

Poetry Series

Samer Madbak
- poems -

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Samer Madbak(31 July 1969)

My name is Samer Edward Madbak. I was born in Beirut, Lebanon, on the 31st of July 1969. I hold the Australian nationality, and I am married to a wonderful Lebanese lass; Salwa Wardeh. We have three beautiful boys, Edward (b.1999) and Mark (b.2001) and John (b.2008) . We live in Beirut, and I work as a teacher at the American Community School of Beirut. I teach chemistry to grades 9-12. I hold an Honours degree in Physical and Inorganic Chemistry from the University of Adelaide, Australia.

My hobbies include reading and writing poetry, bird hunting, singing, composing, and listening to classical music. I am a modest Byzantine chanter in the Orthodox church of Saint Michael in Beirut.

I started writing poetry at the age of 16 in the picturesque village of Blaouza in North Lebanon. I posted all my poems on this wonderful website. Hope you enjoy it.

Poem 000: Paradise Conquered (A Discontinued Humorous Epic Poem)

INTRODUCTION:

How shall I start, O how can I commence
My ditty, Muse, when I am short of sense
Say, how would I in surety detail
But how would I ensure a tiddy tale
If I do not procure, O deity,
Thine inspiration and thy sympathy
For who amongst them philomels can vow
His ballads unto gods other than thou
Say, what divinity dares lay claim to
Herself a lay that has been claimed to you
For here I stand, another idyllist,
Imploring you to stir my idle gist
Thine is the pow'r exclusive to innerve
And instigate a poet's dozy verve
Look thus upon me, Goddess, lavish be!
Be thou the guardian of my minstrelsy
And grant that this, my shaky verse, Ah Muse,
Attains its goal: to tutor and amuse...

SCENE I:

The orb of day, with aureate aureole
Light-giver unto angels, saints, and all,
Did shyly, one day, raise a kingly head
Of golden rays, in meekness forwarded,
From up the Mount of Zion, 'cross the plain,
To trace amid of Heav'n a glorious fane
A guilded palace, domicile of God,
There marched the troop of rayons to unload
And by the bedroom, on the Eastern side,
Upon the window ceased the golden stride
But Rays - whose daily duty was to cross
The panes and hover o'er the Lord in gloss
Now tinging him to wake in touches fond

Now twinging him if he fails to respond
 Now flinging, in cases extreme, the wand
 (For which the Lord's response oft proved unkind) -
 That same day were divided in their mind
 Whether they should awake his Majesty
 On time appointed, or wait up a wee:
 "Come let us enter", thus would say a ray
 "Nay, nay", another cries, "Pray, brothers, stay! "
 And thus, they would have kept their trivial fight
 And closing on them would have been the night
 Had not Lighthead, the head light, raised his voice
 Commanding order, lightening the noise:
 "Now listen, each light-footed little light
 As I now bring to light what I deem right
 For I make no light judgments, my good sense
 Will win the light of each one's countenance."
 So said he in a manner grandiose
 Ascertaining an all-around applause.
 "Now, brethren", went on Lighthead with a purr,
 "This is my due decision: I prefer
 To stall, and let the King of paradise
 Rest but a little more, his lightless eyes,
 His blest recumbent frame, his holy face
 Reflect a trinal tire, I clearly trace
 A wearied God, for to sustain a place
 Like Heav'n is no light business, not at all,
 Perfection needs devotion, and I call
 Devotion an impossibility
 Behold, O brethren, his Ubiquity
 Jaded! I'm sure he wended yestereven
 To dine with archangels in Southern Eden
 And turned in late. Rays! it meseemeth sage
 To wait than wake in him a morning rage,
 Two minutes more will please his Sovereignty
 And save us from an early penalty."
 Thus spake the chieftain, and his speech did go
 Unquestioned, indisputable, but O
 How foolish was it and how so absurd
 Foul golden locks to have believed his word
 For now the Mighty One in bed bestirred
 And now two spent but troubled eyes were ope
 For God, though sleeping, fathomed by a scope

(An almost faultless perspicacity)
That something was amiss, audacity
Unfurled, He looks around but sees no flash
Inside the room. The rayons at the sash
Now realize their lurid laxity
"Such ghastly irresponsibility
Cannot be tolerated", thought the Lord
While sitting up in bed, anon he snored
And crossed his brow, that now the rays ceased hoping
To get away with their malicious moping
And reckoned dismal doom and nemesis
"You graceless gleams, corrupters of my Bliss! "
Hollered his Providence in tow'ring power
"Tis twenty jiffies past my waking hour!
What ling'ring, what unpunctualitye
Is this? What negligence of duty? Fie!
Fie! Brazen beams, out of my holy face
Get off my sight, thou breeders of disgrace! "
So said the mighty Lord in froth and foam
So said and said again the lofty dome
And fear gat hold of Rays and in their rout
They blundered, bounced and bustled all about
That soon the sacred chamber blazed in full
And God's almighty soul was brought to lull
And there He tarried, unperturbed, no word,
'S if nothing happened, nothing e'er occurred
(Whilst rayons, unbelieving, shot away
And lighted out the room to herald Day)
Oh readers, lo! How God, so rank enraged,
Retaining order was again assuaged,
But let nobody err, yeah, let no one
Believe that all is done, for now the Sun
Shall get his reprimand, his Trinity
Doth not forgive and proffer amnesty
Like this! And Father Sun who will be claimed
Responsible for having poorly tamed
His lawless youngsters shall, in due time spent,
Receive the meet and proper punishment
For Heaven's most egregious felony
Is laying off responsibility...
The might Lord, so lordly in his might
Now rises, shoves the remnants of the night

Anon he yawns, anon he grabs the mace
 And strolls the chamber in a sluggish pace
 Then heads towards the window, why! a waft
 Blows tenderly against the Mighty's tuft
 Across his face, his senses wide revive
 His sovereign spirit stirs and springs alive
 "Ah, grace", he whimpers, as he looks at ease
 Beyond the casement at his lavish leas
 Where scenes of Nature, in her full attire,
 Now fill the heart of God with sweet desire:
 "What beauty doth my daughter yon display
 What excellence, what affluent array
 Doth coronate this mellow morn of May.
 For there! No frailty do I spot, no sight
 Upsets the heart, nay, all is glowing bright
 All blossoming with vivid verdancy
 A perfect pattern, such a brilliancy
 Unfailing, such a stellar comeliness
 I cannot help but glorify and bless.
 Nay, more! I shall make profit of this day
 I will regale myself, away, away
 From all this toil, this daily botheration
 Th'unending watch, beyond all toleration.
 Ay yeah! Today I shall suspend all grind
 To Eden I shall fly, I am inclined
 To spend the day o'er there, that should be fun!
 A lordly lunch, the trees, the breeze, the sun...
 But no more musing, now let's actuate
 Ere time advances and 'tis then too late."
 The Lord, thus through with cogitative thought,
 Comes back to Earth and cries with piercing throat:
 "Ye loyal master of thine angel caste
 Oh where art thou, good Gabriel, make haste! "
 The boist'rous call goes through the jewelled walls
 Like thunderbolt or heavy waterfalls
 Into the room of knightly Gabriel
 Who, still asleep, receives the murd'rous yell
 And leaps in craze: "Now surely this is Hell! "
 His first thought was, he claps his candid wings
 In spastic moves: "'T must be the worst of things
 Befallen so that such a ripping roar
 Is blasted like I've never heard before! "

The flurried saint, thus stunted by the sound
Makes to his feet, still poising on the ground
He rushes to the Chamber of the Lord
And barges in, all knocking rules ignored,
Yet just before he tries to figure out
The cause of this electrifying shout
The Lord speaks up with plain solemnity
Imparting to the saint some surety:
"Now, hearken unto me, my wingèd saint
And let your muzzle utter no complaint
Today I shall the toil of work evade
And off depart to Eden's esplanade
Yon Nature's clad in fullest finery
And I intend to share her gaiety
Revoke, thus, all engagements, every meeting
And make it quick, don't stand there! time is fleeting."
"But sire", stutters th'angel in reply
"What now? " retorts the Lord impatientlye.
"Your daily schedule, thou Perfect One,
May not, I fear, allow your having fun
For thine great council meets today at eight
And you their congregation moderate
Moreover thou must scan your Cherub host
In Northern Paradise, and yet the most
Imperative of matters here in Bliss
Today's your weekly visit to Abyss
To breathe in it the fire of deathless woes
That thereby devils shall abide in throes
This surely can't be missed, your Sovereignty
Or else the consequence is tragedy."
"I know my duties well! ", replies the King
"So you need not remind me, fosterling!
But go inform the saints of holy heart
That with me they to Eden shall depart
Invite, as well, my seraphs, all my cohort
My cherubim, archangels, all my escort
And as for Satan, prince of vice and sorrow,
We shall postpone his matter till the morrow."
"But Sir", sobs Gabriel in wonderment
"Tis final! " amplifies the Omniscient,
"Now hie thee to my livery, with speed,
And bid the horsemen to equip my steed

Then see to other matters; drink and food,
Ambrosia, mated with a nectar crude...
You know thy chores, my saint, I need not tell
So get thee going, fast, and mind you well
Do not delay! for swear I if thou risk it
This day thou shalt be served as Satan's biscuit! "
So said the Sovereign in a solid strain
So said he and th'angel cannot complain
For Gabriel, thus ordered to fulfill,
Cannot expostulate a faultless will
But menially he stands with bridled gloom
Bows with assent and promptly leaves the room.

SCENE II:

So, readers, as we leave his Leadership
To tripping fancies re his fancy trip
And as we leave poor Gabriel, glum, pouting
Cursing his morning and that odious outing
We move along to where mean spirits dwell
The house of vice, the dome of Satan: Hell!
Across the fiery sky, the Stygian shore
To Pandemonium, cursed for evermore
There do the torrid flames of Hades seethe
There is the weeping, gnashing of the teeth
There lies a turpid rage, a vicious will,
Hail Lucifer, engenderer of ill.
And next to him is seated prince Belial
A fallen angel of reputed wile
Both were the first to stand against the Lord
Both challenged Him with word or else the sword
As they went claiming that to rule Abyss
Is far more better than to serve in Bliss
So said they and arose a mutiny
Yet Michael won, and God claimed victory.

Beirut

October 30th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 001: Charmed

It needs no much talking
I'll straightway declare:
It's friendship I'm stalking-
And friends are so rare-
So make no refusing
My dear, I can't bear
The mere thought of losing
Those glances so fair
And those wondrous eyes
That dare to outglare
The Beauty that lies
Up there, I would swear!

My heart leaps and capers
When hearing your call
Your sweet eyes, my tapers,
Enkindle my soul.

Blaouza
September 11th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 002: Away, Distress!

When lances of loneliness stab me so deep,
As daystar declines, and the Globe falls asleep,
When uncontrolled sadness reigns over my realms,
A feeling of sore in my heart overwhelms.

When love seems a daydream, when order is mess
When joy is a phantom, and comfort distress
When hope is exhausted, life cumbered with care
I yield to affliction and slump in despair.

But then I'd imagine my friend Josephene
The gleam in her eyes and their charm so serene
My anguish retreats, and sweet raptures obtain
And feel exaltation subduing my pain!

Blaouza

September 12th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 003: A Fray

I'm stuck in a fray
It's me and my "J"
I'm outright confused
For I am not used
To love games all day.

She's trifling with me
She won't set me free
She's kind as a deer
So bright and sincere
My heart's yet her prey.

She vexes me so
I won't give in though
If lifetimes would pass
I'll still love this lass
Till Earth ebbs away!

Blaouza
September 13th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 004: Left To Despair

I deemed it affection, a sweet love affair
But lo! I am suff'ring, I'm sensing despair
Entangled I was, but she loosened the tie
Ill treason! No reason, not even goodbye!

Repented of times when I really did care
Of love or of friendship she's been well aware
She hurt me despite that, my love had no scope
And now here I'm gath'ring the wrecks of my hope!

Blaouza

September 16th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 005: Remembrance Of 'J'

Try not to restore
The good days of yore,
Nor mem'ries awaken
Of passion forsaken
When I was betaken
To love now no more

My heart? It was gored
Affection outpoured,
Not hard to discover
She's been my first lover,
A thief under cover,
A nymph I adored.

Blaouza
September 20th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 006, Sonnet 1: On A Serpent

Farewell to you, my summer love, farewell!
Adieu, so long, ye joyous fleeting dream
I hope this rueful ending won't impel
My timid soul to grieve, mine eyes to stream.

Should I forget you now, should I dispel
The thought of you? And place in quiescence
The blazing heart, should I my feelings quell?
And what can quench my heart's incandescence?

Nay love, I can't forget your glitt'ring eyes
I cannot wash away the pain and cheer
I can't erase those looks, them little lies
The cruel and happy times, the moments dear

Nay, gem, You are an everlasting smart
A gaping wound inside my bleeding heart!

Blaouza
September 20th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 007: Ode To 'J'

Your mem'ry torments me and sets me aflame,
Bewilders my senses, enfeebles my frame.
This love that I feel is afflicting my soul,
Augmenting my heartache whene'er I am sole.

I still can depicture the smile on your face,
The joy that surpasses the ambits of grace,
Elysian delights are now things that I miss
Our walks and our talks, Oh these glances...'Twas bliss!

Your mem'ry's the kindle I need to survive
Though ruthlessly burns me, it keeps me alive
I try to efface it, but seems there's no way
Break loose? There's no use; I'm entangled for aye!

'Cause still you're my thrill, you're the theme of my odes
Till love is no more, till the twilight of gods.

Beirut

September 29th 1986

Samer Madbak

Poem 008: Crime And Requiem

So doleful
So woeful
So sad!
I stand in sweeping scare,
Clad
In sorry weeds,
Forced to stare
At this murder before my eyes
As my music bleeds
And dies!

The mourner, the crier
The weeper I'll be
I'll raise my moaning higher
My grievous elegy
The dirge is my song
Niobè's my queen
Let all the world lament along
And all creation keen!

So rueful
So woeful
So sore
I stand before the crucifixion
Of tuneful rime
Struck at core
Staring at this hideous crime
As my music bears the infliction
And vanishes at her prime.

