Poetry Series

Fatima Nusairat

- 74 poems -

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As the same..Unless

The things, stayed as the same:
Curtains drop-down on windows,
Bulbs hanging to the ceiling,
The sky-blue glass vase,
Red carnation,
Your black shirt,
The smell of your hair over the air bag,
Ink stains on the tablecloth,
The wooden seat next to the 'old cypress'
Your smile hanging to the grip of the door,
The impact of your foot on the cement before it dries
And the echo of 'I love you'...
;

The things, stayed as the same..
Unless grief which grew when you leave,
It became big, on my small heart!

Fatima Nusairat

As your absence forever

As your absence forever

Tiring like a napkin struggling tears,
Like crying who does not give up wailing
As the flame...
Slowly, slowly..
Fade heartbreak over the ashes!

, , ,
Tiring like a long age..
As your absence in forever
Tiring my darling...
Like the darkness overflowing in insomnia!

Fatima Nusairat

Breathe..

Breathe.. Breathe
Hey you..
Hey perfume of the gardens;

,
Knock the heart..;
Knock..Knock
 Behold I knocked..
But no answer!

,
Do not knock by hand
By your heart, your spirit
Knock..
Did you lose the way? !

,
There is no way
Nothing here but you are!

,
Stare at the mirror stare
Not by eyes,
But by your heart
By your spirit
Who did you see? !
! I only saw I

,
Now you sea, here you are
Hey perfume of the gardens
Breathe.. Breathe
What is the value of the mirror
If you can't see your self? !

Fatima Nusairat

Confusion vision

Confusion vision..
The way you write - for example-
Sometimes..
bleeding the ink
On the water page,
And sometimes,
By the pen
Knocking
The roof of the sky
Unite the universe
In your vision!
Because of that..
As the shadow in
The sky..
I come back to you!

Fatima Nusairat

Contemplates

I'm the shades of my tired footstep
And you, the fear fills your time..!
Contemplates me, even for a moment..
Before moving away 'out there'
Where the night crawls into the afternoon
And memory begin to melt..!
,
Contemplates me even for a moment:
As a woman floats in the rain,
Wandering on the facades of the walls,
And lounging on the roads..!
Contemplates even for a moment..
Before my shades disappear..
And the distance swallow me..
As a scream of ' owl! '
One moment..,
Before my shades disappear
And become a lake of darkness..!

Fatima Nusairat

Dark night

Oh dear dark night
Such as black ink
We lost our way

Oh dear dark night
Oh paths
Returned our way to us
Or us to our way
Perhaps the souls who have gone astray
Come back to us

Fatima Nusairat

Dear DAD

Oh Dad
You didn't smile!

You were trembled, and tired
And.. feverish, you were!

Your eyebrows arched
And your lips tight
And I didn't smiled..
Oh Dad..!

You were anxious,
you swallow the fear
For the fear on me
Oh dad..
While, I was growing up!

Aah my little heart..
If you were a herb for his cure..
I would surpassed my heart
Before the death, block your
Eyes from me..!

Fatima Nusairat

Dear father

My father, oh, my father

Do not go in silence
Say something!
I feel it on your lips
Say it!

Say it! Say something!
Do not disappear in dumbness
Let it go!
I am in the air in your lungs
Say it!

Do not close your eyelids
Look at me!
I see myself in the waves in your eyes
Say it!

Delay your absence
Look at me and hold me
Like the shadow in your wings

Fatima Nusairat

'Exercises'

Exercises'
When he said: the smiles,
Reviving the hope
I smiled..;
But the wall cried..!
.
When he said:
Love ignites the heart
I fall in love..;
But the cinder, was put out!
.
When he had said:
Surround The Love
By hope
I become optimistic..;
But I heard whimper of my heart!
,
O..Oh teller..
Teach me more..
Lest not to lost in the dark! !

Fatima Nusairat

Five dumb stars

Oh dearest dear
On the edge of the night..
Five dumb stars ..
Suck your voice..
And.. hours oh my companion
Ceaselessly leave!

,
Five Stars..
And.. the night in my chest extends
And.. getting bigger..,
The words on the branches of the distance
Jumps and.. tremble..!

,
Five dumb stars,
Oh my heart shiver..
To exile proceed,
And cinder.. longing in longing
Extinguished!

