

Poetry Series

AbdelAziz Alhaider
- poems -

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AbdelAziz Alhaider(in that blue planet.....that called earth)

When they open your eyes by the dangerous big operation
When you saw all those sad faces of your people
You were Crying until you became blind again

The Coming Back To Zero Point

The Coming back to zero point
Abdul Aziz Haider

He was creeping with the time
 Extending with the time
In the depth of shaggy
Dealing with a dinner of algae dusty wet with dew
All the time in the picture of flower and cup
Two fingers in one hand
one hot wind
from suns of the truth was in their faces
together....they became single word in a poem, jumping between the lines
Or a flying feather in clear skies
the growth was rattling between the ribs of the trees
The ribs of the traveler
In the growth of the Wave
In the regression of the slope of the hill
A panic wake me up
Fork of pointed heads pinching the waist side
the waist side that is trying to lay with tired shoulders
Accuracy.... accuracy.... the black anxiety wings tinnitus inters to the cave of
strangers
Absorbs the water of the freshness
And aims the body of the question with fire .. Throws it with the stones
Which sound returning from the far run time? ? ... from the near falls back to
the memory of grass....
Included in the murmur tones and the flapping of the wings
swish of palm leaves
... in the silence applies at the
 middle of the night
Envelops long alleys with shadows
paleness..... Poverty and nudity
it was between me and the escalation time, intimate.... and we exchanging its
games and puzzle
I was at some minutes... hours... go upstairs... crawling to the top deep in fare
away
Behind a deer... a single glimmering ...bluish
Cloud for the celebrations
Beach for dancing

returning from them disheveled and dusty
my memorable is spiders houses
Alone to the side of the desert.... sand
withdraw from my black self..... winded by hot sadness
withdraw to lost cities
to the pile of vacuum leaking from
hands
from swing of the sad memories
from love going deeply into
the oldness..
the oldness of the gardens celebrates the lovers
with the birds in its thickly branched trees
with madmen are reading under its shades
The Sheikh of time
scraping the roots of his white beard
Sometimes smiling...other shaking his head as soft yes
Agreeing with some anxiety which rising from the sea lung
from the burning breath of the poet
Suddenly the night came down
throwing his cloak on the two faces
Myth is returning zero.....
I and the time
Now we are filling with terrified from the soles of boiling tar
to the slope of howling Torrent
coming back to zero go deeply into
the bone
The silence between the ribs,
Crackling of the break in the spirits
forest
Dear poetry !! return the balance to my steps
Do not be cruel like the face of the city reject their tired sons all the time
raise me up from the funeral of the time
I am a captive of the debaucherymy lord
The coming back to zero is my death
Do not leave me for the tide
Take my hand
Now a rising
Go up to the visions
Maybe.....
maybe

...

Baghdad
25/1/2011

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Alienation

Behind the wall of alienation there is a sound raising with screaming brutal
Ringing the bell with loose rope in the waking memory and forgetful
memory

Behind the alienations glass with whisper.....with tears this child heart will
broken

Drowning in tears... In the words of stone... and the bitter cup

Alienation is the sneaking of the desire and falling into the hands as smokes
threads

Alienation is when your heart became project for the training of the soldiers
whose occupying the deserts of your poems

And alienation is that when you drink your tears in the thirst of the desert

Alienation is not in the farness or the nearness from homelands

Alienation is when the words are dying

In the middle of words

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Around The Fountain

The words were flowing....colliding....snapping
My erupt from the fountain of sorrow
The closed door....the few hard verses
The first surprising fountain.....the smell of paint...the lilt of the rhythm
I was a kid....I look forward open-mouthed
Lodging with surprise to old Picasso
Who a company with me to the school garden to draw the nature
In that day I filled with rain and the mature spring flowing in the leaves and the
garden gate
Oh..sad fountain that
I do not see all my life
Where were you been, old man
Did you have to go all this distance?
To authorize you to enter the AI-strange Dictionary
Today I put the papers in front of me poem
Draw a tree professionally
And I feel what's behind the pace
Fishing the vocabulary with bullets of surprise and validation
I'm not a stranger to the word
No longer a stranger from the world
I'm now only son of the earth
In front of the sad fountain.....I sit? ? ? with silence.....or.....that is one thing
Because the words who are danced.....shaping
Forming a choir..
Is it the last hymn to be always like this
Abstract.....naked.....soft
You old...which child in you take you back again to your garden
Which soft hand...little hand take your hand
It is particularly encourage you to continue to walk
Slowly.....fear...but always amazingly

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Braids Are Playing In The Wind

Braids are playing in the wind

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar 14/2/2010

Package of truths light is cluttering in the eyes
Package of impudent sand is spreading in the wind of years
Between this long road.... stretches in grief and sorrow
Day by day
And me.....
There is a language that I cannot understand it... the tar is boiling in it
And the volcanoes are howling
However, the flowers of the fact perfumed some steps
the virulent..., is a storm that is cutting the crops and offspring.... the lands
laughter is shaking in the dance of death
Clouds of locusts...overflow of nostalgia
Images of reflection... and beautiful graceful dance in all directions of my heart
I now gripping the rope that is dragging me over the sand madness
Over the broken glass from my cups...
I have no care, except to the letters
My body intermittence in the deserts
However my spirit is hanging by the beautiful Stars
And my stadiums in the clouds of childhood
I am visiting them all the time
And the songs of the doves are waking my hollow
And the fact, result in braids playing in the wind
The guitar in Purl

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Bringing Around

Abdul Aziz Haider

Publication 1986 in the Journal of the Republic Baghdadiya

To the whisper that sat on my desk
And its strewn face papers

Pens, and Inkwell

To the whisper that poured from the jar of the full night

whisper that became a night cockroach To the

In my arid room

Or to the whispered tunes such as puff mixed the side of the curtain,

I listen.....

.....
.....

- Are you finished?
- final glass.....

Usually I finish the cup at a defining moment

Listen

And throw a stone in the stream of silence

Belt my voice with rings

And listen again

To the whisper that boom in the bitterer boredom blood In my fatal

isolation

As threads of spiders.. or smoke... is an illusion..... Or confused
language

And the heart is a virgin cocooned by the becoming

And blood

Ah, the blood is the light of rubies published in the depth of the cave of autism
and existence,

Of from which face?

Which picture....? ? Coming to listen

I do not hear more than the laughter of immoral

Laughter's of the pretty girls dancing with the waves of the poem as pictures of
wilted flowers

To the whisper of complicated dark..... the poem is listening... I listen

Away from the hearing

Away from the memory

Listen to the world under the pillow collected by the dream

Balled them to a pellet violated the ball of the memory

And explode it at the site of the wound....
lights

Of tattered pictures scatteredconfused

- A last cup?

- Did you listen?
- Cup final
- It is usually in the loving to draw with the light

And make with their poems keys of the gates of their imposable expectations

And language - word - Witch Pictures

Away from the hearing nearby from memory

To my whisper.....from mine to mine

Listen to this clicks of the branches of the poem

As It is growing

Listen... and attract the dream and the memory

To die together.. In the critical point

.....
.....
.....

