

Poetry Series

**Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2023

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek(10-10-1957)**

Mr. Siddiek was born in Sudan in 1957. He got his BA in English with MERIT from Khartoum University in 1982. and an MA in Translation from the Islamic Institute for Translation in Khartoum, and another Master's degree in Teaching English as a Foreign Language TEFL from University of Juba -Sudan in 2001. He got his Ph.D in Applied Linguistics with EXCELLENT in Language Assessment in 2004 from Omdurman Islamic University-Sudan. Since then Dr. Siddiek has been lecturing in Sudan and Saudi Arabia. He published many articles in ELT journals in USA, UK, Canada, Finland, Australia and India. He attended conferences and read papers in Harvard and Purdue. His papers were also accepted in other places such as France & Canada. He is the Author of two books: Assessment of the Sudan School Certificate English Examinations and Language Challenges in Post-War Sudan. Siddiek's major fields of interest are language testing, language planning, translation & Teacher Training. He is a member of editorial Boards of International Journal of English Linguistics, English Language and Literature Studies-in Canada. He is also an editor in International Journal of Applied Linguistics & English Literature-Australia. Dr. Siddiek has recently been assigned a reviewing task from OXFORD JOURNAL OF APPLIED LINGUISTICS. He is a member of the Centre for Promoting Ideas CPI-USA, the Sudan Studies Association-USA and Sudanese Association of Translators in KSA. He has one collection of poems in which he addressed some socio-cultural, political and environmental issues at regional and international levels. Dr. Siddiek is now associate professor in applied linguistics in Al-Zaeem Al-Azhari University and an associate fellow at Khartoum University in Sudan.

# The War At My Door

War at my Door

18 April 2023, Cairo

I did never think of war  
To knock at my door  
Like a hated visitor, coming from the dark  
With an open mouth like a shark

I did never think of death  
Stealthily creeping through the wall  
To snatch the soul of the girl  
With hell  
With a shell,  
Aimlessly came from the blue  
With no warning clue  
Then went into the flesh like a nail  
It hit the girl  
Right down on the head  
To send her dead  
And the mother too, broke  
With a stroke  
Sending her last words  
It was a curse  
'Oh my God, Curse on them'  
The hell is breading in the streets of my town  
Everything is coming down

The war did really start  
And things began to fall apart  
Trucks hovering the roads  
Planes oozing in the skies  
Machine guns and smoke in the eyes  
Soldiers sending terrible cries  
Snipers on the roofs  
Skillfully doing their dirty jobs  
Killing all the hopes  
Hopes of the People,  
Of the trees,

Of the dogs  
And hopes of the rocks  
Who were all terrified, did not know where to go  
To save their souls  
As planes still sent the bombs  
At their houses and break walls,  
Destroying the last glimpse of hope  
The soldiers were rapping the streets with killing machines  
Roaming from place to place claiming a victory  
In my beloved country  
A deserted cemetery  
went into sand  
And longer that peaceful piece of land  
Oh my Lord, I did never think of war  
To knock at my door  
Harvesting the souls of my innocent people  
in their innocent country

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Freedom March

The Freedom March

It was a normal day  
For a normal boy  
To feel that joy

As he was planning to cross the bridge  
To join the freedom march  
And because he was only a little lad  
He did not think to tell his mother or his dad

So he put on his most beautiful suit  
And polished his boot

Then he set away  
On his way  
To start the freedom journey  
By joining the march  
In the middle of March

Still it was a normal day  
For a normal boy  
To see the soldiers  
Heavy with guns  
gave the orders  
In the streets of his town

Armed with a small flag  
At school gates  
With his mates

He was about to shout  
To let THEM out  
But at the moment,  
The sniper sent a shot  
on the spot  
To hit the boy  
And terminate his joy

He hit him right down on the head  
And got him dead  
He deprived the boy to march  
In the middle of March

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Return To Spy On Your Facebook

Return to spy on your Facebook  
Then I've returned  
once again, I return  
To spy on your Facebook  
Still, the same beautiful look  
The lips fresh full of joy  
A pleasure to enjoy,  
the return, once again  
Then the surprise  
The same slimness of the size  
And the same bright eyes  
Full of beautiful lies  
By the way, I know  
I really know when you bite the lower lip  
And twist your mouth to make a lie  
But that did never escape my eye  
But the age, what the age?  
You still twenty-two  
Although an age had gone  
And wall has grown between me and you  
Fifteen years ago  
we celebrated your twenty- two  
And still twenty-two  
You have must have bargained with time  
Of course, lady, this is no crime  
But I still try to build a siege  
Round your cage  
Despite the time  
And in spite of my age

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Lord And The Sword

The Lord and the Sword

The Imam of the Ansar Abdurahman Almahdi was a member of a delegation who visited Britain to congratulate the victory of the British Empire in War World 1. The Imam wanted to show loyalty to King George V by presenting the symbolic Sword of the Imam Almahdi with which he had defeated the ancestors of George and drove them from the Sudan. But George politely and cunningly refused the present and asked the Imam to go back to defend the Empire with the same sword that had driven them away from the country.

The Imam said:

Your Royal Highness King George of the British Empire,  
The King of everywhere  
On the earth  
Or underneath  
Greetings to your highness wreath

Let me my Lord, me your obedient Servant  
Abdurrahman Almahadi from Sudan  
To declare in your Stately Palace  
My absolute gratitude and happiness  
For the victory you have made on your enemies  
I am here my Lord, to congratulate you  
And show loyalty and humbleness  
Under the eye witness  
Of the whole world  
That, I - with my whole physical sober mind  
With my eyes fully opened, not shut or blind  
And as decedent of the Great Mahdi  
To kneel down  
And kiss your royal Crown  
Then offer you the Mahdi's Sword  
As a token of royalty  
And punishment cord  
In your hands, King George, My Lord  
Then the King polity and cunningly thanked the guy  
And said with joy  
Spare the sword to defend the empire  
From enemies in the Sudan or else where  
God bless you Abudarahaman



The of Imam Sudan

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

?? ?????? ?? ??????  
?????? ?? ???? ????  
?????? 2021

?? ? ???? ????  
????? ? ?  
? ? ???? ???? ?

?? ????? ????  
?? ???? ????  
???? ??  
?? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?

???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
????

?? ????? ???? ????  
? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ?  
? ??????  
?????  
? ??????  
?????  
?????:  
? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?

???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ?



????? ?????? ??????? ??????? ??????  
????????? ??????? ?????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ???????... ?? ???????  
?????? ?????? ???????  
????????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ???  
??? ??? ?????  
??? ??? ?????????? ??????????

? ? ? ?????? ?????? ???????  
??? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ??????????  
??? ?????????? ?? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ?????????? ??????????  
?????? ??????????  
????????? ?????? ? ? ? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ? ? ??????????  
? ? ?????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ??????????

? ? ?????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ??????  
????????? ?????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ?

????????? ?????? ?????????? ??????  
????? ?????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ? ? ? ? ? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ??????????  
? ? ? ? ?????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?????? ?????? ??????????  
????????? ?????? ??????????  
????? ??????????  
????????????? ??????????  
????????? ??????????????  
'?????? ??????? ??????????'  
?????  
????????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ??????????  
? ? ??????  
? ? ??????  
? ? ??????  
????????? ?????????? ??????????

??? ?????? ???????  
?????? ????? ??????  
?????  
??????  
?? ?????  
??????  
???????? ??????  
?? ?? ??????  
????? ?????? ????????  
???????? ?????? ???????  
?? ?? ?????  
??? ??? ???????  
??? ?????? ???????  
?????? ?????? ??????  
???????? ?? ??????? ???????  
??? ?? ?????  
????? ?? ?????  
??? ?????????? ?? ?? ????????? ???????  
????? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ????????? ???????  
????????:  
????? ??????  
?? ??????  
?? ??????  
?? ??????  
?? ?? ??? ?? ??????  
?????? ?????????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??????

\* ??????? ?? ??:

- ❑ ??????
  - ❑ ??????
  - ❑ ??????
- ?? ?????? ??????:
- ❑ ??????
  - ❑ ?? ??????
  - ❑ ??????.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# A Farewell To Arms

Dedicated to the Demonstrators of December 30 2021  
condemning the Military Coup d'état of General Burhan on 25 October 2021

To soldiers!  
All soldiers! !  
With different Ranks or Orders ...  
Put down the guns and go away  
With no more say  
Step down and leave the town  
And see how your work was badly done?  
When you used the gun! !

You are not to blame but ME,  
As we have equipped you with machines  
Kalashnikovs, tanks and planes  
And even submarines  
And we gave you the best training to kill the enemy  
But instead; you turn to kill only me  
In cold blood with our own guns  
And then you make the run  
Is killing just a game or a piece of fun?

Soldiers ...  
It is high time that you have gone  
And left the stage for someone  
To cultivate the seeds of happiness in ours sand  
And take care of the people and the land

Our expectations were so high  
That our soldiers were able to defend our land  
Our seas and our sky  
That our soldiers could die! ! !  
For good reasons as martyrs  
And they could face all the fires  
With bare chest for the sake of the country  
And change the course of all history

But they used all the machines to kill their nation  
Who afforded their higher Education

In the military college  
To gain skills and gain the knowledge  
To build the nation and pave the passage  
But the savage,  
Only learned to make the damage  
And kill Sudanese  
In the town and the village

Soldiers you only understand the language of orders

SO,

PUT

DOWN

THE

GUNS

AND

GO

And to be sure and true

We won't be sorry to miss any ONE of YOU

As we no longer want to see your dirty face

We have begun the race

So (plz) quit and leave the place

Soldiers...

You only understand the language of orders

So it is high time to quit to the barracks

Or to the borders

We pay a farewell to the ARM

To welcome FREEDOM, JUSTICE and SALAM

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



????? ????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???????  
??? ????? ??????? ??????? ?????? ?????? ?????? (???????)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# ????? ????????

??? ??? ????????

????? ??? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????? ? ? ????????

????? ?????? ? ? ????????! !

????? ????????

? ? ? ????????! !

? ? ? ????????

????? ? ? ????????

? ? ? ?????? ????????

????? ?????? ? ? ????????

?????? ? ? ????????

?????? ???? ?????? ????????

????? ??????? ????????

????? ? ? ??????? ????????

????? ?????? ????? (???????)

????? ??????? ?

??? (???????) ?

????? ?????? ????????

??? ?????? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ??????? ?????? ??????

????? ? ? ? ????????

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?????

PoemHunter.com



# ?? ??? ??????

?? ??? ??????  
???? ?????? ??????/?????? ????  
?? ??? ??????  
????? ?? ??????  
??? ?? ?????? ??? ????  
????? ?? ?????? ??????  
????? ?? ??????????  
??? ?? ?????????  
????? ?????? ??????  
??? ?????? ??? ??????  
??? ?????? ??? ??????  
????? ?????? ??? ??????  
??? ?????? ?? ??????  
????? ??????- ??? ? ????  
??? ?????? ??????  
??? ?????? ?? ??????  
???????? ? ? ?????? ????????? ? ? ??????  
???? ? ? ??????  
? ???? ?????? ??????  
????? ?????? ?????? ??????  
???? ? ????- ??? ? ????  
30 ????? 1442

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# No! !

NO! !

No|!

Just an (N) and an (O)

No and still NO

Hot as fire or cold as snow

It will stay

That way

And you know

Why it is a no

So...

It will remain unveiled

A story that will never be told

Or retold

Until over-aged and old

It will remain that secret,

Among the three

You, me and the tree.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# ? ?? ??? ??? ????????

?? ??? ??? '????????'?  
???????? ?????? ?? ??????????  
?? ??? ??? ??????????  
????? ??? ??? ???????  
?? ??? ?????? ??????  
????? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ??? ??? ???  
?????? ??? - ????? ??????????  
?? ??? ?????? ?????? ????????

????? ?????? ??????? ?????? ??? ??????????  
?????? ?????????? ?? ???????  
????????? ?????? ??????? - ??????????  
?????? ??? ????????? - ??????? ??????????  
????????? ??????????  
?? ?????? ?????????? ??? ?????????? ??? ??????  
????????? ?????????? ?????? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ??????????  
????????? ?????? ???????????- ??????????  
????????????? ?????? ?????????! !  
????? ?????? ??? ?????????? ?????????? ?? ?????? ??? ??????????

????????? ?? ??? ??? ??????????  
????? ???  
?? ??? ?????? ??????????  
?? ?????? - ?? ?????????  
????????? ?????????? ??????????  
????????? - ??????????

????????? ??? ?????????? ??????????  
?? ??????????????????????????????????...  
?? ??? ??? ??????????  
?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ???????  
????????? ??????????  
????????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????  
????????? ??? ??????  
?? ??? ??? ?????? ??????  
????????? ??????????  
?? ??? ??? ?????? ??????  
????? ??????;

??? ??? ?????! !  
??? ??????????  
?????????  
?????????  
????????? - ?????? ??????????  
????????? - ?????? ??????????????  
????????? ?? ??????????  
????????? ?? ??????????  
????????? ?? ??????????????  
??? ?????????? ??????????????  
????????? ??????????????????????  
????????? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????????? ! !  
?? ?????? ?????????? ?? ?????? ??????????

??? ?? ??? ??? ?????? ??????????  
?????? ?? ??? ??? ??????????????????  
????? ?? ?????? ??????????????????????????  
?????? ?? ?????? ??????????????????????  
?? ?????? ?????????????????? ?? ??? ??????????  
?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ?? ??????  
?????? ?????????? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ??????????? ??????????  
?? ??? ????????? - ?????? - ??? ??????????  
'????? ??  
??? ?????????? ??????????  
????????? ??????????????????  
??? ?????????? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ???????????'

????????????? ?? ??? ??? ??????????  
?????? ?? ?????? ??????????????????????  
????????? ?????? ??????????????????????????  
?????? ??????????????????????????????????  
????? ?????? ??????????????  
????? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ??????????????????  
?? ?????????? ??????????  
?? ?????????? ??????????  
?? ?????????? ??????????

?? ?????? ?????? ?? ??????  
????????? ?? ??????? ????? ?? ???????  
?????? ??????? - ??????? ???????  
?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??????  
?????? ?????????? ?????? ??????

????? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ?????? ??????  
'?? ?? ?? ?? ??'  
'?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??????'  
'?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??'  
'?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??????'  
?? ??????  
?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ???????  
????? ??????????  
?????? ??????? ?????????? ?? ???????  
?? ??????????  
?? ?? ?? ??????  
????? ?????? - ?? ??????  
????????? ?????????? ?????? ??????  
????? ?? ?? ?? ??????  
????? ??????? ??????  
?? ??????  
????? ??????? ??????  
????? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ??????  
?? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
????? ??????  
?? ?? ?????? ??????  
?? ?????? ?????? ??????  
????????? ??????????  
?? ?? ?????????? ?? ?????? ??????  
????????? ??????????  
????? ?????? ?????????? ??????????  
?? ?????????? ???????  
?? ?????????? ?????????? ??????????  
?? ?? ?????????? ???????  
?? ?????????? ?? ???????

?? ??????  
?????????  
??? ??????  
?? ?????? ?? ??????  
????? ?? ??????  
?????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
?????  
?? ????  
?? ????  
????? ?????? ??????  
????? ?????? ??????????  
?? ?????? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ??????????  
????? ?????????? ??????????

?? ??? ??? ??????????  
????? ??? ??? ???  
?????? ?????????? ??????  
?????????? ??????  
?????????? ??????  
?? ??? ?????? ??????????  
????? ???  
????? ?????????????? ??????????  
??? ???????????  
????? ???????????

?? ??? ??? ??????????  
?????? ?? ??????  
?????? ??? ?????? ??????????  
??? ?? ??? ?????? ??????????????????  
?????? ?????? ?? ???  
?????? ?? ?????????? ??????  
?????? ??? ??????????  
'??' ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?????? ??????! !  
????? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ??? ??????????  
????????? ??????????  
????????????? ????????????



?? ??????? ? ? ???????  
?? ??????? ???????  
???? ????? ? ? ???????  
?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ???????!  
???? ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?????? ??????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ??????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
??? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? - ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????- ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????????????  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????????????  
???????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?? ???? ?????? ??????? ? ????  
???????? ??????  
?? ? ? ??????  
?? ???? ? ? ??????  
???? ????? ? ? ?????? ?????????  
????? ?????????

????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????????? ?????????? ?????? ? ? '????????'  
????????? ?????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????????????  
????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ??????????  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ?????????  
? ? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ?????????????????????? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ??????????  
??  
????????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?????? ?????????????? ?????????????

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Oxygen For George Floyd

Floyd under the cop's knees  
Pleaded twelve times,  
Twelve times to breathe  
He asked for the cheap air  
But the cop was unfair  
As he denied him the oxygen  
The free gift of the Lord  
And continued to press on the spinal cord  
And beneath, Floyd could not afford  
His soul began to leak from the body  
Slowly leaking from the body  
And gasping for the last breath,  
He saw his creeping death  
He was forced to the ground  
Uttering a fading sound  
But the cop continued to press on his neck  
While another cop by the side  
Showing all the pride  
In his official American suit  
Marching up and down in his heavy boot  
Playing with his gun on his waist,  
Ready to shoot  
Under the witness of the whole American nation  
The man lost his soul  
For no good reason  
But for the blackness of his face  
That was all the case  
Oh. My Lord. Bless all of us  
And bless the black human race  
It is a pity to lose your soul  
For mere pigmentation  
Under the eye of the laws  
of the biggest nation  
Masters of the earth! !  
So Floyd who was an athlete,  
And who was smart, friendly and tall  
Lost his soul  
Because of the color of his face  
And because of the color of your face

Here you will lose your case  
And because of the color of your eye  
Here you may simply die  
For mere bad reason,  
Not for real treason  
But of the fear of the lack of air  
You may run short of breath  
And face your death

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Message To A Sniper. Translation

By. Dr.Ahmed Gumma Siddig.

Translated by: Ahmed Altayif

????: ?. ??? ???? ????

?????: ??? ??????

Why do you disguise in  
That disgraceful mask  
Hiding in the rooftop  
To do your hateful task  
And carry out your dirty job  
Why don't you come down?  
And shoot me on the ground  
In the muddy streets of the town  
Come down

???? ????? ????..  
?? ????? ???? ????? ??????  
???? ???? ???? ???? ??????????  
???? ??????????  
???? ???? ???? ???? ????  
???? ???? ????..  
???? ???? ???? ????..  
???????? ? ???? ????.  
???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????.....  
???? ????? ???? ??????????  
???? ????? ????..

Then your shot will go straight  
to the right place to my head or my face  
Or you can aim your gun to my chest  
And report your boss with the case! !  
Then take some rest  
For another round  
But just come down to the ground

?? ????? ????? ????..  
?? ? ????..???? ????..  
???? ????? ??????????  
???? ????? ???? ???? ????..

???????? ???? ???? ?????..  
????? ???? ??? ??????..  
???? ?????? ?????? ???? ???..

