.
- Worked as Arabic teacher in Syria and Algeria, then he devoted his time to writing.
- Took part in founding the Syrian Writers Association, which later became known as the Arab Writers Association and then he became the general secretary of the association.
- His poetry anthologies: More than One Heart (1955), For Every Love There is a Story (1962), Verses That Do Not Love (1968), Between the Pillow and the Neck (1974), A Voice as Big as the Mouth (1974), Laila without Lovers (1979), Return of the Pretty Boy, (1985); The Vision of John the Damascan (1991), Something Concerning the Soul (1996). A poetry anthology for children: the Moon on the Roof (1984), a Collection of Poetic Short Stories (1981); poetic tales for children entitled "The Sparrow of Paradise"(1982).
- Other creative works include short story collections: a Path to the Peak (in collaboration with others) (1952), Our Neighborhood Spits Blood (1954), Her House is Down the Mountain (1977), a Profession Named Dream (1986).
- Writings: Say it and Go, Colonialism is Back (et al.), Old and Modern Poetry (et al).
- He won the First Award for poetry and short stories from the Critics Magazine in Damascus, and First Award for national songs, and the Arab Writers Association Prize for the best poetry collection (1981).
- Address: PO Box 9880, Mazza, Damascus.

### **Something Concerning the Soul**

Here comes the night,  
The door was open;

So I made a place for the one  
Who comes and does not,  
The one  
Who spends an hour at my place  
And then goes in peace.  
Hey, you Visitor of the Night!  
You who knock at my door,  
You who never come unless I'm out  
Who is it this time?  
Who but you?  
There's nobody in  
Except me and the wind,  
Here in this cave  
Which sucked my being.  
I peer at the ice of the rock wall,  
A primitive form  
Of what looks like a hunter mounting a horse,  
Looking for a hole  
To release him  
And release myself  
But he always runs away  
And leaves me in my place.

I'm looking for love,  
But not in my lifetime  
I know I am a simpleton  
Who creates a void text  
To be later filled by my readers  
With myriads of meanings.

I'm looking for the circle of the face  
Which embraces the world,  
And the poetry swing  
Which sways me  
In a few seconds  
To the end of the universe.

I know that I have delusions,  
I make the people an empty frame  
To be filled by visitors  
Inspired by smoke. What is it that hides this face from me?  
Is it because I am like water  
Singing on the sand,  
Seeing two lovers on the beach  
Who never meet?  
Or is it because the face  
Only exists in the soul  
Inventing its own legend?  
Or is it because the singer  
Is a body worshipped  
By the blood of the tune  
And nerves of the lyrics?

If only I were really myself,  
If only I were given a choice,  
If only it weren't for my voice pitch,  
The color of my eyes,  
My hair,  
My mouth,  
My figure,  
It only it weren't for the name given to me,  
And the melancholy offered to me,  
If only it weren't for some of  
My eccentricity, impulsiveness, and insanity,  
It only I were really myself,  
If only I articulated  
Some atoms of the galaxies  
Where my vigor navigates!

Who might have delineated me  
In this form,  
And eliminated  
My content?

Who, whenever I tried  
To get close to myself, contains me?  
Deploying his guards  
Between my heart and tongue?

\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Suad Al- Sobeah***

- Dr. Suad Mohamed Al- Sobeah (Kuwait)
- Born in Kuwait in 1942
- Bachelor of Economics, Cairo University; PhD, Economics, Surry Gilford University, 1981.
- Member of the Human Right Executive Committee, Arab Thought Forum Council of Trustees, Hebrew Study Center at Yarmook University, Arab council For Childhood, Boards of Middle East Research Project, Washington, Kuwaiti Media Staff Society, Kuwaiti Graduates Society, Kuwaiti Economists Society, Honorary Chairperson of The Woman Peace Movement, and other associations
- Concerned with issues of freedom of opinion, human rights, planning and development, labor economics, oil, woman and children.
- Took part in several poetry evening sessions, Arabic and non- Arabic
- Established Dar Suad El- Sabah Publishing House
- Has prizes in her name and the name of Sheikh Abdullah Al- Mubarak Al- Sabbah to promote intellectual, scholarly and literary creativity.
- Poetry anthologies include: Wish (1971), To You My Son (1989), Fragments of a woman (1986), In the Beginning Was the Female (1988), Dialogue of Roses and Guns, (1989); Urgent Cables to my Homeland (1990), The Last Sword (1992), Love Poems (1992), A Woman with no Coasts (1994), Take me to the Borders of the Sun (1997)
- Other Works include "Planning and development in the Kuwaiti Economy and the role of woman," "Lights on Kuwaiti economy," and other studies
- Address: PO Box 23409, Safat, Kuwait.

