

Poetry Series

Montazar AnNayef

- 22 poems -

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A Call From A Smiling Heart

Hearts, normal or tough, on blood do feed,
Except my heart, which feeds on love, the sweetest seed.
Mine is like glass:
It shows not what's in, for light through which can pass.
My heart can never be a mirror,
For mirrors show seekers all sorts of horror
And change faces as many as they meet:
Clean with the clean, and cracked in weeping eyes.
Mine always smiles
At people as far as thousands of miles.
It always hopes that other hearts
Join it in smiling since it is never hard
To make others happy when they see your smile.
Hearts, normal or tough, on love should feed
Since love, witness I, is the sweetest seed.

14 March 1997

Montazar AnNayef

A Chick

When I was a kid,
We used t' keep some chicks on farm.
They were cute and fun.

One day so sunny
A breeze of wind came along
And brought a kitten.

The cat looked around;
The cat sniffed and eyed a chick;
The cat mewed 'yum, yum.'

The chicks heard the cat;
The chicks thought: 'Jesus, help us! '
All rushed home but one.

'Folks call me Thomas, '
The bully cat told the chick.
'You call me no Tom! '

'You work for Thomas,
Everybody works for me.
You hear me, you bum? '

'Go get me some food,
Sing me a song, make it rhyme,
But don't play the drum.'

'Amuse me, and please me,
So I make it a quick kill.
Let's party 'n' have fun.'

The chick went nearby
And got them a bottle of wine.
They drank, the chick 'n' Tom.

Insober they were,
And lots of chatting they had.
Much was forgotten.

When the morning came,
Tom was fully unconscious.
He mixed wine with rum.

The chick was so-and-so.
He lifted his head and said:
'God! What have I done? '

'I killed Tom, the cat!
God, forgive my haplessness!
I learned the lesson.'

April 08,2010

Montazar AnNayef

A Curse

How dare I of departure tell?
And all my feelings could I kill?
Therefore, accursed be I, I tell,
Until is heard the swinging knell.

Accursed be I for wounding thee;
Accursed be I to cause thee harm;
A thousand times may God damn me
And may leave me no leg, no arm;
And let my soul in sadness melt
That my blood in grief may be spilt;
All my suffering shall be felt
Until my flesh in fire does wilt;
That tears may flow to flood the Nile
And n'ever put off the fire of the pile;
That I shall ever bitterly cry;
And if the Nile, never my eyes be dry.
Let all my crying in the air vanish,
And all my pains never ever finish;
No one to hear, no one to touch;
No pains shall ever be as such.

But n'ever be I so far from thee,
For staying far shall be killing me;
That such a curse I can never bear,
But there shall be with thee some care.

6 October 1996

Montazar AnNayef

A Hero

There he stood by his shadow thinking,
Firmly determined to go ahead.
He looked behind as if he were waiting
And then immersed in sheer solitude.

He felt the world had betrayed his dream
When he was a fetus sucking his thumb.
He came into the world with a scream:
He was thought of as desperately dumb.

He felt his hands were cuffed already
Before he even tried to stretch them
To reach a toy or taste a candy,
Just because he's from Jerusalem.

No siege or battle can weaken him,
No threats of annihilation frighten him
Because his enemy he shall dim
And in their castles them he shall rim

He won't sell his soul to the devil,
And against his enemy he'll strive
Until he defeats the king devil
And his civilization does thrive.

25 June 2010

Montazar AnNayef

A Mazarine Blue

Her soul's addiction to ultimate fascination
Has turned into miraculous infatuation.
In a cart of silver light mantled with golden beams
The scent of heavenly perfection conquered her dreams.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She pondered about the purpose of her creation
But got no answers and received no revelation.
The cart was her ride to heavens far above the sky
Where she lived unconscientiously as a butterfly.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She asked about her torture and cruel detention
And why nobody's given her any attention.
"Listen to my outcries, ye most evading of all! "
She irefully screamed at the world before she did fall.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She's scorned and beaten, but she feels no indignation,
While her folks give a Miss Blabla the nomination.
Her suffering has grown into a scary oak tree
Which the world has bitterly watered since she was three.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

Her dream has gone with the wind into no direction
For no one has heard her screams or felt her rejection.
She's now crushed by her society and victimized;
She's humiliated and for breathing criticized.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

Changing her destiny for better is her mission.
She wants the cart to send her away to her passion
Of th' utopian life that she has always dreamed about.
But alas! Years will pass before her dream comes about.
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

24 July 2009

Montazar AnNayef

A Message

I sat in the evening to witness the turning of the azure sky
Like a sorrowful tear shed on a rosy cheek from a drowsy eye.
Odor and nectar the wind carried from her unearthly residence:
Virginal is her smile; rejoicing are her eyes; frightening is her silence.
Eternal is my love; reposing are my words; I am sublime.
Regretful is my soul to love who shall never be mine:
A dreamless, charming, delicate, titivating, elegant female;
Nymph-like and sublime; by Allah made and spoiled for another male.
All vanishes but her feminine voice, which rings in my ears from time to time.

