

## Poetry Series

# Ilham Ahmed

- 28 poems -

### Publication Date:

January 2014

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Ilham Ahmed on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

### **Ilham Ahmed**

Não tenho ambições nem desejos.  
ser poeta não é uma ambição minha.  
É a minha maneira de estar sózinho.

---

I have no ambitions and no desires.  
To be a poet is not my ambition.  
It's just my way of being alone.  
[Fernando Pessoa]

## **Aphorism**

To reach a common maxim  
Choose peace over happiness  
And signify life.

Ilham Ahmed

## **Aphorisms Of The Heart**

A sigh of a thousand sighs.

My borrowed joy.

Sometimes, memories can be fragile.

Why bother singing, if your heart's already broke?

At least, tragedy is poetic.

In the end, even wars end.

Even, enemies love.

Without love, the heart is without?

S O U L

Ilham Ahmed

## **cul-de-sac**

Who will go  
and

HOW.  
Likethathow

Scent goes into flower?  
Likethathow

Light melts into the night?  
Likethathow

Spirit goes into living?  
Likethathow

Life will come into death  
And  
Everybody will go...

But?  
how!

Ilham Ahmed

## Denouement

The scream  
of faces  
mouths forth  
to surrender under the insightful outline  
of a brute sky.

In the still of light  
almost deliverance is the stance  
of a fallen monk  
of exquisite melancholy  
of everything.

The eye  
of last looks  
has risen from that bleak  
of only-words;  
how brooding is a road to the awe?

This is the hour  
of betrayal  
of a poet  
pierced with escape and the aftertaste  
of Tierna Tierna Tierna truth.

Ilham Ahmed

## **du néant**

Love was there long before  
There was love, and

A solemn dissent was seeking future;  
in the menstrual cycle of the earth.

This crisp shadow of a sound-thought  
Curved the biting light into an enigma.

Blood winding in fatal time, neither life nor death,  
Just to be - an ornate prime planted in the diverse weed.  
Where were you then?

There is no escape from dream.

This heart is a snake, hibernating  
In deep winter and deeper maze;

There is no escape from beauty.

Absorbed in a primitive craze,

I want to observe the flow of pith:

MAYA where are you?

Soul-You I had anointed with the sin and sorrow of every word.

you SOUND you GOLD you GHOST you RUIN you GRACE

Lying with death, I'm on a disavowed dune,

Suspended.

Sharing down the same odd of a secret design;

Suspended.

In vanity, the earth does not shake,

But for the casual quake of a being.

Yet there was once promise in courage,  
And the desire to awake a cry.

Our eyes were pensive, full of distant sighs,  
Wrought in dissonance, we still battle the falling eyes.  
We game away, away from an endgame.  
I would rather be blind, out and alone;  
In short hair and ironed clothes. Awake.  
Only to snap the restraint of a depraved success.  
C-R-Y then! Emerge one.  
Mother wizard no less,  
With three grasshoppers in soulful vagrancy next to her silvery breasts; enchanted.  
Watch the quiet of a pervasive frost fall to this miracle of the sun.  
Machine you be the witness and voice  
'HeartOnSole! '  
Nobody else will, and I won't whisper.  
In the blaze of a Sonoran night,  
We will all confess the restless:  
The past is a different country,  
The present is our unique relic;  
And onward the world  
the world  
the world  
Worlds...  
[The only thing left is the whole. Reprise.  
So much to breathe, yet we are out of sighs]  
Ilham Ahmed



## **Epilogue**

Place your hand on the unrest of a woman. Now tongue-touch, and existence will quake...not this universe, but a splendid apparition; delicate, cloud-kissing.

Witness that vista on a perilous night of the new moon, and you can almost taste death...almost...without dying.

Ilham Ahmed

## **Figment Of Imagination: The Haikus**

Mortal beloved  
How I crave your warmth in the  
Heartbreak of my heart

Love is the desire  
for a violent wonder  
I wander for you

Weary foot under  
Wretched season of my heart  
Bliss escapes this soul

Only a 'figment'  
Of her 'imagination'  
And I still exist

Ilham Ahmed

## **Fragments of a Prayer**

Musing and whisper  
Have come and gone into the  
Empties of a prayer.