You may have another choice  
Where you can raise your gun and your voice  
When you come down,  
We will meet me face to face  
Then you can send your gunshot into my eye  
To make me die  
But on the muddy streets of my town  
So please come down

???? ????? ???? ?? ?????:  
???? ??? ?????? ????????.  
????? ???...  
??? ?????? ???? ???? ??????..  
?? ???? ??? ???? ?? ??????..  
???????? - ?? ?????? ??? - ??????  
???? ??? ??? ?????? ??? ??????????  
????? ?????? ???...

You can aim at my head  
come down to the ground and shoot  
And tread on my feet with your boot  
And I will not run  
But will kiss the mouth of your gun  
And we can play the game of cat and rat  
I will never run or give you my back  
Then you will never miss my track  
To kill me with cold blood

??? ??? ????? ??? ???????..  
???? ??????? ???? ???..  
???? ??????? ??? ???????..  
??? ??????? ???? ????..  
?? ???? ??? ?? ?????..  
?? ????? ???? ??? ???? ???????..  
???? ????? ???? ?? ?????..  
????? ?? ????? ?????..  
?? ???? ???? ????????  
?? ??????



?? ????? ?? '?????? ??'?!  
??

I am really fond of your high taste of selection  
Killing doctors at a time or terminating teachers  
Are they human beings or they are mere creatures?  
Those who you pick out their souls  
With a five-pounds bullet of ammunition  
Do you have any idea of their education?  
Where they went to college  
To study science and gain the knowledge  
In teaching or medicine  
Some treat your kids,  
others help them learn and read  
And move from stage to stage  
And develop through the age

?????? ???? ???? ? ? ? ???? ?!  
???? ???? ????.. ???? ????.  
???? ????? ? ???? ? ? ????  
???? ???? ? ? ???? ? ? ????  
???? ???? ???? ???? ?!  
???? ? ? ???? ???? ?  
???? ? ? ???? ???? ?  
???? ? ? ???? ???? ?  
??? ? ???? ? ? ? ???? ?!  
???? ???? ???? ?  
? ???? ????...  
? ???? ????..  
???? ???? ???? ?  
???? ???? ????..  
???? ???? ????...

Sniper! !  
I know how you have been trained  
To use the Kalashnikov  
Or shoot with the Molotov  
But we know of Pavlov  
His theory of Classical Conditioning  
Through which you have been trained  
Like a dog to bite or kill  
In cold blood but with high skill



?? ?????!  
???? ???? ?????? ??:  
???? ????' ??????????'...  
?? ??????? ????'?????????'...  
???? ????? ????? ? '?????????'  
???????? '????? ??????????????'..  
??? ?????? ??? ? ???? ???????????  
??? ??? ?????? ??? ???? ??????..  
??? ? ? ?????... ? ? ? ? ??????.

We know how you have been conditioned  
Not to say YES or NO  
Because you don't know  
But trained to shoot between the eyes  
And make a laugh of victory as the man dies  
But you are not aware of the curse  
That is sent at your face  
And despite your gun  
He remains the winner of the race

????? ?? ? ? ?????? ??????..  
??? ? ? ? ? ??????????  
???? ????? ? ? ??????.  
??? ?????? ??? ??????????:  
???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ??????????  
?????? ?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ??????????  
???  
??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ??????  
?????? ?????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Speech Of Mohammed Nagii Al-Assum, The Mirabeau Of The Sudanese Revolution

Signing ceremony of documents for the transitional period ?August 17 2019

Your speech flared up the hall  
And made the audience call  
Your name with good blessings  
Your speech came out to reach every heart  
It was a masterpiece of art  
That touched every part

It made life dance with joy  
Of the little girl and the boy  
Your words pierced through the body  
Addressing every single hair  
Reaching everywhere  
To make pleasure through the flesh of our nails  
With details

They traveled in the pore of the skin  
With no permission  
Penetrated through the vein  
Then came down as drops of rain  
Into the brain of the nation

Then injected happiness in the marrow  
To make us enjoy the life of today  
And the pleasure of tomorrow  
And forget all about the sorrows

Your words leaked through the air  
Soothing, musical and fair  
Moving the feelings  
And made the healing  
Of long sickness  
With pleasure and happiness

Your speech came into our ears  
Like spears to get rid of our fears

They opened the gate  
And emancipated the nation from the fatal fate  
To enjoy with full rate  
And go the new journey with joy  
Equipped with dreams and screams of pleasure

Your words draw us back from the lost history  
They restored our dignity  
Into the soul of our country  
And brought our soil the lost fertility

So we can dig the earth once again  
And seed the land  
With hopes in every piece of sand

Sir, we have got your message  
That paved the passage  
To this new generation  
To build up the future of the nation

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The One Thousand Miles Journey Begins Today

This poem is dedicated to Omer Adegair - shedding tears of (happiness and sadness) . This poem is dedicated to the young Sudanese generation who made the change with bare hands in their peaceful uprising of December 2018\*

Let's begin the march  
The one thousand miles today  
And pave the way  
To build the new Soodan  
And draw the name of this country  
In the book of the human history  
Let us begin the march  
Let's begin with a wide stride  
With full pride  
And ride the one thousand miles  
Over deserts and across the Nile  
To freedom, justice and peace  
And draw on the happy faces millions of smiles  
Let us begin the march  
Let's celebrate the birth of new generations  
Equipped with better education  
To be the best of all the nations  
Let's begin the dreams of freedom, justice and peace  
Let's begin the race  
Let us begin the march  
And we have done  
We have started the run  
And it was no surprise  
We made it and won the prize  
We went the one thousand miles distance  
To freedom with resistance  
Hand in hand as twins  
We have crossed and made the wins  
The one thousand miles begins today  
With high dreams we go the long way  
Together we build schools for children  
Where they can study and learn  
And spend some of the day  
Drawing animals and trees  
And play games in peace

And rejoice  
With loud voices  
Pleased with their toys  
And full with joys  
Then we build roads from the north to the east  
From the south to the west  
So the farmer can happily go to sell his goods  
And because he is the one who provides the foods,  
We will thank him for his work  
With a dispensary to cure his family  
And care for his newborn in the new Soodan  
Where every child, woman or man  
Can practice happiness with no fear  
In a free democratic atmosphere  
And we all aspire for prosperity  
With dignity  
Among the nations of the world  
With pride and integrity  
With unity and solidarity  
To achieve the big dreams in a new country

\*Omar Adegair is the President of the Sudanese Congress Party, who shed tears of happiness and sadness when he was assigned to read the speech of the Civilian Negotiators with the Military Junta at the event of coming to an agreement about the Constitutional Declaration in Khartoum on August 4 2019

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Killing The Schoolboy

Dedicated to the lost souls of the schoolboys and schoolgirls  
of El-Obied Massacre in Kordofan July 29,2019

He was only a schoolboy,  
On his way to school  
He was thirteen, slim and tall

Unaware of the world around him  
About to start his school day at a gym  
As he was good at athletics  
Excellent in physics and mathematics

And because he was a normal boy  
His life was always full of joy  
With his books all the day and games  
And sometimes changes his toys  
With other boys

But he did never destroy or annoy  
Or he did never disturb a man or a woman's joy  
And because he was a normal boy  
He used to enjoy life with high dreams  
Surrounded with a pool of good friends

And because he was a boy  
A normal boy  
He spends a lot of time reading books  
Watching films, especially Tom and Jerry  
But keen to do his assignments on time  
Then he will hurry,  
To sneak on his Web Pages  
On the Facebook and Instagram  
Sending photos of birds and animals  
As he dreams one day to be a vet

Then after that he will text his classmates  
To make a date  
For a tournament in the evening  
At the school league

He was only a boy, thirteen years old! !  
But smart and bold  
But on that day  
He was on his way,  
To school  
Only armed with some pencils,  
Some textbooks  
And a ruler of 12 inches and a football

His school bag on his shoulder  
He did never talk to or hurt a soldier  
Nevertheless,  
The sniper shot him from above the roof  
Why for?  
What for?  
What did he want to prove?

Why did he kill him in cold blood?  
Because the boy had asked for a loaf of bread...  
Was it a good reason to shoot him dead?  
With a bullet on the back of his head?

That was exactly what the sniper skillfully did  
He shot him dead on the head  
Then the boy came down to the ground  
And his face kissed the sand of his land  
The golden sand of Shykan in Kordofan  
Where history began in Sudan

He was only a boy! !  
But the sniper shot him down  
He gave him no time  
To defend himself  
Or know his crime  
He gave him no time  
To say his prayers  
Or pay a farewell to his Mom and friends  
Or say a goodbye

His soul soon went to sky  
Although he did never shout against the soldiers

And he did never break their orders  
He only asked for food  
And a cup of water for the day  
To finish his school and run away  
Back home  
Where he would sit down in his simple room  
Read his books and do his homework  
As soon as possible  
To join his schoolmate  
At the school gate  
To play an evening football match

But he did not think of the fate  
That a sniper would shoot him  
On the back of his head  
And make him dead

But still  
Who taught you to (shoot to kill?) \*\*\*  
And still  
Why did you kill the schoolboy?  
What was his crime?  
Because.....  
Because.....  
Because.....  
Because.....  
in fact there was no cause  
But, ah because, the boy was too smart,  
Slim and tall! !  
And he was very good at football! !  
And because he was adored by his friends too much  
And because, because he used to love the school

\*\*\* A famous quotation for the famous Sudanese politician, Ali Othman Mohammed Taha giving permission for the army to shoot and kill any citizen crossing borders and carrying food to South Sudan.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



## Forty-One Kandakas \*

I hail them the Forty-One women  
Who trod on the lion's den  
Forty-One, women  
With bare hands, with no guns  
They had gone  
To defy the slayers  
They did and made them run  
With only bare hands without guns  
Forty-One women  
Went into the General's yard  
In spite of his guard  
And despite his soldiers  
They defied his orders  
With only bare hands  
Then proudly went to prison  
Not for treason, NAY  
But for very good reason  
Oh, that was a good Day  
When they raised the voice for freedom  
And waved the flag of their country  
To celebrate their victory  
With only bare hands  
They came from different walks of life  
Husbands & wives  
Farmers & workers  
Students & Teachers  
Sisters & brothers  
Sons & daughters  
Fathers & Mothers  
Lovers & Lovers  
Together they marched  
Shoulder to shoulder  
To break the orders  
And defy the soldiers  
With only bare hands  
They came from all over the land  
Hand in hand  
To toil the soil of our sand  
And plant the seeds of freedom

for a better life  
With bare hands  
They came from the North and from the West  
They came from the South and from the East  
Full with hope and courage  
To make the change for a better Sudan  
From Halfa to Omdurman  
from Nyala to Port Sudan  
On bare feet  
To make the change with only bare hands  
Kandaka let me hail your great courage  
You have marched towards freedom  
With aspiration to build the nation  
Equipped with knowledge  
We celebrate your marriage  
With the Henna on your feet  
on your bare hands  
A crown for your courage  
So let me praise your strife  
To save our honour, to save our lives  
Let me praise the Forty-One women  
And let the world glorify  
The great job they have done  
The Forty-One  
With only bare hands  
So hail the Kandaka from Halfa to Omdurman  
From Nyala to Port Sudan  
Who made the change with bare hands  
To defy the soldiers  
And break the orders  
In our new Soudan

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Message To A Sudanese General

A message to General Burhan - against coup d'etat of 25-10-2022

General, I am very fond of those stripes  
on your chest and shoulder, with different size

I am fond of the stars that brightly shining  
And the sword by your side proudly dangling

I am fond of the bird with golden wings  
The eagles on your shoulder  
Flying versus winds  
And your fingers full with things  
Are they the King Solomon's Rings?

I am fond of your chest  
Full with rainbow colours  
Medals with different sizes and shapes  
That you hold  
Medals of silver and gold  
Shinning in the sun from your military suit  
Some were new and some were old

In fact, general,  
I am also very much fond of your boot  
That beautifully fits in your beautiful foot  
Newly brushed and to be fair  
It is always shining in the air  
And making a fearful rhythm  
When you tread the floor  
With your mighty power

General, I love your entire look  
Arrogant and tall in features  
Smart and slim in all your pictures

I am fond of the way you instruct your soldiers  
To carry out your orders  
But I really tremble with fear  
When I hear

Your voice raised too harsh  
To make your soldiers make the march

And although it is so tough and harsh,  
They keep lines straightforward and march  
Active and attractive when they walk  
Though they are not allowed to talk  
They just walk  
As proud as the peacocks

General. I am fond of those embellishments on your shoulders  
But I always ask how you got all of that stuff?  
Is it through giving orders?  
To your soldiers?  
To aim their guns and shoot at the enemy?  
This is what people understand including ME! !

It is natural that all Generals  
Give instructions to defend their nations  
And keep borders safer from invasions

This is what I understand that you stay  
Awake during the whole night  
With your gun in your hand ready to fight

With your eyes open against intruders or spies  
Who may tread on our land or cross the skies  
Then you shoot them and bring them down  
To make safer all our towns

My General, I understand that you took an oath  
To defend the Sudanese people  
All Sudanese  
In the seas  
In the air  
On the land  
Or under the sand

General you took the oath  
To defend the honor of the Sudanese country  
With all means, planes  
With tanks, machine guns or with infantry

Then when you win the war and come back  
Defeating the enemy and making victory  
We all feel proud of you  
And put you name in the book of history

Then we reward you with medals of gold and silver  
Stripes on your chest and your shoulders  
As well as rings in your beautiful fingers  
Because you defended the people and the land  
And because of victory  
We hail your bravery  
To become the hero of the country  
So it is our dowry

This is what I understand about  
The Generals' work here or out  
To defend the people and the land  
And toil with blood all the sand

But I do not understand your role in Sudan  
My country,  
Your country,  
Their country  
Our country  
For years but centuries

Although you still look like all Generals of the world  
Gentle and handsome in your military suit  
And full with pride from head to foot  
But my questions now how did you get all of that stuff?  
Including your shining boot? ?  
How did you get all those medals on your chest?  
Because you defeated our enemy at the borders?  
Because you carried out all the orders?  
And brought back Halaib and Shlatin?  
Brought back our dignity  
Or because of killing your people in your own country  
In the Military Square?  
And Other Places Somewhere?

And this what you have practically done

Killed your people in the Sudan with their own guns  
Eliminated millions of souls  
Shooting them or hitting their heads on the walls

In the South and in the West  
And destroyed the land and the people  
In the North and in the East.  
With other millions been displaced  
In the four corners of the world.

General, we have bought and brought all those machines  
We have paid for your training in our best military college  
To be equipped with skills and the best of knowledge  
To defend the people and the land  
This is what we all understand

And we have sent some of you  
To the best military schools abroad  
To Sand Hurst in UK,  
And West Point in the USA

Then some to Russia  
To fly the Sukhoi and the Antonov  
And skillfully use the Kalashnikov  
And steer warships in the seas  
To disperse our enemies

General, your training was well done  
To get the best education  
But you have achieved none  
To defend the nation

So instead of killing the enemy  
You killed your own people, in cold blood  
You shoot them like dogs in the streets of Khartoum  
Where your tanks and men did they roam  
Day and night and devastated the city  
With endless atrocity

And then you proudly come to tell us the story  
And speak about your victory  
And celebrate the Sudanese soldiers' bravery! ! ! !

General, you're always proud  
That you have fought bravely all over the world  
And all around

You always keep saying that:  
'We fought the German in the Desert and won'  
But I say that was not our war! !

'We fought in Mexico and won'  
But I say that was not our war

'We defeated the Italian in Karan'  
But I say that was not our war

'We fought in Kuwait'  
'We had been to the Congo some years ago'  
But all were not our wars

'We had been to Jordan and Lebanon'  
But I say that was not our war

'Now we fought the Shia'a in the Yemen'  
But I say that was not our war

'We fought for the Aqsa Mosque'  
Yes the work was well done  
But thankfulness for the job was none

You fought with the Egyptian in Saini  
But this work they forget or deny

All you did was not our war  
All was not our war  
It was only a waste of our men  
Loss of dignity and much more

You General have lost your men  
And we have lost our pride  
Our honour and dignity  
And lost identity

General,  
We have lost twice  
We have lost thrice  
For no good price  
For no good reason  
IT was all treason

Do you know who you killed yesterday?  
That was Doctor Babkir  
A young lad with a degree from (U of K) Medical School  
And Master's degree from Liverpool  
Then a Ph.D from Cambridge  
Where he gained the best of knowledge  
Exerted efforts in medicine all his age  
He did well and got his degree  
And came back to Sudan to live happy and free

He was back to Sudan with great wealth  
To take care of our people's health  
But you got him terminated  
When he raised his voice for freedom  
A sniper shot him down to death  
And stopped his breath  
With a five-pound bullet at his head  
He brought him dead

With a shot between the eyes  
Who cares for his mother's cries?  
Who cares for his sister's cries?

But we all do, General  
We all do to get revenge  
We will be fair and never forget  
Because we care and we will avenge

So general, it is high time to step down  
From the back of my town  
Spare your machines for the enemy  
Not for your people in the Sudan

Take away your gun from our chest  
It is time for us to get some rest



BUT REMEMBER GENERAL THAT

We had spared every penny

And paid our own money

To equip you with the best machines

To defend the people and the land

And toiling the sand

We made you get the best education

To defend the nation

But General! !

You have broken the oath

And achieved none

As nothing has been done

Nothing has been done

Nothing done

NONE

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Thief

You have stolen my money  
But money is compensable.  
You have stolen my land  
But land is retrievable  
You've stolen the air  
But it is still accessible  
You have stolen the Nile  
But water is still available  
You have stolen my honour  
But honour is irrecoverable  
You have stolen thirty years of my age  
Prisoner in your cage  
You have stolen the milk of the boy  
You have stolen his toy  
You have stolen his joy  
All his joy  
And you have stolen the smile from his mother's face  
You have hurt all the human race  
You have stolen the freedom of the nation  
You have stolen the aspirations of generations  
You have stolen the dreams of every couple  
Planning their marriage  
But you plan the miscarriage  
To terminate their hopes  
In city or in village

And you still discourage  
And crush everything under your foot  
Under your dirty military boot  
Ah, you have spoilt the happiness of this generation  
You have stolen the dreams of the nation

But they have revolted  
And filled up the streets with their voices  
With TASQUT BAS? ? ? ? ?  
And they will never bargain for their freedom  
And will never listen to your lies any more  
They will knock and hit with force at your door

And to hell you will go  
Then all their dreams will come true  
All their dreams will come true  
Then their dreams will come true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# A Message To A Sniper \*

Sniper! !