19 April 1996

Montazar AnNayef

A Nightmare

Oh tears of heart, of wondering thoughts and weeping soul,
Abandon me and never woes and pains recall.
Dreams withered. Words trilled. And fate did fall.
"Since time hath come, unleash thy soul, pray come with me."
But nay thy answers, like swift arrows, came to be,
And my broken heart could not deny, woe is to me,
Thy merciless, forgone, and most wounding disdain!
How could my soul believe thy words insane?
And let thee me in murk impel and me ordain?
What did I do to thee to torture my wretched soul?
How couldst thou leave, oh most evading and heartless of all?
Thou hast grieved my soul and reaped thy unsealed desire,
And killed in me the fruit of season, my heart of fire.
"My hapless eyes, calm down! I wish I were a Liar, "
My waiting soul murmured and grieved on me,
And fading days lay in peace since my heart beats were all in vain.
How couldst thou leave and seeing thee me deprive?
I wish I died and thou behind the hearse didst walk,
Wondering in vain what I this time to thee would spake,
Remembering the one who died before telling the secrets of her soul.
And now, as tears have gathered to flow,
I bend down in my bosom and dream there was never in my life a woe.

6 May 1997

Montazar AnNayef

A Wintry Evening

Lo the crippled wind; lo the frozen sun.
Coldness crept to a crying bird; darkness,
No less, under the night stillness, a victim
Had made of that lug'brious bird. What gentleness!
Methought I saw that death and night the same had done.

Lo the smiling moon; lo the sighing bird,
Blabing his notes, blaming his days, dreaming
Of his past and crackling no single word.
He was lightsome with his beloved, and lingering.
Methought I saw him receiving death; `twas unfeared.

Lo death creeping to the frozen body.
His heart beating; his life bleeding; dreaming
Of his beloved; mantled; he was dreary.
From darkness to death he was dreadfully fleeing.
Methought I saw his moribund frail soul weedy.

Lo, his blindness has taken him t' Hades.
On leaves his death was sealed and sung by love;
He waited to meet her in Elysium.
"God, into thy hands I commend my spirit' `bove, "
Methought I heard him and saw his mat soul by dawn.

17 May 1994

Montazar AnNayef

An Elegy

"Farewell, farewell, " my soul to thine
In grief has said, "farewell, my wine."
Damn'd death! Thou hast stolen my love.
Thou left me down and took her `bove.
O love! O love! Thou art the "lord
Of life and death." Show me thy word
For sure thy name and soul up rove
Higher and higher than lives Jove.
Tell her that soon I'll see her face
And that if death can kill the rose,
Its seeds of life will have the race;
In May again will be a rose.

Farewell my love until we meet,
For love at last shall death defeat.
I live with thee, who grieved me much.
When I'm to sleep, I see thee such
As once we sat under the trees:
When we first saw the dancing bears,
There were some birds singing some notes,
Orpheus around aroused some lot's.

Thy lips and cheeks, and those fair eyes
Took me with words to write some verse.
When I came back to take my prize,
Thou wert in grave, and I, with tears
And pensive head, did write these lines
For thee, my love, the wine of wines:
That as long as I have one heart,
Then my love will live in thy heart;
As long as I'm with thee in love,
This love will love and live for love
Till no more love on earth does live
Except my love and thine, my love.

(6 October 1993)

Montazar AnNayef

By Your Side

Feel no bad at all 'cause angels are never seen
For the beauty in your soul with pure light does intervene.
Blame not yourself for what the blind fail to see
By your side the world does cease to be.

Oh darling of the goddesses in the sky
I wish I had the magic to fly
Or the carpet that crosses the oceans in a click
To be right by your side and you to pick
And back to heaven take you there
For goddesses still love you and for you do care
Oh, alas! Why far from you I'm condemned to be
When next to you love shall grow and fill the sea.
Forsake me not, oh sweetest of all
Love is a seed that needs a call
From a withering heart or crying eyes
For you my heart will reach the skies.