### **Sea Rose**

(1)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait,  
Ports from which time has set sail,

An Oasis of love and a safe land,  
A great people,  
A benevolent God,  
A Land hedged by vigor.

(2)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait,  
Beaches polished as mirrors  
And a sea that every morning  
Distributes among us  
Myriads of gifts,  
And the tea of my father  
And the smile of my mother  
And my wallet  
And my plait  
An a glass of milk  
Shortly before going to school,  
And the first love letter  
Which set a storm  
In my whole being.

(3)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait  
I carry you, wherever I go,  
As a charm  
on my bosom;  
I carry you  
As a rose- bud  
In the depths of my poetry  
I carry you in my heart,  
A deep tattoo,  
Till the end of my life time.

(4)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait,  
Here started the voyage of Sindbad  
Here the sea rose has blossomed  
Here went Ibn Majed  
Plucking a star,

Planting palm trees,  
And creating countries  
In times of daring.  
Here palm trees and poetry wash together  
In the waters of the Gulf,  
And here came Rabab to our promise,  
And Suad became eloquent.

(5)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait  
I love you like I love the sun  
That gives light to the worlds  
I love you like I love the earth  
That gives corn to the hungry,  
Sharing cares with the fearful  
Sharing wounds with revolter

(6)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait  
Freedom of opinion  
Is surely a long heritage;  
The child of love in your arms  
Is a lovely child.  
And the plants of Arabism in you are old  
Like these palm trees.  
So remain as you have always been  
A great heart,  
A shining star,  
A lighthouse for the lost,  
A pillow for the tired.  
Be like any mother  
That embraces all her children.

(7)

O Kuwait, O Kuwait  
I love your kind smile,  
The rhythm of your voice when you laugh;  
I love you when you are silent and tired;  
I love the depths of your eyes when you are sad;

I love you when I am away;  
And I miss every pebble and every stone;  
I love you  
Despite the wars of the Mongol;  
Despite the Tartar armies.  
I love you when the skies are embellished  
With thunders, and pierced with sparks.  
So how do you become more beautiful  
When dangers become more threatening?

O Kuwait, O Kuwait  
The Arab world has decided  
To assassinate speech,  
And annihilate all beautiful birds,  
And all pigeons,  
We, the homeless birds,  
only want our right to talk.  
We, intellectual birds,  
Cannot bear  
To be brainwashed  
or bone- crushed.  
We are fighting letters  
Which, with poetry, will defeat all dark ages.  
It pleases me that my country  
Remain a haven for birds, of all species,  
A home for singers and poets;  
It pleases me that the dust of my country  
Become a visiting place for violets and martyrs,  
And a ceiling  
for those left uncovered  
by the wars of Arabism  
It pleases me that my country  
remain a wonderful island of freedom,  
Where dawn rises whenever it wants,  
And when the sea sends its surges whenever it wants,  
And when each wave becomes angry whenever it wants;

It pleases me when my country  
Remain a vast space,  
A window where we breathe.  
The time of prosecution  
Has confiscated the sky from us,  
And took all the luggage  
And the travel,  
And put the moonlight in jail.