Why do you disguise  
in that disgraceful mask  
To do your dirty task  
Hiding on the rooftop  
To do your nasty job

Why don't you come down?  
And shoot me on the ground  
In the muddy streets of my town  
Come down

Then your shot will go straight ahead  
To hit my head  
In the right place  
On my very face

Or you can aim your gun to my chest  
And report your boss with the case! !  
Then you can take a rest  
For another round  
But just come down to the ground

You may have another choice...  
That you can raise your gun and your voice  
And shoot with rejoice  
But come down, to meet face to face  
Then you can send your gunshot into my eye  
The right eye  
To make me die  
But on the muddy streets of my town  
So, please come down  
To the ground

You can aim at my head  
Come down to the ground and shoot  
And tread my neck with your boot  
I will not run  
But kiss the mouth of your gun

When you come down  
We may look like puppet and clown  
We can play the game of cat and rat  
But will never run or give my back  
You will never miss my track  
To kill me with cold blood  
But - please - on the muddy streets of my town  
So please come down

Sniper! !  
I am so fond of your high skill  
The way you (shoot to kill) \*  
How can you aim at my very head  
From such a distance?  
And make your shot rest  
Between my eyes or in my chest  
With no resistance?

By the way sniper,  
Do you have any idea about the guys?  
Whom you send your shot between their eyes?  
Do you know their names?  
Have you ever been acquainted with them?  
Or played some games with her or him?  
Do you know those victims?  
That you shoot from that place?  
Or you just guess! !  
Then trigger and press your gun  
To - randomly - kill anyone,  
Then you report the mission is done

I am really fond of your high taste of selection  
Killing ONLY doctors at a time or teachers  
Are they human beings or they are mere creatures?

Those who you pick out their souls  
With a five-pounds bullet of ammunition  
Do you have any idea of their education?  
Where they went to college?  
To study science and gain the knowledge  
In teaching and medicine

Then come to treat your family  
Or teach your kids  
To help them learn and read  
And move from stage to stage  
And develop through the age

Sniper! !  
I know how you have been trained  
To use the Kalashnikov  
Or shoot with the Molotov  
Or fly the Antinov  
But we also know of Pavlov's  
Theory of Classical Conditioning  
Through which you have been trained  
Like a dog to bark, to bite or kill  
In cold blood, but with high skill

We know how you have been conditioned  
Not to say (NO)  
Because you don't know how to say the NO  
And supposed not to know  
You only trained to shoot between the eyes  
And give a laugh of victory when someone dies  
Unaware of the curse  
That the victims send at your ugly face  
But despite your gun  
They remain the winners of the long race

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# To The Soul Of Ahmed Al-Khair

Our revolution  
Began in the Classroom  
Then from Kassala to Khartoum  
To spread the light of education  
From the East to the west  
From the north to the south  
And pave the way for the nation  
To attain emancipation

But the killers were faster  
To put out the candle  
That you used to handle  
And plant the pleasure of learning  
In our children,  
In women and men

They killed the teacher  
Who paves the way for the future  
The future of all kids

They killed the man with a (tool)  
In cold blood,  
With flood of blood  
They made the (hole)  
Not in his body but in his soul  
In the soul of the whole generations  
In fact, in the soul of all the nation

With pain, with great pain  
They hurt the spirit of our children  
As they pierced their daggers in their hearts

When they came to school that day  
They were all happy and gay  
Ready to learn the ABC and some arts  
But when the lesson was about to start  
They found out with all the dismay  
That their teacher was unable to show up  
And he was late for that day

But nobody dared to tell them the truth or say  
Why the teacher was late  
And the only thing they had to know  
That (Ahmed) had passed away  
To pave the way  
For their bright future  
Because he was their teacher

He was the only one among the few  
Who really knew  
How to make them refined with knowledge  
And equipped with skills  
To handle the pen, not the gun  
To write and spell  
and not to kill  
But always learn with pleasure and fun  
And think high  
And spire to the sky  
But to think high  
And spire to sky  
With great imagination  
Through the pleasure of education

He was the one who used to make them hopeful  
Happy and joyful  
But the killers took off his soul  
And terminated his role  
To educate and please the boys and girls  
Of the Sudan

Ahmed Alkhair,  
We are all ashamed to tell  
The story that took place  
And the news that spread  
Through the space

We are all ashamed  
To tell the story that was to boom  
From Kassla to Khartoum  
And sadly leaked into our classrooms  
Into the ears of the kids



To betray the killers  
Who denied the role of the teacher  
Who makes the future  
And engineers the fate of all nations  
Through the pleasure of education

Ahmed Alkhair  
May your soul rest in peace  
In your holy place  
We hope in peace you sleep  
But we, we will keep  
To cry and weep  
The fate of the teacher  
The fate of all teachers  
And the fate of our future  
Ahmed Alkhair  
We are ashamed  
To tell the story  
And we are all embarrassed  
To go through details  
We are sorry  
We're so sorry  
To tell only some of your story  
But peacefully sleep in your last resort  
As our promises won't not be reneged  
We will get revenge  
As long as we live, a couple of years  
Or a whole of an age  
14-2-2019

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Murder Of Khashogi

He trod in a hurry into the hall of the consulate  
He quickly rushed as if he was too late  
To meet his mate  
To finish their marriage protocol  
In their wedding day  
He was full of joy  
Like a little boy  
Promised with a toy  
But as soon as he was in the place  
Fifteen men sprang at his face  
And took hold of him to stop his breath  
But as he was strong and fit  
He fought them very well  
But could not get free from their hell  
As he was hit on the skull  
And to the ground - then- he fell  
It was too late  
He had to meet his fate  
To heaven he sent the last sigh  
And uttered the last cry  
The saw went into his flesh  
Like a piece of fish  
The saw cut through the bone  
And the body -then - has all gone  
In few minutes the work was done  
They silenced him for good  
The voice that sang for the Kingdom  
The song of freedom  
He made no crime  
He only used to think aloud  
But he was not allowed  
To finish his message  
As they took him through the passage of hell  
To stop his breath  
And make him face his death  
Alas, he did not wed the girl  
Who went into a long wail  
And got back home  
To tell the whole world of her tale



# Your Facebook

I spy on your FaceBook  
And with a keen look  
I go over the pages  
For one hour that looks as ages  
I have all your whereabouts  
Your small talks  
With family and friends  
And all your walks  
All the time I see the same beautiful face  
As it were twenty-two years ago  
Still glowing with youth  
And to tell the truth  
Age did never tell on you  
And it will never do  
Tracing back  
I follow your track  
To catch those beautiful smiles  
And the perfume that I can feel  
From hundreds of miles  
Of course, I know it very well  
It is yours, only yours  
Are you still twenty-two?  
We still in love with you  
So much we do  
Your good news remains in the heart  
I am always happy  
When seeing happiness on your face  
And the beauty that I can easily trace  
But then,  
And only then I feel the loss  
My great loss  
And the great mess  
Then I understand  
How you slipped away from my hand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Fate At The Consulate\*

To the soul of Adnan Khashogi

On his feet, on his bare feet  
The man went into the consulate  
To face his fate  
Where fifteen men were there  
In their fanciful wedding attire  
Ready to receive the lonely guest  
Into the wedding hall  
To complete his marriage protocol  
But the moment he passed through the gate  
He was face to face with his fate  
As fifteen men jumped on his back  
And firmly took his hold  
Fifteen men took his hold  
And although he was strong and daring and bold  
But he could not afford  
And went cold and cold  
As death crept on his soul  
Then his power calmed down  
And betrayed him to the ground  
Uttering his last words  
It was a curse! !  
He shouted with rage  
Then moaned like a helpless bird in a cage  
He came to the end of fatality,  
With brutality  
Witnessing himself by himself  
Going into pieces  
He saw the work as it was run  
At last all the body has gone  
With a red saw that he saw  
Piercing through his flesh and bone  
In ten minutes all the work was done  
And the whole body was torn  
Oh, the guy had only gone there  
To wed his Turkish girl  
Instead, he went into a valley of hell  
His plan did not go that well

To come back home with a beautiful damsel  
Who wasn't able to pay her man the last farewell  
Instead, came back home with a broken heart, to tell  
The whole world the horrible tale

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Last Time I Saw Him

To the soul of brother Ibrahim.  
The last time I saw Him,  
His face was cold as a star  
In a remote universe  
Far away, in a place  
Unknown to the human race  
But there, he slept in peace

In full calmness,  
With a smile on his face  
In his wooden coffin  
Where he stopped the breath  
To set off into silence of eternity underneath

The body was brought by plane  
Secured by heaven's hand  
To be buried with ancestors in his land  
The land that he always loved  
But did not enjoy its fresh air  
Or drank its fresh water of the River Nile  
The land that he wanted to walk  
On its sandy roads for a while  
And eat in its cheap restaurants a local meal  
And cherish the taste of the food and enjoy its feel  
He would use his bare hands and lick his five fingers  
And drink a cup of tea with spicy mint or gingers

That was him, Ibrahim  
And that was his dream  
My young brother who passed away  
And stealthy left without a say  
To his last exile  
Could he have stayed for a while?  
To say goodbye,  
And embrace his mom and dad for the last time  
To say a farewell to his daughters, son and kin  
And go back to his cold wooden coffin  
Could he have delayed the journey?

The ugly plane from Cairo to Khartoum  
Landed in a sadly gloomy day  
Then he was marched to his last stay  
Unable to say  
The farewell ...  
To Mom  
To Dad  
To friends  
To son and daughters  
To sisters and brothers  
And some others

But may Allah bless his soul?  
And mercy befallen on his body and spirit  
We are sorry to miss you, so much  
We are sorry that you did not tell us in any way  
That you were on your last Journey

So you left and left all of us helpless  
Then how can I tell your young mistress  
'How her daddy feels in his coffin'  
But I just said, (worry not my child)  
You daddy is happy,  
He is on his way to Heaven  
To pave the way for us

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# Almaddinah Almonawarah

The lighted city of the Prophet  
I hail you standing with pride  
in the heart of the Arabian Desert  
From where the Divine Might  
Spread to reach all universes  
With the Prophet's light  
Mohamed peace be upon him  
Who came as a bless from God  
To maintain the road  
Gabriel came with the message  
To show Him the passage  
To purity and integrity  
For the guidance of the human race  
From Makkah he set out with the message of peace  
As he left one early morning to Maddinah  
to the city of holiness  
to establish the best civilization  
That man ever had witnessed  
He came to fill the place  
With justice and fairness  
Where people lived in peace  
And with the right to live and say  
He built the perfect human paradise on earth  
Your companions were the best  
They took the message and finished with the rest  
Over hills, deserts and oceans  
Far to India and China and to the Alps  
They took the holy word all over earth  
To the whole universe  
Messengers of peace and love  
Messengers of civilization  
To all human nations  
From your city, peace be upon you  
Sprang out the light  
A pleasure for the human delight

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# A Strange Dream

It was just a dream, a strange dream  
It was a dream  
Only a dream,  
That I saw the elephant  
In the streets of Khartoum  
Walking with a leisurely pace  
Leaning on a big stick with a smile on his face

Then in McDonald's  
I saw the crocodile  
Having a snack and tea  
With milk by the Nile

I saw the monkey in the barbers' shop on the hill  
Cutting hair of a young customer with great skill  
Drawing beautiful whiskers with a heavy bill

I saw the frog in a dark corner sipping Coca Cola  
Elegant in his new green shirt with a wide collar  
And a red tie dangling from his short neck  
With shining colours  
Smoking Cuban Cigar with great pleasure  
As if he got all the world's treasure

I saw the fox playing very hard  
A tennis game with the rooster  
In the goat's backyard

It was just a dream  
That I saw the caterpillar  
In love affair with the cockroach  
In a public bathroom in Khartoum

It was a dream, just a dream  
To see the giraffe as an emcee  
Serving coffee with hot cream  
To the rhino and his hippo spouse  
With a thick lipstick in her mouth

It was a dream  
To collect my clothes  
From a laundry skillfully run by the dog  
The cashier was a young frog  
In her latest fashion  
A silk blouse and skirt of cotton  
From Christian Dior  
Elegant in her Parisian style  
And happy beautiful smiles

Then I saw the bitch  
Mating on the beach  
With only one male! !  
Can you imagine such a tale?

I also saw the snail  
In his armored cover  
So clever  
Licking ice-cream with chocolate flavor

Then I saw all the animals gathering in the forest  
Celebrating the marriage of the hyena and the gazelle  
The lion was there  
On his royal chair  
And the crow leading the choir  
It was a happy event of marriage  
Then the bride and the bridegroom  
Were politely invited by raccoon  
To spend their honeymoon  
In his marvelous home  
In the out-skirt of Khartoum

And I saw a fleet of birds congregating in a morning prayers  
Led by the owl with green spectacles  
With a long tanned beard  
And a great turban on his bald head  
Muttering secret words from a book that he read

Then it was a pleasure to see the salmon fish  
In the court of law playing the role of judge  
Young and full of hope  
With a white wig on her head and a reddish robe

Then I saw the shark flying a jumbo jet  
From Guantanamo to Philippines with great wit  
Escorted by crews of crows serving tea with mint

I saw the rat dating the cat  
In her modern luxurious saloon  
In the out-skirt of Khartoum  
Where they sat down reading Alice in the Wonderland  
Happily, cracking peanuts  
And sometimes cracking dirty jokes

I saw the lion and the tiger  
But frankly, I did not see the fox  
Together they were running a dialogue  
About the metaphysical elements in modern poetry  
And post-war drama in Broadway theatres  
And they also talked about the BLUES  
Of Langston Hughes  
With reference to NY and Harlem  
But with different views  
About Fukuyama's End of History  
And later, they dealt with some Chemistry  
The problem with the carbon dioxide  
They also talked about Dr. Jackle and Mr. Hide

I saw the turtle and the rabbit on the CNN on a chat  
Running a dialogue about peace on earth  
Philosophizing the fate of the human faith  
Exploring the Digital Native Concepts  
Sorry for the Digital Refugees and the Digital Immigrants  
They were trying hard with positive words  
To Solve the Digital Divide of the Third World  
And fill the Gap of Education  
Among all the Human Nations

And the last of my dreams were happy dreams  
That I saw human beings also to have some dreams  
Pleasure on their black, red and white faces  
Yes, I saw all human races  
The Sudanese were there, too.  
Women in their beautiful thobes

And men in their white fluffy robes  
All were busy with others  
Stitching the Ozone Layer with golden needles  
And planting seeds of love in the sea deserts  
Watering them with their teardrops  
Yes, with their teardrops  
I saw the seeds grow fast with plenty of crops  
Then I saw them picking up fruits from the stars  
With different taste, size and clours  
And giving them freely  
To the poor children of the world  
Including the children of Darfur

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# You Were Different

I -hereby- confess that I had loved women  
Some were so hot  
Some were shy and a bit cold  
But you were different  
Because you were temperate and bold  
I loved women  
Some were tall  
Some were very tall  
But you were different among them all  
You were the bless of the soul  
You were sophisticated and highly refined  
And you were the rest of the mind  
I loved women  
Some white girls  
Sweeter than nightingales  
Some with dark pigmentation  
The most beautiful in their generations  
But you were different  
You were the pride of the nation  
I loved women  
Some were beautiful  
In fact, some were very beautiful  
So I loved them for their beauty  
And some were witty  
In fact, all of them were very witty  
But still you were different  
You were the ideal my dear wife  
And the best deal in my life

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Worry Not My Child

The last time I saw him  
There he slept in peace  
In calmness  
With a smile on his face  
In his wooden case  
Where he stopped the breath  
To set off into the silent silence of eternity  
The body was brought by plane  
Secured with heaven's hand  
To be buried with ancestors in his land  
The land that he always loved  
But did not enjoy its fresh air  
Or did not drink its fresh water  
The land that he wanted to walk on its dusty roads  
And eat in its cheap restaurants a local meal  
And so as to cherish the taste of the food,  
And enjoy its feel,  
He would use his bare hand and lick his five fingers  
And drink the tea with spicy gingers  
Under the Neem tree in the Nile Avenue  
That was him, Ibrahim  
My young brother who passed away  
And stealthy left our world without a say  
In his exile  
Could he have stayed for a while?  
To bid a goodbye,  
And embrace his mom  
And inhale her perfume deeply in his lungs  
Could he have hugged his daddy for the last time?  
And shed tears on his shoulders?  
Could he bid a farewell to his daughters?  
Saria, Taif and Jennan  
Could he give an advice to Ahmed his son?  
And could he say anything to his kin?  
Old and young, boys and girls, women and men?  
Then go back to his cold wooden coffin! !  
Could he have delayed his journey?  
But he was eager to go  
We all know that he was eager to go

The ugly plane, from Cairo to Khartoum  
Landed in a sadly gloomy day  
Then he was marched to his last stay  
Unable to say  
The farewell....  
To his Mom  
To his Dad  
To his friends  
To his son and his daughters  
To his sisters and brothers  
May Allah bless his soul?  
And mercy be on his body and spirit  
We are sad to miss you,  
We are sad that you did not tell us in any way  
That you were on your last Journey to eternity  
And now we are all helpless  
How to tell your young mistress  
How her daddy feels in his coffin  
But I just "Worry Not My child"  
You daddy is happy and on his way to Heaven  
Years & Tears

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# Mohammed - Peace Be Upon You

Had I met him, one thousand four hundred years,  
I would have washed his feet with my tears  
Had I met him one thousand four hundred years  
I would have dropped all my fears  
And embraced the eternal happiness  
In his holy presence  
And I would have my ears  
Hearing only his holy utterance  
Had I been there, I would have all the pleasure  
To bury my face in his holy face  
And had my soul on his hands with grace  
With faith, all the faith  
Then I would have been the happiest on earth  
Had I lived his time,  
I would have had the best company of man  
As he was the best of all human race  
He was the chosen,  
He was the honest,  
And the honorable  
Who came to our worldly world  
Like a morning breeze  
Like an angel to please  
And with ease,  
He was there to sweep away  
All our human miseries  
With his holy hands and divine smile  
He was the bliss on earth  
And the comfort for all human souls  
He came to relieve and cure our pains  
He came like a shining star  
To nourish the human spirits with his blessings  
And fill our earthly bodies with delight  
And wash our souls with his holy light

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Did The Elephant Fly Or The Rhino Lay Eggs?

I feel sad as sadness could be  
Cause I'm afraid that one day  
I may not be able to say  
To my grandchildren  
Why animals deserted our planet  
And birds fled away

I am afraid to give a lie  
As I would be sorry not to justify  
How the African elephant had disappeared?  
And why?  
And how the African elephant looked like?  
Was the African elephant as heavy as a fly?  
Was the African elephant as big as a frog?  
Or did it simply look like a dog?

I would feel sorry not to justify  
How the fish disappeared from the sea?  
As there is no fish in the sea  
No longer we can see

I wonder, what I would say to my grandchildren!  
When they would ask me some years to come  
To talk to them  
About animals and teach them some tales  
How beautiful those animals were!  
But what knowledge do you think I could share! !

What should I say, plz tell me?  
Just tell me  
What my answer should be?  
When they would ask me  
And insist to know all about Zebra  
Was a Zebra as huge as a nuclear plant?  
And was it as clever as an ant?  
Was it as fat as a rat?  
But I could only say it was black and white  
With distinctive stripes

Then my wisdom would not serve me that day  
It would escape me and let me unable to say  
How big the elephant was?  
Could I tell them it was as big as their school?  
Then what about the giraffe?  
Could I say some of them were short?  
And some of them were tall?  
Is it enough to say they were coloured  
With black and yellow and white spots  
And they could run as fast as your car  
But not faster than the Tiger or the Jaguar?