Will it help you if I were by your side
To give you a hug or save you from the tide?
Will it make you feel better to draw for you a smile
With a warm surge of feelings that exceeds the Nile?

Oh darling! What can I say,
My phone rings and I have to go.
This is a call from a friend, not a foe
So let's for today call it a day.

16 May 2011

Montazar AnNayef

Dorthius And The Python

It is the story of a prince called Dorthius, who was loved by gods and given an eminent place among his people. Dorthius used to go alone in trips to meditate and witness the beauty of nature. Once, however, while he was wondering around in the wood, he saw a beautiful naked woman lying on a rock. He stood motionlessly watching her for a while. When Dorthius tried to come nearer, he made some noise and the woman instantly disappeared.

The prince looked for her but in vain. So he decided to come the next day. Six days passed and the woman did not show up. Realizing that he had fallen in love with her, the prince thought his life would become miserable without her. On the seventh day, however, while hiding in the wood, Dorthius saw a large snake approaching the rock, taking off her skin and lying on the rock. It was a great shock to Dorthius to discover that the woman he loved was actually a snake. Nevertheless, the prince kept coming to the rock to see the snake-woman sunbathing till the day he thought he had a brilliant idea.

The first thing he had to do was to hide away her skin so that she would not escape. Succeeding in doing so, the prince surprised her and she could do nothing. She could only act as a woman who had been stripped of her clothes and was waiting for someone to come for help.

The prince took her to his palace where she was treated respectfully, and few days later he proposed to her. She agreed and promised to be loyal to him.

Oracles in the city warned him not to marry her. "There will come a day when you choose your death moment if you marry her," they said. Apollo also gave him a piece of advice. "Man," said he, "be careful. Never kiss her."

Years passed and things went on well. One day, however, Dorthius decided to kiss his snake-wife. Insisting on doing so, the prince held the woman between his arms and embraced her. At that moment, the Python's tongue instinctively sprang out of her mouth, and, while kissing, she bit him. Poison ran through the prince's body and he immediately died. Removed to the Underworld away from her, Dorthius remained in love with the python-woman.

After begging Pluto to be resurrected since he had not eaten from the food of the dead or even drunk, Dorthius was sent again to the Upper World provided that he would offer sacrifices for Zeus for seven years during which he would never see his snake-wife. Furthermore, he had to give her the skin and leave her forever.

When the period passed, the prince came back to his palace to fulfill his promise and give the woman her skin back. On seeing her for the first time after seven years, Dorthius rushed into her arms embracing and kissing her strongly to die again between her hands but this time with no return. While dying he said the following lines:

Thou art my love and I thy soul.
Let me praise thee and be thy goal
That ye wait for and love his words,
So my heart will soar with thee wor'ds.

That all thy love when ye love me,
Thy sight and heart for me will be.

Give me thy lips; forget not yet:
What more I need is that, thy breast.

I'll live in thee and be thine eyes,
And from thy lips I'll get my prize.
I won't forget to play on tops
From which I'll get th' immortal hopes.

And when I call on thee to sleep,
I need thee fast; I need thee deep.
With thee I need to dream of love;
When we're in bed, it soon will live.

But be careful of my kisses,
For rage in me can tempt godd'sses,
Who, for my love, worship me more.
But for thine eyes I'll fight and roar.

Chorus:
Ye are a fool to leave the throne,
And all ye say so long fools fake.
Forget not what ye have been born:
Ye are a man and she's a snake.

(26 November 1992)

Montazar AnNayef

Good Bye Fellows

He who leaves Madina for worldly gain
May find peace in what he seeks to obtain
And back to Madina may the Lord guide
T'join good company, t'be by your side.

An honor to me it has been for years
T'serve this noble city and all the dears,
And t'work as well with devoted fellows
Who resemble a candle that ov'rglows.

May the Lord grant you all you wish and more
For the love I have in th' Lord I adore.

Montazar AnNayef

Good-bye

When the shadows sleep, birds to their nests creep.
Nights come with pain, winter with heavy rain.
't was but pain what his death did to my brain.
Lo, beasts and men gather around to weep
And mourn unheard his painful departure.

Orpheus, hold thy lyre close and strike so high
A very sad song that makes the rough wind sigh.
A friend has made a sudden departure,
And left us to nowhere with ripe torture.
He made short our days, but long were the nights.