,
Oh dearest dear
If you just know,
How the nostalgia in distances die!

Fatima Nusairat

He Lost His Way

Between the heart and the mind
He lost his way;

He lost his way..
Until she guided him
In her niche..
Where to go!

Fatima Nusairat

Here I'm

I've been here a while,
I've been here forever

I'm here I do not live,
I live here

I'm here I do not see
I'm here in sight

I'm here does not
Give you anything,
I give you everything

Here, I do not
Run away from you,
I come back to you

Here I am,
Far away from you,
Here I live
Inside of you

I'm here I do not feel,
I'm here, I feel
Overflowing visions
The joy of those who return
And the meaning of forever!

Fatima Nusairat

I Am Coming

Behold, I am coming..;
Preparing the time beats..
On the pulse of my heart /your heart
Let the day elapses to wait!

Behold, I am coming..;
Like a bird sings..
On the wind of fluff and silk..
With a A bird of a hundred heart and a rose..!

Here I am on my way..;
Gathering a thousand star and star..
Flooded of light..
Whenever the night taken from him..
I add a light to him / to you again..!

Behold, I will walking through
Your poems again..
With the first spring blossom..,
Therefor silently read messengers
Of my eyes!
And.. look into my eyes as a painter,
Then you will see how..
My heart on a plate
Drawing your features..!

Fatima Nusairat

I remember

I remember
When we lost our Routes
That evening
And we got lost our steps
With cloudy winters
,
I remember I became a pale shadow on the water
With our song
And our last dance
In the open

I remember poems that you wrote to me
Longing for me
Your fear for me
Oh, but the echo of the way
Groaning in wrenching pain
Proudly..said:
Nothing remains
Nothing, my little one
Faces are falling into the distance
And nothing remains but hope!

Fatima Nusairat

I Still

Here I am in forty
I still as the sparrow
In the cage;
Idiots and tortures me
Your foolishness!
...
I still as the sparrow
Sang all this nonsense
Of words;
To make you hear
...
I still stupid and…
Always cry, but,
Eager for love;
Getting closer to you
Stay away from you
,
But I will not abandon you!

Fatima Nusairat

I want to go

I want to go
Above the earth
No wind presses me
No sand cuts my eyes
I want to go
Like a bevy of birds
Like clouds
No waves calm me
Nor the night

I want to go
No rain of joy
Rained
Nor did youth return
Nothing stays but dust
The wind playing in the
Remaining dust
The remains of a glimmer
Light
From eyes tumbles
And... I do not know
The survival that waits for me
In fancy
Or loss

I want to go
With pain
In my chest
So, neither the horizon
If I run dies in grief
On the road
Nor...the House not holding me back
Nor the land

Fatima Nusairat

I will not prevent you..!

I will not prevent you..;
Hit the wall of the heart
By absence fingers..
You may do what you want:
You may plant me in the absence
You may hate me..,
Whatever, I will not prevent you..!

,
With you..;
I sing like a bee
I sing with the scent of the rose
And in the Luminance

Without you..;
My heart wander in the dark
Is not aware of the sun..
On its banks grows yellow herb..
Pale of the wisps..
But..
If you want to absence..
I will not, prevent you..! !

,
Without you..;
Embers from the fire of the heart
On the verge of death;
Be, warm as the sun..
So, I can come back..
Or..
Be as you are..
I will not, prevent you..!

,
Hit the wall of the heart..,
By absence fingers..
Until the last puls..
You may do what you want..
Whatever..
I will not, prevent you..!

Fatima Nusairat

If The Joy

We, who are used to loss
And we who weaned on grief
And we who lives in snails of loneliness ..;
If the Jinx, just leave us for awhile..
And the light of joy just
Get back to our hearts ..!

,
We, who are tired from
The pain tales..
And we, who are looking for joy
who are captured, vanquished
And Strapped to the chains of fear..,
If we just dare on the bad luck
A little..
We were got back,
To the life again..!

Fatima Nusairat

If we can fly

If we can fly in the air, crazy
In the garden of the sky
Fly like a cloud
And like a cloud
Look to the ground and laugh!

Fatima Nusairat

If you forgot me

If you forgot me..
Just remember the flutter of butterflies,
And the fragrance of lotus that
Scattered on couches where leaning your head,
And where there is no songs rising..
Above your voice!
,
Ah, what the spring
Without Songs Nightingale..!

Fatima Nusairat

If..

If our lives get back to us:
We will drag..
Gusts wind To the roads,
And we give the birds,
Our voices to sing!

,
If it gets back...
The 'Canary' will not..
Be puzzled on which branch will land? !
Nor the road, will not be puzzled..
On counting the footsteps and wishes..!

Fatima Nusairat

In wrinkles of road

I lost in wrinkles..
Of road... my way!

,
Footless..
Creeping the night ..
And.. whenever I
Approached from you..
You go away..!

,
Oh my dream..
I have no more willingness
To run!

Fatima Nusairat

Leave me..

Leave me..!
Take with your hands
What remains from my life
And pre-empted me
 Fires that flared in my heart
And our photos from the last winter..
When shaken off
The fog..
 From my sight!

,
Leave me..!
But let me gather
My longings..
And pre-empted me
The ash eagerness,
The darkness..
From desert
And the two birds
Were they witnesses
My fear for you!

,
Leave me..!
But let me stay
On the wings of the clouds
And pre-empted me..
What we planted in the face of the fog..
Perhaps it rains on the ground
Forest and rivers of love
Or ways..
To return of absence!

Fatima Nusairat

Letters

Your letters, soft
Like water, rain
With them,
My soul drifts as a bird
Like The shadows of trees
they will not leave me
But to return

Fatima Nusairat

'Little Heart '

In order not to drown
Into an inch of grief
Oh My heart..
Here I am training you on the joy..!

,
Every day I trained you..
In order for the (sun glitter) ..
Rejoice!
In order for the (dew of the rose / home /
Lover / friend / city /river and the sea..)
Rejoice!

,
Every day I trained you..
So why my back bow from the grief..
Oh my little heart..? !

Fatima Nusairat

'Magic Light'

I a magic Light
In your dawn..;
I vibrations Wave
In your sea..,
I the air..
In your lungs..,
I the fragrance
In your days..,
I the ebb and flow
Inside you..,
I what you was
And.. What will be..,
I'm everything
Around you..
And.. Anything
Inside you..,
I.. You
You..I..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Man's words

Stop talking..;
Stop your words …
It's burning me,
Do not enter my heart
Wave after wave
Oh man words:
Return to me
The pulse of my heart
Which become yours..

,
Stop talking..;
About the words you wrote
As the other women want
Be me..
Oh man words
Do not write me words
That never was to me

,
Stop pretending in adoring
I am not 'impressive sky'
Nor you are Sufi man..
Oh man words:
Return as you are
And take me back to me!

Fatima Nusairat

Mud and War

Here we stuck in the mud
Which they are planted
In the sidewalks,
We stuck in what
We carry on our backs
from fear,
The smell of war,
Fire smoke,
The rattle of hatred
And our Creeping shadows
on the asphalt roads!
;
Here we stuck in:
They made from death..
A soup..! !
It's only our meal..!

Fatima Nusairat

My eyes sleep, in your eyes

My eyes sleep, in your eyes;
It becomes to my dreams wings...!
,
My heart throb..,
Your heart beat..;
There is a fremitus in my ribs!
,
From you now I have...
Wings and fremitus.. ..;
Open, the door..! !

Fatima Nusairat

My love

Oh my love
The world getting smaller
Or getting bigger
Whenever you laughed
,
Hugged me my love
Between you and yourself
Perhaps the magic of love
Will tell me, where is he? !
, .
Oh my love
If you just tell me
How much you love me..
So I can tell how much
I love you..!

Fatima Nusairat

North wind

Which longing in me
Blazing..
which spirit that is
Eager?
...
Oh north wind
Take me to him
Or plant a yearning
Song on his lips

Fatima Nusairat

Nothing

Nothing (absolutely nothing) better than to wake to your eyes;
The most beautiful waking - the meaning of life!

Nothing (absolutely nothing) better than your eyes to sleep;
To fall into heaven in your eyes - my final resting place

Fatima Nusairat

O My Heart

Say: O my heart, those poems that do not know;
And.. burned a little in the words fireplace ..
What you are, but ash, dissolved in longing evening..!
,
Say it: and.. spilled in the mirrors of the night
And.. then spilled in it..
As a perfume strewn towards a memory
No, reveal themselves only for the night..!

Fatima Nusairat

Oh my children...

Oh my children..;
Whom I did not giving birth
How you will grow up and become
More mature than the honey
In the heart of the flower? !
...
Oh my children
Whom are crossing the wave of my heart…
How can I be a sure that tomorrow…
Are no longer berserk like a wave
...
Oh my children
Whom will cross the life before aware that,
The earth which swallows us
Is narrower than river and rock!
And smaller than root and seed!
..
Oh my children
How to me, while, I am infected with blindness
And my light is Slim..
How I will prevent from your eyes the darkness? !

Fatima Nusairat

Oh my love

Oh my love..;
The world getting smaller
Or getting bigger
Whenever you laughed
,
Hugged me my love
Between you and yourself
Perhaps the magic of love
Will tell me, where is he? !
, .
Oh my love
If you just tell me
How much you love me..
So I can tell how much
I love you..!

Fatima Nusairat

Oh Ye Spectra

Oh ye spectra..;
You who filled in silence..;
Your attendance, like a rain..
Fresheners with dew..
Decorated with flowers,
Hilarious, like the wind..
When it dancing..
Between the spikes..!

,
Oh ye spectra..,
do not reveal yourself..
To the darkness..
In front of temple's bell..
If we forgot you..!

,
Just headed..,
Towards absolute space..! !

Fatima Nusairat

On The Edge

On the edge of the road..;
While he was going on his way,
In a feathered feet..
He became a dust..!

,
Pale I was standing and motionless..,
As a withered tree..
And the wind stings my lips!

,
On the edge of the road
There..
Barefooted i was standing..
Holding my fists on a handful of dust
While the ash leaking from
The hole of my heart..!

Fatima Nusairat

On the whiteness of the sand

On the whiteness of the sand
In the noises of the sea foam..
There are dreams fall down..
But there is, no one to bury her..!

,
Ah, O shores, that germinate..
Death like mushrooms..,
Why you just germinate (in my mouth)
A bitter taste..? !

,
Ah.. If you, just fall like a rain..
On my heart, who never calm down..!

Fatima Nusairat

Our Memories

Memories that..;
Behind glass windows /on the door sill,
Those carved in the wall
That emerged in the shadows..
Which has been Whimpers in the way of the cemetery,
That which abandoned on the banks of the streets
And those that are stuck in my footstep
And that laid on clotheslines
And also..
What slip from the head accidently
,
All these memories..
I know it will return;
As it was not eaten from rust..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Pale Lights

OH God...
Our lamps are Pale..
And the paths are dark..!

,
Our sadness are heavy..
But.. the wings are small!

,
We are thirsty for joy
But the sorrow is bitter..!

,
This forest in our hearts..
Grow and grow up..

,
And.. death.. death
Walking around..
Where ever he wants..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Pile of straw

Pile of straw..;
Atom or atoms of dust
There is life on the terrace
Stands..!

,
There is a sad blue light..
Cleverly plays a game.

,
There is a complete submission
For sedition..
There is a woman with
Twenty springy spring
Raucous and..
Pouring down on..
The walls of his poems!

,
She saw him...
Pinned his knees at times..
And.. relaxes his head between his hands
Another time..
He seem's, tense
Glamorous and sexy..
While the words, was jumping
Around his lips..

And..she..
As cherry tree, flowering
Her lips are quivering
Whenever she is breathing in..
And breathing out
Frequently repeated
I love him..
I do not..!
Standing like towering air
Clear, brilliant,
Green light his love..!

Fatima Nusairat

Rain

You the one who is falling - without guidance..;
At the streets which do not drink the water,
Washing the sidewalks from the mud of footsteps,
Tapping tears on the glass windows,
Clicking the closed doors,
Seduction grows in the ugly faces
And you which you fall as a homeless child..
At the wars that sow death
As on the bodies of the victims
,
Ah. Dear rain..
If I could know where you go..? !
If I could know how you sleep..? !

Fatima Nusairat

Reading me

Reading me
So desirably
Every time
You look into
My eyes.

Reading me
Like air flipping..
The leaf of the tree
Leaf by leaf.
Then but then
You will know
How much I love you..!

Fatima Nusairat

September Ashes

Oh September..
How do you come to us covered with ashes..? !
,
How do you come, whispered to us in tears..
We who are roped to the grief..
And..then, you dance over our hearts..? !
,
How do you come to us..
Wearing the sandal of curiosity,
While blowing howling death in evening.
So we arrange, over the marble,
Farewell ritual of palm fronds,
Of perfume dawn..
To wash the face of grief
And.. shake..
The ashes from September..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Sleeping Night

While the night sleeps..
On my arms like a baby..;
And.. the dream is waving me..
Over the plains of thorns,
And..I vainly drag the tears on
Tombstone marble....!

I was bleeding the poems vainly
From flanks of the night..
And..the dream becomes black wall!

In any a new dress, will the day wake up..? !
While the days are narrow..
And..there is no cilia to the land
To prevent road dust..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Small wings..

My body is slim..;
And..
My eyes are two poems from
Crystal..
My heart is a sole compound,
Looking for a port..
And the trees of poplar
Shake the stone dream.
Only the sun,
Melts the fog, and
Only the wind,
Will not get lost her way..;
Here I am, open my arms
And jump in her lap:
Oh, wind..
Take me, there is
Nothing, holding me back..
And my wings, small..! !

Fatima Nusairat

Take me to a lover..

My heart..;
Swings between two clouds!
And my face...
Is ready to fall!
My ears..,
Running behind
the neighing of love!
My steps..,
Falling down on
the brink of death!
My arms..,
Opens to the heaven!
And the eyelids..,
that closed on the sadness!
And my chest..;
this which narrows on the pulse of my heart!
Oh God...
Take me to a lover...
Knows how to love..!

Fatima Nusairat

That is the way I want

That is the way I want..
While self throttling ..;
Poetry tenderly walks..
On the stones pulse,
Agile, friendly..
Precipitation sumptuous in Alacrity temples..!
,
That is the way I want..
While, the night approached in a full taste
Watchful eye and dexterous hand
In catching what waving..
A white dream, to a text white..!

Fatima Nusairat

The butterfly

In his eyes
Like a butterfly in the fog
Begging nectar from heaven
Reaching

The butterfly lost the way
But, back,
Back!

Fatima Nusairat

'The Glowing Love'

'The glowing Love'
He is flashing as a star;
He is flooding as a water
And he is growing as the forest..
This love inside me!

Approached.. Approached
Seven Stars, River
And a thousand tree..
Is dancing in my chest;

Approached.. Approached
So I can whisper inside you:
I the galaxy..
And the space is me!
I the sea..
And the Wave is me!
I the blossom..
And the fragrance is me!
,
Approached.. Approached;
So I can whisper to you..!

Fatima Nusairat

The night

The night, give's me, the silence..
And..
Whispered the trees..,
River flow..!
,
Night is a friend of my Loneliness.., ,
While whining of the sky
Grows in the water..!
As for me..
I walk behind my footsteps such as idiotic..,
Do desertion hiding, behind indifference..? !

Fatima Nusairat

The Remnants Of Memory

I do not have but I
And the remnants of memory
Eaten by rust
Escape from the hands of time
The clock is ticking, ticking
While I watch
Sand escapes
To the other side.

Fatima Nusairat

'The sadness shadow'

I am the old picture, hanging on the wall of memory,
I am the misery of torsos dry,
And I am the sadness shadow who is sitting in the darkness
In the paralytic night!

I am an empty smile, resident in the empty heart,
And I am a sadness of a stranger who lives in a stranger house!
I am the frets frozen in the ice
And I am the abandoned old well
In abandoned houses!
I am the silence who is listening to his moan
Such as the pain entombed far away and far enough!

And I am the shadow of the dream in the picture space!

Fatima Nusairat

The Smiles

I stare at, the light..;
Counting the flashes..
A flash by a flash..
Counts the heartbeat of the universe
While I touch _ without hesitation _
The light arc Which sleeps
Under your eyelids..!

I Stare carefully..,
While I paint a dream
Of the green forests from your eyes..!

I stare at the sea..,
Like a cloud that feed her heart
For the first wave..
So, the shadow reflected..
On my wound Silently..!

Now.. the silence broken..
So forgive this sadness..
Which lives outside your sadness..!

I no longer know
How much time I, remained alone sitting,
In the silence, asking from the sky, the smiles..? !
All I know now that I live as a dove in your arms..!

Fatima Nusairat

The spirit of The air

The spirit of
The air on the ground
You were to me!

And..

Because you're not here
I know only,
I can't breath!

Fatima Nusairat

The tree & lilies

The tree,
As she danced,
The wind loved her!

,
He loved her..
And laid lilies
At her feet!

Fatima Nusairat

The whistling wind

There is no entrance, no exit..;
No doors, no stairs,
No, windows..
No..voice shaking over
The telephone..!

,
There is only:
walls and barbed wire
Of the night,
Pages in minuscule words..
So it's hard for anyone to read,
Radio without antenna..
Picks only the whistling of the wind,
,
And a heart as an airless tire
Holding only memorabilia..
Of elapsed things..
And..images of my beloved..
Where they all embodied in you..!

Fatima Nusairat

There Are No Words..;

There are cigarettes butts where put out
And.. 'Black Train' doesn't hold, but..
The sins of the flesh!

There are no gates toward
East but only..
Wind gates and ghosts of the elderly
And.. freedoms where tied with filthy fear
And.. shackles bread..!

I said: There are no words..;
My friend..
So why you toss in my way..
The silent faces..
Silent as the depth of the sea..? !
And..
Why you woke up at the moment
When I emptied the air from your lungs? !

There are no words..;
There are rickety bodies..
And clouds of smoke,
And..land wait for the return of absentee,,
In order to die!

Fatima Nusairat

Two Windows Overlooking On..

Two windows overlooking on
Forty winter and summer..;
Two windows overlooking on
The time that passed..
From under the shade of pine trees..
Overlooking like snakes in dry seasons..!

,
Chapters.. ignite in her way
Happy and sad leaves..,
As a burnt leaves in a crimson color
As if they were only lights
In two windows overlooking on..
Forty winter and summer..!

,
Two windows overlooking silently..
On the dream blossoms
Which grows above the marble.

,
On the threshold season cool and dry..
How my pigtail will wake up, when the wind blows
Cool in the dawn alleys..? !
How it will wake up, in front of mirrors..
And the wind chew my body and.. time..? !

,
I feel cold..Oh mom..
As if the face of the sun will not shine
At the same moment, of both polar at a time..!

,
Two windows overlooking on..
Forty winter and summer..
And.. time is running out
And.. the wind stinging me..
On the threshold of seasons of dry and.. cool..!

Fatima Nusairat

Until eternity

Birds singing,
Dancing trees,
Jerking breeze
A cymbal clap,
And me, another note,
we stand together,
We'll cross to the other
Side of the river
There..
Where lives meet,
That they have no place
From the beginning,
No place until eternity
Better than his heart
To begin and end it!

Fatima Nusairat

We Danced

Such as flutter butterflies,
When we listen to the birds songs..
We danced..!
,

Such as an extended River..
Going on his way..
We went..!
,
Oh..mountain's rosemary..,
If our new joy..
Born again from behind the night!

Fatima Nusairat

What Will The Wind Take

What will the wind take off
From the window of the heart
If the moon light faded? !

,
What will scare the darkness
When the seasons announce
Her mourning In the fall? !
Or...
When insomnia dwells eyes of the night
And the absence turn me
To a winter that never die? !

,
What will the wind take of from the emptiness? !

Fatima Nusairat

While Earth orbits

While Earth orbits..
My shadow stretch and getting bigger..;
I fall on, as a sharp knife, ..
In the face of the poem!

,
My words, barely..
Breaks your silence..,
Sleepy words as a breezes
By your silence;
You make it whirlwind!

,
Crazy whirlwind
Overflowing fountains and.. palpitations..
On your lips..;
Then it Ignites the poem!

Fatima Nusairat

Whispering

When the evening came
it whispered to me:
If I bring him into my heart
Or closer still
If I live in his soul
Or He lives in mine
Or Love lives in us
And we drown in it…..
Whenever he came
I whispered To him
Oh night..waiting
There is no sky for me
He Does not have the wilderness
All I know is that,
Life returned to us!

Fatima Nusairat

'White dreams'

Since..
A thousand years ago..
And..
Our dreams slowly
Float in the springs..
Such as white lilies!

Since..
A thousand years ago
Our dreams slowly
Float and.. Tremble!

,
Whenever the wind
Kissed her,
Bled.. Lily
And...
Other lily laugh!
Oh our white dreams
Oh Wake up..
With the sun pearls!

Fatima Nusairat

Why..? !

Why you are leaving..? !
I still keep your wooden chair,
I still adjust the clock on your pulse..!
And, I still listening to the talk of dew
Which is above the cheek of the rose
That you gave me..!

,
Why you are leaving? !
The window that overlooking over..
The front of the mountain..
Sink into tears;
Such as a flash melt..
On the Eyelids of the moon..
While the door sill..
Will listen to your footsteps..!

,
O death..
What did you leave to me..? !
The tears dried,
And..
The road became naked..!

Fatima Nusairat

Wish

'Wish'

Naughty girl is on
The balcony of a dream,
Lonely child, weeping
Over the lonely grave,
Doors that tremble
Whenever entered the bodies,

A silence sorrows
In the blackness
Of the darkness,
Aging roads that portends
The drought,

The bones stretched on
The ivory-colored marble,
And homelands Lost
In the glare of a mirage,
For all that, ,

Oh God..
If you give the faith
Of an ant..! !

Fatima Nusairat

'Words Of Silence'

Come. Come
Talk to me,
But without words
You the one who
Look like as I.! .
Come.. Come
Talk to me,
 Like the rain peep
On the windows,
Like a thirsty sand
To the sea..
And..
Like tickling the breeze
To the blossom..
In summer morning.
Come.. Come
Oh companion of my soul,
Let the words behind you,
Let the Spirit for Spirit,
Heart, for the heart,
And tell them our story
Without words just..
Words of silence..!

Fatima Nusairat

You Wake Up In My Blood

To forget you..;
I close my eyes..,
And in the waves of your voice..
I turn around cycle-by-cycle..,
You come out from my mouth!
,
The oblivion did not respond..
You enter from my eyes..;
Awash with light from the light..
The night wake up..
You wake up in my blood!

Fatima Nusairat

You did not show up

You did not show up..
And the night grow up and extend..!
,
In the extent of my call..
There is a dumbness forests,
Green Sea such as..
The dawn in the Middle east,
Psalms light from every direction,
Trample our balconies..
While night grow up and extend!
,
You did not show up..
Mint, thyme and ripples spikes,
Spread all over around, your smell..
Where daytime narrows
And dreams (blooming)
Freely, freely
Throughout the night
Where night grow up and extend..
Hurrah..Hurrah
To the complicity of the night..! !

Fatima Nusairat

You talked to me

You talked to me about the the sea..
I thought I was your waves!
You talked to me about the galaxy and..
I thought I was your land!
You talked to me about the echo..
I thought I was your voice!
You talked to me about the rose..
I thought I was your perfume!
And you talked to me about the distance..
I thought I was your longings!
And you talked and talked..
Then you talked to me about the love..
So i fed you my heart,
So why you care today..
If you talked to me and..
Like a fog I spilled at your glass? ! !

Fatima Nusairat

Your Eyes

Your eyes are enough
This evening..;
So the night..
Becomes Warmer..!

,
Your eyes are enough..;
So the wind blooms..
Roses on my cheeks!

,
Your eyes are enough..;
So the winter becomes..
Full of a spikes..
And the spring, flower..
As a flash in my eyes!

,
Your eyes are enough..;
Look at me..
Look in my eyes;
Lest songs die
On my lips!

Fatima Nusairat

Your Skilled Hand

Your skilled hand..; that's shaping my dreams like a ripe fruit, the ones that overflows from between her fingers highball cooling the heat of my soul, that is flowing on my burned heart as a fountain of living water, your hand that plays sweetly angel, songs of joy on my lips still hurled as a child in the lap of life!

Fatima Nusairat

'Your smile '

Your smile ringing..
A shiny and wonderful,
Like a guitar ringing in the night!
It's ringing..
And escalate as the echo
Of the song in my soul..!
Sing oh my companion sing
I am..
For the wave of your eyes
Yearning..!

Fatima Nusairat