And what should I tell them about the lion?  
He was said to be the King of all animals! !  
Was it true?  
I am afraid not to be able to define the lion  
Did it fly like a U.S fighting airplane?  
Or was it as fierce as a Russian submarine?

Retajj, my granddaughter, might want to know  
All about the crocodile  
How He happened to disappear from the Nile?  
Could I say that He had evaporated like water in the sun?  
Or could I tell her that to heaven, He had gone?  
Or could I say that He was just stolen by someone?

And Lojjain, another young lady  
Might want to know all about Rhinos! !  
Were they like birds laying eggs?  
And were their eggs as big as rocks?  
Were they like human beings walking on two legs?  
Did the Rhinos eat butter and bread?  
And did they enjoy milk with hot chocolate?  
Were they white, black or brown?  
Was a rhino so strong to tear down a big tree?  
With its magic horn when he was made angry  
And was he so brave to fight  
even-his shadow in the night?

Ahmed, my grandson,  
He is a smart boy, with a vision  
And wide i-m-a-g-i-n-a-tion

He will need explannnnnnations  
Very good explannnnnnations,  
And scientific justificaaaaaaations,  
From the whole world, from the whole nations  
To tell him how the sharks disappeared from the oceans?  
And the dolphin, friendly and clever was said to be?  
And was it true that she did save many drowning souls  
Then how did it happen that we have killed them all?

Oh, my dear human comrades, it would be too late  
To answer such questions, but try at any rate,  
For the sake of these generations, just try  
To give answers for their W.H.Y.  
Yes, human comrades, TRY, T.R.Y  
For the sake of grandsons and granddaughters  
You need to wade the deepest waters  
To fish answers and justify...  
And clearly tell them why,  
Why the fish deserted the sea?  
And why the forests are void of chimpanzee?  
And why is the sky,  
Free of birds that used to fly?  
And why is the soil poor of plants?  
Insects, rats and poor of ants  
WHY and WHY?  
You need to justify,

Why the world is bare of green trees  
And why the trees are bare of fruit and leaves?  
You need to say where all the forests had gone?  
Then, since you won't be able to answer this quizz,  
Of those beautiful kids, so quit, plz

You would better spare them their earth  
As they might be able to restore her health  
And that beautiful world again  
And they might raise the beautiful life  
That had once been before the war  
Rich with green trees, singing birds, colorful fish,  
With animals, and rich  
Full with happiness  
And that would be their second Birth

On a second Earth

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Freedom Is A State Of Mind

I am a helpless bird in this cage  
It is my home prison  
And for no good reason  
It is a half metre range  
It is strange  
So strange! !  
And beyond my sight is the blue sky  
Beyond my reach ranges too high  
And above my head is the roof  
That I can touch with my head  
It is always there, as the only proof  
That I am a prisoner in a half metre cage  
For an age  
When I beat my wings to fly  
To fathom the sky  
The thin wire will pull me down  
Back to my cage  
To drown in my rage  
But still,  
And although I am so lonely and ill  
Still,  
I can sing with full happiness  
My lovely melody of freedom  
I care not for the cage  
I can live another age  
I do never look behind  
I am always happy and free  
As freedom is a state of mind

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Dreams

=====  
ORIGINAL MESSAGE  
=====

From: Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek  
To: Yan Feng  
Date-Time: 2/6/2017 11: 22: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)  
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: hi  
- - - - -

Thank Feng. It is so great to have my work translated in Chinese.  
You can publish them in POEMHUNTER.

=====  
ORIGINAL MESSAGE  
=====

From: Yan Feng  
To: Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek  
Date-Time: 2/6/2017 2: 18: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)  
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: hi  
- - - - -

Hopes & Dreams

Dreams like the bliss for the bride  
In her first marriage day  
And the hope for the sailor  
In a rough sea  
Dreams are the delight  
of a graduate with an (A)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

?????  
?????  
??????????????  
?????  
?????????  
??????  
??A???

Untraceable Dreams

Dreams are true  
as flowers



In the garden  
in spring  
Dreams are true  
as the wedding ring  
In the finger  
of your darling  
Dreams are true as  
a singing bird  
In an early morning  
Dreams are true  
as the breeze  
Coming from the nearby seas  
Dreams are fair  
As your lover's hair  
When it flings  
Dreams are true,  
Though they are  
untraceable things

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

??????

????

?????

??

???

????

???????

???

??????

?????

?????

?????

?????

???????

????

?????

???????

????

?????

?????

???????



## Wild Dreams

Dreams are wild creatures  
difficult to tame  
They are untraceable  
by secret agents  
And all policemen  
can not restrain  
Nor a tyrant  
can make them remain  
So keep your dreams safer  
Embrace them in your heart  
and in the brain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

?????

?????????

?????

?????????

?????

?????

????

?????????

?????

?????????????

?????????????

?????????????

## Rainbow Dreams

Dreams are colorful  
As rainbows  
Some are fast  
And some are slow  
Some may longer live  
And Some may immediately leave  
But most dreams tend to stay  
And become true  
And just a few  
Will be pending for tomorrow  
So hold fast to your dreams  
And let them grow

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

??????  
??????  
???  
??????  
??????  
????????  
????????  
????????  
????  
????????????  
????????  
?????

Proud Dreams  
Make your dreams  
like drops of rain  
Once a piece of cloud  
Then falls to the ground  
As snow  
Or evaporate in the air  
keep your dreams always proud  
And never let them be caged  
Or disappear

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek  
?????  
????  
?????  
????????  
?????  
??  
????????  
????????  
????????  
???

Slow Down

Just slow down  
Slow down for a while  
That I may collect happiness  
From your beautiful smile

You, the moon in her full blooming  
And the flower in blossoming season  
So your love would never need to reason  
You, the bird in my blue sky  
you are always high  
And ready to leave away or fly  
You are the good omen of my life  
And the warmer chest  
When I need to cry  
And my escape when I need to rest  
So just slow down for a while  
That I may enjoy one more smile  
I can - my lady - feel your perfume  
From one thousand miles  
You the ideal lady of my dream

And you are the lady of my style  
Just slow down so I might go  
With you a short space  
To enjoy my being with this beautiful face  
So please, do not let me lose the race  
Let me dive in your dark eyes  
Into the deep blue skies  
Slow down my beautiful lady  
The dream of my age  
And let me back into your charming cage  
Slow down, please  
Why are you in such a hurry?  
Is there someone to marry?  
Please wait, just wait  
My darling, please wait  
You are my fate  
And my guide to happiness gate  
You are my darling  
And my future's mate

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

???

????

??????

??????????

????

??????????

?????

??????????

?????????

?????????

?????????

?????????????

???????

???????

??????????????

?????????????

?????????????

??- -??- ??????????

?????

?????????????

?????????????

?????????

?????????

?????????

?????????????

?????????????????

?????????????

?????????????????

?????????

?????????????????

? ???

?????????????

?????????????

?? ????

?? ???

?????????

?????????

?????????

?????????

=====

\*\* ORIGINAL MESSAGE \*\*\*\*\*

=====

From: Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek  
To: Yan Feng  
Date-Time: 2/5/2017 10: 48: 00 PM (GMT -6: 00)  
Subject: Re: Re: Re: hi

-----  
Thanks Yan Feng.  
I am grateful for your job.  
PLZ send me some samples of your translations.

=====  
\*\* ORIGINAL MESSAGE \*\*\*\*\*

=====  
From: Yan Feng  
To: Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek  
Date-Time: 2/5/2017 9: 17: 00 PM (GMT -6: 00)  
Subject: Re: Re: hi

-----  
your poem really so smart and wise,  
I like it,  
i will try my best to translate all!  
hope you all well,  
someday visit china!

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# To Abdurhaman And Sakeena On Thier Happy Wedding

MY SON

Now you are a married couple my son  
All your dreams have come true  
Your wife is like moon  
In her full bloom  
And you are her sun my son  
Both happy and full with fun

Exploring the pleasure of marriage  
Filled with rashness, full with courage  
You will see how beautiful your wife is  
And since you are enjoying the lovely moments,  
Everything will seem at ease  
She will be happy to please,  
To please only you  
And the same you will have to do

Then together  
You will go to measure  
The secret treasure  
Of marriage pleasure  
This is natural my son  
As all new couples should run  
With great fun  
To tear the pleasures of life  
Grasping every moment  
To happiness you will to strive  
Together with your wife

You need to be her only man  
Then she will be your faithful mistress  
Then you will sit down and think  
Where to build your home  
Where to stay or where to roam  
And which way you should take  
When to sleep and when to wake  
Then about children you will talk

You will dispute about the names of the boy  
And the names of the girl as well  
Then it would be your favourite tale  
As to which school they would need to go

You will sit down to think of your future plan  
Full with dreams for a long long life span  
And I am sure my son  
You will attain all your goals  
As you are both wise and smart  
To play your roles  
Of husband and wife  
To lead a peaceful life

But my son life is not that easy  
And not that always fine  
As - sometimes -you may need to pine  
It is not always that bright  
So you will need to fight

Sakeena is a fine lady that I really know  
She is beautiful, smart and daring too  
She will be your right hand  
For that - I am sure - she is capable to

So together you will need to go  
Hand in hand  
Over thorny hills  
In the rough seas  
On the moving sand  
Or down across the land

You will walk the long errand of life  
So take care of your wife  
Be her faithful husband  
Be her loving mother  
Be her caring father  
Be her dearest sister  
Be her nearest brother  
Be all her family  
Let her dwell in your heart

Be the hero  
Then be her loving hart

And then together you go to strive  
Through the iron gates of life\*

It is every moment that you need to enjoy  
To build a kingdom of love and joy  
So be her little boy  
Be her toy  
Be her soul  
Then she will all  
Be your lovely doll

\* For Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) , in (His Coy Mistress)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# Please Haste Not My Grandson

Floyd under the cop's knees  
Pleaded twelve times,  
Twelve times to breathe  
He asked for the cheap air  
But the cop was unfair  
As he denied him the oxygen  
The free gift of the Lord  
And continued to press on the spinal cord  
And beneath, Floyd could not afford  
His soul began to leak from the body  
Slowly leaking from the body  
And gasping for the last breath,  
He saw his creeping death  
He was forced to the ground  
Uttering a fading sound  
But the cop continued to press on his neck  
While another cop by the side  
Showing all the pride  
In his official American suit  
Marching up and down in his heavy boot  
Playing with his gun on his waist,  
Ready to shoot  
Under the witness of the whole American nation  
The man lost his soul  
For no good reason  
But for the blackness of his face  
That was all the case  
Oh. My Lord. Bless all of us  
And bless the black human race  
It is a pity to lose your soul  
For mere pigmentation  
Under the eye of the laws  
of the biggest nation  
Masters of the earth! !  
So Floyd who was an athlete,  
And who was smart, friendly and tall  
Lost his soul  
Because of the color of his face  
And because of the color of your face

Here you will lose your case  
And because of the color of your eye  
Here you may simply die  
For mere bad reason,  
Not for real treason  
But of the fear of the lack of air  
You may run short of breath  
And face your death

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The African Poet

Who is but you to shoulder the burden?  
of the parentless children?  
Who is but you to care for women?  
Lost their sons, lost their men  
Who is but you to care for the young maid?  
Lost her loving mate?  
And would never meet  
Who is but you to care for the displaced?  
And the homeless?  
Who is but you to stand against tyrants of darkness?  
Sisyphus' boulder on your back  
The pains of all the black  
But Diogenes' lamp in your right hand  
To guard our children and defend the land  
Who is but you the African Poet?  
To be the source of wisdom and hope?  
And our last resort where to flee  
And be free  
When the land is short to accommodate my race  
And the angry sea  
Then, your words will be the Zulu's spears  
In the tyrant hearts and in their ears  
You the African poet, it is your fate  
To dry all tears  
And wade with words to restore the peace  
And get me back to my old place  
To enjoy life among my race.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# My Wife

My wife

You are the essence of life

My free space

Where no one could dare to trace

Or follow my pace

My wife

You are my place

Where I hang all my faults

And keep my secrets

And hide my face

My wife

You are my holy place

Where I fully enjoy myself

As no one could disturb my peace

And where I secure my soul

When the dark moments roll over and roll

Then my wife you are the wall

My tall wall

My safe wall

Where to lean, when tired and sick of all

My wife,

You are my last resort before I fall

In fact you did never let me fall

The bearer of my young ones

Beautiful girls and beautiful sons

And the bearer of my secrets too, with tons

You are my favourite song

That I like to sing

During all seasons

Winter, summer, fall and spring

My wife

You are still the melody

That stealthily leaks with art

Into my veins

Then into my heart

To soothe all my pains

My wife

You are the flame

When darkness is difficult to tame

And when I am -alone- to blame  
You come to defend my name  
From any notorious fame  
And that is your favourite game  
You always like to play  
As my akin twin  
Whether I lose or win  
My wife  
You are the pair of my soul  
And the remedy for my family as a whole  
Remedy for the child when she cries  
Remedy for the old when she wants to rise  
Remedy for the young to appease  
You are for the sick to release  
And for the guest to feel at ease  
And for the friend when sad to please  
You are for the lost to guide to his goal  
And you are ready to give them all  
And respond for any immediate call  
In the mid night  
Or during the fight  
You are always there with advice  
And you are always right  
My wife...you are always right!  
You are the one  
Who never says 'No'  
In summer or snow  
Oh, my wife  
You are the twin of my life  
My valued treasure  
My happiness that no one could measure  
You are the source of all pleasure

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Boy On The Wheelchair

Your smiling face  
Does not tell all the tale  
How you really feel  
On your chair, on the rolling wheel

You always come to my class  
With a cheerful face  
That could never let me guess  
How you feel on your wheelchair  
The fact that sets me on fire  
Of sympathy in my heart  
And curiosity in my mind  
That looks too blind  
To understand how happy you look  
And when you look in your book

Some people may not understand  
Why you are so happy?  
But I have known all about your goals  
And how you work in the school

Your happy face  
Can make me guess  
How your dreams are high  
Like eagle in the sky  
Your smiling face  
Can make me guess  
How your wheelchair  
Is but a throne of a King  
A real king  
Your wheelchair is so dear  
To my soul Oh, Sir

When I see you on your way,  
Wheeling to the school  
I wonder and unable to guess  
How you-daily-overcome this mess! !  
With such flow of happiness

I always see you among your mates  
With happy smiles  
You defeat your fate  
Though you could never set your feet  
On the hard face of the street

I always see happy faces around your wheelchair  
Racing to catch the turn to push your chair  
Up the stairs  
As if you are a King or at least the leader of the choir

You laugh from your heart  
And they laugh from their hearts  
And I feel it in the heart of my heart  
A piece of music, a piece of art  
Where lad, do you come with all this shining face?  
To disperse happiness  
To the whole human race  
In my class?

You-early-use to come to it  
In the first row, you always sit  
With full attention and with wit  
And carefully listen to what is said  
Ready to ask the right question  
And keen to take some notes  
And ready to share with your mates  
Ideas and votes

So you were always the best  
And still, the best of the rest  
Your fine manners  
Would never escape my sight  
I see you always fight  
Following your lessons day and night  
With all your might  
To attain what you deserve  
As your human right  
You really make me feel a true sense of pride  
Carried by your charming tide  
Tide of happiness  
From your wheelchair

You are the most inspiring soul  
To me, my dear

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# The Housemaid

I am the housemaid  
I am the last to go to bed  
At the late night  
And the first to wake up  
Before the day light  
I am the one to check everything  
And keep all at my sight

I am to lock the shutter  
And open the curtains in summer  
And make the fire of winter  
And always keep to the gate  
And wait  
For the dog to come in  
From HIS evening walk  
And wait for the cat  
To finish HER game with the rat

Then I have to make the breakfast  
Ready for everyone in the house  
But for delay,  
I am the one to blame and denounce  
I am the one, the lady would ask  
About her brown pair of shoes  
And the master would inquire  
About his polished boots  
And the young mistress  
Would ask about her new dress  
And the young master  
Would ask about the stuff of his sport  
And his T-shirt  
I am the one who would remove all their dirt

I am the one, everyone would call  
As if I am the only human soul  
That to respond immediately to the whole  
But they would not wait to get the answer  
So I have to respond quicker and faster

I would open the garage  
For the lady for work to go  
And wait for the big master  
As his turn soon would draw

Then the young lady and the boy would call  
To escort them to school  
To carry their bags and their tools  
And I must always keep clean and cool  
And ready to answer all questions  
And then back to feed them all

I have to feed all the folk! !  
With different taste of dishes  
To satisfy all their wishes  
Different meals I have to cook  
But I am always a subject of their mock

I have also to entertain the guests  
Upon the master's request  
I am the one to manage his wealth  
And keep his family's health

And since I am said to have a good voice  
I should have to sing some melodies to the boys  
So they would not disturb or weep  
But peacefully soothed to sleep  
I have the little girl whom to please and talk  
And I have the dog, for the evening walk  
And still  
I am the only one who is not allowed to get ill  
I am not allowed to get sick  
As the rod is spared for me and the big stick

So I just need to close my door and weep  
Weep and weep  
With silent voice,  
That I have always to keep

Then I shed my hot tears  
Very hot tears  
And embrace all my fears

And lonely go to sleep

I am the housemaid  
Who is made to sweep  
All sadness off your lives  
And not allowed to grieve  
But always have to strive

I am the housemaid  
Who is to keep your family happy and tight  
I am the guard of your dreams at night  
But my own dreams, I have them to hide  
And washed away with the first ebb or tide

I am the housemaid  
The first to wake up  
At the early morning light  
To start the daily fight  
And the last one to go to bed  
In the late midnight

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Eagle On Top

Despite your authority  
And despite my pains  
Despite the long captivity  
And despite the chains  
Despite my inability to refrain  
Despite all restrains  
Despite your limitless might  
I will continue to fight  
For my rights  
And will remain  
Like a free eagle on the top  
of the Marah Mountain\*  
The sky above is mine  
The valley, the air as well  
And the vast plain

\* Marah is a mountain in Darfur

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# To Doctor Islam

Now my daughter  
You have just left your lovely school seat  
Although it is difficult to leave your schoolmate  
But this is your fate  
And this is what you have been trained to meet

Our congrats from mom, sister, brothers and me  
And many congrats from the whole family  
That you have got your medical degree  
So you are now educated and more free  
To read and learn in your field  
And assimilate all the knowledge  
The human mind was ready to yield

You have got your medical degree  
And ready to treat all human illness  
With carefulness

So in work you will see the rich,  
Bragging with his wealth  
And the penniless as well  
But your job is to be nice to both  
When they are helpless and ill  
As both are looking for health

So when a patient comes to your Kingdom  
He is there to seek your medical wisdom  
Sickness is a moment of real human helplessness  
So you need to be equipped with all human kindness

You need to be sympathetic and very nice  
And ready to give the right medical advice