Sweet death, send me unto him, to the best;
"Be thou blessed", seal, cursed death, my warm farewell:
"Where thy soul dwells", my friend, "I bid farewell."
Thou hast been the best; thou art the cruelest.
Cold winter has come, and my friend has gone.

(24 October 1993)

Montazar AnNayef

Happy New Year, Sweet Love

Blissful moments in hearts though abundant ne'r last,
And mourning tears from minds though few are never past.
What art thou, love, O altruistic "sacred flame"?
Agony thou hast made me breathe to keep thy flame.
So poignant's thy lullaby, so sore to my brain;
So stagnant look thy moves despite they lead to bane.
My heart a trophy thou hast made; uproar my tone;
My blood a drink thou hast made and thrown my bone.
Hold on, Mighty Love! Be thou informed thou art nill
Though mine is judicious, unearthly and hard to kill.

I wandered in autumn and trudged everywhere
Like a dying wave, like a wretched nightingale.
Offshore came a nymph attracting, and me did she bear:
Virtuous her looks, enlightening my face so pale;
Everlasting was her care hankering to me.
Jubilant in spirit; sweet as autumnal air;
Omnipresent and, evermore, celestial is she
Among the chosen in Elysium over there.
Nature did praise her and Neptune her did adore.
Angels whom she controlled carried me to the shore.
I reckon that was by dawn,
As light up rose and me she did approach.
Nectar divine she me did feed and soon me cured.
Since then her love hath given me love
And how to love she me did coach.
And for her deed I hold her 'bove.

3 January 1997

Montazar AnNayef

In search for Light

Sometimes I search for light in me,
And all I get is a dead torch.
But when I quit the so-called search,
I hear a voice commanding me
T' ride my search until I perish
Or my search for light does finish.
The light I seek is like no light:
No eyes conceive it or even sight;
I feel it's there somewhere, nowhere,
Where no one ever has been there.
I always think I'm almost there,
And all I see gets me nowhere.

12 May 2010

Montazar AnNayef

In The Eye Of The Beholder: Tomorrow Is Close

This poem was written in Arabic by Dr. Salman Mahmoud, a university teacher at the Faculty of Architecture upon the painful massacre of Qana in 1996. After a couple of meetings I transferred these lines into Middle English, as I believe that the language of the Bible may have a stronger effect on well-educated readers, who the poem addresses.

Knowst not Qana, Beriz?
Thou mayst know Quana, thou mayst not,
Though it seemth thou knowst not.
For thee glory cometh not through legitimate ways,
And corsés fill not vote boxes with nays.
Sith juice cometh forth when grapes are heated,
Thereof thou holdst fire for pitches to be reached:
Thou showerst people with live coal;
Thou throwst children into fire to make wine,
And not ere dawn thou dost cool.

Beriz, it seemth thou knowst not
That Christ to Qana did reach,
That pure wine from water he made,
That good morals people he did teach,
So that verity would reach the furthest beach.
Pure wine he made for people a sign,
And Qana a lesson to perpend he made.
His wine was a miracle for believers,
So white, so pure,

Calling forth for virtuous deeds.
Thy wine, Beriz, for cloak-like people is intoxicating,
A deadly poison,
Bereaving mothers of their breed.
Here is thine. There was Christ's wine.
Thine could the French wine
In the climature compete.
His is unfollowed,
A liqueur full of the incense
For souls to redeem.
Here is thine. There was Christ's wine.

1996

Corsés: corpses
Nays: Nos (rejection)
Sith: since
Pitches: high places
Ere: before

Perpend: consider
Climature: region
Unfollowed: matchless
Verity: truthfulness

Montazar AnNayef

Introduction

Oh, moon of the beautiful,
Ye, rose of November,
Thou art always in mind to remember,
For me thou art so fanciful:
Thou hast descended from the skies,
And later, back to heaven thou shalt arise.

29 October 1996

Montazar AnNayef

Never Too Late

If only death could I masterly own
To conquer flesh and my own life defeat;
If only once I leave my cel'stial throne
And lay forever on an earthly seat;
If only light this world for once does leave,
And hearts full of hatred nev'r love conceive;
If only she could love me once b'fore death
Conquers me and takes away my last breath;
If only she could me forever own
To bring me closer to her divine throne;
But oh, alas, my days in life are very few,
And deeds of evil and good to Allah are due.