Beirut
February 6th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 009: The Words Of Sir Wit

Is tenderness fruitless, is love but deceit,
And friendship but pointless, and grace obsolete
Wit says that goodwill is well out-of-date
And time we adopted the standards of hate.

Is kindness but worthless, or goodness but vain
And bounty but foolery, mercy insane
Wit says the object of life is delight
Attained through imposture, distortion and spite.

Is peace more than trumpery, favor unwise?
Devoutness unyielding and virtue disguise
Wit says that selfishness, treachery, fraud
Are pathway to gladness, and access to God.

Come then, my brethren, let's put into deeds
The words of sir Wit and his wonderful creeds.

Beirut
April 13th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 010, Sonnet 2: On Camille

Would I convince me that at your command
Familiar winds have blown to say hello?
To rouse remembrances I cannot stand?
O wish I that no single breeze would blow.

By Jove! Why have you sent me this report?
To hail my soul, or blaze me with distress?
To break me down, or grant me your support?
Oh don't you sense my equal bitterness?

Camille, my alter ego, how I yearn
To see you for you are my counterpart
'Tis you, the only one who can discern
The troubled pulses of my vagrant heart.

So till we meet, my friend, all I can do
Is load the breeze with love sent back to you.

Beirut
April 14th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 011: My Adust Heart

I'm still afraid to wade the noxious fens,
The fens of love, but no one can evade
The pointed peaks, or those abysmal glens,
The baleful cut of love's demoniac blade.

A foxy lass invited me today
To tutor her at home, Oh heart at stake!
For by her door, I saw, to my dismay,
A figurine: a weasel and a snake.

A tussle I imagined, I, the skunk,
And she th'ophidian, love, a daffy duel
The fangs were hustled deep into my trunk
Oh could this be another amour cruel?

Is this the onset of a new affair?
No, no, I must my fantasies outgo
The path of passion lapses in despair
And I cannot withstand another blow.

Ay me! I cannot bear another bluff
Love knocked me once and once is but enough!

Beirut
April 16th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 012, Sonnet 3: What You See And Taste

Oh should I utter words of little sense
And jabber, wearing out my heart and lips
Should I engage in folly and pretense
And furnish people with invalid quips?

Should I be imprudent, absurd or dense?
And disregard sweet Beauty as she skips
Our poor attention, should I raise a fence
'Tween Good and me? Should I the truth eclipse?

Should I a drunkard be and waste my pence
And drain myself among a bunch of rips?
Should I decay in sheer indifference
Ignoring all but my benumbing sips?

If e'er I should slight what I taste and see
Before I do't, may death acknowledge me!

Beirut
May 7th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 013: Quartets To The Vale

I've come to deify you splendid dale
'Tis I your worshipper, do you recall
A lonely spirit, sensitive and frail?
Do you remember me? A roving soul!

It's been some time since last I left you there
Outstanding as you've always been and will
Astounding, when you greet me, as I stare
Besotted by your greatness and His skill.

Oh everything of you is curious...
So grand, thou perfect work of perfect Art,
Who made you like Himself, so beauteous
So graceful and congenial to my heart.

Oh vale of sanctity, if you could see
How I in urban jails bewep my day
In thee alone I feel my spirit free
Free spirit! Haunt me, servitude away!

Sweet valley, my beatitude, my ease,
When I upon your shoulder take my sit
And hearken to the murmurs of your breeze
I almost apprehend the Infinite.

Whose boundless charm quickens my stagnant world,
And thereupon my life abounds in life,
With ornaments of love my soul is pearled,
And with the grace of God my heart is rife.

Whose all-embracing passionate caress
Exceeds the grandeur of maternity,
Whose balmy alpenglow allays my stress,
And grants me favor till eternity.

Behold the valley mortals! Lo! The key!
A mystery miraculous to see,
A mist, a reamy rack you list to see
But never grab, save when you cease to be!

Behold, O toiling mortals, halt and lo!
God has nothing more splendid to create,
Earth has nothing more marvelous to show
And I nothing more dear to venerate.

Blaouza

July 9th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 014, Sonnet 4: Idyll To Nature

Once more I linger in majestic fear
Before this sovereign scene, this brilliant art,
This haunting silence drifting to my ear
To greet a weary throb, the poet's heart.

Once more the scent, the tunes, the godlike boons
Extend upon a hamlet and a vale
And there a charming alpenglow festoons
The Giver's heaven with a splendid veil.

Once more I rise above the misery
To more refreshing whispers of the soul
And find me swooning in idolatry
To Mother Nature, Mother unto all.

To Nature, lover of a timid wight
Who prizes none but Her or endless night!

Blaouza
August 20th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 015: Matrimony Of The Queen

"Guess what? You won't believe", he said
"What's that? " I was aroused.
"Your damsel dear, your sweetheart fled
Her hive and got espoused."

"To whom? " I said inquiring
"What drone won her at last? "
"Alas! An unexpected king,
The bees are stunned, aghast! "

"They should, 'cause every drone she met
Pursued her admiration
Her love, O how could they forget
Their foolish fascination? "

"They should, for how can they contrive
To live when she's away
Away for good, O luckless hive
Flung into disarray."

"It serves them well and serves them right
To suffer pain and spleen
Their sole delight, the queen, took flight
The empress Josephene! "

Beirut
September 4th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 016, Sonnet 5: Pitying A Poet

You say my friend your words can shatter clay
Your readers melt upon your lines of gold.
I feel no fusion, poet of the day,
No fainting, and no fractures in my mold.

No sweet emotions sweep my fragile soul
When, sadly, I peruse your corny code
No sob, no tear, no rush of joy or gall...
A barren bard, and Oh an odious ode.

Aye friend, your writings fill my heart with rue
Your verses are but doleful doggerels
Your lines lack meaning, rhythm, rhyme and hue...
Come poetaster! See to something else,

To anything other than poetry,
For what you quote is pure absurdity!

Beirut
September 18th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 017, Sonnet 6: I, The Pagan

The world has fallen through, a stunning fall,
And sick humanity cannot arise
But, I the pagan, who has raised a wall,
'Tween God and me, how can I agonize?

The world is sunken deep in phantom faiths
Pathetic people magnify their fear
But I, the pagan, idolize no wraiths
Of man's crippled conception, foul and queer,

The world is locked in doctrines pitiable
And man is glad in gilded slavery
Yet I, the pagan, ne'er lamentable,
Delight in freedom, bask in blasphemy

Because it's me whom I am keen to laud
Self-worship, and my self my only god!

Beirut
October 11th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 018, Sonnet 7: Summer, Fall, Winter...

The summer of your joy is gone my soul
Your little cheers are fled, your happiness
Has given in to vehement distress,
Your glee is sackclothed in eternal pall,
Your summer's dead! And now a tedious fall
A wanton blend of seasons, yea! A mess
Has taken over. Now, a bitterness
Has vanquished you, you are to be his thrall,
His slave fore'er. Oh spirit, do not call
Upon the sun again, He's powerless,
Cease faith, O cease to hope, but rather bless
Your fall (Apollo's gone for good and all)
Ay! Bless the winter that is still to come
Perchance he pities well to strike you dumb!

Beirut

November 11th 1987

Samer Madbak

Poem 019, Sonnet 8: The Letter, The Rain, The Memory

Friend, dearest friend, I just received your note,
Your tender letter – Mum gave it to me –
The rain was pouring down, awhile I thought
I'd read it on the soaking balcony,
I didn't want to miss the waterfall
You know how tearful days my torment rally
How misty heavens strangely draw my soul
Close to my village and my glorious valley...
I oped it, read, sweet mem'ries overflow,
I floated back in time, in place, I stepped
Back to that life, Oh I woke up in rue
O'er me, o'er you, the sky still oozed, I wept...
I hid the letter (thus evading pain)
And prayed, besought the Lord to stop the rain!

Beirut

January 12th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 020: Death, Last Night!

Oh Lord! I felt so strange last night
I felt I was a battered fort
A withered flower struck by blight
A leper in a damp resort
Why did I feel that weak?
Why was my bed so bleak?
Must I endure this plight
Alone without support?

Last night I lost my nerve, my grit
I felt I was a whit, a grain
My strength? I was deprived of it,
And tumult swept my blurry brain
Why was my heart afraid?
Why was my soul dismayed?
Why all this deficit
In joy, th'excess of pain?

Last night I waxed a hazy sky
A raging sea, a seething war
A nagging thought, to die, to die
To die, was all I could implore
Why did I feel confused?
Why were my feelings bruised?
Can someone tell me why?
Am I the slave of sore?

Last night, Death was all I could feel
And Oh! What wish bedeviled me:
That Death Himself may come for real
To terminate the agony.
Come Leveller, make speed
Unto my heart, your meed,
Embrace my spirit, seal,
Oh! Seal my destiny!

Beirut
January 19th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 021: Tell Me, Darkness

Darkness, Darkness, tell me, who am I?
Tell me what is this that throbs in me?
Is it sane if someone wants to die?
Is he sober he who strives to be?

Darkness, Darkness, what's beyond this strife?
What is this that flutters in my soul?
Is it human gallantry for life?
Is it aptness to forsake this Whole?

Darkness, Darkness, I am stultified
What's the purport of my entity?
What's to covet on the other side?
Why the reticence, this density?

"Patience, patience, bard of idle quest
What you ask we both cannot explain
Yield, like me, and set your mind to rest,
Truth is barred from us, to seek is vain."

"But come, my peer, come join my orphic gloom
And let us nurse it, this, our prime desire
For soon the keeper of this silent tomb
Will touch our blindness with celestial fire! "

Beirut
January 26th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 022, Sonnet 9: My Friend 'Ennui'

Today my friend Ennui saluted me
With that unnerving look of apathy
He's my fraternal foe, this friend Ennui
We're siblings bound in cognate empathy.

My friend awakes the mem'ries that I keep,
Provokes my silent soul to troubled motion,
Pervades my mind with whims, dragging me deep
Within imagination's lurid ocean.

My friend imparts to me a blissful pain
And renders me a silent hermitage
A pantheon of misery, a fane
Of holy grief rejecting sacrilege.

So here's a friend (you wouldn't want to know)
He's called Ennui, and he's my timeless foe!

Beirut
February 2nd 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 023: Ultimate Solution

The raging soul is filled with agony,
This wicked life! She's had enough of it
If suicide were not a felony,
Or self-destruction led not to the pit
I would have slain this body obsolete
That soul may flee such world full of deceit.

O Lord, this is a world of rampant strife
Whose heroes are but renderers of blight,
Whose children are the enemies of life
Dwellers of dungeons, loathers of your light
So tell me not that life is fair and sweet
And cheer me not, this joy is utter cheat.

But if you will, free me, I ask of you,
Release this avid thing within my chest,
Hie to my aid, supreme, dispel my rue,
And grant that I be laid to endless rest.
For this, my flaming spirit, is replete,
And only death can quench the lethal heat.

Beirut

February 15th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 024: In The Play

Not much to do, nor much to say
'Tis but a mime and we must play
Where some are sires, standing tall,
And some are lieges bound to crawl
Before the masters of the stage,
And so proceeding, king and page...
But having now discerned the fact
That this is just a peevish act
I pray, Director, that my role
Be cancelled, or at least made small
Unbind me thus at prime of age
Unchain my spirit, rend her cage!
Demise is all that I demand
So proffer me your helping hand
And keep me out of such a fray
I wish, I wish to pass away!

Beirut

February 26th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 025: Long Road To Happiness

And I dreamt
I thought of them, of me,
And all I gained
Was downright contempt
How shameful it is to stand alone
Unstained
Unknown
Untouched by vanity...
Yes, I thought of them, heroes of pleasure
And they descried me too
They scaled
My pride, my rue,
My permanent defeat...
I tried to measure
Their conceit
I failed, I failed...
I saw them, kings of thrill
Upon the thrones of mirth
Unswerving
The heavens at their will
The Earth
Too undeserving
To kiss their toes
I lay prostrate
Choosing to genuflect, to fall
Before my tainted soul
And laud my woes
My throes
My dismal fate...
Yes I saw them, lords of jollity
Through the eyes of a weeper
A master of despair
Of nullity
A reaper
Of undying care
Of flagrant shame
And when of late I lost my Deity
I became
A master of insanity

A bedlamite
I sped
To my final resort
Seeking respite,
Support
I found my spirit
Dead!
Oh yes I found
The gist of solitude
My bliss unbound...
Just then I reached the limit
Of beatitude
Just then I could attain
Felicity
The heart of pain
Of ecstasy!

Bisib'el
April 10th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 026: Aphrodite's Lay

I am a charm, so often seen
To be the charm of carnal looks
'Tis true, I am a lovely queen
Yet this has scribed me not in books
'Tis beauty of the soul that crowned
Me as a queen of grace and good
And every one in need who found
In me a noble sisterhood
And only this, I swear, shall give
Me strength to live, and ever live!

Beirut

April 11th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 027, Sonnet 10: Having Naught, Having All!

There was a time when I in ignorance
Did contemplate the status of my peers
Oft with a feeling of incompetence
Or else with envy or in yellow tears.

So that wherev'r I'd go, I would behold
Outstanding men of power and estate
Then would my sorrows grow a thousandfold
Seeing their wealth and my penurious state.

But when I swapped my yen with holy phlegm
And probed my bankrupt spirit once again
I found in it my bliss, my diadem
The destitution of my fellowmen.

'Twas then the resurrection of my soul
Which, having nihil, waxed possessing all!

Beirut
April 26th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 028, Sonnet 11: Dis-May?

What welcome must I give you, honoured May?
And how should I your advent entertain
If gaily, then forsooth my heart I feign
And so, gay month, with dudgeon and dismay
And one demand; that your unwelcome stay
Be brief, for I am certain you're in train
To smite my spirit and amass me pain
In kindred fashion to your brothers' way;
For they, your ill forerunners, passed along
Bequeathing injuries for me to cherish
Marking my plaguèd soul with biting wrong...
Hence, month of blossom, flit away and perish!
I do implore you: hasten to depart,
Enough of what is in my sickened heart.