Sometimes a patient may only need your smile  
That would be like magic from the first while  
To cure him immediately from the vile

To some patients you may just prescribe more fluids  
Dehydration is the cause of health deterioration

And the cause of death among the children of the nations  
So your patients may need only this simple medication

Some patients may only need to sport themselves for a week  
With a half hour walk, they may no longer need the stick  
They may get recovery through a game of a football kick

Some patients may only need to increase their vegetable meals  
With some more fruit they may dismiss all the bills  
Some patients may only need someone to talk to  
And make their company  
So do it as possible as you could do

You may prescribe water, vegetables, fresh air or more fruit  
or a stay under the sunbeam  
Or prescribe a run or a little time to swim

My girl, you are now a physician  
But to patients you are the magician  
Who is ready to wipe all their pains  
With only one magical touch  
So you will need to do them well  
As their expectations on you are so much

You always need to refine your knowledge  
And every day improve your medical skills  
Check your patients from head to heel  
And go through the body with a kind human feel  
This will immediately help them to heal

Money should not be your aim in life  
But human souls you need to revive  
Then the happiest person you will be  
When you see your patients healthy and alive  
And ready to live and survive

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Maya Angelou: You Will Remain Phenomenal

Maya Angelou

You are truly original  
Exceptional,  
So you are phenomenal

Because you cannot hide  
The beautiful smile on your face  
And you cannot hide your perfume  
That fills all the space  
And travels hundreds of miles  
Because it is all original  
So you are exceptional

You are phenomenal  
Because of your style  
The way you talk  
the fashionable way you walk  
an arrogant peacock

So men cannot help but to gaze and look  
gaze and look  
And Still, still  
They will never be able to tell  
Why you are so phenomenal

And Ladies, too  
would continue to wonder  
Why you are so phenomenal  
Because they do not see  
How you are so cute  
And how fashionable you look  
In your stylish suit  
And how graceful is your foot  
In your boot

Ladies also do not see  
the span of your hips  
And the pearls uttered from your curled lips  
Because you are so original

So you are phenomenal

And no wonder that men  
Do not realize how you're so cool  
When you get into their rooms  
Like a mistress in the school  
So they all  
Suddenly fall,  
Down on their knees  
And swing about you like honey bees  
Because you are the loveliest flower  
That had ever trodden their floor

Men adore the beauty of your eyes  
in fact they adore the secrets in your eyes  
Where you hide seven hundred of skies  
So let them fall down like butterflies  
To kiss your feet  
And let them die when you dance and shake your waist

Because you are exceptional  
So you are phenomenal  
But still men do not see  
the mystery in you  
they are blind or pretend to be so  
They are not smart enough,  
In fact they are stupid, too  
To see beyond their physical mind  
Yes, they are simply deaf & blind

But they can see now why you are so proud  
Because they have just come to understand  
Why your head is always upward  
And why you behave like a lord  
Because your are beautiful smart and slim  
And decisive like a sword

They have just known  
Why you don't shout  
or jump about  
Although you can all afford



Maya,  
Because you are so exceptional  
You will always remain phenomenal  
And you will remain phenomenal  
Because you are simply, smart and proud  
And the most beautiful among the whole crowd

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Liverpool Slave Port

Although Liverpool was late in entering the slave trade, but she quickly surpassed London and Bristol to become the number one slave port in the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century.

Liverpool

Liverpool you were the gate to hell

So I hate you as I hate London, Nantes and New York as well

Every piece of me does boil with hate

As through your gate

My black race were put to fate

Their awful luck on your soil

And spent all their lives to toil

And make your wealth

And bring your health

Your hate is in every pore in my flesh

In the run of my blood

And it is always fresh

You slave trader, cruel traitor

My black race were driven into your dirty ports

Under the view of your very judges and your courts

They were forced into slavery

Driven in your merciless, unfriendly, slippery roads

Enslaved and smuggled by day and night

Through your hideous tunnels and secret docks

Naked Children clinging to naked mothers' breasts

They had to walk all the way and never rest

Women and men all were chained

Hand to hand or cuffed foot to foot

Like cattle, they were hooked

By a burly piece of wood

Salty sweat ran into their eyes

And hundreds of grimy flies

Bite their skinny faces and broken thighs

They were all naked

And the feet were bare

And none a piece of cloth to wear

Then they were auctioned in your market place

Like animals not like a human race

And they were to be dispersed in every space  
To build your British Great Empire  
And they did... In the plain or in the mire  
They did the heavy job in the farms  
Built bridge and built the dams  
They cut the wood for the winter's fire  
And cooked the delicious food  
For the master and all his neighborhood  
Only one girl in the master's house  
She was the only black maid  
Who was made to wake up the first  
And the last to go to bed  
All broken from foot to head  
Oh, Liverpool  
Your dirty history can never be bygone  
And because of the harm you have done  
To the black race, you will be forgiven by none! !

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# From Africa To America

It was an early morning in my village  
When I left my family in their cottage  
And stealthily went, as to be the first  
To fetch some fruit, from the forest

My village peacefully slept under the mountain  
Where my tribe had been living for years  
Enjoying the healthy air and the generous rain  
There we grew everything and shared with peers  
Our farms were rich with types of grains  
And the good sky did never cease to rain

So our stores were full with many types of food  
For the family and everyone in the neighborhood  
We were rich and rich enough  
We were the happiest men on earth  
We had beautiful girls to love  
Ready to give many children's birth

Our villages in peace did they remain  
With green plains and continuous rain  
The tribe wellbeing was well maintained  
By wise women and brave men

We had time to love, to wed and time to fight  
We had time to sing under the moon's bright light  
And we had time to grow and enjoy the food  
And time to converse and dance in the wood

We had the learning to raise the cattle  
And plenty of crops to plant  
We had the time to go to battles  
And plenty of time to go to fight  
We were able to read and write

And know some arithmetic and religion, too  
We had time to worship the God  
In only ONE we believed, not in two  
Our elders had time to tell beautiful tales

To teach all the boys and all the girls  
The whole truth about love and freedom  
And skills to cure all the human ails

We learned to count our cattle and sheep  
We knew when our crops were ready to reap  
We had the skills to get water from the deep earth  
And the knowledge to tell the coming of birth

We knew all about stars in the sky  
We knew how to cook and bake the pie  
And all about the wealth in the ground  
And how to decipher the echo of the sound

So when we beat our drums during the night  
That was to make ready for a fight  
And when we beat our drums during the day  
That was to celebrate a new birthday

But when we send the smoke signs to our kin  
It was to tell the advance of some enemies  
So we would never be taken by sudden  
But be ready for the fighting ceremonies

So we had a culture when you came to our land  
And took our races chained hand with hand  
To plant cotton and sugar cane on your sand  
Millions of black fellows had long to stand  
Under the burning sun they were in remand  
So when your white ships anchored in our coast  
Everything gone with the wind and were lost  
With your guns you came to hunt men and boast  
And displaced my race paying the heaviest cost

That was one early morning and that was my last day  
When I last saw the green plains where I used to play  
In a slave ship across the Atlantic I made my way  
To the new world with all historical dismay  
Where we were displaced, enslaved and forced to stay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Slow Down General Basheer

Step down  
From the chest of my nation  
Step down  
From the back of my town  
Step down  
From my people's chest  
it is time for the nation to rest  
Mr. President  
Step down and disperse  
From earth  
We want to see no more of your face  
And no more of your breath  
We have come to the end of the race  
It is the end of the race  
Mr. President  
Step down  
Release your dirty boot  
From my people's foot  
From our throats  
Rest your gun  
And you'd better run! !  
Run Mr. President  
Since there is no more fun  
And there is no more time  
To commit any more crime  
Mr. President  
Step down  
Stop shooting and killing our race  
Step down  
And dismiss from space  
Step down  
It is too vile  
We'll wait not for a while  
But march to freedom  
And drink from the Nile  
Our Freedom sip  
And walk  
To finish the trip  
Mr. President

Step down  
We've refreshed our souls again  
With fresh blood in every vein  
In the veins of the nation  
Women and men and children

Mr. President  
Step down  
Our blood has gone drained  
And sank into the deep sand  
To water our poor land  
And enrich our soil  
Like the tears of our kids  
With drying lips  
Rotting lips  
And broken hips  
From lack of milk and human tips  
Our blood sank deep  
To quench our thirsty land  
Ad enrich the sand

Mr. President  
Step down  
step down from my people's throat  
Into your sinking boat  
it is late  
In fact, it is too late  
To face your fate  
To face your terrible fate  
The African Poet

Who is but you to shoulder the burden?  
of the parentless children?  
Who is but you to care for women?  
Lost their sons, lost their men  
Who is but you to care for the young maid?  
Lost her loving mate?  
And would never meet  
Who is but you to care for the displaced?  
And the homeless?  
Who is but you to stand against tyrants of darkness?  
Sisyphus' boulder on your back  
The pains of all the black

But Diogenes' lamp in your right hand  
To guard our children and defend the land  
Who is but you the African Poet?  
To be the source of wisdom and hope?  
And our last resort where to flee  
And be free  
When the land is short to accommodate my race  
And the angry sea  
Then, your words will be the Zulu's spears  
In the tyrant hearts and in their ears  
You the African poet, it is your fate  
To dry all tears  
And wade with words to restore the peace  
And get me back to my old place  
To enjoy life among my race.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# For Freedom

Do not wait for freedom  
For freedom do not wait  
It will never come knocking at your gate  
It is your fate  
So hard to fetch  
The fate of each  
Who wants to reach  
Yes, freedom is far and high  
As far as the star in the sky  
But it is within your reach  
If you are keen to reach

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Lovely Creature

I love your features  
I love you  
I love all your gestures  
I love you  
Cause I love the future  
I love you I love the creature  
the miracle of nature  
All nature

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Years & Tears

Sudanese were suffering since the military coup of 1989 by Omar Albasheer.

Millions of tears  
Were shed at all spheres  
Tears of children  
Tears of mothers  
Tears of fathers  
Tears of friends  
And tears of lovers  
Tears of women  
And tears of men  
All were shed  
To water the sand  
Of our land  
Tears of miseries  
Unprecedented through  
All human histories  
Years after years  
And your tyrant gun  
tearing our men  
You kill for fun  
playing a game of hit and run  
To disperse the rest of our race  
In every space  
Years after years  
With millions of tears  
And still your boot on our faces  
And your machines eliminate all the races  
From the face of our land  
And uprooting happiness from the sand  
Uprooting all races  
human beings of animals of birds  
Races of all plant species  
With merciless brutality  
To castrate fertility  
You kill to eradicate our race  
From the face of the earth  
And bury our date of birth  
To dismiss us to dismiss us

From the book of registry  
From the book of the human history  
But we will cling to live and stay  
Like our tears rooted  
In the deep sand of our land  
To fight for the rights of our children  
For rights of women and men  
For freedom night and day  
To keep Darfur a human paradise  
We will never give away  
But will cling to live and stay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Why Are You Sad?

Oh, poor lad  
Why do you always look so sad?  
Your face does never show any smile  
And you did never look happy or glad  
Not even for a while  
Is sadness your life style?  
Why are you always sad?  
My dear lad!  
He said, 'Sir, it was all my fault  
&quot;Because I slept  
So the car had leapt  
To crush into the truck  
And for my bad luck  
Only for my bad luck  
I killed my lovely duck  
I killed my lovely Mom  
Who used to take me by the hand\*  
And lead me over the sea or on the land  
Into wisdom, joy and sense.  
But left me like a child with no defense\*  
Alas, I lost my Mom  
Then I lost my lovely home  
I was the only one to blame  
Since then I'm on an everlasting flame  
But although in her lonely grave,  
She still wants me not to grieve  
And that I have long beautiful days to live  
She did never leave me  
Me, she would never leave  
She always remains my Mom  
Although in her lonely grave  
She is still my dome and my secret room  
As she had once been my love & home'  
\*Michael Leunig

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Step Down

Mr. President  
Step down  
From the chest of my nation  
Step down  
From the back of my town  
Step down  
From my people's chest  
it is time for the nation  
to get to rest

Mr. President  
Step down and disperse  
From our earth  
We want see no more of your face  
And no more of that breath  
We have come to the end of the race  
It is the end of the race

Mr. President  
Step down  
Release your dirty boot  
From my people's foot  
Rest your gun  
And you'd better run! !  
Run Mr. President  
Since there is no more fun  
And there is no more time  
To commit one more crime

Mr. President  
Step down  
Stop shooting and killing our race  
Step down  
And dismiss from every space  
Step down  
It is too vile  
We'll wait not for a while  
But march to freedom  
And drink from the Nile

Our Freedom sip  
And walk  
To finish the trip

Mr. President  
Step down  
We've refreshed our souls again  
With fresh blood in every vein  
In the veins of the nation  
in the veins of women and men  
And in the veins of our children

Mr. President  
Step down  
Our blood has gone drained  
And sank into the deep sand  
To water our poor land  
And enrich our soil  
Like the tears of our kids  
With drying lips  
From lack of milk and human tips  
Our blood has sunk deep  
Like tears of women with rotting ribs  
And broken hips

Mr. President  
Step down  
step down from my people's throat  
Into your sinking boat  
But alas, Mr. President, it is very late  
In fact, it is too late  
To face your fate  
To face your terrible fate

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# River Nile

River Nile Oh, River Nile!  
You run like a silver chain  
Through the green African plains  
You did never stop or restrain  
And you did never complain

On the desert you run,  
Under the burning sun  
You run  
In winter, you run  
Like a sheet of gold  
Rich with stories and rich with fun  
And millions of secrets yet untold

River Nile, where do you come from?  
From heaven or paradise?  
Or from a holy fountain, you rise?

You were running millions and millions of years  
With full might shedding no tears  
With abundance of waters  
You share overall spheres

You did never rest for a while  
But running thousands of miles and miles  
Happy and generous Oh, River Nile!  
Accommodating the fish and the crocodile

You run from country to country  
From century to century  
You give with kindness  
And your gifts have reached  
The poor villagers on the banks  
The herdsmen and peasantry  
You give without ranks  
Or wait for thanks

Then through cities you run  
Untired but happy and full of fun



Your gifts are unlimited  
Everywhere they have gone

You run from Tana, your start station  
To the Delta with no hesitation  
Carrying the bless of the nations  
To Nubian and Egyptian  
Your holy water, to the rich and the poor  
is inoculation

Your White Branch comes from Victoria  
Through the forests of Equatoria  
Then runs to meet the Blue Nile  
Coming from Abyssinia  
Elegant and proud in his style  
From the plateau above  
Then you with all the love  
Meet in Khartoum, and both  
March towards the North

On your banks grow millions of vegetation  
Plant species and animal populations  
Harmoniously live with human nations

Then from Victoria to Khartoum in the Sudan  
You meet the Blue Nile like a loving couple  
Then together you make your journey to Aswan  
To the Mediterranean you make your great travel

You the White Nile  
From Victoria you start your march  
From hill to hill and from valley to valley  
You cross the borders  
You give no orders  
But peacefully run, you are never harsh  
Through Equatoria to the Savanna  
To the edge of the Desert in Khartoum  
Where you are received as a bridegroom  
Always calm, childish and polite  
Full of manners and civilized

Blameless as you easily run

Flood-less on your banks  
To enable the poor fisherman  
Collect his net full with fish  
And the child to get his herd  
To drink from your generous dish

So you together meet at Khartoum  
Then embrace each other  
As darling lovers  
As babies embraced by their mothers  
Then like a married couple in their first day  
You meet with the Blue Nile then run away  
In your honeymoon  
Both to the North  
With your endless force

You the Blue Nile, you are always young  
Rough and masculine  
Fierce and furious and always ready to sway  
Your enemy  
So you push the White Nile back to make your way  
Then run to the North with no delay  
Through the desert in the North of Sudan

So the Blue is always rough with you,  
You harmless White Nile  
You are always kind and wise, too  
Like an old man with his naughty son  
Together agreed to Egypt, you run

Through the Nubian Civilization  
Where three hundred Pyramids witness  
And guard the nation  
You head to North to the Sea  
Carrying the Sudanic culture  
To the world to see  
From Nebtta and Merowe,  
from Karma and the Barkal  
Through Dongla through the desert you flee  
To the Sea

To the world, you carry the Nubian civilization

A token of friendship  
To human population  
Then Nile with full motion and emotions  
You tell the story of the Sudan greatest nation

River Nile,  
Your banks stand to tell our great history  
From Piye, the black Pharaoh  
and all his family tree  
Whose empire extended from Khartoum  
To Mediterranean Sea  
Who stood against the bloodthirsty of Assyrians  
Saving Jerusalem from enemy  
El Kurru, Nuri, and Meroë all stand  
As witness of great history  
Great deeds crowned by the Mahadi with his victory

The old temples stand strong and fair  
with Mosques Minarets  
Shooting high in the air  
For Allah Akbar to travel free  
Through the atmosphere  
To reach human beings everywhere  
To herald the Dervish victory  
on the British Empire  
And across  
Stood the Church with the Cross  
You can hear the bell on Sunday  
And the Mosques send the calls  
of prayers on Friday  
They together stand as symbols  
Of true religious integration  
Among the Sudanic nation

As if Nile you want to say there is space  
For all human faith  
For all human race  
To live happily on the face of your earth  
Space for all human race  
for Africans,  
for the Arabs,  
for the Coptics,

for the Jews,  
for the Christians  
And the Muslims as well  
All happily live on your banks  
Devoid of race prejudice or social ranks

Boats sailing along your generous shores  
With plenty of food to the rich and the poor  
The fishermen go back home  
Happy and thankful to your generous hand  
And the farmers happy with  
the soil of their land  
They grow once and harvest twice through the year  
With plenty of food to spare  
and nothing they have to fear

Women and children kings and fools  
All human beings happily crop  
from your unlimited pools

How many civilizations did you witness?

The Greeks

The Roman,

The Nubian,

The Kushian,

The Turkish,

The French,

The English,

The Pagan,

The Jewish,

The Christians

And the Muslim Dervish?

How many civilizations did you witness?

How many Kings and Queens asked your friendship?

And how many Pharaohs had had their trip?

How many Saints or Prophets had your grip?