Now a wistful dream,  
Pacing on the second melt  
Awakes a sublime heart.

Sorrow blooms anew,  
And silence seeks wisdom lost;  
I have faith in sin.

Ilham Ahmed

## **I Know You**

I know you  
The shadow of a certain sacrifice;  
Miracles, you are all miracles.

I know you  
Tactile and the rest is silence;  
You have a singular destiny.

I know you  
The distant mysteries of intimate beings;  
You are an unforgiving puzzle.

I know you  
An inopportune poet;  
You will die distorted.

I know you  
Next to the scripts of debt,  
You are just a vagrant face.

I know you  
Plain in pain,  
What's your name?

Ilham Ahmed

## **l'amour érotique**

The share-cropper of memories will raid a fateful dawn.

Cleft,  
in yearning  
Faith spews poison.  
a fleeting moment.a stealthy vengeance  
Wraith cedes shy to frantic expanse.

WearyFootUnderneathWretchedHeart

Prized illusion of startle and delight,  
Ruined past is our second star;  
As the shadowy storms carve plight.

Beauty! Cruelty! Promise-bound,  
Let the serpent awake in swinging gait;  
Only to rupture the quagmire of hunger.

Ilham Ahmed

## Le Gitan

Go down Moses  
Hop and skip sorrow in short veil  
Kismet is playing the blue note of shame  
...just sand but no ocean yet  
Shake that faint melody and soak  
The bayou in wound and holy  
Revenge is a symphony to world the world  
natural broken and possessed  
like lines on a palm  
your oneness haunts you  
a swan song ripe with gypsy passion  
you'll have thousand pasts and no future  
you'll end up with only memories  
and you wouldn't know  
if it's a memory or a memory of a memory you're left with  
it happens  
if it happens  
you can only have who will have you  
a love finally  
stark from darkness  
came an even darker solitude that sweat the dust.

Go down Moses  
Take my dream boat  
it has a small leak and no ears  
Seasoned with failed revolutions  
for God and Country  
This is the sour and spread of night  
an endearing spectacle  
so breathe in breathe out  
I'm sacred by the whiskey lullaby  
and every faceless pilgrim is an island  
where barefoot pugilists are poised to mock providence  
dancing by the hangman's noose  
every time you remember tomorrow  
your day begins  
when you cry  
your heart is contingent and eager to dodge fame  
so sing to freshen your drying stain  
(emptiness is a brewing verse)  
exchange fear and fashion in a hurry  
or you'll be late for a funeral  
used graves can be forgiving.

Go down Moses/float the apparition of first light/and as if you're no more/let the  
Daughters of Nafis adorn your pace/an exile sunk in galloping truth/wander in embrace  
and wear this keepsake delta/heart of rage out of nowhere and nowhen/because only  
revulsion stops revolting people

[le monde est mes yeux à l'âme]

Ilham Ahmed

## Le Mot Juste

Flinging craziness, a coin soared random  
In the midst of a crowd, I exclaimed:

Which way? Which way?  
Seven roads surfaced at once,

Seven paths in captivating sum.  
In moonlight, heavenly-sevenly;

All but southwest, in moonlight...  
Fragments of the crowd scurried

Peculiar, whistling, hundred-petalled,  
Discretely going off in directions

Which way? Which way?  
An intense rushing aloud:

How sure are you of this path?  
Or just about any road would do?

To choose between...  
a Path or a Road?

My musing trailed with path.  
Because this very d-i-s-t-a-n-t word

'Wayfarer' is reasonably thrilling,  
Instead of a mere 'Vagrant'?

But alas! At the very next,

The dreary-fierce beasts of cryptic prayer and simile  
(of lovers and poets alike) ,

Tore apart and devoured my lustrous union.

Ilham Ahmed

## **Malice**

Vice lurks fervent, in the vein of  
Weevil, digressed.

Memento in stitches, seeks  
Profane possessed.