Beirut

May 3rd 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 029: Sing Me, Memory

Sing me, sweetest memory,
Let your song benumb
My senses, let your witchery
My spirit overcome.
O! Sing your lay,
And take away
The grim reality,
Give back the day
Of childhood play
Or else, give death to me!

Sing me, love, your melody,
Let your siren hum
Permeate my quiddity
Until my thoughts succumb.
O! Sing the strain
And let me pain
For golden times gone by,
Let me attain
That life again
Or else, love, let me die!

Beirut
May 6th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 030: Avenging A Dream

I felt it, no! it was so plain
I knew it would befall to me
That mortal bestiality
Insatiate, will assault again
Oh damn you brothers, damn your strain

That I'll attend another dream
Dissolve and fade to emptiness
That I, back to my loneliness,
Should mute my pain and quell my scream
Th'eruption in my sanguine stream

But this time I will show no ruth
Nor sham a smile of amnesty
Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth,
And falsehood for dishonesty

So mark me as I take revenge
Yes mark how subtly I'll avenge
My wasted dreams, how I'll requite
Your evil deeds with dire blight

And ware me as I cast my spell
For I shall turn your bliss to hell!

Beirut
May 24th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 031, Sonnet 12: Je-June?

Now that the morbid days of May are spent-
With no bloom noted, no recovery-
June sets in, and he's truly vehement
To keep it up: the tragic travesty.

Now does he promise that he'll make amends,
And flaunts his numbers, warranting some joy,
But how my sickened spirit comprehends
His baleful bearing, his pernicious ploy.

Thus, knowing that his courses are jejune
I challenge him to generosity
Demanding that he grants a rural boon:
My friends, the Valley, Nature, Deity!

Hence giving, I will laud his affluence,
Or else, farewell him with malevolence!

Beirut
June 1st 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 032: Only Here

Lo! Look around, ye needy soul
And cast the garments of despair
Come sate your hunger greedy soul
Imbibe this beauty debonair...

Senses, awake! Observe in mirth,
Shake off your gloom, embrace the glare,
Salute th'abode of God on Earth,
This sacred land, this holy air...

Yea! Rise sick heart, and hail your peer,
Your love, for love lives only here!

Bisib'el
June 8th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 033, Sonnet 13: Heart Gone Amiss

What now? What now, laconic soul of mine?
Explain to me, what has come over you?
Melancholy, confusion? All is fine
Frustration, hatred? Well, there's nothing new!

Will you not voice your worries, heart of stone,
What secrets have you to reveal to me?
Submission, gloom? So why the morbid moan?
'S it anger? That is no anomaly...

Are these the things you want to sacrifice?
Displeasure, chagrin, apathy, disgust...
These are the elements of paradise
The gist of Heaven, fool, so why adjust?

That's Heaven, and I say you've gone amiss
To claim it hell, wake heart! You are in bliss!

Bisib'el
June 20th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 034: Alone With My God

Before my Mother's holiness
I find myself in glaring daze
No pointless grind, no mortal craze
Just indescribable finesse

No slavery, mere liberty,
Albeit captive of the views
I stand benumbed, O how abstruse
A sight to seize my entity!

For here it is; the misty hamlet,
The crowded kirk, the stilly tracks,
The jocund birds, the pallid racks,
My vale, my God, my foggy pamphlet

My vapid verse, my lifeless lay
And these alone shall give me strength
Relief throughout the seasons' length
And solace till I pass away.

Blaouza
July 12th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 035: Alone Without A God

"Alone"...alone I want to be,
(For multitude is levity)
To shun a lawless silly strife
Aim after Nature, verdure rife
Is sheer anomaly in life
Yet it is not to me

"Alone"...I say't convincèdly,
(For solitude is liberty)
Evading boisterous urban noise
Whisking away to rural joys
Are doltish deeds and petty ploys
Well, that is fine with me!

"Alone"...I shout alarmingly
To deaf ears of humanity
To live in rough sobrietye
To mock the world and wish to die
Is crime, in man's societye,
But only grace to me.

"Alone"...I rave incessantly
While mortals simper icily
For he who won't obey a rule
Who grudges being a supine tool
To them is some consummate fool
But no, he's not to me.

"Alone"...I say it desp'rately
Perpetually, but bootlessly
Since all who heard my cry within
Considered it an abject sin
E'en God, He scornf'lly raised a chin
A haughty grin, and said to me:

"Alone! ! Alone? ? To hell with thee"
And spake He nevermore to me
And ever since that dismal day
The day He turned his face away

I never oped my mouth to pray
And this was mean depravity
To them, but not to me.

Blaouza

July 18th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 036: Flash Of Joy

Behold that wonder in its rising path
Behold it levitating from the strath
Whisp'ring to me, I answer Beauty's call,
I hurry to the roof, I start to scrawl
A pastoral to one celestial Dame;
Though words unfitting, and my language lame

For here again, this enigmatic sight,
Those fluffy clouds of magic milky white
The witching pallor of this witching view,
The friendly chill, the air, this bonny hue
Are fine a theme to what I now indite;
A poem to express a diff'rent plight...

Anon the drifting mist condenses more,
The drizzle much persistent than before
I rush for shelter 'neath that covered nook,
My fancies also rush into my book:
A letter from my devastated core
To Her alone whom truly I adore.

I stare...the haze now draws a thicker veil
Concealing from my eyes the mighty Dale,
Swathing the hamlet in its mystery
My soul is rapt in full felicity.
The drizzle's now a rain, the breeze a gale
And lo! My screed turns out to be a tale.

But hours of glee live not a longer time
When Verity commits her furtive crime,
The curtain falls upon the final scene,
And throws me in the lap of dull routine
For all is lost, all joys die in their prime
And naught remains, but memories and rhyme!

Blaouza
July 30th 1988

Poem 037, Sonnet 14: All That I Require

Here is my life and all that I require
The village, vale, this gorgeous greenery
Are sustenance, my heart's machinery
Th'ingredients of delight, my sole desire
What else could I pursue, what more acquire
Sublimier than my Mother's scenery?
My coffer's full, my treasure plenary,
Care I for aught than this, my vast empire?
Oh loveliness occult, my heart's release,
Conceal me here, away from urban broil,
Replace, with restful grace, this tedious toil,
And let me from your fairness gain increase,
Transplant my kernel in this sacred soil
Swamp me with silence, with Arcadian peace.

Blaouza

August 1st 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 038: Too Far Tonight

Tonight, celestial night
Why have you cast me here
Alone, ever alone
Beneath this shimmering light?
Oh holy night, give ear
Attend my moan
Calling to you, where are they, where?
Tell me that I may live it
With a pining tone
And a silent spirit...
Oh! By the churchyard, there!
Now laughing, feasting, dancing...
And I? And what of me?
Ha! So far, so distant
The sway of destiny!
Oh must I never share
This moment enhancing
This charming instant
But why?
O why the woe?
Come spirit, come
Across the Earth we'll flow
To see them, we shall fly
Oh how I long to see
Them faces, happiness!
And I?
I'm feasting too! O'ercome
With full complacency
Or is it bitterness? !
Or is it solitude, I shouldn't know
I fear the verity...
Say, night, noble and dim
Say, do they spare a thought
For that one guy, for him
Who 'neath a quiv'ring light
Now lingers unsought
Unseen...
Still wishing all this was a whim
A fading scene

Within the night!
Oh, do they think of me
Or are they busy laughing
Absorbed in jollity
When all I can
A sterile graphing
A summons of my memory...
Ah! Ten days ago we shared that smile
I, then, a happy man
I still recall it...
Ten days ago we celebrated
In that village dear
A memorable while
Oh! The dancers unabated
And the happy cheer
A heaven I call it...
Ten days ago
I stared at a different darkness,
A different void
The night, a stranger harness
And now, ten days after,
The moments I enjoyed
Denied! A fatal blow
A blade...
Oh blessèd shade
Are they absorbed in laughter?
Oh friend, my earnest friend,
By Heaven pure,
What are you doing there?
Ah! haranguing as usual
Though you are sure
That none will comprehend;
Talks unmutual!
I know you wouldn't care
O yes I've always known
Your moody tolerance
And damn I know this time you will not find me
At the break of dawn
To chat about the dance
Or, as you call it "wriggle"
And remind me
Of the fête, unfolding

A funny happening, vainly holding
Your unfettered giggle
So laugh your length, what boot? I'm here!
Dear friend of teen
Your laugh, I fear,
Will never wash my spleen!
And you, my dear?
Who will have the chance
To live the paradise
Of your wondrous glance
Ah! Yes I see it clear
He loves you, Ay! Who can withstand
Those stupefying eyes?
And then -I understand-
You love him, and his talking
Is music to your ear
Ten days ago
You were together, walking,
Ogling, and I was happy, no!
I was even laughing
Oh! If you could have seen
This night my idle graphing
And my ruling spleen!
And what of you, my dove?
Oh! I can tell
You share and equal liking
And his stronger arrogance
Is truly striking...
Come now, you are in love
I know it well,
Although he talks a lot
But nothing better than a dance
And he'll forget his tales
In the joyful trot.
Oh blessed beat
That never fails
Player and tambourine
Your song will never blot
My reigning spleen.
And why?
Why can't we rejoice at one time
Happiness in chime?

Oh! friends, you are so far away
And the tear within my eye
Has turned to lime...
If only I could cry!
If I could fall
If I could pray
And this, my august soul,
Would subside...
Damnation! Heart, don't tarry there
Enthroned forever in your pride
As silent as e'er
A sigh, a tear, I say
For they are laughing
And there you are
Dumb spirit, mutely graphing
An unavailing sight
Cry heart! For you are very far,
Too far away,
Too far tonight.

Beirut
August 24th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 039: Fête

The mumble of delight
It deafens me
Rough is pleasure on my busy head
This tender night,
Those humans, revelry
And I, brooding here
With pain inbred
And the night is long
A voice, afar, anear
A futile cheer
The chagrin of my soul
Reigns strong...
I hear the drum, the roll
The dance is on
The singing and the song
Thrilled are they...
Tomorrow I'll be gone
Hush! ye overweening heart
Sweeter is dismay
Brighter is distress
The hollow fête! Tomorrow we'll depart
Slumber well, dear spirit, mum!
Regress...
Succumb, succumb
To Nature's behest
Ah! Come
Eternal rest!

Blaouza

September 3rd 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 040, Sonnet 15: Baby

Sleep baby, sleep, now that your crib is warm
Your body swaddled in gratification
Enjoy it now, the calm before the storm,
Before you meet the face of tribulation.

Sleep child for soon you'll ope those tender eyes
To recreant mankind, to draining care
Your peace will fade, those dulcet lullabies
Shall modulate to keynotes of despair.

Slumber while yet concealed from vile mishap
Unknown to pain, Oh you shall wake tomorrow
And vainly nose about your mother's pap
But only suckle at the breast of sorrow.

Sleep now, those pinions, yet unfledged, must soon
Flutter against life's merciless typhoon.

Beirut

September 18th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 041: A Different Dream

And one day I discovered me
Acquitted of reality
Far off, entranced within a dream
Chimeras of felicity
A lofty love, a holy beam,
A sharper truth, oh Deity!

In foreign worlds I was, a flare,
Meandering through shaded air
My crystal soul diffused the night
Reverberations everywhere:
"What darkness can compare with light
Sullied with pain and mortal care? "

Lighter than breeze I made my way
Ebon espoused to fading grey
In white I was an oddity
Defiling perfection's array
A query and a sweet reply:
The aether cradles not the clay? !

Then halted I afore a scene
A spider in a silver screen
I neared, he said in somber strain
Give ear, O mortal, to my keen:
Draw forth the quick'ning cup of pain
He dies who shuns the sip of spleen

He ended and revealed to me
A stream of dazzling clarity
Ablaze with sacred appetite
I drank with full alacrity
He simpered and passed out of sight
I sunk in insobriety!

Beirut
November 3rd 1988

Poem 042: On The Deathbed

This is a tale, a tale of life, and not a tale of death
And this I tell to all of those who never knew the truth
To all of them who died at birth and lived the bale of death
And those who lived in death, and they who died to view the truth
To all I shall narrate my tale, for candid is the Sun
Who never stinted, gives His guiding light to everyone
But humans, being fools, are pestered by the holy spark
They shun the glare and thus forever tarry in the dark
And yet the Sun stays not His rays for steadfast is his trend
And so he shines on with the hope that one would comprehend
That this one may with words reveal the truth, divine and grim,
And save his fellowmen, if ever they give ear to him
So prithee, mortal brothers, prithee, hearken unto me
'Tis time to heed and cast away your gross loquacity
For you have blabbered much in death, and now it's time that I
Render my final word; the moribund realitye
I died my friends, I died but glad was I to pass away
Nor did I yield in pain, nor was I subject to dismay
For sometimes death's approach is sweet, his touch a healing balm
A kindly kiss to set a weary soul to final calm
I died my friends, but not for you did I repose my frame
I am no loving Jesus, and I seek no petty fame
And if I died, 'twas to procure remission of my sins
(So deem not that I care that much for you my squalid kins)
And had I not been ordered to spell out the verity
I would have never said a word, but parted silently.
I died my friends because your roomy world fettered my soul,
Because my scanty heart was too commodious for your shoal,
I died because you valued me "cognate to all the rest"
The time I dwelt in crags and you were soaring o'er the crest,
I died because your holy virtue bared my heinous vice,
When I was staunch in sin, you wavered o'er the precipice
I died because my tenets blossomed into prudent wit,
Whereas your perfect laws were born to linger in the pit,
I died because I granted you my treasures limitless,
Still you withheld your vanity in horrid selfishness,
I died because my hungry spirit sought a godly bread
And still your sated flesh wallowed in sin prohibited
I died because my soul was chastened by the taste of smart,

And yet the fleeting earthly joys defiled your wicked heart,
I died because I knew assembly equaled servitude,
And there you claimed that freedom lay in halls of multitude,
I died because the love I gave was meant to set you free,
But you disposed of it and chose a life of slavery,
I died because a father saw in me a dream of old,
When all I found in me was novel notions, truths untold,
I died because a mother's love throttled my oddity,
And all I wanted was neglect, adorned with liberty,
I died because I lauded many in my pavilion
And there in orgies you would claim to praise a Godhead one
I died because a sweeter life demands a quick demise,
I died my friends and that is all you need to recognize,
And if you fail my brothers, if you fail to understand,
Or if I fail to execute the Sun's sacred command,
Care not because the Sun will find an adept renderer
To clear the mystic humming of a lawless wanderer.

Beirut

November 19th 1988

Samer Madbak

Poem 043: Nuptials

I wake up in the midst of night
To distant music of delight
Connubial strains of beauty whole
Pervade the dark and touch my soul
Unconsciously I step outside
Desiring sight of groom and bride
In candid hue the gleeful throngs
Converge on me with bridal songs
Declaring me the plighted king
My queen the source of everything
And who is she? But who am I?
And through the mist I catch reply:
"In wedlock we are born to be...
The spirit and eternity."

Beirut

January 15th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 044, Sonnet 16: No Spring

Alack! There is no spring for me, alack!
My heart is sunken still in wintry slumbers,
Interred beneath the folds of cold Decembers,
How can a digit on some almanac
Proclaim the vernal season, and drive back
A chilling host, a snowy sum of numbers?
How can a breeze upheave the crushing cumbers
That hem my soul with phlegm and yawning lack?
There is no spring! No change unto my state,
No stout volition can metamorphose
A withered shoot into a blooming rose
No sweeping flowerage can animate
A lifeless shape, no, no, there's no ascension,
I'm trapped fore'er within this bleak dimension!

Zgharta

March 21st 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 045: Delirium

Void, then
Music, the monotony
Me...
Me...
Void but once again,
Breeze and filth,
Sun on my back
Me...
The tilth,
The seed...
Black as much as black,
Void, to see...
Waiting, I bleed,
Nothing but an afterglow?
To find
To unbind
I know!
Me...
Me...
Me...

Zgharta
March 22nd 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 046, Sonnet 17: Narcissus

I deem me something of a higher race,
A lonesome lord of dignified estate
I think me origin of time and space
A god whose word is might, whose will is fate.

I reckon me to be the all-in-all
I dream of none, save me an ichored bard
I nurture but the fancies of my soul
Regarding nothing but my self-regard.

I think of truth, I am the verity
Of Beauty, but Apollo ain't the one
Of strength, and I outpow'r all entity
Of stature, and I stand above the sun.

Of love, and I adore all that I see
And all is nothing but my effigy!

Zgharta
March 23rd 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 047: Fallen Spirit

Of amours that I keep in store
One love, one nymph I did adore
How oft I tried forgetting her
I failed! Mem'ries of her recur
And still burn hot
A fervid clot
Within my heart for evermore

O sweet affair and yet malign,
Today I met a nymph divine
What beauty did enrapture me
Both soul and frame, what harmony!
Ah! Cupid shot
The slender spot
And Bacchus drenched me, wondrous wine!

But when I thought it paradise
A friend disbands my reveries
To warn me of the Josephene
That lurks within this dazzling queen
And heaven wot
That no one got
As yet to tame those gypsy eyes.

Oh wit, that calls my friend to trust,
And heart, that squalls to love and lust
What now? Should I from love abstain?
Or else retread the path of pain?
No heart, do not!
Forsake your plot
Forget you must, you must, you must!

Zgharta
March 24th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 048, Sonnet 18: All-One

I loathe your mob, my friends, your plenitude
Insults my loneliness, your populace
Is but the scourge of fragile perfectness,
And in my oneness find I altitude!
I'm one, all one, this is my habitude,
And other matters mind me all the less
Your jamboree, your party profitless
Incite me not, but firm my attitude.
Thus marvel not, my friends, if I but shun
Assembly, to exalt my unity,
To idolize my cloistered entity,
(Self-love is but a tint of Holy sun)
I'm one, show not your pity, nor deride,
Truth, Beauty, Love and God do not divide!

Zgharta

March 28th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 049: Orison

O Lord!

Behold, I am come to summon thee
To the banquet of my worship
For it is thy boundless merit
To consider my adversity.
Look thus upon my hardship,
My broken spirit.

Look upon me, Father of all,
Through the eye of compassion
For I strove to be thy like,
To follow in thy fashion
Oh how I tried...
But darkness did engulf my soul
And tossed the pitiless pike
Of failure in my side.

Oh Lord!

How oft I tried resistance
To this chaotic drove,
How oft I strove
And stumbled...
How I tried to stay at height
And keep my distance
But I was humbled...
How I was bent
To perceive your mystery,
I met no ends.
Woe thousandfold be unto me!
And death bedim my sight!
Because I deemed easy
Your government,
And I trowed breezy
Your stormy trends.

O Lord!

How can I accost thee
For in the foolishness of my heart
I have run astray,
And in my blindness

I have set thee apart
And lost thee
But O life-giver
Will you not show me the way
And be the forgiver
Of my unkindness?
Will you not hearken unto me
For heavy is my breast
And the fullness of atrocity
Is o'er my shoulders
How can I withstand
Those baleful boulders
How can I rest
Without your easing hand?

O Lord!
Consider my repentance
Repentance of a clod
Who in emptiness
Bethought himself a god
And did you ill
Take not thy vengeance
On his core
But forgive his wickedness
For yours is all the power and will
And the glory is thine
For evermore
Until the end of time
Amen!

Zgharta
April 2nd 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 050, Sonnet 19: Leaving Tomorrow

Cease, damsel, cease, your kindness hurts my very core
Cease now, and save your hopeful heart the sorrow
O let your sentiments for me be nevermore
Both of us know that all will end tomorrow.

Cease, damsel, cease, for I admire another girl
Mary, your friend, the fascination of my soul
And I the banner of my love cannot unfurl
As we both know the morrow shall conclude it all.

Cease, damsel, cease, I merit not your passion sweet
Squandered upon a man unread in passion's way
A man of sundry cares, subsisting on defeat
And what's tomorrow but another failing day? !

Cease, tender damsel, cease, and mercy on this heart
Tomorrow's drawing nigh, and I must needs depart.

Khaldiyeh/Zgharta
April 8th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 051: Yearning

Say not: "We wished you were with us"
I know't without your saying thus
You miss me, this I hold as true
But worse is I who's missing you

'Cause each of you recalls the fun
And yearns, but for a person one
Yet, friends, the sorrow's surely mine
I, who for all of you, must pine!

And recollect the days we spent
In solace, ease, and merriment
The joy of love, O sunny spell,
And cosy moments nonpareil

No doubt, most happy times were they
A Morphic dream, an Orphic lay
But every song must end, my dears,
Yea, every vision disappears

As bitterness shakes off our trance
Wakes us to miles of severance
Shows us 'real life': delight and spleen
And us, but swingers in between!

Beirut
April 15th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 052, Sonnet 20: And It Was Love

Forgive me, heart, if I o'erlook your squalls
And quell your utterance. I must ordain
Respite from love, from Mary, and restrain
Your pointless passion, your expression false
Oh can't you see? We are two varied poles
Irreconcilable, what boot, what gain
In love? can verdure correspond with bane?
What puissance can interfuse our souls?
Oh heart, remit my silencing your call
This love, I fear, has waxed affection vain
A vagrant flame unable to attain
The pith of Mary's heart, its hopeless goal
Come now, dear heart, forsake your fancies droll
Mary, your love, shall but a dream remain!

Beirut

April 24th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 053: My People

My people are an avid breed
Desire is in their heart and greed
And yet as long as you don't feed
With them, fear not adversity.

My people's business, first and last,
Is gormandizing their repast,
But never share their goodly mast
And you'll incur no injury.

My people trust a single law:
That which compels a mighty maw
And long as you ply not your jaw
Consider not enormity.

My people are a ghoulish breed
Desire is in their heart, so heed:
"The belly of the foul shall need
And never reach satiety! "

Beirut
May 2nd 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 054: The Battering (A Scene From Beirut During The War)

Once more we gather, once again
In this sheltered room
The pose, the endless pattering
Once more
The midgets' war
Is limning doom...
The iterating strain
The battering, the battering...
The gas lamp ever dangles over there,
The flaxen light
And the pallid faces
What congruity!
Hollow eyes, strewn with care,
With traces
Of outworn vacuity
The frantic night...
Cushions heaped become a bed
The youngsters doze thereon
Busy minds, saffron lips
Talking of days bygone
Smoke, smoke, (our daily bread!)
Consuming the filter tips...
And the weather outside is cold
It's May, I wonder!
The beldame babbles off some yarn
Parables and stories of old,
I like her speech, I give ear
I ponder...
The rage of the shelling!
Who gives a damn?
As long as we are here scattered by the corners
Esteeming and foretelling
Prating, no aim...
And today's a feast!
And the feasters in the route:
Mourners!
The child and the dame,

Victims of the Beast;
Death, gleeful, fluttering
Elated with the bloody loot...
And the muttering...
The smoke again,
The children sleeping
The crone twaddles evermore
Tales of yore...
And outside, the welkin weeping
Outside, the mighty lords of war
Toying with lives
Orphaned children, widowed wives
Father shattered, tearful son
Why? Don't ask why!
"Thus the warlords bade"
How, by heavens, will they shun
The curse within my eye? !
The throats fade...
The sulky lamp is dead
A taper takes o'er
Tales no more!
The weary faces repose
There the children as before
There the lowly bed
The ashtray holds a maimèd fag
The prudent hag
Giving in.
Silence in the room...
I pause...
No more chattering
And outside the battle goes
Towards a catholic tomb
A dire doom...
Outside the ceaseless din,
The battering...
The battering...

Beirut

May 7th 1989

Poem 055: Liberty

Cast off your jealous eye, remove
Those envious looks, you're vexing me
If you bear me respect and love
Untie me, love is liberty...
I cannot see how you would call
Your conduct tender sisterhood,
When I perceive a troubled soul
Reflected in your attitude,
If I bestow a grain of care
Upon a lass -for court'sy's sake-
Or else declare this girl is fair
This did thus, or that one so spake,
This is no passion, dearie, this
Is blind possession, do not bind
My heart, love dies with avarice
But thrives untrammelled, unconfined
Hence, cast off your suspicious eyes
Your zealous peeps are fretting me
You love me? Why then loose my ties
My soul, allow my liberty!

Zgharta

May 16th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 056: Two Trines

Two things I love, two things I honour most,
Two things and each one is a trinity:
The Son, the Father, and the Holy Ghost,
The Vale, the Village, and sweet Poetry!

Beirut

May 21st 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 057: The Garbled Story

Hear this: I am the genie of the flask
The selfsame of that fairy tale of old
I'm he whom Solomon had ta'en to task
And pent, and cast out in the wat'ry fold.

Thus was I borne, a thousand aeons died
During the which an honor word I swore
"He who receiveth me out of the tide
Shall win my services for evermore."

Thus was I lost, confined many a year
The oath I held with full fidelity
Another thousand spent I in the mere
No chanceful man came to my liberty...

And so I was inclined to retaliate,
And this I trothed: "Whoever rescueth
A gassy goblin shall but meet his fate
Him shall I slay, and let him choose his death."

But then a fisherman, ill-fated lout,
Caught up the flask, a treasure of the sea
And opened it and forthwith did I spout
And leapt to from in vast immensity.

"Now will you surely lose your dearly life,
Foul man, choose then a death, for thus I vowed."
"Have mercy, genie, on my kids and wife
I freed you, shall this be the prize endowed? "

And thus he kept entreating with a tone
That showed his misery and penury,
My heart was softened, list'ning to his moan
"Ah wretch! " I said to him, "Go hence, you're free"

I said that and the serpent raised his head
And reckoning a passion in my look
Devised a witless ruse, anon he said:
"But tell me, how did you fit in this nook? ! "

Ha! After all the surety I gave
To this boor he was bent to swindle me
Ill-hearted mortal, beast, immoral knave
My first thought was to tear him utterly.

But thinking once again, myself I mocked
Be men exemplified in this vassal,
Then how can I among them thrive? I rocked
And decomposed back to my vapid vial.

"Make fast the cork, slave of your misery
'Tis better for me to be thrown away
To stay entombed within a dusky sea
Than see the light upon a mortal day! "

Beirut
June 3rd 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 058, Sonnet 21: Downfall

I'm sorry, damosel, you failed the test,
I tried to help you, God knows that I tried,
For three years have I toiled, my efforts plied
In vain, my labor disapproved, unblest.
I tried and failures twain were manifest:
My shallow slip and your abysmal slide
Beg no more aid, dead is your loving guide
Pit-lodger! Call no more, deaf is my crest
The friend of years now silently regressed
His spirit as of old times ossified
His tenets, thoughts, ideals, all denied
His pity, love, inveigled to arrest
Himself to rest as he was wont to be
And you, and love and friendship...vanity!

Beirut

June 17th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 059: Lament For The Past

Now where are they the days of yesterday
The blood of youth, the arbitrary play,
The saintly village and the vale divine,
The cordial elements, dread and sibylline?
Could I to life those olden times restore
Or must they pass to come back nevermore?

Where are the lissome friends of yesteryears,
The happy faces, where are you my peers?
Where are the sires of simplicity,
The artless eyes, the hands of charity?
Material goals have petrified their core
And squandered them, united nevermore.

Where are the limpid mornings of July
The gravid vineyard; tempter of the eye?
Where are the evening tales, the verdant ways,
The shady nut, the rocky seats, the lays?
Time rushes! Fables die, the sycamore
Weeps loneliness, and hymns now nevermore.

Where are the merry children, where's the kirk?
The lusty harvesters set out to work,
The endless fields, where is the rising mist,
The coppices upon the valley's list?
The church is now so different from before
And Mother Nature stretches nevermore.

Where are you Camille, dearest friend of mine,
Where are the hearty prom'nades vespertine?
Th'unearthly dialogues, a lambent moon
Awhile a joke, anon a thoughtful swoon?
Now bonny walks ne'er as they were of yore
And prating, ruminating, nevermore.

Where are you paining spirit? Answer me!
What boot in such a life of scarcity?
Where Love lies heavy-hearted, Beauty dun,
Sweet Hope defeated, pleasure woe-begone?

What profit? Good times I cannot restore
Phantoms to pass and come back nevermore!

Beirut

June 21st 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 060, Sonnet 22: Psalm 22(23)

The Good Lord shepherds me, I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie in verdant meads,
He guideth me beside the placid font.
In paths of righteousness my soul He leads
My spirit is restored for His name's sake.
And though I wander through the darksome vale
Of death, He is with me, I shall not quake
His rod and staff ease me, I fear no bale.
My table He prepareth evermore
E'en in the presence of mine enemy,
He salves my head with oil, my cup runs o'er
Goodness and mercy ever follow me
And I, through all my days of entity,
Will dwell inside the house of Deity.

Beirut

June 30th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 061: Eruptions

My flesh desired, I have ne'er complied
My body wished, all wants have I denied,
Oft have I been in carnal need before,
Oft has a lust egressed from every pore
Uproarious fits of passion struck at core
I stood my ground; my urgencies decried.

My skin petitioned, I did not accede,
My bestial senses raved, I took no heed,
Erstwhile was my libido burning sore,
Erstwhile did my intemperate heart implore
The luscious kiss, the clean caress, the whore!
I killed the man in me, I choked the need!

My youth erupted, Oh! I tarried dumb
My fancies flustered, I did not succumb,
Life's sea now spewed me on its tarry shore
Of complexes, I'm stranded evermore
A bore, a masturbating carnivore,
I stemmed the tide, behold what I've become:
A narcissist, a sodomitic scum!

Beirut

July 8th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 062, Sonnet 23: Riches

My cobs are gravid with the wheat of love
My chalice flows, my lustiness entire
This eaglet spread his wings, this coal's afire
And lo! That sapling thrived in yonder grove
My buds have blossomed, Oh when will the Dove
Send reapers for the flow'rs of my desire
Before this verdure pales, these blooms expire
And I end up a dream, a buried trove...
I made my eyes a lighthouse, arms a cove
Did any sail upon my shores retire?
What maid gathered my petals? Nay! The briar
What pilgrim saw my tent but kept the rove?
My soul is gravid Oh! I am in swell...
Does no one wish to pick an asphodel?

Blaouza

July 13th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 063: Once Again, My Vale

A tardy year has passed my glen
And once again, upon this roof
O'erlooking, I stand still, aloof,
Alone, I muse, I hold my pen,
My hand halts, what should I express?
All songs of worship go astray
What words, what poem can portray
The marvels of your holiness?
I ruminates, Oh mighty Vale
The wonder in your haunting mist
That snowy breath, your silv'ry gist,
Ineffable! Could rhymes avail?
I swoon, I tarry taciturn,
My senses tremble with delight
Exhale, O cryptic dale, excite
My spirit, I should like to burn,
A kindle in your folds my glen
Come now, embrace me once again!

Blaouza

July 24th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 064, Sonnet 24: Material

Hey placid village on the valley's shoulder,
What has befallen your sincere colleens?
That humble youth should turn to saucy teens
And suave adolescence wax rude and colder?
Are those the properties of growing older?
The taints of city life, the noisome genes
Of cancerous Beiruts, of Josephenes,
Of sudden money, such things quickly moulder!
The puffèd faces soon will lose their form
The jewelled bosoms and the beaded hairs
Shall fade, so do array yourselves my fairs
But keep your modesty, stay mild and warm.
Be simple-hearted, tarry ingénue
That I may always love and honour you!

Blaouza

July 28th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 065, Sonnet 25: Score

Now is the day, the bound'ry of July
The close of buoyancy, the end of play
Today my boyhood hums its elegye
To welcome ripeness, Lord! I'm score today.

Score! And the world is now a different place
A sober earth, a sky of gravity
I must inurn my years and wear the face
Of sapience...Ave fair Melancholy!

Score! And the word reechoes everywhere
I see it in the quiet of the thicket
I sense it in the stillness of the air
I feel it in the torpor of my spirit

Score! And my soul surrenders to the truth
I'm twenty now, farewell sweet days of youth!

Blaouza
July 31st 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 066: Freaky World

My world and I are odd duality
So congruent in unconformity,
He persecutes me, challenging me oft
But I select retiring to my loft
O'er taking up the gauntlet, victory
Is his, I fall apart, but even then,
So lovingly, he props me up again.

My world and I are but a couple quaint
Who exercise their craze without restraint,
For he assaults me, out of sympathy,
And in requital I, elatedly,
Give in; choosing to nurse defeat, I faint,
He sings his triumphs, O but even when
I'm crumbling he recruits me once again

My world and I are amity bizarre
Forev'r engaging in fantastic spar
He deals me blows but little do I care
As I would rather truckle to despair
Than fight, his buffets I choose not to bar,
I rupture, but before I count to ten
He aids me up...to thrash me once again!

Blaouza
August 11th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 067, Sonnet 26: Dubiety

Do I love you, do I? O Lord I wish I knew
The jargon of my soul that I may manifest
My lesser secrets, Oh I wish I could construe
The sapless murmurs soaring in my burning breast

Do I love you? And do I trust my sentiments?
Or is it wild illusion, can you figure out
Can you conceive my heart or read my lineaments?
I wonder! Can I obviate the mist of doubt?

Do I love you? I'm in abysmal quandary...
The labyrinth of love has wearied down my brain
I can't define, I cannot reach a certainty
I fear a rash decision and ensuing pain.

So do I love you? There is no assuredness,
My mind is heavy, and my doubt is fathomless!

Blaouza
August 24th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 068: Fable For The Maidens

In a far far land beyond the brine
Once lived a maid in luxury
Her noted name was Saturnine
Her virtues; beauty, brilliancy
And prosperous virginity!

Now the damsel lived in a pompous dome
And round her spread the azure sea
Upon the shore she liked to roam
And sketch herself a fantasy
The knight in shining panoply

And the lovely belle would walk along
Before the sight of a hearty swain
He'd woo her, she would hum a song:
"I never shall waste my love in vain..."
She'd pass him by, indifferently
In ostentatious chastity
And the trees in plain, and the sky and the main
Would stare at the fair surprisèdly
And mock her with disdain!

Blaouza
August 31st 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 069: In Memoriam

This one is in memoriam of Adonis, friend of mine,
Adonis, man of form and grace, of spirit superfine,
Adonis, noble-hearted, incomparable in bloom...
Yea, that was him before he dwelt the silence of the tomb.
That was Adonis, when of yore he loved a deity;
Astartè, unsurpassed in charm, unmatched in vanity!
He sought her love, her passion, pity, warmth, her amity,
She thwarted his advances, scoffed at him, O cruelty!
Adonis, anguished, turned away, a broken heart to soothe
And eyed the maidens of the goddess, temptresses of youth.
He loved them, all! But no fair was considerate enough
To salve his woe; they banished him, a man devoid of love
No sanctuary, defamed, Adonis fled away in pain
To seek no more, for erstwhile had he sought and sought in vain.
A halcyon hand he fin'ly found, but not at Hebe's home
Nor at the shores of goddesses, for he was bound to roam
Directed by his fate, Adonis! Thou ill-fated man
To find a true affection, elsewhere, in the lap of Pan!
That now against the odds, against the gods, against taboos
Two youths in sodomy, defiant, broke the law of Zeus
To savour love, whatever love! Th'Olympian sore aghast
Forbade Adonis to de cease, Adonis standing fast
Paid no heed for the aegis-bearer nor the Furies' ire
But boldly mocked all morals, giving ground to his desire
That soon of that unnamed disease, Zeus' curse, Adonis died
And perished he, not curbèd, but appeased and dignified!

Beirut

November 4th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 070: Let Fall The Rain

Let fall the rain upon my eyes,
My leaden soul is breathless
To quaff the sap of somber skies
Of gods divine and deathless.
Let fall the grace
Upon my face,
Let pour the sweet Aeolian race,
Let down the tide, let it efface
The human trace of stain.

Let fall the rain, my torpid earth
Awaits the torrent's anger
To smite the drought and stone the dearth
To stir th'abhorrent languor.
Let thunder dash
Let lightning flash,
Let Boreas and Zephyr clash
To bring about the purging plash
On man, beast, earth and main.

Let fall the rain, let scowl a cloud,
Let light in smallness cower,
Let Welkin, wrapped in sable shroud,
Acclaim the crowning power.
Let nimbi swarm
And leap to form,
Let racks the face of sun deform,
Let Zeus, whose joy is in the storm,
Afflict the sky in twain.

Let fall the rain upon my head
That I may be abstracted.
In every little droplet shed
A mystery refracted.
Let fall on me
Perchance I see
A spectre of the Verity,
An image of Divinity,
Let fall, let fall the rain.

Beirut

December 10th 1989

Samer Madbak

Poem 071, Sonnet 27: You, Not You

What arid face I see, what rugged care
Is this? What sore hello, what sallow hue?
Are those the jaunty eyes I erstwhile knew?
Is this the lofty brow, the poignant stare?
What yielding words, what bottomless despair?
What? No! It can't be true, this isn't you...
This idle simper, this decisive rue,
This lowered forehead, this is not his air!
The one I know is much more spirited
Head laurelled, victor over accident.
Well minded, animate, self-confident
But you? ! My senses must have been misled
To thinking that you are the friend I know
I'm sorry, stranger! 'T must have been a flaw!

Beirut

January 25th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 072, Sonnet 28: This Is The Sea

This is the sea, the sea of mystery.
The main of cloudy hopes and crimson sighs
This is the wingèd soul of agony
This is the godhood of my memories

This is the girdler of veracity,
The ignorant encompasser of all
The deep that nurtured my necrophagy
The wisdom uttered in my rigmarole

Behold! This is the rheumy fantasy
The livid heart, the mirror of the moon,
The craver for the womb of destiny
The dormant seeker in the sober swoon.

This is the sea, what was and what will be,
This is all that is, this is only me!

Beirut
March 10th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 073, Sonnet 29: Departure

A few more days and I'll desert this land
This little Motherland that fostered me
Off to a different vault, a foreign strand
A stranger ocean, Lo! My destiny!

Another week at most and I shall flee
And life will snatch me from my mother's breast
And throw me at the kerb of quandary
To beg despair and garner up unrest

Soon, soon, this sapling shall forfeit her grove
And dig her callow roots in meagre clay
And yearning shall consume her buds, and love
Shall rack her veins and wilt her heart away

Shortly, I shall depart and aught remain
Bar sweet remembrances and tow'ring pain!

Beirut
April 27th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 074, Sonnet 30: Paternoster

Our Father dear who dwells beyond the sky
Forever we revere thy sacred name,
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done the same
On this earth as it is in heaven high.
Fulfill us this day our necessitye,
Give us our pabulum and do not blame
Our feeble spirits if we e'er defame
Your word, but do forgive our laxitye
As we in likewise manner justify
All those who 'gainst us erred and brought us shame.
And grant to save us from the devil's flame
Yea, lead us not into temptation's eye
For thine is all the glory, all the reign
And yours forever is the pow'r, Amen.

Adelaide

May 30th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 075, Sonnet 31: Go Breeze!

Go, tender breath, go zephyr, meek and bland,
Upon the surface of the tide, go on
Northwestwards, haply you may spot a land,
A little nation, my sweet Lebanon.

Go, and if you descry my country dear,
My ever-bleeding home, pray make a pause
And give a warm salute, nay, give a tear
Unto Beirut, the Mediterranean rose.

Then look upon the North, my sacred North.
Look rev'rently, there is the blessed demesne
Of saints, yea! There you'll find the Maker's hearth,
God's Sanctum, Ay! The vale of Qannoubine.

Look on my village, friends, my agony
Look on and weep a poor man's destiny

Adelaide
June 10th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 076, Sonnet 32: Hullo Again!

Once more we meet and once again my friend
"My heart leaps up" when I behold your face,
Once more I sing your praises and commend
My soul to your ethereal embrace...
Once more when everyone deserted me
A victim to the flames of negligence
You were with me, though in my idiocy
I failed to apprehend your eminence.
For there you came, sweet tut'lary of mine
To aid me out of disesteem and spite
Out of the life itself into divine
Demesnes of solace, realms of full delight.
Yea, there you came, for you would never spare
To stand by me, sole patron, dear Despair!

Adelaide

July 12th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 077, Sonnet 33: The Dreaming

It was a dream, a passing fantasy
A pattern of my hectic hankering
A going-back, O rabid nostalgia
A whim, and wished I 'twas a real thing!
At home I was among my family
Exchanging happy faces, cosy cheers
Consuming time with restless colloquy
Vain stories, remnants of our wonder years...
At home I was lying upon my bed
Envisaging the starry galaxye...
I woke up there, I turned around my head
Seeking those faces, fables and that sky
I looked about, but all what I could see
Was sullen timber walls surrounding me!

Adelaide

July 31st 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 078: August, Alas!

O month of cheer
August of company
August, my dear,
Where is our sweet assembly?
In what apparel do you come?
Your idolist
Has fallen in for misery
His sinews trembly
His pleasure mum
A darkness, heavy mist
In sovereignty
His sunshine overcome!
Your celebrant is lost
On alien grass, bereft
Of Beauty's face
Of God's abundant grace
Of all! So little's left
Bitter feelings, tempest-tossed
Mem'ries, mem'ries galore
Timid stories, moments dear,
Reveries of yore,
And a stifled tear
A tear, and nothing more!
Behold your worshipper undone
That aimless wight
Who used to wait, and ever wait
For you, a reverend guest
And anticipate
Your lively sun
And that one delight;
His village and his vale
His mountain crest
The sprightly day, and sacred night
The fêtes, the evening tale
The virgin ever blest...
That selfsame guy
That roomy breast
Gave in, that glorious gale
Subsided, Fie!

That limpid sky
Now waxen pale...
August, alack!
My world of florid sketches
Turned to shale
My evergreen
Now but a sweeping black
Of horrid sketches
Plains of spleen
August, my sweet delight,
Zenith of love and unison
Have you become the scatterer
The cruel shatterer
Of my humble dreams
In my Lebanon
Oh hark! The temperate night
Is seeking me
The village craves reunion
The valley wants his son
The copses, meadows, streams
The morning sun
My dearly company
The Mass
The altar, the communion
All grieving, call
On me, upon my ravaged soul
Upon my agony
August, Alas!
Fight I my destiny? !

Adelaide
August 9th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 079: On The Eve Of Our Lady's Day (Dormition)

Tonight,
Tonight my dearly brothers celebrate...
My village, my North
All hamlets of my North
All beings commemorate
One especial night...
Tonight the earth
The spotless firmament
In adoration vehement
And blessed mirth
Participate...
A wondrous rite,
A holy sacrament.
Tonight all hearts, all eyes,
All prayers, vows
A million rosaries
Every church and every house
Upon the Virgin calls
"Ave Maria, Queen of skies,
Mercy on our souls..."
Tonight my Valley celebrates
The winsome fair
Everyone is there
My dearly mates
Paying homage
In that tiny village
Joining for the dance
In the cooling air
One circle, one pace
One stance,
One spirit...
Oh I would swear
That I can see it
Sitting here, I retrace...
The wondrous scene
Springs before my sight:
The huddling people race
To the Mass,
And in the churchyard a tambourine

Shakes the solemn night
Every lad and every lass
Step in for the beat
Dabkeh, All night long
An ardent throng
And tireless feet...
Oh how I used
To watch them dancing
How often they tried,
I refused,
I stayed there glancing
Sharing their ecstasy
In silence seeming
When deep inside
A sea, a mammoth tide
Of joy was teeming
I'd sit aside
A little chat, awhile
A smile
A bit of dreaming
And very soon
The night would die.
Happy moments quickly fly
We bid the moon
Farewell, goodbye...
Another night
Forever beaming
In my inward eye
Another swoon
Another memory!

Adelaide
August 15th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 080, Sonnet 34: Psalmody: Shall't Be So O Lord?

O God, wherefore hast thou forsaken us?
Wherefore art thou so distant from our aid?
Seeing that our spirits in despair are laid
A relish to the tyrant incubus?
Behold, O Lord, this deadly Tartarus
Lo! How our dreams are fled, our hopes relayed
By awful death, how freedom proved a shade
A horrid farce, a splitting cumulus.
O Lord, what bale is this? What dire cuss
Upon our hearts? What prosecuting blade?
Thine people suffer, God, we are betrayed,
Turn thou your face? Hold thou your loving thus?
Cease thou your care? Admittest thou the sword
That we should perish? Shall't be so O Lord?

Adelaide
October 14th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 081, Sonnet 35: Mother! I Am Become A Womb

Mother, reverèd Mother, pray give ear
To me, your faithful scion, as I state
Th'ignominy befallen me of late;
What my good brethren did, O goddess hear,
Attend me, crushed beneath the cognate gear
Mother, they trounced me, mangled my estate
Throttled my zest, shaped me a diff'rent trait...
My other half is clear now, Mother cheer!
I am become a living hecatomb
My ashes smell like your entrails, your son
Is nothing but your husband's eidolon
Your like, mother, I am become a womb!
A reeking tomb, I am become my fate
The last of gods, aye Mother, jubilate!

Adelaide

November 16th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 082: Let Fall The Rain (A Year Later)

Let fall the rain upon my eyes
To soothe my troubled crater
Let tears drop from the sullen skies
(Though now it's one year later)
Let fall the flow
To slake my woe
Let sweet Aeolus overthrow
Torpor, let Drought and Dearth lie low...
But now it's all in vain

'Cause if the rain falls on my earth
This time it lacks all power
As now it is of little worth
To me, a tedious shower!
So may it snow
Hey hell! I know
The leaden soul died long ago
And e'en the god I traced di'n't show
So what? ! Let fall the rain!

Adelaide
December 9th 1990

Samer Madbak

Poem 083: And Once Again!

And once again, brothers,
I fought
Against my silent soul
Myself
It was a sober war I sought
I found
My holy mothers
How absurd!
Oh how unsound
To be a man of pelf
Of more than all
And less than naught...
And then,
You erred
No bothers!
There you said
In foul pretense,
(And once again
I never stirred)
That I was ever bound
To recommence...
Just because I fled
The killing roll
The craven craven word
The never men!
Having spared a thought
And turned a head
To bless the caterwaul
And praise the august ground
That suckèd down your sense
And bore you dead!

Adelaide
February 25th 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 084, Sonnet 36: I Am The Grieving Mother, Unconsoled

Mother, what anguish has befallen thee
What burning sighs, what sorrows manifold
Engulf your spirit, Oh what pain untold
Gnaws at your very marrow, misery!
Seeing your son tormented on a tree
At Death's command, a horror to behold
King brought to shame, upon the Cross installed
Weary and wounded, laid to mockery...
O Mother, I will raise the elegy
For him who died to save His faithful fold,
The loving Shepherd, who for us was palled
Within the darkness of the cemetery
Ay! Mother, come, we'll mourn in harmony:
"I am the grieving mother, unconsoled."

Adelaide

March 29th 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 085, Sonnet 37: Mother, How Long?

Belovèd mother, so it has been fated
That I be severed from your pedigree
A budding bough, cut off, incinerated
Weaned child ere savouring your quiddity
Behold my kismet, scion alienated
Denuded of your sweet propinquity
My sturdy spirit, withered, enervated
My quondam treasures? Dire paucity!
Mother, too many crosses elevated
Many a truth, many a tragedy
A million thrashings, gladly tolerated
For naught, save your unstained maternity
A zillion deaths, sustained by your affection
Mother, how long before my resurrection?

Adelaide

July 16th 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 086, Sonnet 38: Upon This Endless Path

Upon this stormy route, I tread for aye
Wayfarer on a suicidal walk
A thousand thistles carpeting my way,
And all creation blust'ring to my stalk...

Upon this trail I go, a vagabond,
Barefooted but unflickering I trot
In shining nudity caparisoned
A tow'ring citadel, I waver not...

Upon this track, a bedlamite, I wade...
Supported by my eccentricity
A swarm of rabid dreams, my cavalcade
One motive, Ay! My singularity...

Upon this endless path, no termini
I march forev'r and e'er until I die!

Adelaide
July 22nd 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 087, Sonnet 39: Twenty Two

Now have I sealed my twenty-second year
Another cycle, my subverted sail
Repudiates repose or change of steer
A crazy craft upon a taxing trail

Now have I rounded out another span
And reckoned naught but time's obtuse parade
Now, so it seems, I am an older man,
A wreckage of a spirit, just a shade...

Now have I orbited and once again
I trod the Earth but found no restful bed
The fowls have nests, the vixen has her den
And I no place to rest my weary head

Now is my twenty-second winter done.
How many more before this cup is run?

Adelaide
August 1st 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 088, Sonnet 40: On The Lord's Day (Transfiguration)

I join you brothers in this very night
This holy eve; I come to celebrate,
Across a thousand shores, I levitate,
A ghost! And here I am, we reunite
And once again our summer is delight
And Heaven has us in exalted state
And lo! Once more our loves illuminate
The darkness, that the moon in silver white
Draws back her luring locks and steals away
Behind the range and leaves us, happy ring,
About the romping fire caroling:
"Today's the fête of God the Lord, today!
And we, O Lord, are but your sturdy men..."
Oh blessed day, when will you come again?

Adelaide
August 6th 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 089, Sonnet 41: Fatum

'Tis true! Those were the happy times, my friend,
The golden age, and that the treasured glory,
Ere dauntless Doom decreed th'unduly end
And swathed in endless hush the tender story.
Ay! True! That was the comfort, now bygone,
And them sweet elfin days, now but a vision,
That was the joy before it was undone,
Ere Fortune smote and markèd out division
Those were the tuneful twinklings, friend, and lo!
The music's now a muffled elegy,
Those were the easy moments; long ago
Before the bitter blow of Destiny
That was mere Heaven friend, but fate required,
That was the life and now it is expired.

Adelaide

October 20th 1991

Samer Madbak

Poem 090, Sonnet 42: The Scare

Sweet Mother, there is nothing I can tell,
My love is past the bound'ries of expression
And if I lisp, my terms are ill digression
A stray account of me, a wasted yell,
Mother I have relinquished all to dwell
On lucid moments (making full secession
From this mêlée) to feed on my depression
And draw my pleasure from the coals of Hell.
Nay! Nothing I may add and all there is;
A morbid ache, a torrid fantasy,
A maddened heart that ever dreams of bliss
And craves for godhood and your Majesty.
All there is, is the scare, the fell alarm
The chance that I may ne'er relive your charm!

Adelaide

February 23rd 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 091: Life Is ...

Ignoble breath
Life is a bitch
And I agree to this
But I wish not
My soul to rot
For rather death
In endless itch
Than faked joys of bliss

And carious lust
Life is a whore
But I will not obtain
My soul to err
By f**king her
E'en if I must
For evermore
A yearning man remain.

Adelaide
May 11th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 092, Sonnet 43: The First Kiss

I saw them standing at the crossroads kerb;
Two schoolers at the prime of puberty
Conversing under an exuding sky
Half wet! And yet the rain would not disturb
Their colloquy, nor could the wind perturb
Their oversight to shelter nearby...
That was before his transport drifted nigh,
He paused and smiled at her, meaning to verb
Farewell, but ere he did she clasped his head
And kissed his lips the sweetest of goodbyes.
She turned around, he grabbed his bag and sped
But O! Who could his gallop see, or speak
The crimson conquering her swarthy cheek
And that triumphant sunshine in their eyes!

Adelaide

May 17th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 093, Sonnet 44: A Phantom Ship

My true beloved is a phantom ship
That sails forever on a mazy ocean
Whose sturdy purpose is a wanton trip
Whose sacred passion is a crazy motion.

Her doughty crew is but a ghostly tar
Whose madness overrides Poseidon's choler,
Her guidance is some unapparent star
Her sweet delight; to mock the awesome roller.

And though her deck is ruins, prow and mast
Are rent, she braves the sea, though sails be tattered,
She ploughs the deep and through the mighty blast
She makes her way albeit wrecked and battered...

My love's a phantom ship that ever steams
Across an ocean of unshapely dreams!

Adelaide
September 5th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 094: Rot

There is no distant bloom,
No other turf
Beyond those swollen eyes,
No rosy womb,
The truth is: I am stranded
In this bony guise
I don my past
My primal gloom
And ride the rancid surf
Branded
As a lonely seeker
On the ocean vast,
Tracing meeker
Dimmer skies
For a starry boom...
We tarry for evermore
In this tedious trance
On that waxen shore
Slithering into aurum
Slipping into a pebbly roar
And a lightless dance
In perfect decorum!
Disdaining any likely green
Any credible flower
Slighting any other stance
Than my moving like a leaden shade
Unseen
Thorough some fenny glade
Some rotten bower...
I brandish my disgrace
And scour
For a crumb of misery
Among those vain soliloquies
This empty space,
Questing my senses
And my colloquies...
No, no! There are no wavering lulls
B'yond those pretenses
The truth is: I remain a pendency

In this static flare,
I spin the air
And choose to nestle
In a bay of skulls
Upon a tarry sea
A tired vessel
I flounder
In a diabolic whizz
Towards a cemetery
Of hulls,
I anchor to fulfill
My obsequies,
To founder
In a deathlike chill
A far profounder
Stagnancy
A sounder
Dormancy
A deeper still!

Adelaide
November 4th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 095: Song Of The Sea-Shell

Forever I remain
A mystic sheen
Brooding at my leisure
In this livid stream
Of splendid Art.
Within a mammoth main
Of winsome green
Whose sacred treasure
Is the radiant dream
Of my spheric heart...

Adelaide
November 24th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 096: Mythology

'Twas not my fault
But cosmic time
That flung me to this vault
Of boundless strife
An airy breath,
He made me to adore
My theories
Embrace myself and yield a Death,
A slime,
That bore
All histories
Into a silent tomb
Of ancient lore
And ashen memories...

Adelaide
December 4th 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 097, Sonnet 45: That Tender Soul

'T may be I stirred the calmness of that world,
Cankered the blooming verdure of these holts.
'T may be the dismal secrets I unfurled
Unto that heart proved none but baleful bolts.

'T may be I strained that bosom, yoked them shoulders
With callous fancies and capricious fears.
'T may be my words were bane, my comments boulders
My notions that evoked those costly tears.

And yet, that able breast embraced my plaints
Did not retire before my Abbadon
But trod the ambers of my torrid taints
And sipped the waters of my Acheron.

Yea, 'twas that tender soul whose priceless merit
Has lullabied the fury of my spirit!

Adelaide

December 23rd 1992

Samer Madbak

Poem 098: Tedium

Upon the seamy strands
Of nonage,
Beneath the scorching kindle
Of this canopy
There is none!
None but me
Stretching my lifeless hands
Around the spindle
Of Destiny
Caressing my image
Upon the sands
Until the crimson sun
Inclines to fuse
With the sweeping sea
I cannot choose
But to dwindle
Endlessly...

Adelaide
February 28th 1993

Samer Madbak

Poem 099, Sonnet 46: Leading Heart

O brazen heart, enmeshed in sin primeval,
How long will you maintain your wicked ways?
Wherefore your lurid fires remain ablaze?
What mightiness can smother your upheaval?
O how I oft attempted your retrieval
In vain, how strove I to constrain your craze,
Your bacchic bent, how oft an inch I'd raise
You'd plummet leagues into the tide of evil
O pith of bane! I cannot but conform
With your mischief and bend before your storm
You lead now! Maybe your paludal plies
Embrace the crystal fount of Paradise,
Perchance your charring on the pyre of shame
Brings forth the rising Phoenix from the flame!

Adelaide

April 26th 1993

Samer Madbak

Poem 100: Abiding Agony

No intimate!
These torments cannot pass
To sudden nullity,
They tarry there
Within that idle mass
Of blessed care...
I nurture their seeds
Towards an infinite
Of misery!
No! friend, I cannot cast my shroud,
Tear my weeds,
And bare my sorrows vestal
Before this sordid crowd
Of festal
Trumpery!
I cannot burn my cot of reeds,
And join the sheaves
Of glory hunters...
Step into the endless row
Of prigs and pompous punters,
Forsake my genial willow,
No! I can't forgo
My bed of aspen leaves
My ashen pillow...
You err my friend!
These suff'rings must abide
'Til Nature's end
And hold
To perpetuity,
Ling'ring deep inside,
For evermore,
Within this hapless mould
Of bitterness
I cultivate their core
Towards a timelessness
Of ecstasy!

Adelaide

June 6th 1993

Samer Madbak

Poem 101, Sonnet 47: Graveyard

No friend! You can't lay foot upon this soil
This earth is mine, these endless barren meads
Are all but mine, these poplars and those reeds
Are but the harvest of my fallow toil.
This is my arid tilth and I will foil
All plunderers who come to pluck the seeds
Of vacuum, and uproot the gainless weeds...
This waste, my friend, must never be your spoil
And if I but your bold advance recoil
'Tis out of pity, that your rosy deeds
May not miscarry, nor your merit leads
You unto ruin. Let me not embroil
Your vestal buoyancy, so please vacate
Your schemes, my friend, elude a noxious fate!

Adelaide

August 24th 1993

Samer Madbak

Poem 102, Sonnet 48: Sorrow Springs Eternal

I am...what am I but the tree of grief
That grows forev'r amid this verdant wood?
An eyesore in this grand beatitude
A foul arborescence, a saffron leaf...
What am I - to the Pruner's disbelief -
But branches that oppose vicissitude?
An idle stand, a fruitless lassitude,
I am Dolor's delight, Burden's relief.
And 'spite the lively winds that break my withes
I live on! 'spite the vim, the seasons vernal
Galling my bole, the elements diurnal,
Ev'n if I fall to Fortune's axe, Time's scythes,
Ev'n if I die, preserved remains my kernel,
My woe endures, my sorrow springs eternal!

Adelaide

October 2nd 1993

Samer Madbak

Poem 103, Sonnet 49: Dead

Forgive me, friend, if I should epilogue
Our little tale, and have my fervor twirled
To gravity, my senses firmly furled,
And calmness once again my spirit's vogue...
Love cannot be my cordial dialogue;
The brook of passion who benignly purled
Erstwhile within my heart, in time, has curled
His blabbing banks and chose to disemboque
Into the cataract of charity...
Forgive me but I cannot force the rill
To alter, for your sake, his noble will
And reinstate his old identity...
The passion-stream is dead my friend, and we,
In this respect, must sever company!

Adelaide

March 12th 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 104, Sonnet 50: On An Intimate's Departure

There is a certain glamour in those eyes
A curious blend of grief and gaiety
That nourishes my heart with buoyancy
Exalts my spirit unto blissful highs...
There is enchantment, though I don the guise
Of wit, believe not my serenity
The truth, my friend, is that your amity
Is habit, and I cannot neutralize
This delicate addiction which is you.
There's charm, and when you're not around I seem
To nurture deprivation in my heart,
A sense of loss that no one can subdue
Save your sweet presence, Friend! Who will redeem
My grave bereavement when you shall depart?

Adelaide
March 21st 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 105, Sonnet 51: Candied Smile

Smile on, once more, before you leave my friend
And tune my spirit into jollity,
Let me partake of your sweet amity
Before these dainty moments come to end.
And Oh! If I had power to suspend
This fugitive delight indef'nitely
To hoard the manna of your quiddity;
Provision when my haggard days impend...
Smile on, my friend, before I sublimate
This savory smile to loftier extents
When, like the Hyacinth, you shall vacate
My eyes and wear the grander lineaments
Of Beauty, hence, my darling, smile to me
Nay! Smile your way to immortality!

Adelaide
July 22nd 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 106, Sonnet 52: No Place For Me

There is no place for me, no sanctuary
'Mongst you, my friends, there's nothing to relate us
Two worlds, divided by a deep hiatus,
We stand apart till perpetuity,
We are the hub of contrariety
Shirking whatever may associate us,
You jib at my beliefs, my curious status
I mock your codes, your solid entity.
We are Dissent, and my outlandish soul
Must roam the heavens of insanity,
My mouth must sip the elixir of gall,
And feed the lotuses of oddity...
That's why, my friends, this is no place, no stall,
No harbor for my wand'ring argosy!

Adelaide

July 29th 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 107: Perceptions

Another fakèd kiss
A woeful brotherhood
Life...
Another flame,
A muffled hoot
In the hiss
Of strife...
I am a wizen shoot
Blighting the thickets
In the wood
Of shame
I pass the wickets
And reach the gate
To bliss
Another dawning
Of Fate
I am the yawning
Of Abyss.

Adelaide
August 22nd 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 108, Sonnet 53: The Quintessence Of Love

If I should love you with undying zeal
And carve you on the boulders of my mind,
Then let ethereal Grief our spirits bind
In chains of misery, hawsers of steel,
Let Sorrow lash our souls, and Anguish weal
Her marks upon our fragile hearts, aligned
Forev'r in blood, we bleed until we find
The gist of deathlessness, the love ideal...
Let thus the lacerations of Ordeal
The holy Golgotha we self-assigned
Open the eyes that faulty love made blind
To fathom that which Comfort did conceal
And if we bear the Cross, be not repined
This love will perish if our gashes heal!

Adelaide

September 26th 1994

Samer Madbak

Poem 109, Sonnet 54: Until I Wax A Man

So here I go again, another toss,
A sharper veer within this gruesome main
I set my raft, and journey once again
Leaving the shore of lies, the quay of gloss...
A million perils I have come across
And yet a myriad must be underta'en
Before I wreck upon the cliffs of pain
And seize the heart of life, the taste of loss...
Allow me thus to slay the albatross
The boons of Nature let me now disdain
And fall from grace, and grace once more regain
Until I earn the right to bear my cross
And tote the heavy seal of life, and span
The endless world till I become a man!

Beirut

January 4th 1995

Samer Madbak

Poem 110, Sonnet 55: On Teachers' Day

How shall I thank you? Let me count the ways
And though the styles of hearty gratitude
Are various, do forgive my attitude
If I, in shaky verse, should pen my praise
And yet, what words can I employ to phrase
The tale of one whose lofty habitude
Is self-denial, rendered for the good
Of many that they may have better days...
O lamp of generations, let your grace
Your boundless bounty be our guiding light
Upon life's path, and if we can't requite
Your excellence, let us at least embrace
Your sacrifice and follow faithfully:
To give, to give, and give abundantly.

Beirut

February 22nd 1995

Samer Madbak

Poem 111: On Mother's Day

Past my bed
She sneaks
At morning break
With her restful face
And that woolen shawl
Cloaking her head
She peeks
To see if I'm awake
Her sober voice in grace
Utters the coffee call
I rise
To meet the day
In my mother's eyes
And freshen at her soothing air
I read her heart sincere
And shed away
The pall
Of dim despair
Her words of cheer
Occasion another morn
Unto my soul
She smiles, and with a kiss
Pronounces me
Reborn
Of love and liberty
Reshaped in Bliss!

Beirut
March 27th 1995

Samer Madbak

Poem 112: Thy Glory, Thy Valley

I thank You for your goodness Mighty Sire
Whose grace has safely moored my wasted galley,
Dismiss Thy servant now, to Your desire,
My eyes have seen Thy Glory, seen Thy Valley!

Blaouza

May 9th 1995

Samer Madbak

Poem 113, Sonnet 56: Crowns Of Dolor

Vacate me now, begone! vapid content,
Let me regain my life and reassume
The seat of visitation, mace of gloom...
My heart contemns the yoke of merriment.
Let me caress my downfalls heaven-sent
Extol my quondam injuries, exhume
The relics of my bitterness and plume
Myself on bramble bays of detriment,
O solace vain! Exempt me from your bliss
Your spurious skies, your verdurous extremes
I only covet rue, I only miss
The rayless beauty of Niobean themes
Desert me at the edges of Abyss,
I plunge and yield myself to somber dreams...

Hammana

July 23rd 1995

Samer Madbak

Poem 114, Sonnet 57: Here Is My Heart

Thou who has long been tapping at my door,
How oft you stood without, and called for me
Neglected my neglect, my apathy
O'erlooked my oversight, my slight forbore...
O Lyre of love, and Heaven's blameless score
I stunned my ears and drowned your melody
In Stygian folds of vice and infamy
And yet, your strains intoned for evermore!
Here is my vagrant sail, my restive oar
Make this your vessel, take the captaincy
Divert it from this Leviathanic sea
And moor my self upon your peaceful shore...
Here is my vacant heart, come in and dwell,
Make this your home, O come Emmanuel.

Beirut

March 11th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 115: A King's Elegy

Dethrone me now, depose me
Usurp this gaudy crown
Before I coalesce
With this lofty seat
Put me down
Abash my crest, repose me
Until I learn to bless
This humble earth
Until I know my worth
And lick defeat...
Disrobe me now, expose me
Unshoe my royal feet
And grind my mace
Deport my radiant face
Exile me to a thousand Babels
Omit me there
Upon some ashen bed
To pluck my hair
To bare my head
Interring my disgrace
In cinder and in sables...
Desert me here to die
To welter in my infamy
Until I learn to glorify
This freezing cold
This terrifying heat,
Abandon me, hungered and galled
Thankful to feed
The crumbs the dogs have spared for me
Leave me to bleed
Until my sores are blest
My pain is sweet
Till I discover who I am
And gain my rest
Upon the gentle breast
Of Abraham.

Beirut

April 24th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 116: The Lantern Of The Vale

Smiling as yet
That happy smile belies
Her tragic history
Defies regret...
Her life of loss
Details the Mystery
Of Christ upon the Cross...
Grieving still
And yet despair
Despaired of all his tries
To swill
The beauty of her face.
The wrinkling
Wrought by care
Has failed to minimize
The glorious twinkling
Of her eyes
The virtue of her grace
Striving as e'er
Another sycamore
Rooted deep
Within a blessed soil
Behold her there!
Upon the Valley's steep
A lantern burning evermore
With a sacred oil
A holy will
She's shining still
A glimmer never pale
A flicker never faint
Once more this blessed Vale
Begets a saint!

Beirut

July 19th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 117: Condemned

Inside of me
A myriad fires
Are lit
The cords of misery
Are firmly knit
How oft I laved
In flames of foul desires
In founts depraved
Many a time
I touched the Pit
Lo! How my life is galled
Is moored in mud
In slime
Oh! Why did I that Man enfold
Embrace
That holy face
How could I've underpriced
That sacred blood
And hauled
A king upon disgrace...
Inside my core
The loops of woe are spliced
When will I cease to bore
The side of Christ? !

Kaslik
August 30th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 118, Sonnet 58: Decade

Ten years have passed since last I penned a line
So little have I writ, so much untold
So grievous, and so dear the days of old
So flagrant and consummate my decline
Ten years, the kingdom of ordeal was mine
And still I sleep upon my bed of mould
And tremble with delight when I enfold
The bilious breast of Hel, my concubine
Ten vacant years, too hollow to resign
Too many tears, too scalding to withhold
My quill is dry, and Oh! This heart is cold
Sludgy the fountain erstwhile crystalline
Ten years... so little scrawled, so little said
My soul too idle, and my Muse too dead!

Kaslik

September 11th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 119: The Living Waters

Fountain of living waters
We have forsaken thee
Behold!
Your sons and daughters
Chose to hew
Vessels of laxity
That cannot hold
Your holy dew,
O Fount, reclaim us now
Endow
To us your genial soul,
Sprinkle our hearts with waters of your well
O lucid source
Render us cisterns whole
Dilate us, let us swell
And overflow again...
We take our course
Obtrude
Upon the sea;
The tide of stagnancy
Shall live again
And all Creation
All shall be renewed,
Our banks will ever be
Places of sweet resort
The many fish will sport
All kinds of vegetation
Shall spring alive
Shall thrive
Upon our silt
All trees shall sprout
With robust roots
The leaves shall never wilt
The fruits
Shall not die out!
Oh! Let us overpour
Westwards and East
And South and North
Let us gust forth

Into the vales, between the hills
Give drink to every beast
For evermore!
The birds of air shall house
Upon the boughs
And sing their trills
To laud the splendor
Of the Mustard Tree
The grandeur
Of eternity...

Kaslik
September 28th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 120, Sonnet 59: From A Teacher To Another

Were I a student, after all these years,
I would elect to learn my native tongue
Once over! I'd attend your class, all ears,
And vainly wish the bell to stay unring.

I'd study well, to answer any quest
Rewarded with your smile, your sweet attention
And yet, I wouldn't spare to cause unrest
If you could promise me a "lunch detention".

I'd bear harassment from my mates, the shame
Of being termed the "dig", the teacher's page,
But then again, I know you wouldn't blame
My puerile passion at this tender age.

Were I a student, I would fain restart
Learning the native language of your heart!

Kaslik
September 29th 1996

Samer Madbak

Poem 121: I Stand Alone

I stand alone
Despite the gentle eyes
This playful policy
And my ambrosial tone
Here is my rancid place
My fallacy
The body I disown
My clever face
This is the core of lies
Despite the prudent beat
The perfect fit
I am what I am not
The flutter of conceit
A warp of wit
I am the vagrant shot
The pennant of defeat...
I stand apart
Despite the lettered smile
My sober deeds
Here is my roguish heart
My prosy creeds
And these my fancies infantile
I am what I undo
What I repeal
These eyes beclouded
Marbled
Garbled
Like a faulty prism
And these sentiments unreal
These words untrue
I am what I un-feel
A dying figure, shrouded
In autism
Drowned in space
A pile of slew
A bodyful of gashes
Oh! I am my ashes
Urned in grace
In godly rue.

Beirut
February 8th 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 122: The Dark One

The "dark one" is a somber hood
A latent wood
Thickened with inky green
With lavish blank
What sorrows has she been
What grottoes, hid and dank,
What cankered aptitude? !
The "dark one" blooms
By muddy brooks unseen
How many vessels sank
Within her soul
How many darkling days
How many dooms
Have trimmed her kingly head
With gloomy bays
With laurels sable
Swathed her in a pall...
The "dark one" is a book unread
A tear unshed
So many miseries equipped
With miseries her table
And have fed
Her heart with dole
Have dipped
In holy gall
Her sooty bread!

Beirut

February 13th 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 123: Martyrdom

Methought I heard the "dark one" speak
Methought the covert creek
The rill
Has sadly purled
In yonder hill
In brushes now unfurled
In thickets plain
Methought I stole a peek
At that secluded world
That martyrdom unique
That holy pain

Perhaps the buried trove
Was disinterred
Perhaps I heard
Niobè's keen
A chirp in yonder grove
A trill of grief
The flutter of a wounded bird
What torments have I seen? !
What blood of love?
What crest of disbelief?