Moses, Jesus, and other great men of God

All were to lead their disciples to the righteous roads

But some tyrants in the sea they were rot

Like a great father always kind to them all

Giving without waiting for thanks, at all

You are fair River Nile  
And you are fair to the whole  
The birds in the sky  
And the animals on the banks  
All have their share  
The plants, the human and the fish  
Your water still abundant and fresh

You had once been worshiped  
Thousands of years ago  
Brides were given as bribes  
To appease your Ego  
That you should not stop  
But continue to flow

Oh River Nile, the Snake God you were said to be  
All thankful to your daily run from South to North  
like a never ending history  
And of course  
You did never change your course

The Churches' bells  
And the Mosques Minarets  
on your banks,  
Send their calls and thanks  
And both stand  
As symbols of unity of the land  
Shooting high with Allah Akbar in the air  
Gracefully and fair  
And you are still running River Nile  
Proud and smart in your elegant style.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Hughes And The Blues

Oh, Hughes, Langston Hughes  
Your BLUES inspired your race  
To wake up and win the race  
To keep on to Freedom and to trace  
Every corner in the space  
The BLUES traveled over mountains,  
Valleys and crossed the oceans  
To all human nations  
Heard over Mississippi and the Boston Bay.  
Then all free men and women learned to believe and say  
That we are born free  
And endowed with the right to life  
The freedom of where to live and strive  
As man or woman  
As husband and wife  
And have the right to dream of the light of the day  
The light that came from New Orleans  
To the Bronx and Harlem  
To New York City, too  
Your songs brought your race  
Their identity and unity  
Your songs will live in eternity  
To let them taste the sweet taste of freedom  
With full human dignity

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Wait Not

"Gather quick out of darkness"  
"All the songs you know"  
"And throw them at the sun"  
"Before they melt like snow" \*

Sure opportunity does not come twice  
be wise

It will not wait for you

You should know

It is like snow

If you do not run

It will quickly melt in the sun

Simple physics as you know

Therefore, you have to go

And do what you have to do

What you are supposed to do

And wait not for somebody to tell you

What you need to do

Never wait for someone to tell you

Where, When and Why to do so or so

Life is short and opportunities, too

So gather quickly all that you can

And wait not for any woman or man

Even sister or brother

Let them hurry and follow your steps

And back you

And together cross the river

And forever

Enjoy the sweet life, forever

So gather all your chances at once

And drink them in one sup

And drink even the dryness of the cup

\*Langston Hughes

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Your Birthday

Happy Birthday  
Some years ago  
You were twenty-two  
We celebrated the twenty-two  
Today is your birthday  
And you are still twenty-two  
Next year we will celebrate  
Your twenty-two  
And hundred years to come  
You will remain twenty-two  
As age, does never tell on you  
Age does never tell on you  
You were as beautiful as toady  
Smart and arrogant and tall  
As a palm tree  
Some years ago  
We all used to say  
That you were the star in the sky  
Far, too impossible and so high  
To reach  
We used to say  
You were the moon  
In her full bloom  
You were the phoenix  
Every day you get a new start  
To remain the queen of all the hearts  
And the rest for all the human souls  
In fact you are the rest for the whole  
And the whole at your feet  
Because you are their Queen  
And this is your due respect  
Then, you are free to set free  
Or captivate  
Because you are the Queen  
And free to do  
Whatever you want to do  
But let's now celebrate your new reign  
As you are still the Queen  
And still young,



Smart, tall and beautiful,  
And still twenty-two  
So happy birthday to you  
Maha, happy birthday to you  
At your twenty-two

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Granddaughters Newcomers

Retajj, the daughter of my son  
Have just come to the world full with fun  
And Lojjian the daughter of my daughter  
Are received with milk gushed at your face and water  
To celebrate your birthday  
Granddaughters you have come to the world  
To fill our vacuum  
With some freshness and happiness at home  
You are as smart and beautiful as your Moms  
And gentle as your Dads  
Grandma is happy for both  
As if she is the one who gave your birth  
All uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces  
And all the kin and kith  
Are all happy for your arrival  
To add to the big family  
Which has begun to grow with the third generation  
To build the nation  
So you are adding one line in our grand book of history  
And give strength to the family tree  
And power to the country  
Our traditions all in your veins  
To inject the family with fresh blood  
Your names will be engraved with capital blocks in gold  
You will enjoy your time among your loving race  
And grow with full grace

Smart and tall like dads and beautiful Moms  
Then you will both go to school  
And granddaddy will be your school mate  
He will always wait for you at the gate  
And will not regret whenever you are early or late  
When you are out at the end of the school day  
He will collect you home happy and gay  
And will play  
All your childhood games  
And may help to give your dolls some beautiful names  
He will carry your bags with some broken pencils  
And torn exercise book-notes

Full with greasy stuff and remains of food  
Then you will be back home  
To fill all the rooms  
With joyful chaos and riots  
Then you may break my phone  
And make upside down all my room  
You may tear my notes or books  
And may step into my shoes  
Or put on my sizeless boots  
And you may break my glasses  
You may as well have some cries  
Of madness for no good reasons  
Then you will get bored and tired  
And would go to sleep  
Then Granddad may have a nap  
For the rest of the day  
To make ready for tomorrow  
With a new start

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Black Cinderella In The White House

Black Cinderella in the White House  
Malia Obama, the black Cinderella  
Under presidential umbrella  
Fills the White House with naughty childhood  
A butterfly that moves from wood to wood  
And shares happiness with all the neighborhood  
Wherever she goes attracts everybody's look  
A peacock  
An African Cinderella  
In an African cloak  
She moves like a wave  
From shore to shore  
To share happiness  
With the rich and the poor

Malia the black Cinderella of our time  
The sun that heats the winter's rime  
In the White House with an African rhyme  
A naughty child, she is, with hot blood  
Like River Nile in his full flood

Malia fills the White House kitchen  
With the aroma of cocoa from the tropical zone  
And the smell of coffee from Abyssinia  
And the taste of tea from Kilimanjaro  
Where granddaddy had come from Kenya

Malia fills the dreams of our children  
As their black Cinderella  
Who disperses light over all places  
Inspiring them to go overseas, lands and spaces  
With big dreams and smiling faces

Malia is the symbol of freedom  
Who dared to put back  
The dark history of her race  
And started a new race  
With dignity and full grace

The White House was once a symbol of domination  
Built by the black nation  
Their blood was mixed with every block  
Each stone,  
Alone  
Has a story of its own

Under whips  
And kicks on the hips and the rips  
Men and women of the black race  
Were there in the race  
Under the sun  
Under winter's grace  
They had to race  
To place  
And replace  
One block over one block  
And a stone  
On a stone  
And mix their black blood with cement  
To raise a mansion  
For the white master  
Of the White Garrison

But now THIS has all become your own  
The palace is now all yours  
Built by your own race  
Who dug deeply in earth  
To build a rooted base  
And decorated the White House's face  
To enable you play happily and freely  
And fill all the space  
With joy and peace

And then you trace history  
To sweep all the misery  
Of your old African people  
Then together with Sasha  
With full privacy  
In your presidential rooms  
You can sleep and read  
And have some childish dreams

Of smart African bridegrooms

And beyond there, your beautiful Mom and Dad  
Enjoy their time  
As Masters of the White House  
Masters of the black  
Masters of the white  
Masters of all  
In fact, masters of the world as a whole

There Michelle Obama, the first lady  
Now you can see  
Like a queen of land and sea  
As tall as a tropical palm tree  
Wherever she goes or whenever she was seen  
She fills all places with happiness and glee  
Smart and beautiful and free

The white cook is ready  
To serve the White House guests  
And the staff is ready  
To obey the first lady's requests  
The plane USA is ready  
To fly on her demand  
To the moon if she wants  
To the west or to the farthest east  
Malia is the dream that  
Our children have to live  
And the future for all  
So we do believe  
That racism will no longer live  
But forever it would leave  
Leave all places  
And disperses in spaces  
From every corner on the earth  
And Malia will be the angel of peace  
And the guard of freedom for all the human race

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# George V Salutes Digna\*

## George V Salutes Digna\*

Although Othman Digna's men were equipped with very primitive weapon such as spears and swords, they won most battles against the British and the Egyptian invaders in the Sudan. Digna, a Sudanese leader of the Mahdi led a powerful army that invested Sinkat and Tokar, destroying Egyptian reinforcements for the former garrison on 16 October and 4 November 1883. On 2 December his men wiped out another Egyptian force near Tamanieb. In December 1883 Colonel Valentine Baker arrived at Suakin to march to the relief of the garrisons, but he suffered a defeat at El Teb on 4 February 1884.

I

What happened to you George?

The King of England

The King of the Seas

The King of the Land

To humbly stand

On such a poor sand?

II

His Majesty stately ship

Dropped anchors on the Red Sea

To India, he was on his way

But he changed his course to Port Sudan

On the Red Sea

To see,

Just to see

A Sudanese warrior

by the name of Othman

Known as the lion of the East of Sudan

III

So his Majesty to Sudan made his way

And he came to Sawakin one day

And had a walk in the city

Escorted by her Majesty the Queen

And a school of men

To measure the Length and Width of his vast empire

Where the sun rises somewhere and sets somewhere

IV

Then the King asked his men

To fetch Digna to show respect

To the King of Britain and India  
And the Dominions as well  
His Majesty called the prisoner  
To where they dwell

So the men hurried up  
To get Digna from his jail  
And told him the royal tale  
That the King would allow him, with grace  
To meet His Majesty face to face

V

Digna was secured a prisoner in the jail  
He was old,  
He was sick,  
He was weak,  
And he was pale  
But, still, still  
Full with an arrogant faith  
He refused to get to the royal space  
'He is your king'. He roared in their face  
'He has nothing to do with this place'

VI

Nevertheless,  
The King insisted to see that man  
With such a superego  
So to the prison, His Majesty, Himself had to go  
Accompanied by his men  
With the Queen  
And all his royal kin  
To see Digna, who was at his old age...  
In the prison's cell, like a bird in a cage  
But in fact, he was a lion in his den  
Full of dignity of the Bejja fighting men  
Who had given great lessons to the British Empire  
And who had broken the notorious English Square

VII

So his Majesty insisted to see the man's face  
But Digna refused to give him a face at all  
Instead, he gave him his back and faced the wall  
Clinging to his copy of Quran his holy book  
And to the King of England He did not give a look

VIII



Then the King got out His royal sword from his sheath,  
The King got out his royal sword flashing in the air  
Like a fire cord, the King got out His royal sword  
He got out the royal sword, the King got out His royal sword  
And raised it as high as he could afford  
As if to touch the sky  
And then...

Saluted the lion of the Sudan in his den  
As great men greet other great men  
Thus his majesty left the prison, then  
IX

Then the King recalled Kipling's words  
That celebrated the bravery of the Fuzz-Wuzzy  
Who broke the English Square  
And gave unforgettable lesson to Squire  
And the whole British Empire  
X

As if the King was recalling those words  
of Kipling verse

'We've fought with many men across the seas, ' \*\*  
'An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not: '  
'The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese; '  
'But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.'

'Our orders were to break you, an' of course we went an' did'  
'We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair; '  
'But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square'

Thus His Majesty left the prison, then  
With the pleasure of seeing the lion in HIS den

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Love Deffered

I

It was fifteen years ago  
I was forty-five  
You were twenty-two  
Tall as a palm tree  
And you were all fresh & free  
Beautiful, young and smart  
In fact, you were a piece of art

II

Ebony your colour  
Cocoa your flavor  
Ivory your smile  
jasmine your smell  
That marches miles and miles  
Into our nostrils

III

You walk like a military personnel  
In fact, you walk like a colonel  
Tall and slim as a nail

IV

When you show up accompanied  
With the whole charm of the continent  
The flavor of tea from Kilimanjaro in Kenya  
The odor of coffee from Abyssinia  
And the cocoa aroma from Ghana  
And the richness of the tropical forests from Equatoria  
And the fresh Nile from Victoria

V

Oh my African queen  
With your Ivory smile  
And Ebony style  
You are the real pride  
Of your African tribe  
In fact you are the pride of all tribes

My African queen  
With your Ivory smile  
And Ebony style  
You are truly the bride of the Nile

VI

You were the jewel of our English class  
Do you remember Sembene Ousmane?  
'Tribal Scars and Letters from France'  
Working together on Langston Hughes  
Listening to the Jazz, the Pop and the BLUES  
Coming from the high lands of New Orleans  
And the Mississippi  
And we heard the high voices of Harlem  
And New York in English (B)  
And we had a nice time  
With Andrew Marvel in his rhyme  
In his Coy Mistress  
Then Shakespeare with (thou) and (thee)  
In his English summer day  
But you were lovely  
And more temperate  
Than any Shakespearean sonnet  
Because you were so African  
And more beautiful  
Than any English summer day  
And you will remain beautiful as yesterday  
Today and tomorrow  
And everyday

VIII

That was fifteen years ago  
I was forty-five  
And you were only twenty-two  
I know I am bad at mathematics  
But I am sure now about my sixty  
As I am certain about your twenty-two!  
You are still that African palm tree  
Always lovely and green  
And smart and tall and free  
Oh my African Queen  
And thus you will remain  
As young as you want to be  
cause age will never tell on you  
But it will only, only tell on me

IX

You will read this poem  
And you will know

It's specially designed for you  
And you will get the message  
In a minute or two  
As you are always smart  
And the same piece of art.  
And as it was fifteen years ago  
You are still twenty-two!

X

Sometimes I spy on your dreams  
To see if I am there with you  
Sometimes I spy on your page  
On the Facebook to guess your age  
And wonderfully you are still  
That beautiful typical African girl  
And still not engaged  
At this age! ! !  
Because of your high selectivity  
And because of your high taste  
You will never meet an equal mate  
Because of your high rate! ! !

XI

I am sixty  
You will never be thirty  
You will always keep to your twenty-two  
As time does never show any disparity on you  
And we will never meet  
And I will never be your mate  
I know this is my fate  
Like the East  
That will never meet with the West

XII

It was fifteen years ago  
I was forty-five  
You were twenty-two  
Tall as a palm tree  
And you were all fresh & free  
Beautiful, young and smart  
In fact, you were a piece of art  
So stay at your twenty-two  
May God bless you  
And all of you  
My African Queen



# My Village

It is a long time since  
I left my African Village  
And to town I took the passage  
With a bundle of clothes  
That was all my luggage  
Then to school on foot  
With little money  
And some crusts of food  
To begin the journey of my learning  
At my boyhood

II

There I met nice people on the road  
All with new clothes  
Women with new shining eyes  
Laughing with new ivory teeth  
Healthy boys in new heavy boots  
Young girls with long beautiful curls  
And new bright shoes

III

Oh, my village  
At the back of my head is your image  
To which I always long and long  
Hovering as a beautiful song  
A song at the back of my head  
A song that will never fade

IV

And beyond there I can see  
I can clearly see  
The green moors lay ahead of me  
And a herd of sheep  
Grazing on the green bed  
And a she-donkey with a nodding head  
Followed by an ass  
And a cry of pain from a young lass  
She was hit on the skull  
By her naughty bull  
And another cry coming from the east  
And a dog barking in the west

V

There I can see  
I can clearly see  
A train of women coming from the pool  
Different women from all ages  
Coming from the pool  
Some are stout and some are small  
Some are short, some are tall  
Some look so smart  
Some look like a fool  
Women from all walks  
Coming from the pool  
But they are all  
With happy faces and smiles  
Though they fish water from a distant mile  
With heavy tins on their heads  
Dropping on their bare breasts  
Beating their dancing waists  
All chatting in high voices  
That can easily be heard  
But with low pitches  
As gossips with care are said  
VI

There I can see  
A young girl and a little boy  
Taking care of their herd  
And some old ladies  
At the back of their huts  
Muttering some strange words  
Growing maize & peanuts  
And there is my grandma  
Busy with her pots  
Cooking our evening meal  
I cannot tell but I can feel  
What she is cooking for us  
And there is my granddaddy  
In the thorny fence  
Cleaning his donkeys' remains  
VII

Oh my village what beauty is that  
When the moon is full and fair  
With little stars and freshly air  
Like a bride in her first wedding day

And the weather is cool  
The rain begins to fall  
On the lusty sand dunes  
At my village in lately Junes  
Then happiness befalls on all  
And beyond there I can see  
The green hills of Kordofan  
Shooting very high  
With pride in the sky  
And clouds hanging above  
Like a canopy of care and love  
Covering the sand dunes of Kordofan

VIII

And on the far horizon I can see  
A fleet of migrating birds  
Black and white in fleet or pairs  
Coming to dwell and free  
As usual on my granddaddy's tall tree  
And make thoughtful dialogues  
All the night, then go to sleep  
I can see the white bird stealing  
From the black one a little cane  
To build a nest for her children

IX

Oh my beautiful Village  
There I can see my mates on their donkeys  
To the market with local products  
To sell their groundnuts  
Happy all the day  
Chatting all the way  
Speaking all the time  
But no one would wait  
To listen to his mate  
Cracking jokes  
Some are out of date  
And some are obscene,  
If no adult is observed  
Or appears on the scene

X

I can see the evening approaching  
With glimmering sun  
And tall shadows on the grounds



Sketching some beautiful fun  
On the sand dunes  
Then night falls  
Where nothing can be heard  
But some cows within the herd  
Lazily chewing their food  
Or a pool of dogs assembled  
At some hot bitches  
Making some hideous pitches  
And some mews of cats  
Busy on secret acts  
And some are chasing rats and yell  
In the back yard of my field  
And a lion far away cuts the silence  
With a big roar from the hill

XI

Oh my beautiful village  
Then the night omens with peace  
Tranquility falls on every piece  
Except of some giggling sounds  
Leaking from a hut far away  
Of a newly married couple  
Happily giggling all the night  
Up to the daylight  
Enjoying their honeymoon with full delight  
And when all the villagers  
Go to their farms by day  
The couple will turn away  
To go to sleep all the afternoon  
Till the next dawn  
That is their honeymoon  
In an African Village

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Battle Of Shaykan

## The Battle Of Shaykan

?????? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????  
 ?????? ????? ? ? ????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????  
 ????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????  
 ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??????... ??? ??????  
 ?????? ?????? ? ? ???? ?????? ?????? ??????..