Inversion stirs an obtuse fire  
In murky static, faith yields a despotic arbiter.

Ilham Ahmed



## Maya

The  
spectacle was fleeting,  
And  
moments shadowed our narrative,

Seeking the kindness of an original.

I-happiness-junkie squeezed verve;  
Plunging into a flash  
I spent stunning memories,  
Readily.  
We were once remarkable,  
Touching an agile earth  
In the serene of a shared imagination;

We were together, not one.

I spelled out hesitation on her womb,  
And swam lackluster love, crying.

We still lay awake, forgiven yet lost.

Strange, drunk and potent,  
It was all written on our sands:

This heart is a universe that grows  
r e l e n t l e s s

Ilham Ahmed

## **One Liner**

Hanging from the hillside is a cow soon to be tipped God is watching

History of mankind is a history of horrors Ba Humbug

Just a casual reminder that fish and guests stink after three days

Poster child for perpetual irritation a long-tailed macaque

For the misfortunes of Poland are proof of God's existence

Ilham Ahmed

## **Palimpsest**

Laced with supernatural

The impetus of time was in vogue

(the reminder could only gather a skyscript)

Legacy  
crisp with universal consonants

Longing for a pinwheel

The spiral kept rising

To the coming of age

And home was this drawing of some buried shore

Stretched  
with hovering glimpse of a flowering stumble

Where any heart was the closest view of a precision pair

Twice-it and suddenly invisible

As the naked eyes swam through that singsong dust

Shining nearnear farfar

Crisscrossed with vague tease of an arched delta

Thriving  
in the scattered mercy of idle decades

All the while eros was being charmed

By the courteous wayover of an unbowed

Twice-it and forlorn knot  
...collide...

Ilham Ahmed

## Para Siempre Jamás: An Elemental Ode

siempre ALLÍ para siempre. sin Vivir  
sin

Él Regusto de Aliento... O  
UNA CIERTA DUDA

enVenenoDios Es/ Dios, eS  
todo para  
todo con el deseo para Todos  
la medida O el M A L E S T A R  
-tener fe en una maravilla violenta

? y! !

Las Palabras  
silenciosas de Dios\_en Silencio  
para Los Vivos

S? o  
n »s, o, n,  
son

Las Promesas  
elegante de dIos-a Los Muertos.  
del sonido elegante

: DIOS 'ES esve

rd a  
d, y Y

eterno. solamente -y- solo  
;

con Amor  
y Error

pero sin un Alma...

Qué Más Pero Para Eso

a-p-l-a-s-t-a-n-t-e  
quizás inminente {quizás}

Cuando este mundo suspirare abajo a un bosque denso con dolor,  
Le probaré!

Ilham Ahmed

## **Phantasmagoria**

United by decay

Men without shadows

Rise from the desert of wisdom

And bridge islands with sands on soles.

We may be brothers after all in all the days before tomorrow.

First ignored

Then embraced

And finally destroyed

Our thirst for solace is insatiable.

We may be brothers after all in a tragic topography.

The age of myth is a new sun

Where the timbre of voices illuminates

The air of possession bearing witness:

This enchanted forest belongs to a child.

We may be brothers after all in a spread without landmarks.

The storyteller unfolds her elegant lot in life -

A palimpsest of solitude

Distant musings of delay

A grating lure sometimes a ploy a dance or long spells of silence.

We may be brothers after all in a language of paradise and paradox.

Ilham Ahmed

## **Que Le Tout**

Before reaching another prime

Tragedy uncovered me

Lovely by surprise

The real thing

Not just another shadow with any poetic demeanor

Touch but please don't look

I'm too spent from strangers

Generosity gets in the way

I won't prognosticate

Even highways are no longer suitable gifts for howling

This is some way of the harvest moon

Seeking debt and quiet recognition

Better known as prosperity

Delirious farmers now grow surreal spite with navel oranges

I'm not really sure what happened and I wish I could just ask you

But the damage is an ongoing work of fashion

Thirsty runaways have panicked death into a thick trickle

I know that which is inside of me with no name

Between noon and three misfits accept skyward bounty

Roulettes are ripe from murderous afternoons

Meaning gets painted in passing between the winks

So look up the faces of usual suspects

Playful children plow sounds and thoughts with running snot

The fountain of latin youth has been conventionally named sacrifice

Life imitates art and I was leftover from magic

The Milky Way is sinking in blood and tears

Both a promise and a threat the heart has a moving preview

Suffering builds character but I shall remain nameless

I will be sure to complain before I forget

Two very distant people are turning a wide couch into this boat

There's still sun on the floor hesitant on both sides

The wind won't let up it's only a boat really but it is a world

This is how prairies are born (or some restrictions apply)

Ilham Ahmed

## **Rigmarole**

I have challenged Satan to a duel  
Tomorrow, a bout with the ancient morbid,  
a Tomorrow, isolated from the rest of the future, unlike any other.

I must rehearse;  
Heart-be dazzling and look fiercely,  
Arms-be steady and aim to intrude,  
Eyes-be alert and recognize the pace of the words of the worlds.

I happened upon Satan in a mass, and  
He followed me to the end of the decorated empire;  
We discussed the measures of my apathy.  
At his stretch, I gazed a prodigal stroller;  
There were six rings of burning creed on his fingers, roaring of intricate reflections.

Tomorrow,  
In the oddity of forever and a day,  
The faces will encounter the forgotten wings of a butterfly.  
Tomorrow,  
A swordplay of integrity and restless sigh; and  
I must capture the disposition of an aroused dreamer.

If victory turns to foe, all the pages of all the scriptures will turn into galloping ashes  
(one voyage born of two destinations) .

Ilham Ahmed



## š̌a nagbu amaru

How can I explain

I'm not there with you

I'm here

with her

Once upon a time in Dilmun...

an intangible mudra

under the waning crescent of providence

where

The flight of auguries

kept me gazed into that first day of exile

where the dive began

I remember the deluge:

a very private language of memories

framed in autumn blood and pith

Hearts in monsoon || Souls in diaspora

between a sacred interior and logic of decay

nothing lasts nothing's lost

Etched in mind the isles of Light and Breath

flutter celebrated footprints of intrigue

the harder it becomes to know

what was

what is

this-i-feelings

float almost endless in desire and ruin

where disquiet peace danced and imagined

life upon life

in time's wandering mimesis

How can I explain

I'm not there with you

I'm here

I am

Iam

BE(com) ing

[l'enfer c'est les moi en moi]

Ilham Ahmed

## **Sibilant S**

JhomJhom striking the canister  
I ran, drowsy in a drizzle,  
Stuck to emptiness, warm-incessant.

I-He-Who triumphant beloved with pure dexterity  
Stamped the chariot violently, in fatal utterance  
Sowing magic, humanity ill-shaped-naked.

Standing on the shores of Telesmati, I heard  
Visionary phantoms who sang untiring  
Invocation of assurance: 'Fear not! Fear not! '

Smearing the dew of depraved love with my jittery hands,  
I swam an uninhibited avenged,  
Ten months full of splendor, splash-Jhijhit!

Vigilant with my decrepit soul in an oblique knot,  
I chased the starry canopy;  
Disordered happenstance retreated in such precision! Fidgety-DhipDhip!

My wandering thumb possessed by the glory of rhyme,  
Dashed into the fanfare of love and time, and  
I-Resolute-Conflicted whirled ecstatic, RoopJhoop-Tandob!

Ilham Ahmed

## **The Blue Note**

Infinite mothers

Walk with elongated love

Who dreams in orange

So near yet so far

Creator and Created

Display of taut quip

Two words: Love and Hate

Ambivalence is godly

But still who am I

It is me who speaks

Beginning Middle and End

I feel so I am

Inevitable

Death where is your victory

Both promise and threat

Similarity

Is not the same as sameness

Life is dubious

A long time ago

Humanity went crazy

Civilization

Existence rains in  
Calm chaos of memory  
Perpendicular

Leaning on a cane  
A dog cut out of paper  
I have no worry

That guy is finished  
His goose is cooked all undone  
A mother would know

Orange with charcoal  
He is no longer alone  
Let the wicked rest

It is not certain  
That everything is certain  
Rational skeptic

The show must go on  
You cannot escape beauty  
Children of the damned

The end of desire  
Nirvana and the pish posh  
I am still breathing  
Ilham Ahmed

## Things We Left Behind

'No.'

'No? !  
What is it about you then? '

'A dweller of sort, occupying that's in between;  
LIFE and, '

'Where would that be? '

'Where time is an imagined distance between me, myself and I.  
But all this isn't only about me.  
All this is more about waiting for someone you know will never come back...  
About that spent wander, and the perhaps-crowd of a soulfare.'

sgnihT

eW

tfeL

dniheB

'They say that the art of losing isn't hard to master.'

'The sacred art escapes me.'

'Ever heard of an exile west of midnight? '

'Still a mystery; like that solitary beat of a sound dread.'

But all this isn't only about me.

All this is more about waiting for someone you know will never come back...

About that long blank pause and;

The ashes.

The rise.

The jade.'

'Is courage any good? '

'Just another smashing multiplication of a rented world and an intimate doubt.'

'When you are lost, you are not alone | lost not are you, alone are you When.'

'And so it stays

sometimeswithreason

But all this isn't only about me.

All this is more about waiting for someone you know will never come back...

about that feverish heading, strangers in a strange land;

about the I of wisdom and

'Fihrist'

(a list of the list of the words of the worlds of the words)

Ilham Ahmed

## **Time Out Of Time**

sometimes      The crickets parted in a passing dance  
sometimes      You rearranged darling regrets  
sometimes      At one fell swoop  
sometimes      Guillotines rained out panorama  
sometimes      This origami heart roamed stranger fiction  
sometimes      We gathered storm in the vagaries of chance

sometimes      Love was never any eager  
sometimes      Only an epic way of being alone  
sometimes      You rested on piercing envy  
sometimes      Light was a hot small breath  
sometimes      We were one and the way of the hour  
sometimes      As if there would be anything else left to remember

sometimes      An empty orchestra played sin and sorrow  
sometimes      We riddled the earth with stunning chase  
sometimes      The thought of sound crushed all shame  
sometimes      You shamed the sound of thought  
sometimes      Silence breathed an afterlife  
sometimes      After all there was no tomorrow

Sometimes      the worst didn't always happen  
Sometimes      even when it did happen  
Sometimes      we fiercely broke open a pronounced sky  
Sometimes      you knew that restless choke  
Sometimes      but life was that  
Sometimes      we were there

Ilham Ahmed



## **Untitled**

Put your face on the face of your dream, and

Millions will laugh at you, strikingly.

These are the perpetual foes, creatures of ambition, panting.

Let them gape in craftiness.

Let our darkness prolong and devour the fanfare.

Rest assured, before my second birth,

That child of solitude will summon the world.

Ilham Ahmed

## Untitled 21

Grief is the thickest soup of taste;

Embellishment of that interior,

Where the chosen interloper marches on  
with a crowded neon hexagram,

Where the silhouette of a captive traveler subsides.

Redemption: my only worth, did I not set you free?

Farewell fair child truth; together,  
We've endured the poignant stroke.

NOW drips with our preeminence, and until next,  
Past is only a second star to amuse.

In the afterglow, it's the same of every man...

Dreaming  
of a bluegill

Leaping  
in the dark water

of  
taint  
and  
love

'Always' is such a certain word; and  
Everyday is a new welcome to poised old secrets,  
where melting clocks encounter orange (the color of soul)  
with charcoal-grey stripes.  
Perhaps only to find out otherwise

/life/and/something like that/...what else is there?

Ilham Ahmed

## **Wisdom In Diaspora**

Not all            blank paper is to be tainted with expressions  
Not all            windows can release a view

Not all            roads lead to Rome  
Not all            love is for Y-O-U-Woman

Not all            sorrows are sanctified  
Not all            sins are debts

Not all            dreams are to unite  
Not all            poets are traitors

Ilham Ahmed