The "dark one" spoke
Praising her detriment
Lauding her bitter bread
Her anguish heaven-sent...
She will not doff
Her pitchy cloak
Undo her ashen bed
Or scoff
At cordial care...
The "darksome one";
Will never trace
Should never seek
The blush of life, the genial sun
Cannot absorb
The lively air
She is her own illumination

And her single grace
She is that lucent orb
The apogee of pique
The spotless connotation
Of despair
She is the weariness of Cain
That martyrdom unique
That holy pain.

Beirut
March 19th 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 124, Sonnet 60: Truly You Are The Son Of God

Many a furlong from the restful land
Sea-swept and overthrown, now lies the bark
The waves of sin, the night of worldly dark
Assault my faithless soul, divest my sand
I cede to chaos, fall to Death's command
My woe attains extremes, my sorrow stark
When, like a ghost, Oh "Everlasting Mark"
You come to me walking upon the strand
I scream in fear... "'Tis I...", with heart remanned
And at your bidding I but disembark
And in my indecision I remark
The tide of care, I start to sink, your hand
Delivers me with rightful reprimand
You come into my heart, you still my cark...

Beirut

August 24th 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 125: She Drinks The Sea Of Rhyme

She sails for aye
A wanton steamer
On a viewless track
Seeking a ghostly bay...
A dreamer
'Twixt the depths and shores
Of opulence and lack
Of pleasures and of sores...
Into the witching waves
She plummets
Laves
Probing the flow
Singing her pit, her summits
Dissolving
In her afterglow
Ever revolving
In a strand
Of dizzy states
Beneath a thousand moons
She drinks the sea
Of rhyme,
And permeates
The swelling sand
Until she swoons
In ecstasy
Beyond the orb of time...
Until she resonates
With grand
Eternity
With love sublime...

Beirut
September 22nd 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 126, Sonnet 61: The Passion Lapped In Still

She banishes the voice, expels the word
Muffles the timid phrases of the soul
All goes astray, all speech is rigmarole
The mouth betrays, the thought tarries unheard
Little is said, and what can be inferred
From hopeful smiles that mask the truer call
From desperate looks that cannot tear the pall
Of silence, and exhume the love interred...
She pillages the spirit, unbestirred,
Plunders the breath and consummates the fall
Does not the sovereign belle the heart enthrall?
Does not the heart exalt the yoke incurred?
She loots the amorous tunes, deludes the will,
Oh! Can she read the passion lapped in still?

Beirut

November 18th 1997

Samer Madbak

Poem 127, Sonnet 62: God! I'm Home

Too disinclined for further enterprise
Too spent the ship that cruised a thousand oceans
Too dense to sail the azure of your eyes
I scuttle, now, the fleet of my emotions
I founder till I rest upon your floor...
Embrace me in your billows, drag me down
I love to drown in you for evermore
And love you deeper as I deeper drown...
Enfold me, though my deck be watertight,
Buffet my sails, defeat my stalwart face
Your honeyed brine, my love, is pure delight
Diffusing through my pores, heavy with grace
I plummet in your heart, too tired to roam
Sleeping beneath your waters... God! I'm home!

Beirut

March 28th 1998

Samer Madbak

Poem 128, Sonnet 63: I Miss You, Love

I miss you, love, I miss your presence dear
Your smile, your scent so sweet fill not the air
The walls are dull, the bed is bleak and bare
Where is that soothing touch, your heart sincere?
The lap that lulls my wrath, and drowns my fear
The shoulder cornering the clouds of care
The hand that wipes the forehead of despair
The words that prop the heart, and dry the tear?
I miss you, love, amid this swamping cheer
Despite this hemming green, the sunny flare
Your emerald remains beyond compare
Your silky gold looks down on Sol as peer
I miss you, love, and Oh if Death were brave
I'll miss you in my sleep, and b'yond the grave!

Washington

June 23rd 2000

Samer Madbak

Poem 129, Sonnet 64: Poor Connection

Connection not established, dear, your "pic"
Your rosy face has not adorned the "cam"
Your loving eyes, obstructed by this jam,
Still hide behind my bootless "double-click"
I tried "reboot", exhausted every trick,
To win a glimpse of you, albeit sham,
A kiss, a smiley face, a "Love you, Sam..."
To light my room and flame my spirit's wick
Connection down! The lines and I are pressed
My sorrow doubles, sev'rance multiplies,
Once more your pillow hosts my teary eyes
I hug your dress, and lull myself to rest...
Connection lost! The night is grim and vile
Oh will the line, tomorrow, lug your smile?

Beirut

September 17th 2004

Samer Madbak

Poem 130, Sonnet 65: Lonely Wedding

Your lipstick is untouched, your wrinkled skirt
Unironed, dryer hushed, your sweet cologne
Does not pervade the room, and all alone
I dust my suit and flat my yellow shirt
I will be unescorted, unbegirt
Tonight your darling voice will not intone
What dismal eve, what sorrows overgrown
Shall lade my heart and magnify my hurt?
I toast the newly-weds as I insert
A hollow smile upon a face of stone
I scan the dancers, swank and overblown
The tipsy couples vacuously flirt...
Your plate is clean, my lips unkissed and sere
They play your favourite song, I wipe a tear...

Beirut

September 22nd 2004

Samer Madbak

Poem 131, Sonnet 66: My Last Nissan

That's my last Nissan rolling down the street
Looking as if she were brand new, this hand
That veered her supple wheels has no command
She moves, but these are not my pressing feet
There is another pilot in my seat
Another parting, as I try to stand
My tears, my vision blurs, my words disband
I wave adieu, she stirs, and I retreat
Swallow my lumpy throat and my defeat
I never thought my feelings could expand
To lifeless steel, this sorrow was unplanned,
This rueful end...Oh loneliness complete!
I turn around, around the bend she sneaks
That's my last Nissan rolling down my cheeks!

Beirut

November 14th 2004

Samer Madbak

Poem 132, Sonnet 67: Monody Of A Moribund Man

These dreams are bootless, all those hopes and cheers
Are purposeless, the dandy days conceived
Within my mind, confused and self-deceived,
Have dissipated... squalid souvenirs!
Lo! my delusive bliss now disappears
A fool I was! Vain all that I believed
What praise I earned? what zenith I achieved?
The pit of scorn, the well of tepid tears...
I shut my heavy eyes now, bung my ears
Decry the life I gleefully received
I shed my stir, the clangor fades and clears
And torpor, Oh sweet sopor perseveres
I bide... devoid of breath, of death bereaved
A moribundity... a dross of years!

Beirut

May 12th 2007

Samer Madbak

Poem 133, Sonnet 68: Reflections On The Sayings Of Elder Joseph The Hesychast

Here is the grandest science, greatest work
To flog yourself, this is the finest art
To name the darkness light, and radiance murk
Until all vain convictions fall apart
All thoughts that tell you: "thou art right" depart
Till every haughtiness sustains defeat
Until you wax insane, though in your heart,
Your solemn understanding is concrete
Your deep percipiency becomes complete
You eye it all, though veiled from every eye
For whosoever obtains the Paraclete
Is not examined, yet can all descry
Whoe'er fixates above his nous and soul
Attains Theosis, scrutinizes all.

Beirut

December 20th 2008

Samer Madbak

Poem 134, Sonnet 69: To David Spooner, A Cherished Colleague

Dear Dave, your arguments, I must admit,
Have often struck an amenable chord
A man of knowledge vast, of savvy wit,
A whiz of rhetoric, a diction lord,
A self-confessed complainer, yet I find
A lot of nifty humour in this Hume
A nihilist of rules, whose words refined
Have set our wintry 'high school staff' abloom
A Spooner who has spooned some spoony pates
Inviting us to philosophic peaks
To question norms and delve in deep debates
Though oft we strive to grasp his crisp critiques
And oft we spat, but sibs can disagree
Yet colleagues cherish collegiality.

Beirut

February 14th 2009

Samer Madbak

Poem 135, Sonnet 70: Whitewashed Tomb

Oh den of dire dreams, and pit of pain
How woeful are your whims, your wicked web
Your beaming bliss is but a bilious bleb
Thou hole of heady hopes, O world inane!
How eagerly we seek, we plod in vain
Conceive the climax, but effect our ebb
Until the coffin swallows king and pleb
And darkness harries our bizarre campaign
We chase our fancies, who can seize the fume?
Sell all to buy the gem we cannot spend
Our buds we groom until our petals bloom
Abloom, upon Life's thorny stem, we rend
We fix our lamps, set out to meet the groom
We find our doom, the whitened tomb...our end!

Beirut

July 8th 2010

Samer Madbak

Poem 136, Sonnet 71: Hebetude

Impound my verve, dissolve my grief, unhinge
The weary rusted pivots of my cheer
I wield my chest, brandish your torrid spear
And jab at will, I won't retract or cringe
Till no more hopes to sear, no dreams to singe
No passions in this carcass stiff and sere
Exuviate my smile, arrest my tear
Belabor, thump this lump, this clump of dinge
Expunge my green, propel me to the fringe
Disperse my wilted sepals, blossoms drear
Stagnate my joy and shroud my eyes with blear
Until the flutter dies, no laugh, no whinge
No fleer, no fear, no blink or sneer, no twinge
A hebetude of life, a deathly bing.

Beirut

September 24th 2013

Samer Madbak

Poem 137, Sonnet 72: Devoir

There is no blood beneath this hollow hull
A lifeless life of missions to fulfill
I grit my grit beneath this restless mill
I don the pall of burden, dark and dull,
Amid this deathly din, no lively lull...
Grim duty douses beauty in a chill
I jug my joys and swill the bane of ill,
The thrill of charge and cull my bliss to null
The yoke of obligation quells my will
I suffocate, my lusty soul is tethered
My lustful body, continent and weathered,
I roll your wheels but my own hub is still
Divest my self to keep you fit and feathered
I am your prey, your game game, take the kill!

Beirut

May 8th 2014

Samer Madbak

Poem 138, Sonnet 73: Figless

My stalk is dry, these boughs are struck with blight
This figless foliage stands a barren tree
A life anathema my fair decree
To wither from the roots is verdict right
I am the mark of ruin, bark of spite
The teardrop midst the joy of Bethany
The Gloom that counters Bloom's hegemony
The leafage shed despite the summer bright
I wilt, no more the sparrow's honeyed rest
The cloth of Adam, or Nathaniel's lair
Accursed and stigmatized, my buds unblessed
I shed my verdancy, my limbs are bare
I am the perch of owls, the raven's nest
A cast of branches waiting for the flare!

Beirut

March 12th 2015

Samer Madbak

Poem 139, Sonnet 74: Fish

Oh little pet, how much we are akin
Two lonesome creatures in a crystal jail
With glassy eyes we plod an aimless trail
An idle flutter and a visc'ral fin
We dance a restive reel, a lifeless spin,
A motion muffled, an unruffled sail
A vacant voyage, silent, sullen, stale,
When is the end, my friend, my toneless twin?
We rove incessantly, but tarry still
A sleepless swim, a drowse without respite
What use, when we've eternity to kill
And cannot find a moment of delight?
Come now, another twirl, my bantam fish
Our lives a curse and death a distant wish!

Beirut

March 21st 2015

Samer Madbak

Poem 140, Sonnet 75: Deference

Domesticated, this bloodthirsty beast
Is tame, these feral urges are subdued
Refined and meek the erstwhile brash and crude
And fragrant fasting foils that flagrant feast
Emasculated, these whims are policed
Austere and abstinent replace the lewd
And that which was with livid lust imbued
Is now renewed with order's godly yeast
Come graze, the craze is lulled, the wolf is fleeced
With white submission, dulled and plain the shrewd
The leash is tight, the prurient a prude
Your wills be done, my own for good is leased
I am your slave, the vane that tails your mood
The bridled knave, the passions unreleased!

Beirut

March 23rd 2015

Samer Madbak

Poem 141: Let Fall The Rain (Many Years Later)

Let fall the rain, O sulky skies
Bring down your sullen splashes
One final time to seal my eyes
And lock my lolling lashes
Let spill the spate
Upon my pate
Let down the chute of fluid fate
Let all this turmoil dissipate
This moil of joy and pain

Let fall the rain upon this hull
This figure dull and ashen
To shawl my soul with arrant lull
A stole of dumb dispassion
Let blow the squall
The closing call
Let down the wondrous waterfall
A shimm'ring shroud, a placid pall
Of liquid cellophane

Let fall the rain, let flow the flood
The sprinkle of ablution
The epilogue of breath and blood
The tacit resolution
Let plunge the pour
To still this core
The drizzle dins the dismal score
A tale dissolves for evermore
Let fall, let fall the rain!

Beirut
January 29th 2016

Samer Madbak

Poem 142, Sonnet 76: Winter Spell

This is no June, 'tis not the summer bloom
But wintertide, this figure frail and ill
Cannot contend with Ruin's rugged will
This body's petered out before its doom
Capitulated ere the ghastly tomb
Consumed by aches and Torment's overkill
A face o'ergrown with many a snowy quill
Upon this skin telluric patches loom
Foretell the end, the crowning earthen womb
Dimmed eyes, deaf ears portend the closing still
The waning breath, the last turns of the mill...
I groom this carcass for its gelid room
I plume it with the soot of hallowed gloom
Embrace the till of Loss, my final chill.

Beirut

June 16th 2017

Samer Madbak

Poem 143, Sonnet 77: Dormition

Lay down your head, your helmet spent and sore
You earned your sacred lull, the final spoil
Tear out the cuirass of this mortal coil
Repose awhile, at length, for evermore
Let me embrace these shoulders, worn by war
The vambrace and them spaulders, torn with toil
And kiss the gauntlets, blessed by hallowed moil
And at your solemn greaves kneel and adore
There is no other quest, no crowning chore
Your final brigandine is flow'rs and soil
A rosary enfolds your faults, and oil
Anoints your galley as it sails ashore
A knight in radiant armor, saint at core
A mother glorified at heaven's door.

Beirut

August 15th 2019

Samer Madbak