\*\*\*\*\*  
□

### ***Sulaiman Al- Issa***

- Sulaiman Ahmed Al- Issa (Syria)
- Born in 1921 in Al- Naeeria, west of Antakia
- BA in arts and education in 1947, Higher Teachers Training College, Baghdad
- Teacher, First Inspector of Arabic
- Member of the Arab Academy in Damascus since 1990
- Poetry anthologies: With Dawn (1952), A Poet between the Walls (1954), Storms in the Chains (1954), A Rebel from Ghaffar ( 1955), Thirsty Sand (1957), Arabic Poems (1959), Blood and the Green Stars (1960), Waves without Beaches (1961), Worrying Messages (1962), Flowers of Waste (1963). Small Songs (1967), Fighting Words (1968), A Song in the Island of Sindbad (1971), Songs Written by Thunder ( 1974), The Complete Works (1980), Writing an Insomnia (1982), Laughing Anthology (1987), In the Cloud I Traveled (1988). Other works include poetic plays, and children's plays such as The Lost Cavalier (1969), A Human Being (1969), Ibnul- Ayham (1970), Summer and Vanguards (1970), Come on Children Sing (1977)
- Other works include stories (authored and translated), and works in prose and poetry
- He also wrote: Our Poets Introducing Themselves to Children, and The Book of Prose
- Won the Children's Poetry Award from Alexo, The Lotus Award for Poetry from the Afro- Asiatic Union of Writers, the Award of Creative Writing in Poetry from the Foundation of Abdul- Aziz Saud Al Babbain for Poetic Creativity
- Address: Faculty of Education, PO Box 6803, Taaz, Yemen.

### **Demise of a Cavalier (To the Martyr Abdul- Moneim Riyad)**

White, and lofty, Sinai, you always wash your land  
With manhood, leading men to martyrdom in your sand  
I feel the disgrace whipping my front for two years

Chewing my choking breath, my head smashed with shame,  
Just to wake up yesterday to news of death,  
That made front light up, that made me proud of tears  
For all the blood and black setback  
Were wiped by our hero,  
And in his coffin disappeared.



You bore the banner of challenge, when challenge died  
You scattered your fragmented body, making death beneath you  
You took away from Arabs burdens as heavy as mounts,  
After our aspirations were crucified  
And our existence tramped on  
Giggles in my blood are chocked,  
And my hand is mute and tied  
They said "leave them crippled; life is only for us."  
For twenty years, crime showed her ugly face,  
For twenty years, the world tampered with my funeral  
While the roar of death goes unheard on the sand  
For twenty years, the World closes eyes  
To avoid seeing my dead body, and passes by  
Without any disgrace or even feeling shame.  
And I nail my coffin, once with my palm, and once with his;  
A poisonous snake turns round me.  
For twenty years, I live on the road,  
Seeing my Fate being sold and bought  
They said, here are their tombs, but they lied  
We never went to the field: My nation was tied  
And in my lungs was the plague;  
No war has the sand seen, nor death;  
I only saw the noise and the wind's breath.  
Myths of heroism were claimed by a gang  
Alien to any sense of honour.  
All time usurers bragged about their might  
Chokes faltered and tears were blocked.

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### ***Tajulsir Al- Hassan***

- Dr. Tajulsir Al- Hassan Al- Hussein (Sudan)
- Born in 1935 in Artoli Island, Northern Province, Sudan
- Finished primary education in Nuhood, Kordovan 1946, and Primary Section Education in Nuhood Islamic Institute in 1950. After he finished high school, he joined the Faculty of Arabic, Azhar University, where he graduated in 1960. He traveled to Moscow, and in 1962 joined Maxim Gorky Institute for Arts, where he graduated in 1966, and obtained a PhD in 1970.
- Worked at the Institute of International Relations in Moscow from 1967 to 1973.
- During his stay in Cairo and Moscow, he had some poetry collections published. He also took part in literary symposia and TV and radio programs, and contributed some articles in Sudanese, Egyptian and other Arab papers.
- His poetry anthologies include: Poems from Sudan, 1956; The Green Heart (1968), Two poems for Palestine (1991), The Palm Tree Asks Where People are (1992), The Oven and the Spring (1992).
- His works include: Between Literature and Politics, Human and Esthetic Issues, Romanticism in Modern Arabic Poetry. He also has several published translations from Russian into Arabic.
- His poetry has been studied by Arab and non- Arab students, including Mohammed Al- Nwehi and Mostafa Haddara. He has been the subject of Masters and Doctoral theses.
- Address: Khartoum Bahri, PO Box 42, Sudan.

### **From Nuhood Valley, or Kordovan**

O my homeland, Kordovan,  
Fragrant with flowers,  
How often autumn has given verdure  
To trees in your valleys!  
Don't think we bury our nostalgia

In the graves  
Don't think we forgot  
Our days and brothers.  
For in our hearts  
We drew the plains of Kordovan

The Sozeeb grass surrounds the water,  
The Laloop trees do flow with life,  
And in the autumn,  
The elegant Simber jubilates.  
All you hear is the echo of the rain  
And the moving leaves.  
I have not yet drawn Kordovan's face  
But I drew my alienated heart,  
So longing for the place.