## The Battle of Shaykan

The people of the Soudan had won their freedom by their valour and by the skill and courage of their saintly leader. Winston Churchill: (River War, file: /Users/Home/Desktop/)

I  
 In the fifth of November eighteen eighty three  
 We had the greatest war in History  
 In the last century  
 When our country was set free  
 By the Mahadi

II  
 Under the Baobab tree  
 The Mahadi set his tent  
 And thousands of tribal men  
 Came from all over the country  
 To pay allegiance to their legendary

III  
 Under the Baobab tree  
 Sat the Mahadi with staff of war  
 Abu Garga  
 And Hammdan Abu Aanga,  
 Who deprived the enemy to sleep  
 but made them weep  
 All the way from Duwiem to Shyakn  
 There was Yaagoub with his flag, it was BLUE  
 Wad Anogomi with the RED one, he was there, too  
 Sawarr Adahab and Basheer Agab Aldour,  
 And Elyas Um Berrair  
 And in the middle Musa Wad Hillo  
 With the GREEN flag with other men,  
 They all saluted their Leader  
 And marched with their men  
 Into the enemy's den

#### IV

Like African lions  
The Imam surrounded by cavalry  
Some hundred men with only sticks, swords and spears  
Only sticks, swords and spears  
They fought and defeated the greatest Empire  
In the shortest battle, in the human history  
Where Hicks and his men were buried near the tree  
in the sand dunes of Kordofan in Shaykan

#### V

Under the Baobab tree stood the Mahadi  
As strong as a tree  
Stood the Mahadi  
With some thousand men in lion skins  
And one man's heart  
Fearless, waiting for the war to start

#### VI

Then the great Imam shouted:  
Allah Akbar  
Allah Akbar  
Allah Akbar  
And led his disciples  
in a long war prayer  
Then he said Amen,  
And Amen, said all his men  
And the word  
Was heard  
That he declared  
the war  
With a roar

#### VII

So the Imam declared the war  
And warned his men  
'If you are only late to fix your shoe  
You will miss the greatest show  
That will we spare no one for you'

#### VIII

Then in fifteen minutes it was all done \*\*  
On the sand dunes of Kordofan in Shaykan  
Against the Egyptian troops  
Led by an Englishman

And some European groups  
And in the sand valleys of Kordofan in Shaykan  
The enemy had faced their fate  
Drowned in the sand dunes  
Ten thousand men were  
Buried in the sand dunes  
of Shaykan in Kordofan

IX

Several thousand men  
from all the tribes of the Sudan  
Came to Shaykan  
They came from the west  
They came from the south  
They came from the north  
They came from the East  
They came to Kordofan  
To the Mahadi in Shaykan

X

The Imam was under the tree  
with Chief of staff  
And waves of brave men  
Went into the enemy's den

XI

And Allah Akbar was sent free  
All over the country  
It went over mountains and crossed the sea  
From Shaykan to London,  
To Cairo and Aswan  
As the war began some thousand men  
Charged as one man

XII

With only swords and spears  
With no fears  
They charged with eyes full with tears  
Tears of joy  
to destroy  
their peers  
With only swords and spears  
They broke the British SQUARE  
And defeated the British Empire  
In the sand dunes of Kordofan  
In the Sudan

XIII

They hit the enemy from right and left  
And gushed up like ghosts from ground  
With no sound  
And came down from trees as tropical rains  
And destroyed Hicks and his men  
In fifteen minutes time, they were all drained

XIV

As all the books told the story  
in fifteen minutes,  
Ten thousand men were vanished  
In the shortest battle in the human history  
Ten thousands men with heavy guns  
Had all gone  
In the sand dunes of Kordofan  
They vanished within an eye blink  
in a twink  
From ash they went to ash  
Into the history trash  
In the sand dunes of  
Shaykan in Kodrdofan

XV

The enemy was made up  
of eight thousand regular Egyptians,  
And one thousand bashi-bazouk cavalry  
With ammunition  
And one hundred tribal irregulars  
from different nations  
And two thousand camp followers  
and fifty days and an immense baggage  
And a train of five thousand camels with luggage  
The army also carried some  
ten-mountain guns,  
Four Krupp field guns,  
And six Nordenfeldt machine guns.  
But in fifteen minutes they all had gone  
By our men it was done  
In the sand dunes of Shaykan in  
Kodrdofan

XVI

Our fighters had done  
The greatest business

That our enemy himself  
Was an eye-witness  
That our brave men round the Mahdi  
Sent into history dustbin  
Hicks Pasha and his men  
And buried them all  
In the sand dunes of Shaykan in Kordofan

XVII

Hicks, although, you were brave and well trained  
With experiences you had already gained  
In Abyssinia and India you were famed  
But here in Sudan your fame was tamed  
Cause for money you fought,  
you fought for money  
While the Dervish fought for their honey

XVIII

It was not your fault  
Since you had not been told  
About the brave lions of the Sudan  
in Kordofan

XIX

What were you doing in my country?  
Had you been invited to a wedding party?  
in Shaykan in Kordofan  
Or was it a dream of honeymoon with your bride?  
So you came with your Saxon prejudice and pride  
With dreams, your dreams big and wide  
With royal aristocracy that you couldn't hide  
Why did you come to Kordofan?  
Because of some thousand pounds,  
You had as a bribe! !

But you had the lesson from the tribes  
Of the Dervish of Sudan in Shaykan

XX

What a bragging General you had been!  
What did you say to your men?  
&quot;That you would hold the heaven&quot;  
&quot;if it falls down with your guns&quot;  
&quot;And that the earth would be trodden&quot;  
&quot;With your military boots if it moves or runs&quot;  
But in fifteen minutes all had gone  
In fifteen minutes, all was done

By our brave men in Shaykan in Kordofan

XXI

We admit you were brave

You were very brave

And highly trained

But our men were brave, too

And equipped with (Eman)

So they won the war

Cause of their Islam and holy Quran

XXII

Oh, Hicks you fought

For glory,

For fame and ambition

Our men fought for emancipation

For the sake of the nation

And buried the enemy of the Sudan

In the sand dunes of Kordofan

XXIII

All the Egyptian Army

Was shaken in Shaykan

On the sand dunes of Kordofan

In the fifth of November Eighteen-eighty three

our country was set free

\* This battle took place in November 5 1883, in Shaykan near Obied, about 600 KM from Khartoum in the West of Sudan; between the Egyptian Army led by the British General Hicks Pasha and some European Generals and the Sudanese army led by Imam Mohammed Ahmed Al-Mahdi.

\*\* The battle was said to have lasted about an hour from the beginning to the end and the actual fighting took only fifteen minutes as some history books told the story

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# The Moon Is A Loaf of Bread

George Bailey: What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You want the Moon. Just say the word and I will throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey. That is a good idea. I will give you the moon, Mary.

Mary: I will take it. Then what?

George Bailey: Well, then you can swallow it, and it'll all dissolve, see... and the moonbeams would shoot out of your fingers and your toes and the ends of your hair... am I talking too much?

Source: It is a Wonderful Life (1946) : A film produced in 1946 by Frank Capra and starred by James Stewart (1908-1997) and Donna Reed (1921-1986) : where this dialogue took place

So how do you see the moon in the sky?  
When she is bright and blooming?  
Or when she is shy?  
With her white face full of glee  
And her picture reflected on the silent sea?

Do you see the moon as a mere piece of rock?  
Or a nice lady's face devoid of a dangling lock?  
Do you see the moon's face as a bride in her wedding dress?  
Surrounded by her bride mistresses  
Filled with joy & happiness?

How does the bridegroom see the moon?  
Like his own bride?  
Does he see her contented  
With delight and pride?  
And beautiful and elegant  
With more delight?

How does a lover  
See the moon's face?  
Does he see the moon like  
His darling's face?  
With sweet smiles  
And a tiny mouth ready to kiss  
Or a full breast to embrace?

How does prisoners see



The moon's face?  
Prisoners,  
They do not enjoy  
As deprived from pleasure and joy  
However, the moon is a loaf of bread to an angry man  
Or to a hungry boy

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# From Prison To Presidency

I

Robben Island stood alone  
An endless horizon in a lonely Zone  
Amid an angry sea  
Where nothing you can see  
Stood the Robben Island  
Amid the oceans  
A rocky penitentiary with no emotions  
A place with none human feature  
A symbol that stood for tyranny  
Through all the century  
Through the whole human history  
Stood the Island a statue of misery

II

To this island, Mandela and his fellow men  
Were brought in chains  
Confined in solitary rooms  
What crime did they make?  
They only refused the apartheid  
With full human dignity and full pride  
Nothing to hide

III

Mandela and companions  
Were introduced to their new homes in the Robben Island  
In solitary rooms  
Hundreds of men with smiling face  
Assigned to imprisonment cause of race  
In a solitary place

IV

Mandela with heavy shackles  
Dangling from his skinny hands  
Like a handkerchief of a bridegroom  
In his first marriage day  
Then to his comrades he had a say  
That freedom is a state of mind  
And that, every dark night  
Must be followed by one bright

V

And that...

The prison is a five-star hotel  
A temporary motel  
Where they should happily stay and live  
And show no grief

VI

So the men with that belief  
Faced their fate like brave men  
And spent imprisonment with no grief  
And from there Mandela went from his Prison Residency  
To South Africa Presidency  
As the greatest dreamer in the human history  
And set all the African peoples free

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Robben Island

River Nile Oh, River Nile!  
You run like a silver chain  
Through the green African plains  
You did never stop or restrain  
And you did never complain

On the desert you run,  
Under the burning sun  
You run  
In winter, you run  
Like a sheet of gold  
Rich with stories and rich with fun  
And millions of secrets yet untold

River Nile, where do you come from?  
From heaven or paradise?  
Or from a holy fountain, you rise?

You were running millions and millions of years  
With full might shedding no tears  
With abundance of waters  
You share overall spheres

You did never rest for a while  
But running thousands of miles and miles  
Happy and generous Oh, River Nile!  
Accommodating the fish and the crocodile

You run from country to country  
From century to century  
You give with kindness  
And your gifts have reached  
The poor villagers on the banks  
The herdsmen and peasantry  
You give without ranks  
Or wait for thanks

Then through cities you run  
Untired but happy and full of fun

Your gifts are unlimited  
Everywhere they have gone

You run from Tana, your start station  
To the Delta with no hesitation  
Carrying the bless of the nations  
To Nubian and Egyptian  
Your holy water, to the rich and the poor  
is inoculation

Your White Branch comes from Victoria  
Through the forests of Equatoria  
Then runs to meet the Blue Nile  
Coming from Abyssinia  
Elegant and proud in his style  
From the plateau above  
Then you with all the love  
Meet in Khartoum, and both  
March towards the North

On your banks grow millions of vegetation  
Plant species and animal populations  
Harmoniously live with human nations

Then from Victoria to Khartoum in the Sudan  
You meet the Blue Nile like a loving couple  
Then together you make your journey to Aswan  
To the Mediterranean you make your great travel

You the White Nile  
From Victoria you start your march  
From hill to hill and from valley to valley  
You cross the borders  
You give no orders  
But peacefully run, you are never harsh  
Through Equatoria to the Savanna  
To the edge of the Desert in Khartoum  
Where you are received as a bridegroom  
Always calm, childish and polite  
Full of manners and civilized

Blameless as you easily run

Flood-less on your banks  
To enable the poor fisherman  
Collect his net full with fish  
And the child to get his herd  
To drink from your generous dish

So you together meet at Khartoum  
Then embrace each other  
As darling lovers  
As babies embraced by their mothers  
Then like a married couple in their first day  
You meet with the Blue Nile then run away  
In your honeymoon  
Both to the North  
With your endless force

You the Blue Nile, you are always young  
Rough and masculine  
Fierce and furious and always ready to sway  
Your enemy  
So you push the White Nile back to make your way  
Then run to the North with no delay  
Through the desert in the North of Sudan

So the Blue is always rough with you,  
You harmless White Nile  
You are always kind and wise, too  
Like an old man with his naughty son  
Together agreed to Egypt, you run

Through the Nubian Civilization  
Where three hundred Pyramids witness  
And guard the nation  
You head to North to the Sea  
Carrying the Sudanic culture  
To the world to see  
From Nebtta and Merowe,  
from Karma and the Barkal  
Through Dongla through the desert you flee  
To the Sea

To the world, you carry the Nubian civilization

A token of friendship  
To human population  
Then Nile with full motion and emotions  
You tell the story of the Sudan greatest nation

River Nile,  
Your banks stand to tell our great history  
From Piye, the black Pharaoh  
and all his family tree  
Whose empire extended from Khartoum  
To Mediterranean Sea  
Who stood against the bloodthirsty of Assyrians  
Saving Jerusalem from enemy  
El Kurru, Nuri, and Meroë all stand  
As witness of great history  
Great deeds crowned by the Mahadi with his victory

The old temples stand strong and fair  
with Mosques Minarets  
Shooting high in the air  
For Allah Akbar to travel free  
Through the atmosphere  
To reach human beings everywhere  
To herald the Dervish victory  
on the British Empire  
And across  
Stood the Church with the Cross  
You can hear the bell on Sunday  
And the Mosques send the calls  
of prayers on Friday  
They together stand as symbols  
Of true religious integration  
Among the Sudanic nation

As if Nile you want to say there is space  
For all human faith  
For all human race  
To live happily on the face of your earth  
Space for all human race  
for Africans,  
for the Arabs,  
for the Coptics,

for the Jews,  
for the Christians  
And the Muslims as well  
All happily live on your banks  
Devoid of race prejudice or social ranks

Boats sailing along your generous shores  
With plenty of food to the rich and the poor  
The fishermen go back home  
Happy and thankful to your generous hand  
And the farmers happy with  
the soil of their land  
They grow once and harvest twice through the year  
With plenty of food to spare  
and nothing they have to fear

Women and children kings and fools  
All human beings happily crop  
from your unlimited pools

How many civilizations did you witness?

The Greeks

The Roman,

The Nubian,

The Kushian,

The Turkish,

The French,

The English,

The Pagan,

The Jewish,

The Christians

And the Muslim Dervish?

How many civilizations did you witness?

How many Kings and Queens asked your friendship?

And how many Pharaohs had had their trip?

How many Saints or Prophets had your grip?

Moses, Jesus, and other great men of God

All were to lead their disciples to the righteous roads

But some tyrants in the sea they were rot

Like a great father always kind to them all

Giving without waiting for thanks, at all



You are fair River Nile  
And you are fair to the whole  
The birds in the sky  
And the animals on the banks  
All have their share  
The plants, the human and the fish  
Your water still abundant and fresh

You had once been worshiped  
Thousands of years ago  
Brides were given as bribes  
To appease your Ego  
That you should not stop  
But continue to flow

Oh River Nile, the Snake God you were said to be  
All thankful to your daily run from South to North  
like a never ending history  
And of course  
You did never change your course

The Churches' bells  
And the Mosques Minarets  
on your banks,  
Send their calls and thanks  
And both stand  
As symbols of unity of the land  
Shooting high with Allah Akbar in the air  
Gracefully and fair  
And you are still running River Nile  
Proud and smart in your elegant style.

Robben Island \*

I

Madiba marched  
into Robben Island \*  
In the Indian Ocean  
A solitary place  
Where only the angry motion  
Of waves slapping the hard rocks  
With pitiless emotions

II

Mandela marched

into Robben Island  
Tall and slim  
like a tropical palm tree  
To put his name  
in the book of history  
And set all Africans free

III

He walked into the Island  
A Chief of an African Tribe  
Steadily treading the soil with full pride  
With a lion stride  
Then the gates were all opened wide

IV

Mandela was confined  
In his solitary cell  
Did he cry or yell?  
No, he was as happy as a child  
With a new doll in his jail

V

And because he was brave and wise  
He wrote the story that could never be retold twice  
As he changed his Prison into Paradise

\*The local tribal name for Mandela

\*\* An Island in the Indian Ocean, about 7 km from Cape Town, where Nelson Mandela was political prisoner for 18 years.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Dreams Of A Girl From Darfur

I

I dream of a morning full with peace  
With no planes on my head shooting my place  
I dream of bread just one piece  
But bread is far as the moon  
You can see HER face  
But hard to reach and seize

II

I dream of a dress  
with some red buttons  
And a pin for my hair  
and a scented soap  
And a paint for my nails  
and a scarf of cotton for my head  
I dream of a singing toy  
with whom to talk  
And share my dreams  
when we sleep or walk  
I dream of a bed to sleep on  
And a pair of slippers to own  
And a sheep to milk  
And a farm to reap

III

I dream of going to school with a nice mate  
Who will share all my secrets and share my fate  
Then together we read, write and draw  
Pictures of birds, animals, flowers, deserts and snow  
And we do arithmetic problems, too

IV

I dream of peace  
Peace for me  
Peace for my friends  
Peace for my Dad and Mom  
Peace for my dog  
Peace for my doll  
I dream of peace for Darfur as the whole

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Dreams Of A Boy From Darfur

{Our Children have the Right to Dream}

I dream of a new black suit  
With a long tail and a leather boot  
And two socks, the size of my foot

II

I dream of a shirt with long buttoned sleeves  
Embroidered with animals, birds and leaves  
And a high collar  
And a tie with a fine color

III

I dream of a red brick school  
With a high wall  
And a swimming pool  
And a field for football  
To share with my mates

IV

I dream of a book of my own  
And pencils of my own  
And a bunch of color pens of my own  
And a drawing book for me, alone

V

Then I will draw flowers in the forest and butterflies  
And the moon in the bare skies  
And a birds on trees come or fly  
I will draw dogs in the backyard  
Caring not of the eyes of the spy  
Or curiosity of the passersby  
Then I will draw my beautiful Mom's face  
Bearing the features of my race

VI

I dream of a loving teacher  
With a red dress  
And a smiling face  
Always full with happiness  
Seeing me at the school's gates  
Then enjoying the pleasure of learning  
With my fellow mates

V

I dream of a TV set  
To watch Tom & Jerry's  
And Cinderella in the wonderland  
And the tales of fairies

VII

I dream of a flute to play  
To please my Dad and Mom  
And when I am tired or bored  
I would climb to my bed  
With a heavy head  
And bid a good night to my sister  
And have a sound sleep  
In the long nights of winter  
With my pet

VIII

I dream with a cup of milk in the morning  
With a loaf of bread  
To share with my brothers and sisters  
I dream of a warm home  
With Dad and Mom

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Rainbow Dreams

Dreams are colorful  
As the rainbow  
Dreams like streams  
Some are fast  
Some are slow  
Some may longer live  
And some may immediately leave  
But most dreams tend to stay  
And become true  
And just a few  
Will be pending for tomorrow  
So hold fast to your dreams  
And let them grow

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Untraceable Dreams

Dreams are true as the flowers  
In the garden in spring  
Dreams are true  
As the wedding ring  
In the finger of your darling  
Dreams are true as  
a singing bird in an early morning  
Dreams are true as the breeze  
Coming from the nearby seas  
They are fair as your lover's hair  
When it flings  
Dreams are true,  
Though they are untraceable things

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Hopes & Dreams

Dreams are the bliss for the bride  
In her first marriage day  
And the hope for the sailor  
In a rough sea  
Dreams are the delight  
of a graduate with an (A)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com



# Dreams Are Real

Dreams are real

Dreams are real as the stars in the sky  
And true as the truth of the baby's cry  
Dreams are the crowns of queens and kings  
They are the pleasure of idiot ladies  
And the realm of fools and cradle of babies

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Heavy & Light Dreams

Some dreams are heavier than lead  
Some others are lighter than light  
Some are clear as the day  
But sometimes darker than night  
However, never let your dreams escape your sight  
Hold on to your dreams  
It will all be right

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Definition Of Dream

Dreams have no definition

Un-measurable

Sensational but inaudible

Deep as ocean

Unfathomable

Dear as gold

Worthier than gold

In fact more valuable

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# I Have A Dream\*

I have a dream that you no more rate me  
with the color of my skin  
And that you will not  
Judge me in term of kith and kin  
And that my pigmentation  
Will no longer be the mark of my nation  
or intonation  
or determine my social situation  
And that the color of my eye  
Is no more a sign of any indication  
And that the touch of my hair  
Won't count for race categorization  
'I have a dream that all children of the nation\*\*  
Won't be judged by the color of the skin  
But by the content of education'

\* The title and the poem are reference to a Speech by Martin Luther King at the  
'March on Washington' in 1963

\*\* With little modification

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Dreams & Friends

1

Dreams like babies, like buds  
With little care they grow and face their fate  
Loving the babies, would do them good  
And buds with water  
would cultivate to grow into wood

II

A baby needs the care of his loving (Mam)  
And buds would easily prosper in the farm  
So mother your dreams like a mother  
And care for them, like a father or brother  
Make cradles for your dreams, your hearts  
And make your souls the soil for them to start

III

Build an empire of dreams  
And make them grow  
as fast as they could  
Who were emperors?  
What were emperors?  
Just big dreamers  
So like them you should be

IV

Build a throne out of your own  
Build a mansion of your own  
Kings were big dreamers  
Yes, they were  
You should be a king yourself  
Or a multi-millionaire

V

Hold on to your dreams  
And belittle them not  
Though they may be deferred for a while  
Hold fast to them  
They may become slow  
But like friends they always true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Refugee

I  
Refugee.  
Refugee  
Refugee  
Refugee  
And sometimes you make it better  
To call me asylum seeker  
But I am a woodpecker  
Moving free  
From tree to tree  
To build a nest  
To rest  
And embrace my newborn  
To my breast

II  
I am not a refugee,  
I am not a refugee  
I am the victim of the East  
And the prey of the West

III  
I am not a refugee  
I am a simple human being  
With very little dream  
Very little dream  
A mouthful of bread  
And a piece of ice-cream  
A rag of cloth to cover my nakedness  
And a piece of mattress  
to sleep,  
And a glass of milk to stop the baby to weep  
And for the girl I need a little Barbie toy  
And a singing clock for the boy

IV  
Refugee,  
You call me refugee  
But behind me  
I left a sweet home and a library  
Tens of books to read  
And many friends were there

Where I used to play  
And there stood  
The remains of my home  
It was of mud, straw and clay  
But warm and happy, I dare say  
V

And there was the big tree  
Where I used to sit  
With my girl  
Planning for the wedding day  
And there was the sea  
Where I had once dreamt to flee  
And there were the boats  
Waiting on the bay for me  
VI

But now you call me refugee,  
I am not a refugee  
Here is my story  
And a long story it could be  
VII

Once upon a time there were  
Several men and women  
And children on a boat in the sea  
They were from different races  
From many places  
Africans,  
Asians,  
And some Arabs from Yemen  
In fact, they were from Aden  
There were:  
Ali from Iraq,  
Sillasy from Eritrea,  
Hassan from Somalia  
Shabore from Lahore  
Lyla from Aleppo  
Azeem from Afghanistan,  
And I was from Sudan  
We were all in the same boat,  
Sharing the same human fate  
And the same human feelings  
VIII  
We were all in a rocking boat in a rough sea

In a dark night we set out for the journey  
In darkness where your hand could hardly see  
My baby on my lap and the lady on my knee  
An old man and his dame also clinging on me  
And a young maid would cry also had to flee  
And the terrible waves roaring as a falling tree  
And beyond there was the vast eternity

IX

Refugee.

