

Poetry Series

**AbdelAziz Alhaider**  
**- poems -**

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# AbdelAziz Alhaider(in that blue planet.....that called earth)

When they open your eyes by the dangerous big operation  
When you saw all those sad faces of your people  
You were Crying until you became blind again

# The Coming Back To Zero Point

The Coming back to zero point  
Abdul Aziz Haider

He was creeping with the time  
    Extending with the time  
In the depth of shaggy  
Dealing with a dinner of algae dusty wet with dew  
All the time in the picture of flower and cup  
Two fingers in one hand  
one hot wind  
from suns of the truth was in their faces  
together....they became single word in a poem, jumping between the lines  
Or a flying feather in clear skies  
the growth was rattling between the ribs of the trees  
The ribs of the traveler  
In the growth of the Wave  
In the regression of the slope of the hill  
A panic wake me up  
Fork of pointed heads pinching the waist side  
the waist side that is trying to lay with tired shoulders  
Accuracy.... accuracy.... the black anxiety wings tinnitus inters to the cave of  
strangers  
Absorbs the water of the freshness  
And aims the body of the question with fire .. Throws it with the stones  
Which sound returning from the far run time? ? ... from the near falls back to  
the memory of grass....  
Included in the murmur tones and the flapping of the wings  
swish of palm leaves  
... in the silence applies at the  
    middle of the night  
Envelops long alleys with shadows  
paleness..... Poverty and nudity  
it was between me and the escalation time, intimate.... and we exchanging its  
games and puzzle  
I was at some minutes... hours... go upstairs... crawling to the top deep in fare  
away  
Behind a deer... a single glimmering ...bluish  
Cloud for the celebrations  
Beach for dancing

returning from them disheveled and dusty  
my memorable is spiders houses  
Alone to the side of the desert.... sand  
withdraw from my black self..... winded by hot sadness  
withdraw to lost cities  
to the pile of vacuum leaking from  
hands  
from swing of the sad memories  
from love going deeply into  
the oldness..  
the oldness of the gardens celebrates the lovers  
with the birds in its thickly branched trees  
with madmen are reading under its shades  
The Sheikh of time  
scraping the roots of his white beard  
Sometimes smiling...other shaking his head as soft yes  
Agreeing with some anxiety which rising from the sea lung  
from the burning breath of the poet  
Suddenly the night came down  
throwing his cloak on the two faces  
Myth is returning .... zero.....  
I and the time  
Now we are filling with terrified from the soles of boiling tar  
to the slope of howling Torrent  
coming back to zero go deeply into  
the bone  
The silence between the ribs,  
Crackling of the break in the spirits  
forest  
Dear poetry !! return the balance to my steps  
Do not be cruel like the face of the city reject their tired sons all the time  
raise me up from the funeral of the time  
I am a captive of the debauchery .....my lord  
The coming back to zero is my death  
Do not leave me for the tide  
Take my hand  
Now a rising  
Go up to the visions  
Maybe.....  
maybe

...

Baghdad  
25/1/2011

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Alienation

Behind the wall of alienation there is a sound raising with screaming brutal  
Ringing the bell with loose rope in the waking memory and forgetful  
memory

Behind the alienations glass with whisper.....with tears this child heart will  
broken

Drowning in tears... In the words of stone... and the bitter cup

Alienation is the sneaking of the desire and falling into the hands as smokes  
threads

Alienation is when your heart became project for the training of the soldiers  
whose occupying the deserts of your poems

And alienation is that when you drink your tears in the thirst of the desert

Alienation is not in the farness or the nearness from homelands

Alienation is when the words are dying

In the middle of words

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Around The Fountain

The words were flowing....colliding....snapping  
My erupt from the fountain of sorrow  
The closed door....the few hard verses  
The first surprising fountain.....the smell of paint...the lilt of the rhythm  
I was a kid....I look forward open-mouthed  
Lodging with surprise to old Picasso  
Who a company with me to the school garden to draw the nature  
In that day I filled with rain and the mature spring flowing in the leaves and the  
garden gate  
Oh..sad fountain that  
I do not see all my life  
Where were you been, old man  
Did you have to go all this distance?  
To authorize you to enter the AI-strange Dictionary  
Today I put the papers in front of me poem  
Draw a tree professionally  
And I feel what's behind the pace  
Fishing the vocabulary with bullets of surprise and validation  
I'm not a stranger to the word  
No longer a stranger from the world  
I'm now only son of the earth  
In front of the sad fountain.....I sit? ? ? with silence.....or.....that is one thing  
Because the words who are danced.....shaping  
Forming a choir..  
Is it the last hymn to be always like this  
Abstract.....naked.....soft  
You old...which child in you take you back again to your garden  
Which soft hand...little hand take your hand  
It is particularly encourage you to continue to walk  
Slowly.....fear...but always amazingly

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Braids Are Playing In The Wind

Braids are playing in the wind

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar 14/2/2010

Package of truths light is cluttering in the eyes  
Package of impudent sand is spreading in the wind of years  
Between this long road.... stretches in grief and sorrow  
Day by day  
And me.....  
There is a language that I cannot understand it... the tar is boiling in it  
And the volcanoes are howling  
However, the flowers of the fact perfumed some steps  
the virulent..., is a storm that is cutting the crops and offspring.... the lands  
laughter is shaking in the dance of death  
Clouds of locusts...overflow of nostalgia  
Images of reflection... and beautiful graceful dance in all directions of my heart  
I now gripping the rope that is dragging me over the sand madness  
Over the broken glass from my cups...  
I have no care, except to the letters  
My body intermittence in the deserts  
However my spirit is hanging by the beautiful Stars  
And my stadiums in the clouds of childhood  
I am visiting them all the time  
And the songs of the doves are waking my hollow  
And the fact, result in braids playing in the wind  
The guitar in Purl

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Bringing Around

Abdul Aziz Haider

Publication 1986 in the Journal of the Republic Baghdadiya

To the whisper that sat on my desk  
And its strewn face papers

Pens, and Inkwell

To the whisper that poured from the jar of the full night

whisper that became a night cockroach To the

In my arid room

Or to the whispered tunes such as puff mixed the side of the curtain,

I listen.....

.....  
.....

- Are you finished?
- final glass.....

Usually I finish the cup at a defining moment

Listen

And throw a stone in the stream of silence

Belt my voice with rings

And listen again

To the whisper that boom in the bitterer boredom blood ..... In my fatal

isolation

As threads of spiders.. or smoke... is an illusion..... Or confused  
language

And the heart is a virgin cocooned by the becoming

And blood

Ah, the blood is the light of rubies published in the depth of the cave of autism  
and existence,

Of from which face?

Which picture....? ? Coming to listen

I do not hear more than the laughter of immoral

Laughter's of the pretty girls dancing with the waves of the poem as pictures of  
wilted flowers

To the whisper of complicated dark..... the poem is listening... I listen

Away from the hearing

Away from the memory

Listen to the world under the pillow collected by the dream

Balled them to a pellet violated the ball of the memory

And explode it at the site of the wound....  
lights

Of tattered pictures scattered ....confused

- A last cup?

- Did you listen?
- Cup final
- It is usually in the loving to draw with the light

And make with their poems keys of the gates of their imposable expectations

And language - word - Witch Pictures

Away from the hearing nearby from memory

To my whisper.....from mine to mine

Listen to this clicks of the branches of the poem

As It is growing

Listen... and attract the dream and the memory

To die together.. In the critical point

.....  
.....  
.....

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Chatter

Abdel-Aziz Haider

And under the polished stars  
Under the light-house  
The darkness of words.  
The darkness of silence..  
The death had a conduit under the feet and another as a loop strangle the  
Spirit  
O, O soul... Reassuring to the battered trees...., crumbling sky..  
Ailing souls  
Go back to your self-Pearl  
Return talkative with sad  
Mute... if words were crossed  
This is the time of ruin  
This is the zero point... Time of adulterers  
Go back to the language of the sea and magic  
Maybe you become able to speak  
Or have a death with pink smell  
Spread in the waves and storm

Baghdad 31/03/2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Death

Written in the seed slate... you will splits in to two  
written in each two... the end of the story  
Written in the slate seventh, eighth and ninth  
To the last Slate of the world, that, the end of every matter  
Some drops of tears  
And a wild hunger invades the heart suddenly  
(Oh my daughter doesn't be so sad.....) (1)  
No matter, how the travel was long?  
And the singer riding, how much  
Go deeply into the sand?  
It must be for the last grain of sand to segmentation in the Cloud  
To Rain, to wild Rain  
For the desire of death... Awakening from death... Ecstasy from death  
Death is the low ground key of the love song  
And the hunger is the answer  
And the alienation is wild blossom extends deeply into the Spirit  
Longing ... Alienation ..... A heart tear.... conceal by smiles in the face of the  
beloved  
The master was taught me to enter the alienation silo, nodding headed, looking  
at the face of my beloved in that of mine  
And spray at the cross roads of my beloved  
Red Flowers of my years  
And I must open the gates of my heart in front of the steps  
It was written that, I will kill by love  
it was Written that, I will kill by the words  
So why does the fear of the written?  
Taught me, my master....the Love  
The disclosure is a chosen... and the secret is a chosen  
so choose which chosen between the two bitter chosen  
And select the most beautiful moments of death from death...

(1) Referring to a section of Abu Firas... An old Arabic poetry...

Oh my daughter doesn't be so sad..... all the creatures will go in such away

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Drop From The Café

Drop from the café

Azzizalhaider-iraq

I am dropping from a gypsy Cafe in Spanish cave  
searching-at afternoon- for a face I saw its features in the market  
I am touching his moist lungs and the tip of the Red Shawl  
rapidly across as the eastern ghazal such as lightning  
and when it turns it was a horse  
his eyes two jewels of fire  
Flew away in the abyss of negative sentences and voices of vendors, crossing  
peoples, licensed soldiers and children  
I am dropping from a gypsy Cafe searching - at afternoon- for the other bank  
Where the lovers welcomed deployed in the Green Earth  
And where the vehicles  
carry fruits and flowers. And joys of festival  
I am dropping from a g...y...p..s....y  
Extend my hand in the river water  
I feel something in my tired chest disintegrate with love and dissolve as a ray  
In the cloudless water and the face of colored stones

I am dropping .....

And i am swimming in a soft river driven me up  
touching the face of market horse and touching the tip of Shawl

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Dust

If this feline time leaves to me

Some papers

I will played calmly for the last role of the game

if this monster let me .. the time... Played with a sly without wings

And rendered the world to wheels and balls jumping... interfering....

Disintegrating in the words of dust

The game is

That the land is dust

And the sea is dust

And the alienation in the extreme of the tear..... some dust....

And the game is mortgaging your soul to the devil and the homelands ...with  
some dust..

Ah, to the homeland when became some dust

Ah, from love when alter..to hand some of dust

Oh, how awful the game

inside the dust

Abdel-Aziz Haider

13/04/2010

Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Forgotten Sections

Forgotten sections

: : : : : : O selves-conceited

which are as small funny yellow reptiles

As a buzzing on a ground shined with the sun... after a heavy rainy night

You are thin faces.... as the translucent silk stocking

Your eyes are shone as pearl glasses

colored hair are above your foreheads, , , was crucified by the sun and the wind

And your foreheads them selves ..... Are signposts announces seasonal holidays

: : : : : : : You must life it with strong ... that is the song

with savage rhythm in the arteries

You must be infringer....flaming until he fever of the love

You must be a rare....bon vivant with the virgin freedom for the first time  
As the blossom of the orange flowers

As a small dreams who crept into the alert memory

: : : : : : : Small

As small as the star

Sit down every night for a white paper

Scattering dreams in her lines .. then the paper becomes blue or green

as sea or field

Small leaves every night a white sheet under the pillow

When she is speechless wake up in the morning .... Withdraw the paper it was black

But she returns in the evening create what dreams she want

Baghdad

Abdel-Aziz Haider

2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Frightening Crawl

The time is crawling around the midday  
and the nails under the heels are engraving in the head.  
Heavy rain is taking the night and the day  
the sea is cracking in the brain who is deeply interred in the grass  
And the monkeys, which under the foot.  
Are jumping  
Forests of astonishments that have passed  
Faces from clay and rocks  
the faces were burned in the acidifying music  
Streets were empty except from the whistling of the midday  
Still sky looking for air to exercising a ritual breathing..  
The retrain back  
The body is crawling over the asphalt  
the body which is still breathing  
The man is squeezing his spirit an wilted orange in the Cup of rusted nickel  
the newspaper are fluctuating.  
Throwing on the empty table  
under the splash of the Indian fan  
The time is crawling  
Towered a Cry which obscure the vision  
the dry Mouth  
The cave of the sitting spiders with lazily  
Expectation  
And the older the old my memory is no longer rooming except for lust for hot  
bite of the salt cheese  
lonely... Lying on the roads  
the time was...  
And the difficult decision was not..... What I am hoping..... The final decision  
The crutch is releasing the legs pain ... deceiving since the morning to dividing  
the years  
Quarter for an old song.....  
Quarter for a dream with closed eyes  
Quarter for the space surrounding the Ground planet...  
And the last for the waiting for Godo....! !  
The words were burned the olive trees...  
The words were burned the burned anguish..  
Extinguished the burned anguish  
The time is crawling all the time... to the old madness..  
To the caves..... Dilapidated houses from moisten cruelty

from the rotten disobedient memories Creeping time...  
The time is crawling  
Light a candle in the cemetery  
and a wilted jasmine  
He was a closest friend  
the site of the secret and wound  
Lost caducously  
As a rain  
as a puff from a beautiful spring  
Lost in the midst of the crowded time and passing human  
The time is crawling  
Over the fragile belly of the sand minutes  
and gravel stones  
The eyes are cremating pop eying with fears  
the black Balls are swelling  
the planet is exploding in the memory which leave her nakedness  
Here is the shadows man coming down from a carton stair  
entering the large Printer inkwell  
His smell is spreading in the orphan book  
his heart is a brazier of curved back anger  
And the book that could have been opened over a page of pureness  
Here's the wind... shut it down, frivolously  
rolling it on the coast of the bitter  
Floating it over the dipped water of symmetry  
Who is for this suffering mouth?  
Terrified heart  
Legs that have left their positions  
Left in the faces of the case  
Delights are turning it mockly  
turning it by the sadness  
Implanting its canines  
in his oldster heart  
Lost in the cities embedded in his lips  
Under his fingernails that departed in the security stations  
In the headquarters of political parties  
in the newspapers brighten with poems... Stories... Dance  
The time is crawling  
under the eyelid of the time  
sleepy do not obtain asleep that he wishes for a long time  
in the years crazily fighting him  
Kill him at all times



# Grandson

Grandson

When he learn the earlier words  
Step earlier steps..... stumble  
Hailing hearts that with God's name  
Reverse the letters  
Invent big headlines.... New... Upside down  
laugh loudly in my eyes.... and imitates the sound of a cat or a wolf  
I heighten him to the roof of a dream  
descend him to the bottom of the roses.. gardens of my heart blooming with the  
flowers for him  
Collect played.... played  
Colored pens..... Photos  
Dolls..... wheels  
And tell him tales of the sea and the hunter..... story of livelihood  
The city and horse cart  
And the ill donkey.....! ! !  
If stumble, or cough  
Pain squeeze inside my heart..... and with the feather of colored love  
Draw around him the name of God...

When he begins counting...I. enfold him with the fear from reaching the  
thousand.....the million....  
So he may lost by the path....! ! !  
Uh... What a beautiful his childhood..... soft as the roses  
His innate intelligence...as the pitcher vapor  
And the purity of his movements...as the streaming train in the forest  
I hop him growing but peacefully...  
peacefully guarded with the name of God

Abdel-Aziz Haider  
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Hardness

Hardness

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

This pouring rain.... wiggler with the south winds that is bunting the north one  
How hard it is... hitting the face and hurting the tears  
It is washing the heart from the depth of sadness.... hanging with it from the  
long summer  
But they do so harshly....  
This sky... that is becoming clearer  
And the wind that is smoothing to a breeze.....tender.....  
These breezes how it reveals harshly the beauty curls of your hair.... that is  
try plaiting the chords of my heart  
My heart that went away in its pulses hinting ..... That is pointing to you  
with full love  
And these streets  
That is crowding with movements and passers- by  
These streets are also harshly remembering ....that days that celebrating the  
distances that we disappear in them  
With the steps that are hungry to daily appointments in the streets that  
are hungry to our calm steps  
And this poem which is carrying the tired parts of the body and the soul  
that is suffering under the walls of old memories  
It is also a music of the harshness  
Yes that life is harsh  
Their flowers wilt quickly  
And their winds are leaving without saying farewell  
Ah.... dear heart... why you are so created without eyes that not tears?  
And with hands that are not waving..... to the memories....

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Hijazi Stethoscopic Tone

Are all nights those surprised us are the strange?  
Are all ways those we digging are no things more than illusions and worms nestle  
in the wound?  
Are all treasures of-pearl and ruby of heart... of the brazier's essence of the  
spirit?  
Not more than the stones lying on the path of from falling? ?  
Our lost are those steps watchful us and the passion, as they said from the oldest  
of the old burns lovers  
And we burned... but still not be irrigated from the wound of the nights... and not  
be deterred from hardened Daggers  
Which we draw from there blades sugars or flowers  
We delude ourselves that we are the witness and the martyrs

We delude the palm holding water  
That that eyes burst out for us  
But we are the Illusionist  
The steps does not lead.... and the end in the most beautiful trip of a lifetime for  
the unwary  
Peace... peace on the unwaries  
Eyes staring, and then seeing...  
Then apply in the illusion.... in fear that inclines by shadow  
And shadow tired them all these years  
O immorality years  
Write our history with blood and tears  
And leave our bodies naked in the deserts of exile  
And hunger.... and nibbling by the myths and impossible  
O for the years.....  
Years

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# I Do Not Know

I do not know

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

I do not know how to put the letters in a cup  
How the years bite the tips of the fingers in so easy ways  
I can nt insert my head through such tottering window  
All what I know ...few winds revolutions throw my skin to my head ...changing  
me to a soundless dynasty...here I am with my friendly reptiles trying to avoid  
the crashing foot in our frivolity walking to the river....we just hiding the moon  
in the shell of the noon  
Under the grass of the high building we some times exchange the codes to  
meaning....hello my friend...hello hardness

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Images Of The City

Images of the city

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

Men..... Women

wars..... Minarets

A sunny afternoon..... burnished winter

Alleys of silence..... visions do not lead

Fluttering wings of birds

the dreams are hiding in the soft fluff

In the matted branches of Sidra

Wars .....licensing..... free death

Death in the death

Panic in the death

Concern.... insomnia.... ache.... sweat...

in the fronts

At the nude sidewalks

000000000

Cries.... under black bombs thrown lava over the villages of the country

Hymn:

(The deposit villages are .....The villages

Now their springs are

Sheding tears

Their Trees

    Their rocks

Their grief .....their hunger..... harsh cold tears

Angry

at the slopes.....)

000000000

Who reads in? ... who?

My country is a myth

his Endowed dreaming sons since the dawn of the birds.....

their Sufferings sorrows....

their opened eyed dreams

their sorrows fill in all the quarters all ways

Men.....women... my country is a .....

Children's Oasis..... Bar for retirees.....

00000000000

Since the days were lining up  
And leaned on sticks of the fall  
My country is a swing of sad song... breasts of the past  
from the infinity  
of the blanch meat  
Iraq is a crazy  
heated  
lust  
Climbs down to the lungs

0000000000

Men..... women  
Standing on the threshold of the long time  
The long prolix  
which is between them and the words that create generations of anticipation and  
surprise  
Dear Spring..... You are Baghdad  
and the hormones of time are fragrance from your lanes  
And your lover Tigris

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Insights From Behind The Walls

My icon of sorrows is in front of me and the dead bodies of days are  
behind me

This ... the reader in the silences valleys of wisdom hymns

Does not receive more than the hollow rust

Shaking... And in its eyes the delusions of doubt dancing... the confusion

Turning in the roles.... Destroying the walls of the theater..

Opening the windows of his poems to the storm to cry

poor is the person who taught me the first letter ...who told me that the waves  
are friends

And the sea is friend..... and the path of the stormy love opening thousand  
ways

What do I do with this love.... my ruinously and the boiling of my veins from  
this roughly colored volcano

I rise the icon of my sorrow in front of me and pray...pray for the emergence  
of my lover on my path

Together with the prayer of the heart..... and the crescent of my presence and  
absence in his temple

Crazed... nodding back... some parts of me read some

I set up a trap for the sorrow

And it set up a swing for my death

And that is the days.... Phantom of the days...wasting of my time

Altobath\* mount before me...and the storm of days

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2010

\*a mount in Arabic desert where the Arabic famous lover kees and Lyla meet  
with each other when they are child



# Magician

Magician

who is breaking this arch of the blossoming sleepy under the eyelids?  
Who is breaking in of this dream.... Rose.... And flooding on the shores of most  
sad longing and suffering and hardship.....! !

And crazy love suspended to the tip of beauty braids

Or between the fingers of the feet of a boy fascinated by playing ball..... colors  
Or in the mouth of newly borne who recognize the first sweet laugh at the  
dawn...?

Who is bewitching this earth?  
And filling it with the fruits and times being.....

Dancing with the poplar trees....? ?

as crystal in sun face? ? glancing Who is  
Who is fascinating the poets eye? ?  
And joking with flowers the Minstrels throat  
Who is filling what is behind-the-hill, reddish twilight?  
And embroidering the gown of this night with stars  
Who is that witch playing with Colors  
And ripening the moments of joy with wine of words  
Who is barking in the valleys of the mind  
And awakens the rain of the memory in the abandoned awareness forest  
Who is jumping over the death and crossing the times rings?  
Magician.....  
This Devil's crowned as king in the Kingdom of eternal disobedience

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Memories

## Memories

The river is spreading a memory made by mud and small stones  
alluvium... palm leaves  
sea mew..... human beings and years  
hair- house is flying with hearts wings in the sky of the city  
Rolling in both sides...a roll... rolling twice at all times  
sinking eyes of its alleys  
its streets which laden by the beating of absence and humiliating attendance..  
houses .....its deserted cafes... Its  
Its extinguishing firebrand squares naked shaking in the cold  
neglected.... Abandoned from years... O injustice years  
The man who was a river is laying  
his white papers..... his white hair on the upper side of the face  
His pigeons..... his losers lotteries...  
Cups that smash by the wars and the chairs of immorality..... and the nations  
crammed into heads small the  
Leaves at the edge of the river  
memory Naked  
Begging warmth under the midday sun

Abdel-Aziz Haider  
Baghdad  
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# My Little Ragamuffin

O Little Tramp.... my poor heart

festivals of cranky and the ego flying as a smoke In the multiple

there is no place for you...!

in the parties of distribution of mummified bodies.... and the parties of Wake-up  
bodies

Suppose you are being...

Witness to the drowning in the last sin?

You.. my soft smile heart

who homelessly roam the misery eternal yards

heavily pushed vehicle with the

your tears always from sticky burned blood

You tramp

Masked or without mask

This is not your cirque..... no Children laughing here nor girls putting their  
hands on the surprising mouths

Here the game biggest than you... and as supposed in you.. Dear Child polite

the questions were died before you arrange them in your little mind

Oh, my big heart

How many your torn down files contain from desolated papers which repeated  
every time

O Little Tramp.... my poor heart

does not have Incense

nor prayer beads

And your anger voice unmasked with the trembled anger

Be greedy with your acrobatics steps and do not forget traffic rules of the walking with hands

Abdel-Aziz Haider (originally in arabic)

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# No One

This open sky of my pictures  
And no one look  
This crowd dancing in the festival of my pictures  
And no one look  
These high crashed waves of my songs  
And no one hear  
This lovely pulsing red heart in my sound  
And no one listen  
oh what these caring words can do  
the opened mouth of the miracle did closed from years  
and no one is being here  
that was the last season  
for the orange song

Baghdad  
(originally in English) Abdel AZIZ Alhaider  
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Nothing

There, ..... there is no sea, there is no blue

There is no wood in the foundations of the subject of the docks

no cranes.....! !

No sailors..... Thus, there are no sailing vessels

Not even sailing boats..... not the horizon and waves...! !

There is no bar? , And ceiling fans coordinates this monotonous. Or reflect the shadows on the ground.....! !

Imply that moisture and longing for fresh air.

then necessarily no cups of any kind

No Crystal, no does not and cups of kmbari

Not even a beer large cups, with hands

There is no paved road with stones not with bricks  
To going to the top of the hill where the archeologic temple

The shrine of a righteous man..... So there is not a cemetery no tombstones indicating chronicle of death..... Is there no death... necessarily as well? ?

There are no sky full of stars, glittering in the sky with the withdrawal of different... Or swollen.... Obscured the moon and sometimes it reveals... Other

There is no, and that is most sadness most, unfortunately! ! ..... Small chilled heads of children dream in tomorrow and plays..... There are no O for heartburn heart (to the borders of yearning death) ..... There are no toys for children

There is no. Any book, or window or curtain breezes shake

No female chest wrapping the sad the grief exploded in your head

And clasp him....., fragmented rocks of grief.. fans them' in the wind..... There

is no near or far..... black or white

There is nothing  
Anything

06/20/1989  
Abdel-Aziz Haider

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# One Word

1985-2009

One word  
1985-2009

Abdel-

Aziz Haider

Two roses dropped from the rose bush  
there for it was the time to move to the dream

--

Whenever I supports my head to palm of my hands  
earth took place a full cycle on its centered

--

The Guitar on the chair  
the book on the table  
and the stars, laughing with great pleasure

--

Christ hanging on the cross  
and the mother crying at his feet  
the general ignites a posh Cuban cigars

--

Sun shines every day  
only because there are eyes see him

--

When the moon laughs  
the wind fluctuating the pages of the book

--

Do not become cold! !

I will catch for you, two days of my life  
and bloat under their pebbles

--

I will send to you a message

afford for you by the coming storm

□

--

Do not cry, my little child

because, if your small teardrop fall  
the entire universe will blew up in my head

--

I'll take another cigarette

then have enough time to melodious cry

□

---

The flower that in my imagination

made of pure nickel

---

Whenever I grabbed a song

a bird flews from the nest

---

The river freezes

because the moon angers

---

The guitar, which often grieve  
now dealing with sleeping pills?

---

Who does not know sadness of others  
should not demand the love

---

A bottle of medicine split in half  
because the disease rejects to dealt with it

---

Autumn is slowly creeping  
and winter, seated next to his tobacco pipe

---

In my next trip  
my traffic to the earth planet will be a sad  
exciting memories

---

The angels surround the throne  
and the god puts his head between his hands

---

Is the idealist way  
focusing the universe in one word

---

Only here in the life, the life seen heavy  
and solely there in the death, the death seen

Heavy

---

When can we send again  
If time does not exist?

---

Open door  
the words enter through it all the time

---

I filled the tanks of my heart with love  
then Children of the world sat around them  
asking the warm

---

With one word, God created the man  
then he looked at him with great love

---

When the tree of love buds  
the planet's inhabitants wakened and kissing  
each other

&#1611;

---

No advantage from anything  
except the love

---

The poem rebelled  
raised a protest banner which is the title

---

All the worlds ports are warm  
as long as all seas are estrangement

---

The man is not creature from ordinary clay  
the man is creature from mud that name  
the love

---

I lived forty generations of suspend oranges  
but I do not know any thing except one word

---

The hero came out from the epic  
burned the book and warmed from its fire

---

If it is possible, to return back the time  
If it is possible, to stop the movement  
it is not possible to stop crying

---

The eyes created for love  
as well as the coats made

---

I pay half of my life  
to whom , who creates a rumbling laugh in  
the child's throat  
and pay the second half  
to whom, who put a loaf into the hungry mouth

---

When Nazem and al-Baihtty appeared on the balcony  
of the palace  
millions opened their mouths, amazing by the  
shine in their eyes

---

Do not read the poetry only

but kiss the collection s of poems also

---

Half the world's water is salty  
the other half is fresh  
but the water you drink is the only freshwater

---

Are human beings create the music  
or the music created the human?

---

Every night the Cat enters in the bed  
balling meows then sleeps

□

---

Look to the God always  
he is beautiful

---

A sound beating in the depth  
it is the growth of bough

---

It is simple as possible  
and it is most cruel  
hammering a nail in the heart of painting

---

The day of the city exciting the worry  
applies under the skin  
and the moon trembling with fear from its night

---

The bread is dancing in the oven  
and the eyes of the waiting child dancing too

---

The evening is newspaper  
and the readers..... locusts that biting the paper

---

The light runs through the curtains  
so they tremble

---

Everything can be turned with the carbon  
to Poems..... or tableaux

---

Millions of emotions  
pervade the characters of the poems  
sometimes collide  
with thunder and awe

---

The bright morning  
with his colored brush hits  
the fields, the streets, and the country sides

---

The Pen is brilliant dancer  
and the three fingers dancing with him  
with the points rhythm

---

Waterfalls are gushing with white water as snow  
and the sinews are gushing with the

White melodies as pigeons

---

The life is prison

and the poem is the door

---

The poem is not solution  
the Poem is beam

---

the planet is too small / to the extent that crazy one  
that can destroy it

---

That wonderful blue planet  
is the planet where I born in it

---

One two  
one two  
is the infinite frequency of the universe

---

The alienation is the same alienation  
in the sea Ship  
or here in the spaceship

---

Injustice is not an individual act  
it is a work of many cooperators  
working hardly to accomplish it  
and serve it

---

white paper  
is the biggest challenge

---

Tons of evil  
unable to splitting  
one atom of good

□ ---  
If the person was slave of the yesterday.....  
he must be the mister of today

---  
Do not buy white goods which blackened  
and black goods which became white also

---  
The chairs.....the chairs...  
their big wheels  
crushing the sitting

---  
Red  
yellow  
green  
are all the matter of the universe

---  
The hanging coats  
Since year  
the branches grown in their sleeves

---  
I left my eyes  
In the windows glass

---  
Hundreds of years took to discovering the earth  
is spherical It takes hundreds of years to  
discovering that the earth was not spherical

---  
The land is fire...the clouds is flames.... and the  
hurricane wraps each terms .....  
where I hide my heart?

---

Tomorrow the sun will rise again  
tomorrow the river will be overflowing with songs  
tomorrow all the branches of the tree will foliate  
but tomorrow who will ensure  
that the hungrier will not die?

---

Large explosion in the awareness oven,  
led to the collective death of the poems  
and this continued bleeding in all tableaux  
of the land

---

Some days I blockade by the watch's indicators  
I do not see any consolation  
but only jumping between the minutes and  
seconds indicators

---

Chief priest in the Pharaoh temple,  
Still repeating his calls  
Indifferent to the thousands of years  
that have passed

---

Between the bottom and the bottom  
Window opens on the rose garden

---

Can all these worlds  
pass with in your eyes?  
then how much grief and sorrow that you carrying?

---

Kafka's terrible worlds  
I still wake up scared from them every day,

-□ ---

□ □

he most beautiful poems been when they  
stretched out on the sun carpet

---

The poems,  
the hearts, the tears  
and the forgetting  
the basic wonders of the universe

---

The departure from pleasing  
and the return from missing  
that is what not written by any pen yet

---

The engineering of world  
is the building engineering of bread ovens

---

The black bag  
put together beside the tea cup and the gun  
and the Jawrnica suspended upside down

---

The most beautiful paintings is that which ends from  
colors to light  
and the most beautiful poems is that which ends up with  
words to question and exclamation marks

---

Southern winds came to reviewed by sands  
and the northern wind came wrapped in wool  
when they met each other  
colored ribbons fell from the sky

---

Scourge of the times... nudes of the history  
from the damaged fruits of my eternally wounded country

---

In our blood the poisons of hatred  
and the spiders thread are blend  
then our forms and resonant names specified

---

Who is wandering around our souls  
 other than the dark rooms deaths  
and their paralyzed limbs which extended on the  
wet floor wet lands in the depth

---

Withdraw the paradise fields from under our feet  
and do not pollute your fresh air with our  
damned suffocated exhalation

---

Drop down our heads from the Cans cartons  
that borne them  
they are heavy..... heavy..... Enough to totter and fall

---  
The existence was aged and his limbs was  
slumped  
his teeth grow old in his blue pit  
  
but it is still tearing the meat and turn the carcass  
under the slut sun preparing his food

---

What I do with this rusty swing  
the door that leads to the underworld  
his creak as the saw shaking painfully my  
bones and my keratinous skin

----

The existence...the existence  
the damned father of jellylike creatures

source of foggy light  
and the moist tubercles roots darkness

----

Burn what comes out from our horror dreams  
tore our dead images  
and justified our stupid sitting in the stitch hole

----

Dear Father...

we are under your palms we drinking your  
holy water  
and dipping our long pollutants fingers  
in the blue blood  
we praying for you to perpetuate our rats  
our hearts from tin as you taught us in  
your Happy prayers

---

The dreams machine was broken  
laughter's machine  
honesty's  
ethics machine was defective

----

In the boilers of chemistry and physics  
the reasonable and unreason are cooked

---

Cry, oh tree  
cry, o river  
cry, o stone  
they stolen the home from you

---

The nations measured by the sorrows of the past that they disregard  
we measure ourselves by our strange ability to vivification the

sadness

---

That faraway planet in the left side of the galaxy  
the blue planet  
it is the misery planet's

---

When you look at the nature around you  
you will exactly understand why we say: that the argument  
of the human is a speaking animal is a completely wrong argument

---

The Friday(holiday) was finished  
and tomorrow morning we will return to the  
waterwheel

---

The morning is shining with bright laugh  
but the morning in my heart is still rolled and  
wrapped with his sorrow  
In the dark corner and no one visit him in his illness

---

With the love  
I filled the clouds water  
give off a pleasant smell to  
all the flowers  
colored all the childhood  
But my blood still not altered to sweat in the  
pores of my soul

----

The man is the only creature who has no one origin  
he was and is a fish or a pigeon or a wolf or a fox

---

In the hot summer night

I dreamed of peaks with snow so my spirit faulted  
with delight and shake

---

Whenever I start draw a dream or a dream image  
I exterminate from my the memory an image of injury

---

Winds are come from the middle  
come from the west  
thus, the wind was before the beginning of creation  
which blind tyranny who is trying to stop the wind  
from passing through our land

----

Wonders of the World is not seven or nine  
wonders of the world more than one can count them  
It is a sea..... it is a ocean  
every minute of our lives float above  
its laughing blue waters

---

When he wake up for the first time and he was on the surface of a new  
strange world  
the world of the punishment  
filled for the first time with the feelings of surprise and distress, and  
sadness together  
and since that day till now his sons inherited these feelings did not know  
detaching from them

---

The flower attract her dreams  
surrounded them with its pink fragrant, rolling them one by one and sprinkle  
them to the winds  
and we are following her writing the poems that we found in the  
streets

----



# Rapture

No thing is as this moment ....the pleasure is a newly born of the imagination  
A baby of dreams  
Who laugh...cry...smile...singing under the colored water of the life  
All ways we are drinkers  
If you drink all these beautiful colors  
If you listen to your memories you will find the moment of rapture  
The rapture of full musician pictures..... full emotional feeling  
Full conscious and un conscious  
The time always is a good serves to whom consider them selves as part of it  
Rapture is swimming with the words with the picture with the current of time  
In end less gush of this waterfall

Baghdad

Abdel-Aziz Haider(originally in English)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Return Ports

Abdel-Aziz Haider

the boats are returning

the boats are returning with proudly rapturous

the boats are returning..... and the wave... from the season of a difficult campaign

From the coast of love..... songs

.....

And returned..... And returned

O dawn Star It is oranges which came back with the returned blue wave ....  
returned

From the eternity blue which mount horseback of the decline and memories

..... O dawn star.. these coasts returned back and we returned to it

How many times it is not more than sands and rocks

How many times I have visited it and it was not more than sands and rocks

O my stars how many times my heart hanged with its sands and rocks

But today it is packed with all beauty and all please

So in my imaginations I do not know is it sands and rocks or  
salutations of  
returnees

.....

The boats proudly returned back between land and water

To a coast crowded with the receptionists

They are returning back on their surfaces square of waiting and interest carried  
in the eyes

O my star.....with the oranges I said farewell to your eyes mounted by autumn

.....

And year by year on the coast of white  
foam  
of birds and waiting

I wrote stories..... sing them..... torn them  
Changed the times image changed my photo

slumped from my interior twice lengthened... melted then became skinny as a  
thread of light  
dispersal  
In my liveness and the road

.....

O my star... all boats mounted by the spring and those yellow as the selected  
gold

We said it will give fruits in the blue of the sea returned  
And returned by all boats mounted ecstatic  
proudly

..... O my stars o dawn Star  
O my sweet voice you.... in which vehicle are you? ?  
Or you distributed in the womb of oranges? ?

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Sit Down To The Sea

The time and the wave are roaring .....and the time  
Extends as a coast of myth fog  
As bodies of the cunning sessions  
As the bodies of the days dumped onto orthogonal to the city and the sea  
The time crying in the faces that burned with the suns of machines  
Crazy April winds  
Wheels.. Shops windows in the al-Aramla station,  
Vapors of globalization  
And its promiscuous obscene smiles  
The time and the wave are roaring ..... And  
The tired sellers and sad girls sellers  
And the congestion of the festivals night  
And the minarets that lift their caps as salute  
And the sky that become bloody blue from the madness of the poem  
And the roses.. which was blue and dark as a soul - naked under the rain -  
The wave was roaring as the time  
And the time as the wave... in the game between sit down and leaving  
Sit down to the sea  
Or the departure from the empty .....memory.....

Abdel-Aziz Alhaider (originally in Arabic)  
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Sitting Under The Vine Of Bacchus

Under the foot.... or exactly beside the large finger  
the celebrated clan were sating in circle that will completes the circle of every  
things..... all things

Goddess of wine. Lord of the poetry..., 'says not the sea

Poseidon for the sea and Bacchus the master of all this dark carelessness  
which slipping to the slop of the rotor time... .. the master of all sweet fruits  
I have my own kingdom says the master .... I am sharing all the earth fields  
the ripening of the vine and the maturity of- the fields smells - under their  
grapes.....I am maturing the sugar of the summer dreams  
Swaying when the heads of poets - with the earthy madness Swaying- with the  
language barely rise by the tongue that became heavy with the burned  
perfume

And I go up excited with the lively pictures to the mute of the colors.. and  
the edges of the bow inhabited by the half bodies...

The blue images clarity of the blue sea... And the sea clarity of the rose

And the black images fear of the sea... and the sea the lungs fire

And Images ..... Images

distilling the juice of my grape by my hands and bloating in the casks..  
whistle of pleasure and rhythms of lame circle

and the music of Rhythms

All unshod of the earth are kings- in front of me- wearing their pleasures

And the poets from fragrances of their upper world

I nurse them the purest casks..... the oldest one

But I do not know how to drying drops descending on the clouds Cheeks

when the sons are resorts to their loneliness... crying the lost of world -or-  
crying their lost in the world

in front of the rock.....the foot we sit down

We filled with our loneliness

We escaped to the slippery slope of the time,  
to the abyss of magic

We whom exit from deaths shrouds - ways -to the arousal embroidered with  
bouquet of colors

spreading - in the spirits....paths of love and gardens full of light

and the songs that exploded the innermost childhood .....

Under the foot.... or exactly beside the face of dark glass

we sit down

the master is dripping from unseen heaven

spirit of grape ripen from of thousands of times

till it became thread for sewing what torn by the age  
thread weaving silk for the spirit  
Or thread wrapping on the grief  
Weaving handkerchief for tears  
Drying the face of grief

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Sometimes

Sometimes I extend to some steps towards your spring

As a morning breeze on the balconies

As a green silk over the Waves

As effects of horses feet steps

But sometimes words exclude me

Miles from the face of the picture

Sometimes I knock..... Listen to the seas play in my heart

...frighten..... filled with pent up screaming

Releasing..... hiding in my legs in any angle

In any drawing

Sometimes I sit

Smiling all the time

Talking for hours to the trees .... Posting

My laughters in the forests of the crazy imagination

Losted in the streets

07/12/1993

Abdel-Aziz Haider

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Swing

Swing of childhood that stopped in the point of surprising punched point  
O swing.. expanded from the depth of the poem with which shaking hand I  
can hold your ropes?

your ropes that did not stop dancing in the gardens of the scorched heart  
They are birds that ached me... digging mercilessly in my old memory

with which trembled hands I can fragile them?

.  
If I want? ? ? ? ? Do I want? ? ?

Swing of childhood oh most beautiful poems

coated by pour cloudless colors of blue, red, bloody, velvet green with pens  
and boxes

Play a jumping memory game

I have not seen the rabbit yet, but the cat that is meows at the other side of the  
waterway

The other side... Under the Mulberry

Is she afraid of water like me? ? ? ?

But I smelling a hot fragrant... from exhale of the waterway which tempted to  
throw the hook all the time

Close to the thymus ...far for the time..

I set up a hammock for the exercise of ritual feast, but it is still shaking all  
seasons

Hey, trembled hand

It is not useful to evading... not useful to pretending senility..... in fact... you  
have no existent

Swing is shakens it self

It self for it self

Abdul Aziz Alhaider(originally in Arabic)

20/07/2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Bridge

from far long years.... and the steps on the flourishing iron is a bell of flowered  
resonance greenish in the gardens of your years  
Among the crossing and the arm clasps is a templet supplemented by the clasp  
barrier of the bridge  
And the red sweet alluvium fluctuating  
In the wave strumming .... wailing..  
In the Gulls hurrying their white wings of love..  
At our feet that tired by the distances  
In the fear... growing as thorns with Chrysanthemum  
O.... O the bridge .....plate about a time of purity  
O swings for the craving  
O language for the challenge  
O castle of the river  
O image of immortality  
return us two decade... two decade... of your life that extending in the rivers  
life..in our life  
O bridge that glory to you

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar  
2010  
Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Caravan

The caravan  
Abdel aziz alhaider

let the days gone where they want  
my Staying in the desert of Najed not more than effort  
get away dark clouds...! or apart as rain....!  
Do not stay so stuck on my chest  
and you the sun  
that is trying to laughter in vain  
you Will not stay... and there will be a sunset..... moments to your death... I  
will laugh of you and repeat the game with you to the end  
and you the withered cup under this inhumane  
frost

And you fragrant divine rose  
That the noses deprive from you  
In a desert without a nose  
get away... dark spots in the face of pampered child of planets  
the boiler of the septic  
O days of the black swamp  
Boiling with corpses and growth with biting of limbs of Childhood  
and crushing the Buttons of roses  
Uh, where you did not saw any day of the beautiful creation  
and did not taste the childhood in your barren empty sides  
lands.....that God blinded them, when they did not witness his dayspring  
presence  
and deafened them when they did not hearing to his prayers, which filled the  
directions,  
uh rusty.... oily.... country which pour on empty  
days  
And the screaming on the extents of periods  
Leave ... once at least . coincidence .... these plastic hands  
to listen to the calls of life under the pink veins  
Allow...to the rose....for one time to grow  
And give me all your prickles

uh a country rusted in its borders .....corrode by acids of the hate  
And the ignorance vomiting .... and the Cook's of priests  
The rebounds of the plastic ball  
Game of inlaid chairs

Game of gold wings  
the falcons winged game  
uh ... Najed....uh  
uh country of eternal sunset

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Cemetery

The cemetery

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

When the evening is coming  
Its shadow is contacting the parked forbidding sidra  
Witness to the attend and exile  
When the frequent horror comes in every day  
Singing and crying....  
Wapping  
He is dancing like Zorba, now.... the rain is drowning the memory....  
He is feeling the chill  
And the love is riding him ... his eyes swell and become two embers  
He is remembering that he was a day of old beauty time above the soil

And he was sitting with his family and relative in a roast party  
Such a Sidra  
Was shading the set of the drinkers .... Men...  
And colored neons were needle-working the stories  
And women on the other side were celebrating, in their special ways, by  
preparing meals  
Under the shadow of the spring the songs  
Were going through  
And the pellucid clouds which covered by the white were passing  
They were forgetting that the years are passing  
and that the cafes are opening their doors to re-run talks  
And the bakeries for the mouths  
And the poems opening the buds of the love flowers  
While the graves open the God's mercy arms for the expatriates  
The graves for the terror such as the fields for the rain  
The vessels are wearing extasy and dancing in blue sea  
While they are slopping to the South  
Shock of the last departure  
Hammer is hitting the waves  
Black guitar  
Image of fribble  
Virulent Image  
I do not recall more than the trash barrel that I am burning it

Near the iron door  
Streets folding with the water  
and the canal were empty while the frogs leave it  
And the turtles also, carrying their dreams and the long years  
In such away, the vessels leave the sea of years  
Relieving aglet of the fear and rusted  
Sales of the desire  
Escaping from the from impossible to impossible

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The East

Oh, a country located behind the bitter Sea  
Oh, a country its days are fill with mourning sand  
Still convoys in your desert ways are stimulating fears  
Still your roads thieves pride in processed skins of their grandfathers

From hundreds of years.....

Oh, a country that is grinding his sons in the grinder of poverty and ignorance  
and spraying them ashes for the wars of monopolies and the colonies...

And different types of canned treasons....

O full of superstitions.... O the open market for selling of slaves

And the spilt abdomens of abnormal gay princes...and their misguided followers

And the chairs that eaten away by the moth from centuries

O desert stretches in the memory of the time

Stories of the types of treachery Legends... suckled with milk

O twilight vomiting the fear

And day limping the ignorance

And night figuring its actual steps by myths

O ancient- modern myths

The story of all humanitarian concern and his struggle with the stone and the  
wheel, mud and trees

O caravan guided by an old leader singing its destruction

And with his weak eyes indicates the dusty horizon

O flags fluttering for the sadness on the extension of Ages □

O emergence of the hills of the ignorance, superstition books, and open mouth  
as a hotbed for flies and sand

O poems that did not read before

Paintings did not stop then the painter

O the major dullness and the Minor Sultanate

O swing of worn-out roped

O boats fissured, tar

And palms of burning fronds

O women without men, men without women

Uh... o that Middle, which kill me every day

Oh hell....

Oh renewed hell

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Far Time.....The Long Time...

The far time.....the long time...

Abdul Aziz Haider

Wah, how these years are long?

The papyrus ...the reeds are extending from the depths of the marshes... the channels

The years that shaking their heads in the wind of memory

Ships that are taking off without dates... in remote waves

A far time.... A long time hiding in the forests of virgin desire

And years that are dancing with nakedness with the rhythm of the thunder in the skies of permanent amazement

And the years that were hesitated to accept flirts with shame

And the years that have showered the nostalgia

Years of love that are blooming in all seasons

Red bouquet and other of violets

The open eyes did not concentrate in portfolio of years

And the papers.... in the hallucination of the bag

Curved ribs

and lips that are still thirsty for the pleasure of the first kiss

Wah, so we are walking or crawling or limping

On the gates of time

In many years

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Forest

In the jungle of the time

All the lilies are floating  
Wounding between the ribs..... poems

Naked in the midday suns crucified by the amazing !!

Their hands are branches of linden

And their days... their Perfume

The forest of time... packed in minutes.. hours.. years....

I go deeply into it each day  
, carrying a billhook clipping their bumpy road

Not thing remains from the bitter except its golden yellow color

expanding in the lifetime..... a banner...

I certify that I have lived.....!!!

! by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar  
Bagdad  
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Game.. And Beautiful Creatures

The game.. and beautiful creatures  
Azzizalhaider-iraq

This beautiful fairy creatures  
Entertaining game of the days.... play with it...  
The game which is full of contradictions  
Wonders  
Game of Love.... and its margin of hatred  
Game of fear..... and its margin of courage  
Game of naive..... and its margin of Intelligence  
Game of beauty..... and its margin of Ugliness  
game of Good. and its margin of evil  
Game of honesty... and its margins of hypocrisy

Game of colors.. and its margins of dark fringes  
Game of light  
Affection  
Mercy  
These beautiful fairys creatures that you exercised  
every day.... circled them, with or without, understanding  
you pass them  
as exception from the rest of the creatures..... oh if you simplicity  
takes the game  
oh if you tend to its sweet aspects  
Oh beautiful fable creature  
the days play with you.... play with them

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Last Journey

The last Journey  
Abdul Aziz Haider

All the times are valid for use  
all the times ready to receive - Farewell  
The last Journey is most excited one  
form any times.....  
All the times are for weeping at the moments of flight  
All the times  
Bare trees from leaves and fruits  
protruding ribs from chronic hunger  
Empty Sky from any melody  
Ruins of abandoned ships  
Mute Coast  
All times  
Impudence  
and farce  
As long as their arms are always open  
for the last Journey  
Baghdad  
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Love

The love

All the lands of God can be get used to .. you can love her  
Except the homeland if you lose your steps in it you will never restore her love  
for ever.....! ! !  
No love is born from oppression..... and no love with prostitution  
The love is welcomed.. free.. the love is a God above the time, eagle  
And the love, that we did not feel her taste until now mixed from the bitter  
taste, and the salty  
His bread soaked in tears  
A festering wound on his way to gangrene  
If it is not filled with... Panic it will be fragile  
Love is Search for an incomplete death  
Or swimming in a stagnant pool  
All the Gods land except that called the homeland  
Abhorrent superstition myth of the mind  
All the extended time except the present time  
The brains abscess filled with pus  
Are we lie again?  
Or sit down to burnt sun tasting the hot cigarette  
Are we return the circling around the playing garden... laughter Garden  
Or we moving slowly... very slowly catching the weary heart  
From all this love that weighting the burden of aging

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar

27/03/2010 Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Mind

Abdel-Aziz Haider

This is the mind

This is what make you a toy

His rusting swing..... and the roar of his iron

And his tired springs

Does not take you one step further... Where are the swings of your childhood  
and youth from them?

His extended thread to meters..... flying in the air... in the free space

This is the mind.....

That steam engine obsolete by the time

Where are these dancing figures from them?

And melodies changing to colors... overlapping..... Jumping

You yourself is transformed to old machine

Except for some oil of love.. and the remnants of the desire moving under your  
wrinkled skin

Your springs may cease... and the activator of sparkle inactivating

2010 - Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Network

The network

There behind these transparent mirrors  
Behind this network... a sea and fishing and a boat  
Lively Photos  
Chanting gardens and blue... red lamps  
Behind these Pages  
Nice creatures... working hardly  
Antlike creatures  
Human beings like to make surprise  
Make colored links between the hearts  
Nice creatures  
With the ordinary human heads  
Like to making a twisted solid ropes from a number of  
Latest news  
Latest information  
The latest pictures and movies  
This is the web  
Life palpitating with life  
As for why they called spiderwort? ? ?  
that is the secret  
That no one can know it

Abdel-Aziz Haider  
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Poem

The poem

Azzizalhaider-iraq

What is you seeking poem

what you want?

I am too old..and you warrants my memory

Is that because I am die longing for Childhood?

and my quivering lips praying them permanently...!

Is that because I am seeing the colors confusingly? but I adore to retrieved them  
from the depths of memory net

and

pure

bright

aglow

playful

Do the poem knows which distress hold me?

.. which sin?

Because In the race of Shaggy time, I forgot prayers regularly in the temple of  
beauty..... And left my head to the wind, to fight each other

Filled with horror till glut

and exercised the death more than once

papers that I did not write them had killed me The

each time, they killed me

And now in the plight of the poem no hands runs for help

So no ear is listening, no more than, the walls of yourself

no more than, these rails in the depth of alcove

Ships that took off from the port of your memory

You were whom farewell them

and

The songs that were wetted your heart you

You sang them ..... and

The cry that was heard from behind the doors of the poor

Every day was tearing your mind

and creeping as a pain in your joints

you did not moan as it must

did not cry as it must.....

Not praying

But did not betray that is your virtue

the poem is the owner of the punishment

a lady.....a commander  
The poem that I was listen to  
Did not want my death  
It recalls the days I had been lived  
I did not give them their right

2010 Baghdad

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AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Sin

The sin  
under the chin of the ages  
The boy of the wandering mind.. free mind from the facts of the battle

He participated in..... in the past ages

However, he deny has distanced himself from the memory of death.. by the death

But he still remains since the age of the Mamluks

To the age of the new slavery .. til now.

Busy with the big uncertainty and windy storms

with the rain that enveloped by the fire and the forest that its branches  
creeping .....branches extending from the

bottom of the feet of the heart... to the suffocation

Still busy

with the disobedient question

The sin is the daughter of the human or the human her son

Or see the repentance of death annuls all sins

By the Sin.... the Death

Abdel-Aziz Haider(originally in Arabic)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Stone

The Stone

To Saadi Youssef

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar

The calm which cover the rock

Interesting picture of beauty

And the hearts that became mass of stone

A picture of the death

And the stones that add weight to the time

And the time crushed the time under the stones

Stories that blending the entities

Blue.. Green.. Yellow

Balls... the heavens.. just raised breasts

The hands that expand the bread on the spreading bed

How that will take us towards the ships

Fortune wind.. travelers..... hunters.... homeless

World of the inconstancy... a picture of the carefulness

It is the image of grief

Depth of the dark... a sea of black anger torn by the lightning from time to time

But, Sir, will remain the sea

Its wave.... its coast..... ships And humans

And if you did not drink (1) ..... like that you are in time not belong to you

And which time have a dew Like yours, which place not expecting good news  
from your existence

Crossing with quiet steps

Between your hands the formation of magic

Sweet images  
Song of nostalgia

Song of the marriage between the ages

Visions in the eyes of childhood

Sheikh passed the stage of the wisdom to the rules settle

In the depth of the pearl

From the silence of the stone  
structure maintained by the love crossing the time, stone by stone

(1) and that if you did not drink more times by eyesore you became thirsty  
and which people have a cleared drink (old Arabic said)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# The Way

Abdel-Aziz Alhaider  
azzizalhaider@

The way who left the steps

Slipped as a thin line of sadness

As some tears that wet cave of the poem

Abdomen of the ship which lift off the sea - widespread in sight – blind the border

This way.. which is supposed to been roses

Sat on thorns instead of the roses ..... balm for wounds

It became narrow ... old tobacco.. repeater melody

The way which flashing light between the tears

..... Became dark.....its trees turned to the rainless side

And the years that run in the race of the winds..... barking in the wind..

Screaming in the memory

which old Jinn coming now kidnapping boys whose still stay out door on the roads after the sunset

Joy the game

Delusional with the youth

fill with childhood

Ratified this song that sneak behind the way

That the way to love is the shortest way

And the way to love is the most difficult way

And the departure to the love is easy in every way

However, the end is not as the whole roads

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Thepoem

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I did not give them their right  
Abdel Aziz Alhaider  
Aziz ali(facebook)  
2010 Baghdad

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AbdelAziz Alhaider

# There Is No Time

No more than hours .....no more than days  
That is all  
Don't forget the love  
Do not mistake the way  
No more empty space for your dreams  
You and your days will go with coming spring  
So some thing will cover your body let your songs been one of them  
Let the leaves of love dropp one by one on your flash  
Let your tears been part of the fist spring rain  
No more time remain  
No more words  
No more rhythms  
For your poems  
There is only the silent.....so song your last song

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Times

Times

Abdel-Aziz Haider

The time of alienation

Train with a heavy movements cross over the rusted railroad of the spirit  
And the Spirit under the wheels..is busy with the old mysteries ...! !

The time of Love

The soul is flying  
Dancing naked under a white rain  
Breathe the smell of benzoic  
Of the  
old memories....! !

The time of surprise

The spirit put her cracked head between tow curves  
Of the gratings of the traffic blocking  
Awaiting the opportunity to escape...! !

The time of death

The spirit is breathing a fetid fear  
And is vomiting  
Hot tears of volcanic colored...! !  
Strangled in the intensity of memories

Time for reflection

Spirit is wearing swimming clothes  
Sit down at the beaches of nude Metaphysics  
Reviewing the vocabulary of love.. and absolute discretion.  
Then soon it sleeping with the rhythm of rocking.....! !  
Dreaming a rivalry childhood

Baghdad 2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Titanic

Each of us has a place... small or large

This miracle Titanic...! ! !

Titanic... oh floating with all your weight over the waters... above the horizon.....  
over the time...

your classes..are the same layers on the streets of ancient cities

for each of us there is a share of your fun ...you dance.. and your tears..

Some of us are full of surprises throughout the journey

He did not touch..... just is seeing

Some of us are overstuffing with melodies..... overstuffing with meat....

your horizon Titanic has no boundaries.. very big... and very close

And the sun that is going to darkfall

her favorite bedroom Place filled with big blooded disk

large screen welcome your horizon

Each of us has a place on the Titanic

a Share of the death panic when it hits the ice burgs

When life hits

The unknown

the Death

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Tomorrow

Tomorrow

Abdul Aziz Haider

There is another face for tomorrow..... you will see it.. If you lived those hours  
Behind the clouds of your madness..... behind the coast of limping memory  
that is forgetting ... trying to forget...  
And love is depends on forgetting... love Depends on love...  
Face... You don't know from which dry winds of desert it will come?  
From which rough mountain path that is pouring with flows of uncontrolled colors  
it will come?  
Pouring with eternal thirst for the nectar of mole... And love  
As eternal death.....as eternal dreams...  
Love is a sloping way to the sea.....to the coasts housed by black jinn  
And to the depth of the Wave that is rising up to your eyes! !  
Been cautious from crying  
And drink your tears by trembling hands from panic and madness  
Give your beloved heart flowing flee towards the flowers  
and eyes inspiring by desire  
And tongue reciting prayers  
at the altar of her visions  
this beloved is the coming tomorrow  
Tomorrow's eternal beloved of lovers.... ways carved by the eyes of yearning  
Let the waves of desire calm down slowly  
And let this afraid inside you as a screaming without tongue to be calming down  
If you must to crying... squeeze them in your heart  
In your jail lonely with the yearning and sadness  
Do not be afraid .....your lover is the jailer

2010 Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Trees

Lofty trees at the horizon of love

River flooding with its alluvium ... agony, ... color, . its, perfume on each shore

Lofty trees between a dream and dream

Repeated  
Erase the gloom

Repeated

Erase the distance  
Repeated  
Erase the bitterness

trees fill the horizon standing, ... spread. Its color in the memory

Abdul Aziz Haider  
30 / 4 / 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Trifling Existence

Trifling existence

Every day I knocking on door of the dark hallway  
of myself  
Half of my time looking closely at pictures and half of spending in cry  
Close the door and go back to  
The trifling existence around me  
Turn cone of the time on calm fire  
Bloating until the conjunctivitis  
Here I am collecting the old basements inactive things  
All of them are new  
since the clocks were stopped and everything were gone  
and I.....  
In the trifling existence of my presence  
Where no dream!  
Making my dreams by papers boats  
By paper planes... releasing on the coast of the memory  
But I do not cry except with my self  
When the dust of the waste land suffocates me  
in the Trifling existence..... the city's streets  
Is the minds laws Converted to all this mold jelly?  
How? And the birds still chirping  
And the waves clashing from the small window of the pictures  
And the branches still shaking  
Since the immemorial.....  
Everything mocking on this Trifling existence  
The presence..... the ruin....

Abdel-

Aziz Haider

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Two Steps Prior To Departure

Two steps prior to departure

If you do not stop this tampering  
Do not stop this unjustified downpour of your rancid acids  
What does this monkey do..? ? this Malignant  
My hand do not accept me to spank his face  
The time..... circus clown...  
This fool who always boast with his adultery  
His glorified adultery.... his yellow books and his censers those have strangled  
each beautiful perfume  
Give me your hand... maybe I am close to death, but I do not want to meet you  
Give me your hand..... may you feels the pulse of life  
Once and for ever.! !  
What is between me and you not your burned hunting net in the open air  
Your branches that withered to the hell  
You are a piece of no thing  
And I am a burning Sea..... train which did not pay attention to the Valley of  
illusion days

And the experience did not terrifying me.... I did not hide it... I'll go two steps  
.... two years further..  
Draw clouds that coming with the freshwater  
Sweet Water... and childhood faces... and the. friend book...  
I will awake after death to the people reading my poems  
Lurks my short steps  
Where I am being under the rain  
Balled In the whirlwind... ready to explode

Abdel-Aziz Haider  
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Viscosity

here I am sitting on the bench of the ship  
Besides silent wind  
In an abandoned port  
With its ramshackle timber  
In front of the sorrows  
    Sea of Adamic  
sorrows  
Here I am preparing my eyes for poems of slut tears  
identical with my pictures  
With my long hair  
With my up standing stature  
Going inside through a dwarf time  
Obliged to bending the back of the truths  
To adapt  
Luxury poets and erotic critics  
And Politicians with merchants beards  
The black clouds in my sky  
And the land not more than dust and smooth small broken stones between my  
ribs  
As a stray words out side speeches  
As an echo in the supernatural valleys  
As an emigration in feverish sky  
Or dropping of a bird from snowy tops  
That is the rising of my breath viscous with mad yearn  
The homeland is warming in my heart  
But my leaving skin chilling from a coldness

•□

AbdelAziz Alhaider



# Waiting

waiting

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

when he is failing in removing his fingers  
his nails from the frivolity of the silence  
when he is failing  
he will sitting under midday sun...leaning on the smell of the old years  
then the heart will pass through the unpaved till  
now..sighting from under the stones-tombstone- to the shadows  
he not reform how to choice... do not know how to swim deeply  
he escaping to the swings of the old names  
reasoning skein of time  
turning in his box the frivolity that adhering with eroded walls  
wiping up the face of his ghost  
knowing how pains in the defeat  
the silence  
the nails  
leaving every things to waiting

AbdelAziz Alhaider

# Your Wars

Your wars

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

When I found you thrown upon the seat..

the illusion

I turn to your legs

burn them by fire

So you fly

And slate as you like a dreams dropping from the trees as honey as a wine

The Gods history close your mouth and the names of the villages ...the smile of violet spread you name

Not so far you will go..ever..for you whom I sew a heart from silk

However you fly above the sea

The tunnels that are going deep in the mountains abdomen with the birds skyward

They seduct your extended childhood

Your lisping

You never leave the convolution of my cave.. because I still since decades dig drawing on the silver of the poems and the dishes of friendship with the dreams of fresh fruits.. digging for your name

You may float over the words..you may rowing the shadows in the river but soon you will stagnate in the night...in the bottom of the storm...I protect my self by the shadows of your dropping hair the green fountain in my courtyard

I heard your shellfishs laughs and laugh with themwith my words...and catch your fingers which try to extract my lungs ...and you count your last papers preparing for the statement of silence...

Without me the clouds will not reach your hands..and the rain will not brocade your name on the green foot... and all the wars seep from the walls and there darkness spread on the dry lips if you decide to frown or to put your sight to the neutral direction

AbdelAziz Alhaider