In all its parts I've roamed,  
To all the houses I have gone;  
And with young brethren  
In the Quran School  
I have studied.  
My hometown Al- Nuhood  
Does overflow with life;  
With this glowing light,  
And these red mounds,  
Its blue rocks  
Are full of pride  
They stand so high  
and hug the sky.

My town Nuhood,  
A set of violet clouds,  
A gift from heaven;  
Nuhood, a land of green,  
Of peace and good,  
A land where people struggle

To build life and peace;  
Even when their houses don't have roofs  
Even when they go about without enough food  
Even when a child dies for less than two sips of water,  
Even when the fields abound  
Even when the rain gets scarce  
Or in the rainy season,  
You will be eternal  
And send your light to life

My eastern school,  
I still remember,  
Has walls that are like light  
Silver and bright,  
With green hedges all around  
In the fall,  
And a bush in the middle.  
My friends and I,  
The three of us,  
Young as we were,  
Living in mirth,  
Are thought by all  
To be twins:  
We look the same  
And dress the same.

O My brother Dakees!  
Do you recall  
The Quran school of yesterday  
And the war,  
whose shades were leaving the door?  
We were commanding an army  
Crossing the desert  
An army that was fighting  
Stupid Nazism.  
We defeated the devastation makers

But in our hands  
we're still holding the guns.  
Thorns are like weapons,  
They open up wounds  
And Tom will not die.  
The war is over now  
Our home threatened no more.  
My brother Dakees  
Can you recall?  
Can you see how time has set us apart  
Weren't we all  
embraced by warm Kordovan?  
Where is Bakri, where are the friends?  
And where is Ibn- el Ahmar  
The racer in the field?

The Hashab bush is behind our last classroom  
I saw it, as usual, with its tender shade  
With its branches still overflowing with scent  
O my friends, the Hashab bush,  
Have you forgotten it? Or being away made you forget?  
Or is this entire life of ours but a mirage?

My friends  
We all lived in our beautiful universe  
Together we lived  
In the blue of the afternoon  
Brought together by time  
Separated by departure  
Littered in the desert, sowed in the fields.  
The land is ours.  
The land of our grandparents  
Will not go away.

My friends,  
How beautiful are the plains of Kordovan!

A virgin, with a pretty face, full of affection  
With eyes and colorful lashes,  
A virgin from the countryside  
Who came to town,  
With a jar of milk  
Tender as a jasmine,  
With a sad apple on her breast.  
Her cheeks are round,  
Her gait is calm.  
Her quarters are taking a bath  
At the opening of the valleys  
It goes wherever water resorts  
Her lover builds flocks in the bowers  
And his hands build hills and streams.

And came one day,  
When we were all  
Sitting close to a hill  
A car rolls in, buzzing like a bee,  
The road gets winding in the horizon  
They were wondering  
Is this the vehicle that rips through the green valleys  
A blue thing with two eyes in the face.  
Riding it, my friends, we crossed a thousand valleys  
Peering at the virgin nature of the desert  
There are a thousand sparrows,  
A thousand singers, singing  
Our country is beautiful  
Beyond the description of letters  
Beyond all poetry and singing.

\*\*\*\*\*

□

### ***Towfeeq Zayyad***

- Towfeeq Ameen Zayyad (Palestine)
- Born in 1929 in Nazareth
- Finished his secondary education in Nazareth
- Worked in the Communist Party, and was editor of communist press. He was sent by the party to many socialist and western countries; chosen as head of Nazareth municipality in 1976; elected in the same year as member of the parliament representing the Communist Party.
- Writes, along with poetry, articles and short stories. He has an interest in folk literature
- Poetry anthologies: I Press Your Hands (1966). Bury your Dead and Rise up (1969)
- Author of: On Palestinian Folk Literature, A Man from Nazareth in the Red Square, Fighting Words, Prisoners of Freedom, This Is the Way the World is, Collection of Folk Tales
- Died in 1994.

### **Adnan, and a New Adnan**

#### **The Eid's Cake and the Glittering Shirt**

(1)

The star was in the horizon looming  
And on the ground Adnan is dying.

His heart is an emerald,  
A sweet apple;  
His face is a berry.

.....

Adnan come to the square running  
Like a blown wind, a storm, a tiger cub.  
His face is a sugar disc  
Wrapped in a silk handkerchief.

His face is Gaza, the Bank, and Jerusalem,  
And a falcon squadron.

On his neck there is a cotton scarf  
With the red tip flying in the wind  
(2)

Adnan came  
With a dictation book in his hand  
And in the other a stone  
In his eyes there were two wounds  
And a dream and appointments  
And a sun  
And a moon.

The blood of people is in the street,  
And the street is a river of people,  
And the soldiers' bullets are like red rain  
Falling down like showers from everywhere.

One went through between his eyes,  
And so did another;  
And another went through  
His throat and blew it up.

Just like that!  
In a moment,  
Or in a blink  
Adnan fell dead.  
Like a basil twig  
That fell and broke.

(3)

His age is seven years  
And two months  
And a week  
And a day  
And thirty minutes.

Here children grow fast  
Like when a tragedy grows  
And goes wild like fire,  
Like stalks of rose  
And daisies grow  
In the heart of a garden.

And like the wounds of the crucified homeland grow  
In a million shapes,  
In a million ways.

(4)

The star slept  
And off vanished the pitch- black darkness;  
Up got the dawn  
And Adnan was plucked off,  
Like a cluster of grapes  
Carried by his townsmen,  
Wrapped in the national flag  
And wed like a gold groom.

The time was the dawn of the feast  
And the town is still in the street  
Boiling with fury

And the people's blood is in the street  
And the street is in the face of the soldiers' bullets  
A barrier of fire

(5)

His mother never cried;  
For the dear homeland  
Hardens all hearts;  
The tear froze in her eye,  
Became a stone,  
A dictation notebook,  
And a burning fire- -  
The feelings of the people

Over him she stooped  
and held him close  
And in his hand  
She put a feast cake  
And a glittering shirt.

She never cried,  
But she whispered in his ear  
Something about red freedom  
And the land of the grandparents,

About the dust of the homeland  
That's been crucified for years,  
About the gas bomb,  
About an occupier's tank  
And soldiers machine guns,  
About the rights  
Suited with blood for dowry,  
About the revolution, and pride,  
And inevitable victory.  
And she went on like a lioness  
Roaring in the face of soldiers:  
"In my womb I have a new Adnan  
In my womb, you occupiers,  
I have a new Adnan..."

\*\*\*\*\*



### ***Youssef El- Saegh***

- Youssef Naom El- Saegh (Iraq).
- Born in 1933 in Mowsil, Iraq.
- Grew up in a religious family that was interested in culture and politics, and after graduating from high school in Mowsil, joined the Higher Teachers Training College, obtaining an MA with distinction.
- Practiced teaching for 25 years, now he's a General Manager of the Cinema and Theatre Department, in addition to his journalism activities.
- A member of the Writers' Association in Iraq, the Iraqi Artists Syndicate and the Iraqi Press Syndicate, the Supreme Committee for El Merbid and Babylon Festivals.
- Published several of his studies in Arab periodicals.
- Verse collections: Unpublishable Poems, 1957; Malek Ebn El- Raib's Confessions, 1972; Lady of the Four Apples, 1976; Confessions, 1978; The Teacher, 1985; Youssef El- Saegh's Poems (Complete Works), 1993.
- Other works: (Novels) The Game, 1972; The Distance, 1974; Plays: The Door, 1986, The Return, 1987; Desdemona, 1989.
- Prose: Free Verse in Iraq (MA thesis), The Last Confession (autobiography).
- Won the best play script award in Carthage and Order of Intellectual Merit from the Tunisian president.
- Died in 2006.

### **Is This, Then, All That's Left?**

It's midnight; it's turning black:  
no moon, no stars,  
only hazy dew in the garden.  
My lady  
will come as usual.  
She'll cross this gloomy passage.  
Walk on the grass barefoot.

One moment and I'll see her face,  
stuck to my windowpane.  
From here where light is deflected, and illusion,  
two distracted eyes,  
ebony- black hair, wet with night dew,  
one hair lock gleaming  
on the forehead,  
without a word,  
in the silence of lovers,  
she'll extend her fingers  
showing a finger from which they ripped off love's ring,  
leaving a white mark like an old wound.  
She'll smile,  
just a glimpse,  
and disappears,  
leaving on the foggy pane  
this strange yearning,  
strange yearning.  
My yearning is like kisses.  
I'll search for a hair stranded on a pillow,  
a veil of perfume, neglected,  
a shirt carrying the scent of a woman.  
Is this, then, all that's left of love?

\*\*\*\*\*

□

### ***Zahra Al- Hurr***

- Zahra Jawad Al- Hurr, known as the Poetess of Jabal Amel, Lebanon
- Born in 1917 in Tyre, south Lebanon
- Raised in a family of savants, clergy, and poets
- Studied gynecology and graduated from the French Medical Institute (Jesuite), in Beirut
- Started her career as a teacher and became obstetrician and gynecologist until she turned 70
- A pioneer of Arab women emancipation and founding member of many women's societies and cultural councils
- Poetry anthologies: *Forgotten Poems* (1970), *Winds of the Autumn* (1992)
- Participated in many poetry evening parties and celebrations in many Lebanese areas
- Won the Silver Merit of Work (1971), the Ideal Mother Award (1975) and a Merit of Appreciation from the Cultural Council of South Lebanon (1984)
- Her works were studied by: Zahed Badr Al Deen in an MA thesis entitled *Zahra Al- Hurr: a Poet from Jabal Amel*, and Khadeeja Shihab, in her M.A. thesis, entitled *Zahra al- Hurr: Life and works* She was also the subject of studies on poets of Jabal Amel
- Address: Tyre School for Girls, Al- Ramel district, Tyre, South Lebanon, Lebanon.

### **He's a Poet**

The whole garden listens,  
And the flowers are moved  
By the singing of a robin,  
Outdoing all others,  
Sending a sweet tune  
That captures the soul  
And overcomes the mind,

Singing melodies of love  
Of charm, and beauty.  
Puzzled stood all the birds  
Astounded by the singing,  
Helpless stood the grapes,  
And, unsqueezed, started to bleed.  
The mounds turned  
And the breeze stood  
As a perplexed lover  
Moving here and there  
To the banks and to the stars.



The queen rose told the boughs  
Who is it that shakes the floor  
With its piercing vision,  
And lovely words,  
And his eloquent speech?  
His singing creeps onto my veins  
As sleep creeps onto the watcher's eyes,  
And to my soul it gives ecstasy  
We must have fallen under his charm,  
The tulips whispered.  
Hearing the song, and whispers  
Perhaps he is a magician.



The nightingale stood up  
And up he went to the bough  
In silence, peered by the roses.  
Who can he be, one of the roses asked,  
His sweet song does capture the soul  
It's soft and smooth, and full of charm.  
Singing and singing went the nightingale  
The whole garden listened,  
Oh yes, my sweetheart, he is a poet.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ***Zaki Consul***

- Zaki Consul (Syrian)
- Born in 1916 in Yabrood, Syria.
- Never had any formal degrees.
- His poetry collections include: Fragments (1942), Suad (1953), Light and Fire (1971), Colors and Tunes (1978), Thirst and Hunger, in the Mazes of the Road (1984), Zaki Consul's Anthology (Part One) (1986).
- Other creative works: two prose plays, The Syrian Revolution, Under the Sky of Andalusia.
- Won the Ibn- Zaidoon Award in Spain; International Jubran Prize in Australia; BBC award in London; Damascus Culture Magazine Award in Syria.
- Died in 1994.

### **From a Historical Grave**

Intifada Stoning Child  
Addressing Usurping and Occupation Troops

Shoot! I do not fear your fire;  
With my stones, I'll answer with dire.  
In my bosom I keep black anger and morning dew.  
You have to choose whatever suits you.  
As long as you throw winds in my well  
You will only harvest deadly storms and a living hell.  
Only with force can rights be plucked out  
What if the wronged stood up to take your life out?  
When the grazing field is visited by animals stray  
Only the meek, innocent lambs are the first prey.  
Adnan begot me, how can I be ungrateful

Or how can I make Nizar in his grave regretful?  
To say I gave in is such a blunder  
I'm the breeze turned into tornados and thunder.  
I am still at the dawn of childhood  
But I chose to storm into dangers, risking my livelihood.  
This dust I tread, this dust I kiss  
And for usurpers, it won't be bliss.  
With stones, and not with bullets  
I keep my honor and wash the disgrace.  
With my stones I'll defend my freedom  
And keep your nails off my own face  
With my stones I'll turn your wedding parties into funerals,  
And restore the hopes that fell apart  
With my stones I'll write the story of my birth  
So that no lies can mar my history.  
No to your occupation, no to your authority  
Which ignores all lives and destiny.  
I may die today, I may die tomorrow  
But from my death free men will surely follow.  
I may still be a young boy, I don't care  
Yet, I may be your worst nightmare.  
If good people are undermined by respect  
How humiliating it would be to keep respect.  
Take shelter in your forts, make them tall,  
My dignity knows how to climb their wall.  
Take shelter in the forts, for you will know  
That I'll pour down like rain, the deadly rain  
I never had a machine gun, nor a tank  
But with my just cause I swept into fire,  
And what we lost in June  
we will take back in November or March  
Bad times made my heart tougher  
And made my attacks much rougher  
Oppression woke me up and filled me with spite,

So from death I rose, and came back in daylight  
The hand of camps blessed me, and there I grew  
And here I am to retaliate at you,  
With determined hope I build the future  
And with my faith I protect my home.

□

\*\*\*\*\*

### ***Zakia Malallah***

- Dr. Zakia Ali Malallah Abdul- Aziz (Qatar).
- Born in 1959 in Doha, Qatar.
- Bachelor of Pharmacy, Cairo University, 1980; Masters 1985, and Doctorate 1990.
- Currently, Head of Drug Control Laboratories in Qatar.
- Member of:
  - o The Modern Literature Society in Cairo (since 1988),
  - o The International Academy for Culture and Arts in America (since 1991),
  - o The International Academy of Poets in India (since 1991).
- Worked for the Cultural Department at Al- Sharq newspaper; participated in various radio programs in Egypt and Qatar; had her poems published in several local and Arab newspapers and magazines; and participated in several literary symposia in Qatar, Egypt, Kuwait, and Turkey.
- Her anthologies include: In the Temple of Longing (1985), Love in Different Colors (1987), For You I Sing (1989), In Your Eyes Blossoms the Violet (1990), Books of the Soul (1991).
- Other works: Translated some poems from English into Arabic, including poems by Turkish poet Osman Torki (1991).
- Won the Qatar Poetry Club Award in 1983. Her poems were translated into English and Turkish.
- Address: Doha, Qatar, PO Box 2851.

### **Clouds on the Walls of Nights**

To the walls hidden in the veins of silence I cling  
And try to trace the paces gone by.  
This is my pace,  
And this is his.  
Who can distinguish my face  
From his?

Who can go beyond the space  
Of my body and his?  
In my palms the flower petals  
Have withered;  
But I have kept my secret  
From the rays of dawn.  
The humming of beaches has faded now  
The waves of yearning have never gasped out  
My dusty eyelids into slumber;  
No winds have blown.  
O clouds of night  
How often you have filled my shade,  
Which across the heart is laid,  
With your rain!  
How often you have blossomed!  
And as yet I have kept your roots.  
For with your purity  
You wash me clean;  
You lay me bare like idols and boughs.  
From the cloaks of the sun  
I only have the glows,  
And a texture of melancholies.  
How hard it is for you to cross the space  
Aboard the thrones of captivity,  
And barter with me  
In a time where bartering humans  
Is not accepted!  
What would your drops give me?  
And why to my docks do you bring  
This bustling night,  
Flowing in vigor or creeping with lull.  
Beaches have turned arid in me.  
In the valleys of your rain I feel my waves  
In intoxication I wrap myself,  
And cover my bareness with eyelid shades.  
I crouch myself in the cracks of cups

To quench the thirst of my dry mouth,  
Of what is stuck in my bosom.  
O cloud of night,  
Were we in eternity but thirsty mud?  
Pure are your silhouettes when you come closer  
When they incarnate me,  
Giving me eyes,  
And lips.  
But later you come back to me,  
To take away my corporeity  
And in the dunes you bury me.  
Up till the day I have not released myself  
From the smokes of craving,  
Coming out from my burning self.  
Nor have I yet abandoned the ashes of the stars.  
My pages are dark  
One letter,  
Two letters,  
Three letters;  
For my letter I made two lights.  
I aim my feathers at my crucified love,  
My inkpot being the eyes.  
A shade from your look is painting me  
With wrinkling colors.  
The painting has darkened tonight,  
And now, my face I can't see,  
And with my shade  
You stay bare in my shade.

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