28 October 1997

Montazar AnNayef

Only For Her

Oh, Muse, whereof thou hast deserted me,
Thereof declare no muse of thee.
And now have chosen no one but SHE
As SHE has chos'n to stay with me:

A Jaunty jewel of jessamine and jasper,
Blaming Justice for making her perfect and super;
Omnipresent to give me inspiration;
Omnipotent to overpower;
Attracting, astonishing
And full of passion for you to admire;
A naiad dressed in narcissus,
Sent for patients to recover;
Rare in spirit;
Neither paid by gold nor silver;
And since accepting me for my own self,
Confirm SHE is my royal plover.

25 August 1996

Montazar AnNayef

The Promised Land

This is a parody of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The present poem carries out a similar style. I depend on English, world and Palestinian literature and biblical references as well as Holy Quran to build up the whole image of the poem.

Everything comes straight under the light,
But matters are only solved at night.
Words are merely a pretext for delay,
But within is colored the story of one day:
When man lives and dies and then does arise;
When prayers unto Allah willingly do the wise.
These words condemn none but those of vice,
Who grugged and refused their Maker's advice,
Who teased and the son of man crossed,
Who shall be defeated and at last crushed.

My story in the past begins,
And in the future ends.
It happened in the land of ghosts,
Where one hears no sounds
But the 'wailing and gnashing'
Of the teeth of the wondering shades.
It began when I woke up in the wounded land
Like a frightened lamb
Roving alone in 'a waste of rushes.'
My feet carried me with frightened steps
To a place where 'all external nature seemed in a storm, '
Where the 'poor naked wretches' sat alone.
Nothing would have 'subdued nature to such destruction'
But the shades of the shades around the molten calf.
The scene amazed me while I was crossing the road:
A blaze at night!
It was breaking the quietness of darkness.
Sounds of crashing around the flame;
Snakes crawling everywhere;
'Inexorable dogs' howling in the place,
Leaving it waste and wild.

Time passes like a candle lit from two sides;
Each tries to stay in the middle,
But death in fire hides.
From a distance I can draw
The picture my tears destroy:
It looks like Munalisa with a smile,
But never a smile is a hint of joy.
The truth is light
That burns to make darkness visible,
But so many invisible souls become visible
When souls in hands are carried
And thrown into the valley of death,
So only then they rise ahead to die again.

They say that what is out of sight is out of mind,
But do the scars from heart vanish?
Or should one repay insolence in kind?
Yet which is more horrifying, sir,
The sight of empty skulls,
Or of withered hearts?
For those who I scorn
Are born headless
And nursed with no hearts.
They buy; they sell;
They take; they kill;
But I've never heard
They give for their will.
Where they dwell, cruelty dwells,
For their desires
'Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.'

Ah, sinful nation!
You will be smitten with a scab;
And there shall not be left a stone upon a stone,
And shall tap my children thy doors
With innocent stones.
'He that is without sin, let him cast a stone.'
The children do.
A stone the innocent throw,
And the kingdom of Allah they shall be into.
Be damned those who sell their lands,
Be damned the shaking hands.
It is only when my soul dwells in a heartless cage,
Having a deal with my murderer,
Forsaking all the principles
I have nursed from my mother,
It is only then that I can pretend
I have forgotten all horrible scenes
From which we've learned not to yield
But to fight till the end.
'So when the second of warnings comes to pass,
We shall enter the temple
And shall Jerusalem compass.'

1993-1994

Montazar AnNayef

Thoughts

Let reading and writing go to hell,
That is our and every student's will.
This act has brought us to an old age,
Though we on earth still against it wage.
Regard la nature qui apprend les etudiants
Without being committed to know all the phenomena.

1991

Montazar AnNayef

To My Heavenly Muse

Woe's to me; the mirth of my yeres I ashy make,
And my muse I, in spite of all the love, forsake.
Woe's to me to let Cupid my grene choyce desdayn:
Her lokes and eies so angelyke, albeit cause pain;
Neyther night nor day coulde envie her beauty hie,
For truth remaynth ded bodyes she cureth, witness I.
Oh, Christ! My hart with the cross stamping never delay,
And I shall be waytyng in my tomb for thy day
When thou hast come to graunt me my heavenly own
Syth souls in heaven as on th' earth remayn unknown.
Oaths in dark nightes may die, flourish when kept they may:
So pure and greate be he whom she shall have, I say,
To wipe away the fallyng jewels on her cheeks
And bring `long all the smiles of the vales and the peaks.
Both my eies, all the smiles, dear spirit and my hart
Shall be hers wher she goeth; yf she leaveth never they part.
Let me cry and never rest for her rest as a price;
Let her smile, for her smile is pleasant and so nice.

2-3 December 1996

Montazar AnNayef