No. I am not a refugee

I am your guest I am supposed to be

To share your food and drink with me

It is history that repeats itself

Go back and read your history

Please, go back one century

When your grandpa came to my country

But he was not a refugee

Do you think he was invited for a wedding day?

Or he was a traveller who lost his way?

Do you think he came with bare hands or foot?

No, he came with a gun and well trained to shoot!

He tore down my peace and place

He robbed my wealth and health

And now you spit on my face

And call me refugee!

X

I am your guest your company

And you need my company!

Cause we have a long journey to go

So we need to meet

As human mates

This is our fate, our destiny

I am not a refugee.

I am your guest

I am a part of you

As you are a part of me'\*

\*Langston Hughes

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# Dreams Always Come True

Dreams are a blessing when they come true,  
Dreams are a blessing if they come true  
But they are hopes if they are deferred  
Or become slow  
So hold to your dreams  
Always hold to your dreams  
Never let them escape your hands  
Never let them flow or go  
Soon, your dreams will all come true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Kings, Children & Dreams

A child always has a dream  
To become a king  
With unlimited power  
Over everything  
But the king would  
Always like to cling  
Back to childhood dreams  
So the king is keen  
To enjoy freedom that once had been

But do you think the king could gain  
The lost dreams once again?  
the dreams of children?  
Nay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Wild Dreams

Dreams are wild creatures  
difficult to tame  
They are untraceable  
by secret agents or policemen  
They cannot restrain  
Nor a tyrant  
can make them remain  
So keep your dreams safer  
Embrace them in your heart  
and in your brain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Proud Dreams

Make your dreams  
like drops of rain  
Once a piece of cloud  
Then falls to the ground  
As snow or evaporate in the air  
Keep your dreams always proud  
And never let them caged  
Or disappear on the ground

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams Are Drops Of Rain

Dreams Are Drops of Rain

Dreams like drops of rain that rise in space  
Then when they are heavy and blessed  
They would come down to wash everybody's face  
Dreams like rains evaporate in heaven  
Then to earth they would come down  
To clean the body and the soul  
And wash away the dust of the town  
Happiness for the rich and for the clown

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams Blood In The Veins

Let your dreams run as blood in your veins  
Let your dreams like fresh air  
Goes in the lungs unobserved or seen  
Let your dreams travel everywhere  
To feed your soul and feed your brain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams And Flowers

Make your dreams like wild flowers  
Freely grow in the moors  
And send their scents equally to the rich and the poor  
Let your dreams be the joy of the maid  
And the pleasure of the child  
And the hope of the lost in the rainy storm  
And the breeze of wind for the seamen in the ocean  
And a crown for the bride in her first marriage day  
Let your dreams a token of love and pray

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams & Streams

Dreams & Streams

Make your dreams  
As free as streams  
That can flow over dams and cross the distance  
Or deeply go into the sand  
In spite of all resistance

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com



# Dreamers Never Complain

A man with dreams is a free man  
Whether detained in dark jail  
or handcuffed with heavy chains  
by bully men  
Or deeply buried in gloomy well  
Or deprived of every right or put on hell  
A man with dreams does never feel  
The pain of pain  
He never complains  
Great dreamers do never complain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams Are Wealth Shared By All

Dreams are for all the people  
For the poor and the rich  
For the fat and the thin  
For the short and the tall  
For the black and the white  
They are the freedom of the body  
Freedom of the mind and freedom of the soul  
Dreams are the food of the heart  
And the property of the smart  
As well as the fool  
Dreams are wealth shared by all

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



PoemHunter.com

# Hold Fast To Your Dreams\*

Hold Fast to Your Dreams\*

\*Dedicated to the great dreamer poet Langston Hughes

'Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die

life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly.'

Langston Hughes (February 1,1902 - May 22,1967)

I

So  
hold  
fast  
to  
your  
dreams

II

Keep  
them  
always  
high



PoemHunter.com

III

Let  
them  
fly

IV

as  
free  
as  
birds  
in  
the  
sky

V

Hold  
on

to  
your  
dreams

VI  
Hold  
them  
very  
fast

VII

So  
no  
one  
would  
dare  
to  
steal  
them  
or  
restrain

VIII

Let  
them  
free  
as  
drops  
of  
rains

IX

Free  
To  
come  
On  
The  
ground  
or

fall on mountains

or

free

to

fall

on

a

vast

plain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Juba 1977

I

I came down off the plane  
To face an everlasting green plain  
Stretched before my eyes  
An eternity, but a paradise

II

My lungs filled with the tropical drops of rain  
Slapped my face with small grains  
And hit my rotten body  
To remove all my pains  
Severe pains of long history of long captivity

III

Out of the plane, then I came down  
Geography my welcoming hostess to the town  
And history honored me with the native crown  
Here I do belong,  
So why did I stay away that long?

IV

Then beyond there from among the race  
From among the whole race  
I saw your beautiful face  
Yes...

I saw your beautiful face  
From among the race,  
Your lovely face, I can always trace  
Shining like our tropical sun  
Rich with beauty, full of fun

V

Then I saw your hand  
Highly raised in the air  
Inviting me with all love  
to draw near and near  
And then I felt the fire  
the tropical fire, there  
There, in my heart  
And almost everywhere

VI

When I saw your beautiful face  
Among those beautiful race

I drew near and near  
Then you took me in your breast my dear  
And I cast all my soul  
Like a newborn in your arm  
To stay there safe & calm

VII

I came down  
Then you took me through the town  
Our beautiful town  
Everything was happy,  
The human beings  
The animals,  
The trees,  
The birds,  
The butterflies  
The beasts  
And the bees  
And the naked boys with shining skins  
Happily playing in the muddy streets  
And there our African dogs happy and free  
Anywhere they can flee, can eat, can sleep,  
and can freely meet and mate

VIII

The tropical rain hit my cheek  
And words escaped me to speak  
But at last I did reach the peak  
Oh, my African queen here I am back  
So hold me tightly to your breast  
And let me have my long rest  
This is at last my nest

IX

I am here to remain  
And live my days once gain  
So, please hold me tightly in your arm  
And feed me from your African farm  
Fresh tropical milk and let me dream,  
The dreams of the Nile  
And tell me all the tales about the frog  
About the dog  
And about the crocodile

X

Here I belong and come to stay

My darling queen.  
And will never run or turn away  
I am here to stay  
On my African land  
To plant smiles  
In our tropical sand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek



# What Brings Us Together?

We all feel  
We all fear  
We all smell and hear  
We all see,  
far or near  
We all aspire  
To get somewhere

II  
We all drink,  
We all eat  
We all love and hate  
It is our fate!

III  
We all sleep and have dreams  
Joyful or awful dreams  
Hollow dreams, they could be  
And sometimes very deep

IV  
Some dreams may come true,  
Some may be deferred  
And some may disappear  
As mere dreams in the air

V  
But we are all here,  
Share,  
Share, the same flesh,  
Blood,  
Spirit and soul,  
We all:  
Be colored,  
White or black  
Man or woman  
Young or aged,  
Short or tall  
Smart or a mere fools  
We are all,  
One day, doomed to end somewhere! !

VI  
Mortality is our common fate,

And here we are just to wait,  
But, friend, your question is still there! !

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# To A Jet Fighter

I

I have always dreamt of flying a plane  
And travelling miles and miles away  
Swiftly fly over vast plains  
Then back to earth with friends to play

II

I have once dreamt to climb the sky  
To collect the stars with barely hands  
And make them a garland for my love  
And bracelets around her arms

III

And there we would stay  
And build a hut on the moon of clay  
And there we would run and laugh  
Run and laugh, Laugh and play  
All the day  
Then send kisses to everyone  
In the sea or on the bay

IV

I have once dreamt to fly with friends  
Far away and have more fun  
Playing a football match on the moon  
And spend the day in the shining sun  
And have some rest in the afternoon

v

I have once dreamt to be a pilot  
Travelling in the skies day and night  
Happy with my dreams full of delight  
But alas I've dropped the idea of flight

VI

YOU have once been my hero in the air  
When I saw you flying high like a bird  
When you go that height and disappear  
In the farthest Northern Hemisphere

VII

Then when I grew up I came to live the fear  
That your jet was shelling my village everyday  
With heavy bombarding and a hell of fire  
So you were killing my race in such a way! ! !

## VIII

When I hear your machine oozing high in the air  
Then I'm certain you're there to eliminate my race  
And destroy my land and set my folks on your fire  
And displace the rest in every corner in the space

## IX

So why did you kill my uncle and my father?  
Why did you kill my nephew and my brother?  
Did they rape your sister?  
Or did they sleep with your mother?

## X

Did they steal the sleep from your eyes?  
Or did they harm any one of your boys?  
Or did they trot on your daughter's toys?  
Or did they drink your baby's milk?  
So, why did you seize me all my joys?  
All my joys?

## XI

Why did you shatter my hut with that flop?  
A poor hut it was of mere mud and straw  
That a piece of match could have done the job! !  
Why did you kill my dog and break my bow?

## XII

Did you really know the men that you kill?  
Or your work is to sweep whoever moves on the hill?  
Is your work to smash all creatures on the sand?  
Or it is to crush every moving object on my land?

## XIII

The men you killed you even did not know! ! !  
And the girls you shelled you never saw  
You made our children's lose their joys  
Though; they did not steal your children's toys

## XIV

Why did you kill my dog and my donkey?  
Though my dog did not bark at your daughter! ! !  
And my poor donkey did not spill on you water!  
So why did you kill those folk  
With whom you did never have a talk?

## XV

Darfur is my grandfathers' birth and place  
We have made the history of this paradise  
So we will remain on this sacred earth

And we will survive and win the race  
And keep the history of the noble race  
Despite your jets, despite your ugly face.  
Dawadmi - Feb 2015

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Despite... Despite...

I

Despite YOUR ugly Antonov \*  
Despite your horrible Molotov  
Despite your terrible Kalashnikov  
We will remain

II

Despite your bombers  
Shattering villages day and night  
We will remain and fight

III

Despite your heavy artillery  
We will remain  
Despite your oozing planes  
We will remain  
Despite your missiles  
Tearing every mile on the land  
We will remain  
Despite your arsenal of ammunition  
We will stand a unified nation

IV

Despite your military boots on our faces  
We will remain  
Despite all the killing of our races  
We will remain  
Despite the systematic rape of our girls  
They will remain  
Despite the honor you bequeath on  
the rapists for their deeds  
They will remain  
Despite your humiliation of their Humanity  
They will remain  
Despite injuring their fertility  
They will remain  
And give birth of more and more beautiful children

VI

Despite their long captivity  
They will remain  
Despite your crimes,  
They will remain

Despite your pride

They will remain

Despite your vanity

They will remain

Despite all their rips

They will remain

Despite the drought on their lips

They will remain

Despite all the scars on their hips

They will remain

VII

Despite all the burden

Our girls will remain pure & virgin

To bear our own offspring

To survive and remain

And many children they will bring

VIII

Despite the horror you befall

On our children

They will remain

Deprived of milk

They will remain

Deprived of toys and joys

They will remain

Wretched girls and wretched boys

They will remain

Despite your horrible deeds on women

They will remain

Despite the elimination of men

They will remain

Despite your efforts

To inject fear in their veins

They will remain

IX

Despite the long cold nights

They will remain

Despite the heavy rains

They will remain

Despite the hunger and disease

They will remain

Despite their severe pains

They will remain

X

Despite the million lies  
You often release day and night  
We will remain  
Despite the elimination of the nation  
We will remain  
Despite the eradication of life on land  
We will remain  
Despite the pollution befallen on the sand  
We will stand

XI

Despite the hate in your dark heart  
We will remain  
Despite all the agony  
We will remain  
Despite your fathomless power  
We will remain  
Despite your guns exhaling death like shower  
We will remain

XII

Despite all your deeds  
We will breed love and seeds  
And stand once again  
To plant apples on the Marrah mountain\*

XIII

Despite all the firm tight  
Darfur will rise and fight  
To restore hopes and rights  
For women and men  
And it will remain  
To witness the morning bright

XIV

Despite your death vessels and tanks  
We will remain  
Despite your millions in the banks  
We will remain  
Despite your total lack of wisdom  
We will gain our freedom

XV

Despite your ugly Molotov \*\*  
We will gain our freedom  
Despite your horrible Antonov \*\*



We will gain our freedom  
Despite your dirty Kalashnikov\*\*  
We will gain our freedom

\*Jabal Marrah is a famous mountain in Darfur in Western Sudan

\*\*all Russian weapons

KSA - Jan 2015

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# My Grandson

My grandson  
When you smile,  
My heart would beat for a while  
The sky would come down  
With rain, with joy  
And hits the town,  
And the whole world will no longer frown  
When you smile  
Your pretty face would shine,  
To light all human universe and mine,  
So, may Allah bless your lovely face  
Your smile would move  
the sinews of my heart,  
And every vein in me  
With love would start.  
When you smile  
I see your witty eyes,  
Glittering as stars  
in the skies  
Your smile branded  
Our long dreary life,  
With bliss and turned,  
Our home into a hive  
But when you cry  
And you always cry!  
Why darling do you always cry?  
I don't know why you cry?  
Why do you often cry?  
But any way,  
When you cry  
And your beautiful pitch goes that high,  
Your grandma would leap so fast,  
She could touch the sky,  
To cast, on you, her thinly arms  
With her very loving heart,  
And soothing you on her chest,  
With all her caring art.  
Oh, our lovely thing,  
You lovely thing! !

Our lovely beautiful human being! !  
Hadn't you shown up,  
We could have ended our lives  
On a rocking chairs,  
Recalling our old days by lazy fires,  
With dismayed eyes, full of tears  
Nodding, full with sleep,  
And sometimes,  
We may secretly weep,  
Weep;  
Weep our long passing days,  
Creeping with hideous fear!  
But my Dear  
Oh, my very Dear!  
You came into our life,  
Like a morning breeze,  
And washed our worries,  
With the greatest ease.  
You stealthily came to revive,  
Our old dreams,  
To reclaim our lost glittering gleams  
And enjoy life once again  
With all our might  
And regain  
all the joy  
So, my boy,  
My Dear boy!  
Would you let's show  
Our gratefulness?  
And let us express  
our heartily indebtedness?  
For you have got us back  
To the morning light  
To fight our last fight!

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

# Rabha The Sudanese Marathoner

When the sun came down on the mountains  
And all creatures crept to their heaths  
And the roaring lions set out of their dens  
And the birds were back to the trees

When the village fire was no longer burning  
And the sleepy children climbed to their beds  
When every couple to his dwell was returning  
And the dogs in their huts hid their heads

When the African night crept like a ghost  
And veiled with his dark sheet every place  
Rabha stealthily left her home with a (post)  
And out of the village she began the race

In the darkness of darkness she fled away  
As lonely as a baby whose mother had lost  
Through the dark forest she forced her way  
And down the hills staggered with her post

As a hurricane she was fast to go  
And her heart like a drum was strongly beating  
And her small feet the spaces were to mow  
And the wind on her cheeks was fiercely heating

She could hardly see her way as it was too dark  
And no moon was there, the earth to light  
And fear sharpened his teeth like a brutal shark  
But Rabha was fearless and full of delight

(Pheidippides) many waters had to wade \*  
For two days he did not stop to breathe  
To Sparta he ran so fast to seek the aid  
And Athena at last had won the wreath

So, Rabha did not fear the slimy things under her feet  
She did not fear the lions roaring near in their dens  
And she did not fear the hyena hunting for the meat

And she did not fear things skulking in the fens  
But bravely ran from Fungar to Gadeer  
She defeated her fear and her human soul  
She ran fast and fast like an African deer

She sold herself for a highly sacred goal  
She ran over hill and vale and on the passage  
Her face was full of happiness, as happiness should be  
And in the early morning she came with the message

And those were the last words delivered to the Mahadi  
"The enemy is approaching in heavy heaps of gun"  
"With seventeen hundreds men with food and horse"  
She uttered those last words and her soul was gone  
And with those words she changed the history course

Rabha was the lesson we shall teach to our generation  
She was the dream that the Turks could never ban  
She was the symbol and the pride of the nation  
Rabha was the song for every dame and man

She was the greatest heroine of our land  
And the hope we have to plant on every sand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek