

Poetry Series

Ehab Khalifa
- poems -

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Ehab Khalifa(14/10/1986)

Ehab Khalifa Mahmoud, is an Egyptian poet. He composes poetry in both languages, English and Arabic. He was born in Egypt in 1986. He studied English literature. Ehab Khalifa wrote a lot of poems that reflect his philosophy and unique style of writing. He was influenced by Greek mythology and the Arabic literary heritage that helped him create a wonderful combination of both different cultures.

Breaking News

My heart stolen by Magi found dead
Where no air nor water to flourish it
When Zeus knew the news, he was dread
Who murdered it? - Magi did that.
Then Magi, arrested by Athena, sent to death
When justice took over, my heart came back to life
I asked Hades to take me underneath
I saw Magi there with the bloody knife
When she saw me, she asked me to forgive
I remembered those ugly memories of love

Ehab Khalifa

I'm Palestine

I'm Palestine
The sad Palestine
The raped Palestine
I'm the sacred shrine
Always pure and crystalline
Resisting and never supine
No one can resolve the strongest twine
I'm a lion; my enemy is a swine
I'm a falcon; he's an ugly porcupine

Ehab Khalifa

Opera Ghost (O.G.)

O.G.! O.G! Who created thee?
Who made thee love? Who made thee see?
Who made thee feel? Who can tell me
Why were I and thee meant to be?
Thy gentle heart; Thine ugly face
If it is love, thou embrace
Like us you are virtue and vice case
Like the truth we usually deface

Ehab Khalifa

The Black Pig

Kill me because I'm black
Slay me with a blunt knife
Set fire to my corpse
Put it in a black sack
In front of my black wife
When they come to ask after me
Tell them the black pig died
If they wanted to see my corpse
Tell them it's by the sea
Let them come and see
But only at night they will see
Justice will be there waiting for me
It may give me another life
Then I will meet him again
He will kill me again
He will slay me again
He will set fire to my corpse again
He will kill me one thousand times
He will commit one thousand crimes
He believes it's his right
Because he is white

Ehab Khalifa

Tulips

Four walls and a door
Unpainted ceiling and a floor
Unwanted heart with lots of wounds
And the pain is more and more

A passion that was left alone
A silent whining and a moan
A host of ugly thoughts
A lost cry of a wounded tone

It would be my eternal doom
Until I saw the tulips bloom
There it was the smell of Eden
Where God spread Eve's perfume

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