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Chatter

Abdel-Aziz Haider

And under the polished stars
Under the light-house
The darkness of words.
The darkness of silence..
The death had a conduit under the feet and another as a loop strangle the
Spirit
O, O soul... Reassuring to the battered trees...., crumbling sky..
Ailing souls
Go back to your self-Pearl
Return talkative with sad
Mute... if words were crossed
This is the time of ruin
This is the zero point... Time of adulterers
Go back to the language of the sea and magic
Maybe you become able to speak
Or have a death with pink smell
Spread in the waves and storm

Baghdad 31/03/2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Death

Written in the seed slate... you will splits in to two
written in each two... the end of the story
Written in the slate seventh, eighth and ninth
To the last Slate of the world, that, the end of every matter
Some drops of tears
And a wild hunger invades the heart suddenly
(Oh my daughter doesn't be so sad.....) (1)
No matter, how the travel was long?
And the singer riding, how much
Go deeply into the sand?
It must be for the last grain of sand to segmentation in the Cloud
To Rain, to wild Rain
For the desire of death... Awakening from death... Ecstasy from death
Death is the low ground key of the love song
And the hunger is the answer
And the alienation is wild blossom extends deeply into the Spirit
Longing ... Alienation A heart tear.... conceal by smiles in the face of the
beloved
The master was taught me to enter the alienation silo, nodding headed, looking
at the face of my beloved in that of mine
And spray at the cross roads of my beloved
Red Flowers of my years
And I must open the gates of my heart in front of the steps
It was written that, I will kill by love
it was Written that, I will kill by the words
So why does the fear of the written?
Taught me, my master....the Love
The disclosure is a chosen... and the secret is a chosen
so choose which chosen between the two bitter chosen
And select the most beautiful moments of death from death...

(1) Referring to a section of Abu Firas... An old Arabic poetry...

Oh my daughter doesn't be so sad..... all the creatures will go in such away

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Drop From The Café

Drop from the café

Azzizalhaider-iraq

I am dropping from a gypsy Cafe in Spanish cave
searching-at afternoon- for a face I saw its features in the market
I am touching his moist lungs and the tip of the Red Shawl
rapidly across as the eastern ghazal such as lightning
and when it turns it was a horse
his eyes two jewels of fire
Flew away in the abyss of negative sentences and voices of vendors, crossing
peoples, licensed soldiers and children
I am dropping from a gypsy Cafe searching - at afternoon- for the other bank
Where the lovers welcomed deployed in the Green Earth
And where the vehicles
carry fruits and flowers. And joys of festival
I am dropping from a g...y...p..s....y
Extend my hand in the river water
I feel something in my tired chest disintegrate with love and dissolve as a ray
In the cloudless water and the face of colored stones

I am dropping

And i am swimming in a soft river driven me up
touching the face of market horse and touching the tip of Shawl

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Dust

If this feline time leaves to me

Some papers

I will played calmly for the last role of the game

if this monster let me .. the time... Played with a sly without wings

And rendered the world to wheels and balls jumping... interfering....

Disintegrating in the words of dust

The game is

That the land is dust

And the sea is dust

And the alienation in the extreme of the tear..... some dust....

And the game is mortgaging your soul to the devil and the homelands ...with
some dust..

Ah, to the homeland when became some dust

Ah, from love when alter..to hand some of dust

Oh, how awful the game

inside the dust

Abdel-Aziz Haider

13/04/2010

Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Forgotten Sections

Forgotten sections

: : : : : : O selves-conceited

which are as small funny yellow reptiles

As a buzzing on a ground shined with the sun... after a heavy rainy night

You are thin faces.... as the translucent silk stocking

Your eyes are shone as pearl glasses

colored hair are above your foreheads, , , was crucified by the sun and the wind

And your foreheads them selves Are signposts announces seasonal holidays

: : : : : : : You must life it with strong ... that is the song

with savage rhythm in the arteries

You must be infringer....flaming until he fever of the love

You must be a rare....bon vivant with the virgin freedom for the first time

As the blossom of the orange flowers

As a small dreams who crept into the alert memory

: : : : : : : Small

As small as the star

Sit down every night for a white paper

Scattering dreams in her lines .. then the paper becomes blue or green

as sea or field

Small leaves every night a white sheet under the pillow

When she is speechless wake up in the morning Withdraw the paper it was black

But she returns in the evening create what dreams she want

Baghdad

Abdel-Aziz Haider

2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Frightening Crawl

The time is crawling around the midday
and the nails under the heels are engraving in the head.
Heavy rain is taking the night and the day
the sea is cracking in the brain who is deeply interred in the grass
And the monkeys, which under the foot.
Are jumping
Forests of astonishments that have passed
Faces from clay and rocks
the faces were burned in the acidifying music
Streets were empty except from the whistling of the midday
Still sky looking for air to exercising a ritual breathing..
The retrain back
The body is crawling over the asphalt
the body which is still breathing
The man is squeezing his spirit an wilted orange in the Cup of rusted nickel
the newspaper are fluctuating.
Throwing on the empty table
under the splash of the Indian fan
The time is crawling
Towered a Cry which obscure the vision
the dry Mouth
The cave of the sitting spiders with lazily
Expectation
And the older the old my memory is no longer rooming except for lust for hot
bite of the salt cheese
lonely... Lying on the roads
the time was...
And the difficult decision was not..... What I am hoping..... The final decision
The crutch is releasing the legs pain ... deceiving since the morning to dividing
the years
Quarter for an old song.....
Quarter for a dream with closed eyes
Quarter for the space surrounding the Ground planet...
And the last for the waiting for Godo....! !
The words were burned the olive trees...
The words were burned the burned anguish..
Extinguished the burned anguish
The time is crawling all the time... to the old madness..
To the caves..... Dilapidated houses from moisten cruelty

from the rotten disobedient memories Creeping time...
The time is crawling
Light a candle in the cemetery
and a wilted jasmine
He was a closest friend
the site of the secret and wound
Lost caducously
As a rain
as a puff from a beautiful spring
Lost in the midst of the crowded time and passing human
The time is crawling
Over the fragile belly of the sand minutes
and gravel stones
The eyes are cremating pop eying with fears
the black Balls are swelling
the planet is exploding in the memory which leave her nakedness
Here is the shadows man coming down from a carton stair
entering the large Printer inkwell
His smell is spreading in the orphan book
his heart is a brazier of curved back anger
And the book that could have been opened over a page of pureness
Here's the wind... shut it down, frivolously
rolling it on the coast of the bitter
Floating it over the dipped water of symmetry
Who is for this suffering mouth?
Terrified heart
Legs that have left their positions
Left in the faces of the case
Delights are turning it mockly
turning it by the sadness
Implanting its canines
in his oldster heart
Lost in the cities embedded in his lips
Under his fingernails that departed in the security stations
In the headquarters of political parties
in the newspapers brighten with poems... Stories... Dance
The time is crawling
under the eyelid of the time
sleepy do not obtain asleep that he wishes for a long time
in the years crazily fighting him
Kill him at all times

Grandson

Grandson

When he learn the earlier words
Step earlier steps..... stumble
Hailing hearts that with God's name
Reverse the letters
Invent big headlines.... New... Upside down
laugh loudly in my eyes.... and imitates the sound of a cat or a wolf
I heighten him to the roof of a dream
descend him to the bottom of the roses.. gardens of my heart blooming with the
flowers for him
Collect played.... played
Colored pens..... Photos
Dolls..... wheels
And tell him tales of the sea and the hunter..... story of livelihood
The city and horse cart
And the ill donkey.....! ! !
If stumble, or cough
Pain squeeze inside my heart..... and with the feather of colored love
Draw around him the name of God...

When he begins counting...I. enfold him with the fear from reaching the
thousand.....the million....
So he may lost by the path....! ! !
Uh... What a beautiful his childhood..... soft as the roses
His innate intelligence...as the pitcher vapor
And the purity of his movements...as the streaming train in the forest
I hop him growing but peacefully...
peacefully guarded with the name of God

Abdel-Aziz Haider
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Hardness

Hardness

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

This pouring rain.... wiggler with the south winds that is bunting the north one
How hard it is... hitting the face and hurting the tears
It is washing the heart from the depth of sadness.... hanging with it from the
long summer
But they do so harshly....
This sky... that is becoming clearer
And the wind that is smoothing to a breeze.....tender.....
These breezes how it reveals harshly the beauty curls of your hair.... that is
try plaiting the chords of my heart
My heart that went away in its pulses hinting That is pointing to you
with full love
And these streets
That is crowding with movements and passers- by
These streets are also harshly rememberingthat days that celebrating the
distances that we disappear in them
With the steps that are hungry to daily appointments in the streets that
are hungry to our calm steps
And this poem which is carrying the tired parts of the body and the soul
that is suffering under the walls of old memories
It is also a music of the harshness
Yes that life is harsh
Their flowers wilt quickly
And their winds are leaving without saying farewell
Ah.... dear heart... why you are so created without eyes that not tears?
And with hands that are not waving..... to the memories....

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Hijazi Stethoscopic Tone

Are all nights those surprised us are the strange?
Are all ways those we digging are no things more than illusions and worms nestle
in the wound?
Are all treasures of-pearl and ruby of heart... of the brazier's essence of the
spirit?
Not more than the stones lying on the path of from falling? ?
Our lost are those steps watchful us and the passion, as they said from the oldest
of the old burns lovers
And we burned... but still not be irrigated from the wound of the nights... and not
be deterred from hardened Daggers
Which we draw from there blades sugars or flowers
We delude ourselves that we are the witness and the martyrs

We delude the palm holding water
That that eyes burst out for us
But we are the Illusionist
The steps does not lead.... and the end in the most beautiful trip of a lifetime for
the unwary
Peace... peace on the unwaries
Eyes staring, and then seeing...
Then apply in the illusion.... in fear that inclines by shadow
And shadow tired them all these years
O immorality years
Write our history with blood and tears
And leave our bodies naked in the deserts of exile
And hunger.... and nibbling by the myths and impossible
O for the years.....
Years

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

I Do Not Know

I do not know

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

I do not know how to put the letters in a cup
How the years bite the tips of the fingers in so easy ways
I can nt insert my head through such tottering window
All what I know ...few winds revolutions throw my skin to my head ...changing
me to a soundless dynasty...here I am with my friendly reptiles trying to avoid
the crashing foot in our frivolity walking to the river....we just hiding the moon
in the shell of the noon
Under the grass of the high building we some times exchange the codes to
meaning....hello my friend...hello hardness

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Images Of The City

Images of the city

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

Men..... Women

wars..... Minarets

A sunny afternoon..... burnished winter

Alleys of silence..... visions do not lead

Fluttering wings of birds

the dreams are hiding in the soft fluff

In the matted branches of Sidra

Warslicensing..... free death

Death in the death

Panic in the death

Concern.... insomnia.... ache.... sweat...

in the fronts

At the nude sidewalks

000000000

Cries.... under black bombs thrown lava over the villages of the country

Hymn:

(The deposit villages areThe villages

Now their springs are

Sheding tears

Their Trees

 Their rocks

Their grieftheir hunger..... harsh cold tears

Angry

at the slopes.....)

000000000

Who reads in? ... who?

My country is a myth

his Endowed dreaming sons since the dawn of the birds.....

their Sufferings sorrows....

their opened eyed dreams

their sorrows fill in all the quarters all ways

Men.....women... my country is a

Children's Oasis..... Bar for retirees.....

00000000000

Since the days were lining up
And leaned on sticks of the fall
My country is a swing of sad song... breasts of the past
from the infinity
of the blanch meat
Iraq is a crazy
heated
lust
Climbs down to the lungs

0000000000

Men..... women
Standing on the threshold of the long time
The long prolix
which is between them and the words that create generations of anticipation and
surprise
Dear Spring..... You are Baghdad
and the hormones of time are fragrance from your lanes
And your lover Tigris

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Insights From Behind The Walls

My icon of sorrows is in front of me and the dead bodies of days are
behind me

This ... the reader in the silences valleys of wisdom hymns

Does not receive more than the hollow rust

Shaking... And in its eyes the delusions of doubt dancing... the confusion

Turning in the roles.... Destroying the walls of the theater..

Opening the windows of his poems to the storm to cry

poor is the person who taught me the first letter ...who told me that the waves
are friends

And the sea is friend..... and the path of the stormy love opening thousand
ways

What do I do with this love.... my ruinously and the boiling of my veins from
this roughly colored volcano

I rise the icon of my sorrow in front of me and pray...pray for the emergence
of my lover on my path

Together with the prayer of the heart..... and the crescent of my presence and
absence in his temple

Crazed... nodding back... some parts of me read some

I set up a trap for the sorrow

And it set up a swing for my death

And that is the days.... Phantom of the days...wasting of my time

Altobath* mount before me...and the storm of days

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2010

*a mount in Arabic desert where the Arabic famous lover kees and Lyla meet
with each other when they are child

Magician

Magician

who is breaking this arch of the blossoming sleepy under the eyelids?
Who is breaking in of this dream.... Rose.... And flooding on the shores of most
sad longing and suffering and hardship.....! !

And crazy love suspended to the tip of beauty braids

Or between the fingers of the feet of a boy fascinated by playing ball..... colors
Or in the mouth of newly borne who recognize the first sweet laugh at the
dawn...?

Who is bewitching this earth?
And filling it with the fruits and times being.....

Dancing with the poplar trees....? ?

as crystal in sun face? ? glancing Who is
Who is fascinating the poets eye? ?
And joking with flowers the Minstrels throat
Who is filling what is behind-the-hill, reddish twilight?
And embroidering the gown of this night with stars
Who is that witch playing with Colors
And ripening the moments of joy with wine of words
Who is barking in the valleys of the mind
And awakens the rain of the memory in the abandoned awareness forest
Who is jumping over the death and crossing the times rings?
Magician.....
This Devil's crowned as king in the Kingdom of eternal disobedience

Abdel-Aziz Haider

Baghdad

2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Memories

Memories

The river is spreading a memory made by mud and small stones
alluvium... palm leaves
sea mew..... human beings and years
hair- house is flying with hearts wings in the sky of the city
Rolling in both sides...a roll... rolling twice at all times
sinking eyes of its alleys
its streets which laden by the beating of absence and humiliating attendance..
housesits deserted cafes... Its
Its extinguishing firebrand squares naked shaking in the cold
neglected.... Abandoned from years... O injustice years
The man who was a river is laying
his white papers..... his white hair on the upper side of the face
His pigeons..... his losers lotteries...
Cups that smash by the wars and the chairs of immorality..... and the nations
crammed into heads small the
Leaves at the edge of the river
memory Naked
Begging warmth under the midday sun

Abdel-Aziz Haider
Baghdad
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

My Little Ragamuffin

O Little Tramp.... my poor heart

festivals of cranky and the ego flying as a smoke In the multiple

there is no place for you...!

in the parties of distribution of mummified bodies.... and the parties of Wake-up
bodies

Suppose you are being...

Witness to the drowning in the last sin?

You.. my soft smile heart

who homelessly roam the misery eternal yards

heavily pushed vehicle with the

your tears always from sticky burned blood

You tramp

Masked or without mask

This is not your cirque..... no Children laughing here nor girls putting their
hands on the surprising mouths

Here the game biggest than you... and as supposed in you.. Dear Child polite

the questions were died before you arrange them in your little mind

Oh, my big heart

How many your torn down files contain from desolated papers which repeated
every time

O Little Tramp.... my poor heart

does not have Incense

nor prayer beads

And your anger voice unmasked with the trembled anger

Be greedy with your acrobatics steps and do not forget traffic rules of the walking with hands

Abdel-Aziz Haider (originally in arabic)

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

No One

This open sky of my pictures
And no one look
This crowd dancing in the festival of my pictures
And no one look
These high crashed waves of my songs
And no one hear
This lovely pulsing red heart in my sound
And no one listen
oh what these caring words can do
the opened mouth of the miracle did closed from years
and no one is being here
that was the last season
for the orange song

Baghdad
(originally in English) Abdel AZIZ Alhaider
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Nothing

There, there is no sea, there is no blue

There is no wood in the foundations of the subject of the docks

no cranes.....! !

No sailors..... Thus, there are no sailing vessels

Not even sailing boats..... not the horizon and waves...! !

There is no bar? , And ceiling fans coordinates this monotonous. Or reflect the shadows on the ground.....! !

Imply that moisture and longing for fresh air.

then necessarily no cups of any kind

No Crystal, no does not and cups of kmbari

Not even a beer large cups, with hands

There is no paved road with stones not with bricks
To going to the top of the hill where the archeologic temple

The shrine of a righteous man..... So there is not a cemetery no tombstones indicating chronicle of death..... Is there no death... necessarily as well? ?

There are no sky full of stars, glittering in the sky with the withdrawal of different... Or swollen.... Obscured the moon and sometimes it reveals... Other

There is no, and that is most sadness most, unfortunately! ! Small chilled heads of children dream in tomorrow and plays..... There are no O for heartburn heart (to the borders of yearning death) There are no toys for children

There is no. Any book, or window or curtain breezes shake

No female chest wrapping the sad the grief exploded in your head

And clasp him....., fragmented rocks of grief.. fans them' in the wind..... There

is no near or far..... black or white

There is nothing
Anything

06/20/1989
Abdel-Aziz Haider

AbdelAziz Alhaider

One Word

1985-2009

One word
1985-2009

Abdel-

Aziz Haider

Two roses dropped from the rose bush
there for it was the time to move to the dream

--

Whenever I supports my head to palm of my hands
earth took place a full cycle on its centered

--

The Guitar on the chair
the book on the table
and the stars, laughing with great pleasure

--

Christ hanging on the cross
and the mother crying at his feet
the general ignites a posh Cuban cigars

--

Sun shines every day
only because there are eyes see him

--

When the moon laughs
the wind fluctuating the pages of the book

--

Do not become cold! !

I will catch for you, two days of my life
and bloat under their pebbles

--

I will send to you a message

afford for you by the coming storm

□

--

Do not cry, my little child

because, if your small teardrop fall
the entire universe will blew up in my head

--

I'll take another cigarette

then have enough time to melodious cry

□

The flower that in my imagination

made of pure nickel

Whenever I grabbed a song

a bird flews from the nest

The river freezes

because the moon angers

The guitar, which often grieve
now dealing with sleeping pills?

Who does not know sadness of others
should not demand the love

A bottle of medicine split in half
because the disease rejects to dealt with it

Autumn is slowly creeping
and winter, seated next to his tobacco pipe

In my next trip
my traffic to the earth planet will be a sad
exciting memories

The angels surround the throne
and the god puts his head between his hands

Is the idealist way
focusing the universe in one word

Only here in the life, the life seen heavy
and solely there in the death, the death seen

Heavy

When can we send again
If time does not exist?

Open door
the words enter through it all the time

I filled the tanks of my heart with love
then Children of the world sat around them
asking the warm

With one word, God created the man
then he looked at him with great love

When the tree of love buds
the planet's inhabitants wakened and kissing
each other

ً

No advantage from anything
except the love

The poem rebelled
raised a protest banner which is the title

All the worlds ports are warm
as long as all seas are estrangement

The man is not creature from ordinary clay
the man is creature from mud that name
the love

I lived forty generations of suspend oranges
but I do not know any thing except one word

The hero came out from the epic
burned the book and warmed from its fire

If it is possible, to return back the time
If it is possible, to stop the movement
it is not possible to stop crying

The eyes created for love
as well as the coats made

I pay half of my life
to whom , who creates a rumbling laugh in
the child's throat
and pay the second half
to whom, who put a loaf into the hungry mouth

When Nazem and al-Baihtty appeared on the balcony
of the palace
millions opened their mouths, amazing by the
shine in their eyes

Do not read the poetry only

but kiss the collection s of poems also

Half the world's water is salty
the other half is fresh
but the water you drink is the only freshwater

Are human beings create the music
or the music created the human?

Every night the Cat enters in the bed
balling meows then sleeps

□

Look to the God always
he is beautiful

A sound beating in the depth
it is the growth of bough

It is simple as possible
and it is most cruel
hammering a nail in the heart of painting

The day of the city exciting the worry
applies under the skin
and the moon trembling with fear from its night

The bread is dancing in the oven
and the eyes of the waiting child dancing too

The evening is newspaper
and the readers..... locusts that biting the paper

The light runs through the curtains
so they tremble

Everything can be turned with the carbon
to Poems..... or tableaux

Millions of emotions
pervade the characters of the poems
sometimes collide
with thunder and awe

The bright morning
with his colored brush hits
the fields, the streets, and the country sides

The Pen is brilliant dancer
and the three fingers dancing with him
with the points rhythm

Waterfalls are gushing with white water as snow
and the sinews are gushing with the

white melodies as pigeons

The life is prison

and the poem is the door

The poem is not solution
the Poem is beam

the planet is too small / to the extent that crazy one
that can destroy it

That wonderful blue planet
is the planet where I born in it

One two
one two
is the infinite frequency of the universe

The alienation is the same alienation
in the sea Ship
or here in the spaceship

Injustice is not an individual act
it is a work of many cooperators
working hardly to accomplish it
and serve it

white paper
is the biggest challenge

Tons of evil
unable to splitting
one atom of good

□ ---
If the person was slave of the yesterday.....
he must be the mister of today

Do not buy white goods which blackened
and black goods which became white also

The chairs.....the chairs...
their big wheels
crushing the sitting

Red
yellow
green
are all the matter of the universe

The hanging coats
Since year
the branches grown in their sleeves

I left my eyes
In the windows glass

Hundreds of years took to discovering the earth
is spherical It takes hundreds of years to
discovering that the earth was not spherical

The land is fire...the clouds is flames.... and the
hurricane wraps each terms
where I hide my heart?

Tomorrow the sun will rise again
tomorrow the river will be overflowing with songs
tomorrow all the branches of the tree will foliate
but tomorrow who will ensure
that the hungrier will not die?

Large explosion in the awareness oven,
led to the collective death of the poems
and this continued bleeding in all tableaux
of the land

Some days I blockade by the watch's indicators
I do not see any consolation
but only jumping between the minutes and
seconds indicators

Chief priest in the Pharaoh temple,
Still repeating his calls
Indifferent to the thousands of years
that have passed

Between the bottom and the bottom
Window opens on the rose garden

Can all these worlds
pass with in your eyes?
then how much grief and sorrow that you carrying?

Kafka's terrible worlds
I still wake up scared from them every day,

-□ ---

□ □

he most beautiful poems been when they
stretched out on the sun carpet

The poems,
the hearts, the tears
and the forgetting
the basic wonders of the universe

The departure from pleasing
and the return from missing
that is what not written by any pen yet

The engineering of world
is the building engineering of bread ovens

The black bag
put together beside the tea cup and the gun
and the Jawrnica suspended upside down

The most beautiful paintings is that which ends from
colors to light
and the most beautiful poems is that which ends up with
words to question and exclamation marks

Southern winds came to reviewed by sands
and the northern wind came wrapped in wool
when they met each other
colored ribbons fell from the sky

Scourge of the times... nudes of the history
from the damaged fruits of my eternally wounded country

In our blood the poisons of hatred
and the spiders thread are blend
then our forms and resonant names specified

Who is wandering around our souls
 other than the dark rooms deaths
and their paralyzed limbs which extended on the
wet floor wet lands in the depth

Withdraw the paradise fields from under our feet
and do not pollute your fresh air with our
damned suffocated exhalation

Drop down our heads from the Cans cartons
that borne them
they are heavy..... heavy..... Enough to totter and fall

The existence was aged and his limbs was
slumped
his teeth grow old in his blue pit

but it is still tearing the meat and turn the carcass
under the slut sun preparing his food

What I do with this rusty swing
the door that leads to the underworld
his creak as the saw shaking painfully my
bones and my keratinous skin

The existence...the existence
the damned father of jellylike creatures

source of foggy light
and the moist tubercles roots darkness

Burn what comes out from our horror dreams
tore our dead images
and justified our stupid sitting in the stitch hole

Dear Father...

we are under your palms we drinking your
holy water
and dipping our long pollutants fingers
in the blue blood
we praying for you to perpetuate our rats
our hearts from tin as you taught us in
your Happy prayers

The dreams machine was broken
laughter's machine
honesty's
ethics machine was defective

In the boilers of chemistry and physics
the reasonable and unreason are cooked

Cry, oh tree
cry, o river
cry, o stone
they stolen the home from you

The nations measured by the sorrows of the past that they disregard
we measure ourselves by our strange ability to vivification the

sadness

That faraway planet in the left side of the galaxy
the blue planet
it is the misery planet's

When you look at the nature around you
you will exactly understand why we say: that the argument
of the human is a speaking animal is a completely wrong argument

The Friday(holiday) was finished
and tomorrow morning we will return to the
waterwheel

The morning is shining with bright laugh
but the morning in my heart is still rolled and
wrapped with his sorrow
In the dark corner and no one visit him in his illness

With the love
I filled the clouds water
give off a pleasant smell to
all the flowers
colored all the childhood
But my blood still not altered to sweat in the
pores of my soul

The man is the only creature who has no one origin
he was and is a fish or a pigeon or a wolf or a fox

In the hot summer night

I dreamed of peaks with snow so my spirit faulted
with delight and shake

Whenever I start draw a dream or a dream image
I exterminate from my the memory an image of injury

Winds are come from the middle
come from the west
thus, the wind was before the beginning of creation
which blind tyranny who is trying to stop the wind
from passing through our land

Wonders of the World is not seven or nine
wonders of the world more than one can count them
It is a sea..... it is a ocean
every minute of our lives float above
its laughing blue waters

When he wake up for the first time and he was on the surface of a new
strange world
the world of the punishment
filled for the first time with the feelings of surprise and distress, and
sadness together
and since that day till now his sons inherited these feelings did not know
detaching from them

The flower attract her dreams
surrounded them with its pink fragrant, rolling them one by one and sprinkle
them to the winds
and we are following her writing the poems that we found in the
streets

Rapture

No thing is as this momentthe pleasure is a newly born of the imagination
A baby of dreams
Who laugh...cry...smile...singing under the colored water of the life
All ways we are drinkers
If you drink all these beautiful colors
If you listen to your memories you will find the moment of rapture
The rapture of full musician pictures..... full emotional feeling
Full conscious and un conscious
The time always is a good serves to whom consider them selves as part of it
Rapture is swimming with the words with the picture with the current of time
In end less gush of this waterfall

Baghdad

Abdel-Aziz Haider(originally in English)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Return Ports

Abdel-Aziz Haider

the boats are returning

the boats are returning with proudly rapturous

the boats are returning..... and the wave... from the season of a difficult campaign

From the coast of love..... songs

.....

And returned..... And returned

O dawn Star It is oranges which came back with the returned blue wave
returned

From the eternity blue which mount horseback of the decline and memories

..... O dawn star.. these coasts returned back and we returned to it

How many times it is not more than sands and rocks

How many times I have visited it and it was not more than sands and rocks

O my stars how many times my heart hanged with its sands and rocks

But today it is packed with all beauty and all please

So in my imaginations I do not know is it sands and rocks or
salutations of
returnees

.....

The boats proudly returned back between land and water

To a coast crowded with the receptionists

They are returning back on their surfaces square of waiting and interest carried
in the eyes

O my star.....with the oranges I said farewell to your eyes mounted by autumn

.....

And year by year on the coast of white
foam
of birds and waiting

I wrote stories..... sing them..... torn them
Changed the times image changed my photo

slumped from my interior twice lengthened... melted then became skinny as a
thread of light
dispersal
In my liveness and the road

.....

O my star... all boats mounted by the spring and those yellow as the selected
gold

We said it will give fruits in the blue of the sea returned
And returned by all boats mounted ecstatic
proudly

..... O my stars o dawn Star
O my sweet voice you.... in which vehicle are you? ?
Or you distributed in the womb of oranges? ?

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Sit Down To The Sea

The time and the wave are roaringand the time
Extends as a coast of myth fog
As bodies of the cunning sessions
As the bodies of the days dumped onto orthogonal to the city and the sea
The time crying in the faces that burned with the suns of machines
Crazy April winds
Wheels.. Shops windows in the al-Aramla station,
Vapors of globalization
And its promiscuous obscene smiles
The time and the wave are roaring And
The tired sellers and sad girls sellers
And the congestion of the festivals night
And the minarets that lift their caps as salute
And the sky that become bloody blue from the madness of the poem
And the roses.. which was blue and dark as a soul - naked under the rain -
The wave was roaring as the time
And the time as the wave... in the game between sit down and leaving
Sit down to the sea
Or the departure from the emptymemory.....

Abdel-Aziz Alhaider (originally in Arabic)
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Sitting Under The Vine Of Bacchus

Under the foot.... or exactly beside the large finger
the celebrated clan were sating in circle that will completes the circle of every
things..... all things
Goddess of wine. Lord of the poetry..., 'says not the sea

Poseidon for the sea and Bacchus the master of all this dark carelessness
which slipping to the slop of the rotor time... .. the master of all sweet fruits
I have my own kingdom says the master I am sharing all the earth fields
the ripening of the vine and the maturity of- the fields smells - under their
grapes.....I am maturing the sugar of the summer dreams
Swaying when the heads of poets - with the earthy madness Swaying- with the
language barely rise by the tongue that became heavy with the burned
perfume

And I go up excited with the lively pictures to the mute of the colors.. and
the edges of the bow inhabited by the half bodies...

The blue images clarity of the blue sea... And the sea clarity of the rose

And the black images fear of the sea... and the sea the lungs fire

And Images Images

distilling the juice of my grape by my hands and bloating in the casks..
whistle of pleasure and rhythms of lame circle

and the music of Rhythms

All unshod of the earth are kings- in front of me- wearing their pleasures

And the poets from fragrances of their upper world

I nurse them the purest casks..... the oldest one

But I do not know how to drying drops descending on the clouds Cheeks

when the sons are resorts to their loneliness... crying the lost of world -or-
crying their lost in the world

in front of the rock.....the foot we sit down

We filled with our loneliness

We escaped to the slippery slope of the time,
to the abyss of magic

We whom exit from deaths shrouds - ways -to the arousal embroidered with
bouquet of colors

spreading - in the spirits....paths of love and gardens full of light

and the songs that exploded the innermost childhood

Under the foot.... or exactly beside the face of dark glass

we sit down

the master is dripping from unseen heaven

spirit of grape ripen from of thousands of times

till it became thread for sewing what torn by the age
thread weaving silk for the spirit
Or thread wrapping on the grief
Weaving handkerchief for tears
Drying the face of grief

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Sometimes

Sometimes I extend to some steps towards your spring

As a morning breeze on the balconies

As a green silk over the Waves

As effects of horses feet steps

But sometimes words exclude me

Miles from the face of the picture

Sometimes I knock..... Listen to the seas play in my heart

...frighten..... filled with pent up screaming

Releasing..... hiding in my legs in any angle

In any drawing

Sometimes I sit

Smiling all the time

Talking for hours to the trees Posting

My laughters in the forests of the crazy imagination

Losted in the streets

07/12/1993

Abdel-Aziz Haider

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Swing

Swing of childhood that stopped in the point of surprising punched point
O swing.. expanded from the depth of the poem with which shaking hand I
can hold your ropes?

your ropes that did not stop dancing in the gardens of the scorched heart
They are birds that ached me... digging mercilessly in my old memory

with which trembled hands I can fragile them?

.
If I want? ? ? ? ? Do I want? ? ?

Swing of childhood oh most beautiful poems

coated by pour cloudless colors of blue, red, bloody, velvet green with pens
and boxes

Play a jumping memory game

I have not seen the rabbit yet, but the cat that is meows at the other side of the
waterway

The other side... Under the Mulberry

Is she afraid of water like me? ? ? ?

But I smelling a hot fragrant... from exhale of the waterway which tempted to
throw the hook all the time

Close to the thymus ...far for the time..

I set up a hammock for the exercise of ritual feast, but it is still shaking all
seasons

Hey, trembled hand

It is not useful to evading... not useful to pretending senility..... in fact... you
have no existent

Swing is shakens it self

It self for it self

Abdul Aziz Alhaider(originally in Arabic)

20/07/2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Bridge

from far long years.... and the steps on the flourishing iron is a bell of flowered
resonance greenish in the gardens of your years
Among the crossing and the arm clasps is a templet supplemented by the clasp
barrier of the bridge
And the red sweet alluvium fluctuating
In the wave strumming wailing..
 In the Gulls hurrying their white wings of love..
 At our feet that tired by the distances
 In the fear... growing as thorns with Chrysanthemum
O.... O the bridgeplate about a time of purity
O swings for the craving
O language for the challenge
O castle of the river
O image of immortality
return us two decade... two decade... of your life that extending in the rivers
life..in our life
O bridge that glory to you

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar
2010
Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Caravan

The caravan
Abdel aziz alhaider

let the days gone where they want
my Staying in the desert of Najed not more than effort
get away dark clouds...! or apart as rain....!
Do not stay so stuck on my chest
and you the sun
that is trying to laughter in vain
you Will not stay... and there will be a sunset..... moments to your death... I
will laugh of you and repeat the game with you to the end
and you the withered cup under this inhumane
frost

And you fragrant divine rose
That the noses deprive from you
In a desert without a nose
get away... dark spots in the face of pampered child of planets
the boiler of the septic
O days of the black swamp
Boiling with corpses and growth with biting of limbs of Childhood
and crushing the Buttons of roses
Uh, where you did not saw any day of the beautiful creation
and did not taste the childhood in your barren empty sides
lands.....that God blinded them, when they did not witness his dayspring
presence
and deafened them when they did not hearing to his prayers, which filled the
directions,
uh rusty.... oily.... country which pour on empty
days
And the screaming on the extents of periods
Leave ... once at least . coincidence these plastic hands
to listen to the calls of life under the pink veins
Allow...to the rose....for one time to grow
And give me all your prickles

uh a country rusted in its borderscorrode by acids of the hate
And the ignorance vomiting and the Cook's of priests
The rebounds of the plastic ball
Game of inlaid chairs

Game of gold wings
the falcons winged game
uh ... Najed....uh
uh country of eternal sunset

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Cemetery

The cemetery

Abdul Aziz Al Haidar

When the evening is coming
Its shadow is contacting the parked forbidding sidra
Witness to the attend and exile
When the frequent horror comes in every day
Singing and crying....
Wapping
He is dancing like Zorba, now.... the rain is drowning the memory....
He is feeling the chill
And the love is riding him ... his eyes swell and become two embers
He is remembering that he was a day of old beauty time above the soil

And he was sitting with his family and relative in a roast party
Such a Sidra
Was shading the set of the drinkers Men...
And colored neons were needle-working the stories
And women on the other side were celebrating, in their special ways, by
preparing meals
Under the shadow of the spring the songs
Were going through
And the pellucid clouds which covered by the white were passing
They were forgetting that the years are passing
and that the cafes are opening their doors to re-run talks
And the bakeries for the mouths
And the poems opening the buds of the love flowers
While the graves open the God's mercy arms for the expatriates
The graves for the terror such as the fields for the rain
The vessels are wearing extasy and dancing in blue sea
While they are slopping to the South
Shock of the last departure
Hammer is hitting the waves
Black guitar
Image of fribble
Virulent Image
I do not recall more than the trash barrel that I am burning it

Near the iron door
Streets folding with the water
and the canal were empty while the frogs leave it
And the turtles also, carrying their dreams and the long years
In such away, the vessels leave the sea of years
Relieving aglet of the fear and rusted
Sales of the desire
Escaping from the from impossible to impossible

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The East

Oh, a country located behind the bitter Sea
Oh, a country its days are fill with mourning sand
Still convoys in your desert ways are stimulating fears
Still your roads thieves pride in processed skins of their grandfathers

From hundreds of years.....

Oh, a country that is grinding his sons in the grinder of poverty and ignorance
and spraying them ashes for the wars of monopolies and the colonies...

And different types of canned treasons....

O full of superstitions.... O the open market for selling of slaves

And the spilt abdomens of abnormal gay princes...and their misguided followers

And the chairs that eaten away by the moth from centuries

O desert stretches in the memory of the time

Stories of the types of treachery Legends... suckled with milk

O twilight vomiting the fear

And day limping the ignorance

And night figuring its actual steps by myths

O ancient- modern myths

The story of all humanitarian concern and his struggle with the stone and the
wheel, mud and trees

O caravan guided by an old leader singing its destruction

And with his weak eyes indicates the dusty horizon

O flags fluttering for the sadness on the extension of Ages □

O emergence of the hills of the ignorance, superstition books, and open mouth
as a hotbed for flies and sand

O poems that did not read before

Paintings did not stop then the painter

O the major dullness and the Minor Sultanate

O swing of worn-out roped

O boats fissured, tar

And palms of burning fronds

O women without men, men without women

Uh... o that Middle, which kill me every day

Oh hell....

Oh renewed hell

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Far Time.....The Long Time...

The far time.....the long time...

Abdul Aziz Haider

Wah, how these years are long?

The papyrus ...the reeds are extending from the depths of the marshes... the channels

The years that shaking their heads in the wind of memory

Ships that are taking off without dates... in remote waves

A far time.... A long time hiding in the forests of virgin desire

And years that are dancing with nakedness with the rhythm of the thunder in the skies of permanent amazement

And the years that were hesitated to accept flirts with shame

And the years that have showered the nostalgia

Years of love that are blooming in all seasons

Red bouquet and other of violets

The open eyes did not concentrate in portfolio of years

And the papers.... in the hallucination of the bag

Curved ribs

and lips that are still thirsty for the pleasure of the first kiss

Wah, so we are walking or crawling or limping

On the gates of time

In many years

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Forest

In the jungle of the time

All the lilies are floating
Wounding between the ribs..... poems

Naked in the midday suns crucified by the amazing !!

Their hands are branches of linden

And their days... their Perfume

The forest of time... packed in minutes.. hours.. years....

I go deeply into it each day
, carrying a billhook clipping their bumpy road

Not thing remains from the bitter except its golden yellow color

expanding in the lifetime..... a banner...

I certify that I have lived.....!!!

! by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar
Bagdad
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Game.. And Beautiful Creatures

The game.. and beautiful creatures
Azzizalhaider-iraq

This beautiful fairy creatures
Entertaining game of the days..... play with it...
The game which is full of contradictions
Wonders
Game of Love.... and its margin of hatred
Game of fear..... and its margin of courage
Game of naive..... and its margin of Intelligence
Game of beauty..... and its margin of Ugliness
game of Good. and its margin of evil
Game of honesty... and its margins of hypocrisy

Game of colors.. and its margins of dark fringes
Game of light
Affection
Mercy
These beautiful fairys creatures that you exercised
every day.... circled them, with or without, understanding
you pass them
as exception from the rest of the creatures..... oh if you simplicity
takes the game
oh if you tend to its sweet aspects
Oh beautiful fable creature
the days play with you.... play with them

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Last Journey

The last Journey
Abdul Aziz Haider

All the times are valid for use
all the times ready to receive - Farewell
The last Journey is most excited one
form any times.....
All the times are for weeping at the moments of flight
All the times
Bare trees from leaves and fruits
protruding ribs from chronic hunger
Empty Sky from any melody
Ruins of abandoned ships
Mute Coast
All times
Impudence
and farce
As long as their arms are always open
for the last Journey
Baghdad
2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Love

The love

All the lands of God can be get used to .. you can love her
Except the homeland if you lose your steps in it you will never restore her love
for ever.....! ! !
No love is born from oppression..... and no love with prostitution
The love is welcomed.. free.. the love is a God above the time, eagle
And the love, that we did not feel her taste until now mixed from the bitter
taste, and the salty
His bread soaked in tears
A festering wound on his way to gangrene
If it is not filled with... Panic it will be fragile
Love is Search for an incomplete death
Or swimming in a stagnant pool
All the Gods land except that called the homeland
Abhorrent superstition myth of the mind
All the extended time except the present time
The brains abscess filled with pus
Are we lie again?
Or sit down to burnt sun tasting the hot cigarette
Are we return the circling around the playing garden... laughter Garden
Or we moving slowly... very slowly catching the weary heart
From all this love that weighting the burden of aging

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar

27/03/2010 Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Mind

Abdel-Aziz Haider

This is the mind

This is what make you a toy

His rusting swing..... and the roar of his iron

And his tired springs

Does not take you one step further... Where are the swings of your childhood
and youth from them?

His extended thread to meters..... flying in the air... in the free space

This is the mind.....

That steam engine obsolete by the time

Where are these dancing figures from them?

And melodies changing to colors... overlapping..... Jumping

You yourself is transformed to old machine

Except for some oil of love.. and the remnants of the desire moving under your
wrinkled skin

Your springs may cease... and the activator of sparkle inactivating

2010 - Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Network

The network

There behind these transparent mirrors
Behind this network... a sea and fishing and a boat
Lively Photos
Chanting gardens and blue... red lamps
Behind these Pages
Nice creatures... working hardly
Antlike creatures
Human beings like to make surprise
Make colored links between the hearts
Nice creatures
With the ordinary human heads
Like to making a twisted solid ropes from a number of
Latest news
Latest information
The latest pictures and movies
This is the web
Life palpitating with life
As for why they called spiderwort? ? ?
that is the secret
That no one can know it

Abdel-Aziz Haider
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Poem

The poem

Azzizalhaider-iraq

What is you seeking poem

what you want?

I am too old..and you warrants my memory

Is that because I am die longing for Childhood?

and my quivering lips praying them permanently...!

Is that because I am seeing the colors confusingly? but I adore to retrieved them
from the depths of memory net

and

pure

bright

aglow

playful

Do the poem knows which distress hold me?

.. which sin?

Because In the race of Shaggy time, I forgot prayers regularly in the temple of
beauty..... And left my head to the wind, to fight each other

Filled with horror till glut

and exercised the death more than once

papers that I did not write them had killed me The

each time, they killed me

And now in the plight of the poem no hands runs for help

So no ear is listening, no more than, the walls of yourself

no more than, these rails in the depth of alcove

Ships that took off from the port of your memory

You were whom farewell them

and

The songs that were wetted your heart you

You sang them and

The cry that was heard from behind the doors of the poor

Every day was tearing your mind

and creeping as a pain in your joints

you did not moan as it must

did not cry as it must.....

Not praying

But did not betray that is your virtue

the poem is the owner of the punishment

a lady.....a commander
The poem that I was listen to
Did not want my death
It recalls the days I had been lived
I did not give them their right

2010 Baghdad

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AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Sin

The sin
under the chin of the ages
The boy of the wandering mind.. free mind from the facts of the battle

He participated in..... in the past ages

However, he deny has distanced himself from the memory of death.. by the death

But he still remains since the age of the Mamluks

To the age of the new slavery .. til now.

Busy with the big uncertainty and windy storms

with the rain that enveloped by the fire and the forest that its branches
creepingbranches extending from the

bottom of the feet of the heart... to the suffocation

Still busy

with the disobedient question

The sin is the daughter of the human or the human her son

Or see the repentance of death annuls all sins

By the Sin.... the Death

Abdel-Aziz Haider(originally in Arabic)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Stone

The Stone

To Saadi Youssef

by Abdul Aziz Alhaidar

The calm which cover the rock

Interesting picture of beauty

And the hearts that became mass of stone

A picture of the death

And the stones that add weight to the time

And the time crushed the time under the stones

Stories that blending the entities

Blue.. Green.. Yellow

Balls... the heavens.. just raised breasts

The hands that expand the bread on the spreading bed

How that will take us towards the ships

Fortune wind.. travelers..... hunters.... homeless

World of the inconstancy... a picture of the carefulness

It is the image of grief

Depth of the dark... a sea of black anger torn by the lightning from time to time

But, Sir, will remain the sea

Its wave.... its coast..... ships And humans

And if you did not drink (1) like that you are in time not belong to you

And which time have a dew Like yours, which place not expecting good news
from your existence

Crossing with quiet steps

Between your hands the formation of magic

Sweet images
Song of nostalgia

Song of the marriage between the ages

Visions in the eyes of childhood

Sheikh passed the stage of the wisdom to the rules settle

In the depth of the pearl

From the silence of the stone
structure maintained by the love crossing the time, stone by stone

(1) and that if you did not drink more times by eyesore you became thirsty
and which people have a cleared drink (old Arabic said)

AbdelAziz Alhaider

The Way

Abdel-Aziz Alhaider
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The way who left the steps

Slipped as a thin line of sadness

As some tears that wet cave of the poem

Abdomen of the ship which lift off the sea - widespread in sight – blind the border

This way.. which is supposed to been roses

Sat on thorns instead of the roses balm for wounds

It became narrow ... old tobacco.. repeater melody

The way which flashing light between the tears

..... Became dark.....its trees turned to the rainless side

And the years that run in the race of the winds..... barking in the wind..

Screaming in the memory

which old Jinn coming now kidnapping boys whose still stay out door on the roads after the sunset

Joy the game

Delusional with the youth

fill with childhood

Ratified this song that sneak behind the way

That the way to love is the shortest way

And the way to love is the most difficult way

And the departure to the love is easy in every way

However, the end is not as the whole roads

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Thepoem

What is you seeking poem
what you want?

I am too old..and you warrants my memory

Is that because I am die longing for Childhood?

and my quivering lips praying them permanently...!

Is that because I am seeing the colors confusingly? but I adore to retrieved them
from the depths of memory net

and

pure

bright

aglow

playful

Do the poem knows which distress hold me?

.. which sin?

Because In the race of Shaggy time, I forgot prayers regularly in the temple of
beauty..... And left my head to the wind, to fight each other

Filled with horror till glut

and exercised the death more than once

papers that I did not write them had killed me The

each time, they killed me

And now in the plight of the poem no hands runs for help

So no ear is listening, no more than, the walls of yourself

no more than, these rails in the depth of alcove

Ships that took off from the port of your memory

You were whom farewell them

and

The songs that were wetted your heart you

You sang them and

The cry that was heard from behind the doors of the poor

Every day was tearing your mind

and creeping as a pain in your joints

you did not moan as it must

did not cry as it must.....

Not praying

But did not betray that is your virtue

the poem is the owner of the punishment

a lady.....a commander

The poem that I was listen to

Did not want my death

It recalls the days I had been lived
I did not give them their right
Abdel Aziz Alhaider
Aziz ali(facebook)
2010 Baghdad

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AbdelAziz Alhaider

There Is No Time

No more than hoursno more than days
That is all
Don't forget the love
Do not mistake the way
No more empty space for your dreams
You and your days will go with coming spring
So some thing will cover your body let your songs been one of them
Let the leaves of love dropp one by one on your flash
Let your tears been part of the fist spring rain
No more time remain
No more words
No more rhythms
For your poems
There is only the silent.....so song your last song

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Times

Times

Abdel-Aziz Haider

The time of alienation

Train with a heavy movements cross over the rusted railroad of the spirit
And the Spirit under the wheels..is busy with the old mysteries ...! !

The time of Love

The soul is flying
Dancing naked under a white rain
Breathe the smell of benzoic
Of the
old memories....! !

The time of surprise

The spirit put her cracked head between tow curves
Of the gratings of the traffic blocking
Awaiting the opportunity to escape...! !

The time of death

The spirit is breathing a fetid fear
And is vomiting
Hot tears of volcanic colored...! !
Strangled in the intensity of memories

Time for reflection

Spirit is wearing swimming clothes
Sit down at the beaches of nude Metaphysics
Reviewing the vocabulary of love.. and absolute discretion.
Then soon it sleeping with the rhythm of rocking.....! !
Dreaming a rivalry childhood

Baghdad 2009

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Titanic

Each of us has a place... small or large

This miracle Titanic...! ! !

Titanic... oh floating with all your weight over the waters... above the horizon.....
over the time...

your classes..are the same layers on the streets of ancient cities

for each of us there is a share of your fun ...you dance.. and your tears..

Some of us are full of surprises throughout the journey

He did not touch..... just is seeing

Some of us are overstuffing with melodies..... overstuffing with meat....

your horizon Titanic has no boundaries.. very big... and very close

And the sun that is going to darkfall

her favorite bedroom Place filled with big blooded disk

large screen welcome your horizon

Each of us has a place on the Titanic

a Share of the death panic when it hits the ice burgs

When life hits

The unknown

the Death

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Tomorrow

Tomorrow

Abdul Aziz Haider

There is another face for tomorrow..... you will see it.. If you lived those hours
Behind the clouds of your madness..... behind the coast of limping memory
that is forgetting ... trying to forget...
And love is depends on forgetting... love Depends on love...
Face... You don't know from which dry winds of desert it will come?
From which rough mountain path that is pouring with flows of uncontrolled colors
it will come?
Pouring with eternal thirst for the nectar of mole... And love
As eternal death.....as eternal dreams...
Love is a sloping way to the sea.....to the coasts housed by black jinn
And to the depth of the Wave that is rising up to your eyes! !
Been cautious from crying
And drink your tears by trembling hands from panic and madness
Give your beloved heart flowing flee towards the flowers
and eyes inspiring by desire
And tongue reciting prayers
at the altar of her visions
this beloved is the coming tomorrow
Tomorrow's eternal beloved of lovers.... ways carved by the eyes of yearning
Let the waves of desire calm down slowly
And let this afraid inside you as a screaming without tongue to be calming down
If you must to crying... squeeze them in your heart
In your jail lonely with the yearning and sadness
Do not be afraidyour lover is the jailer

2010 Baghdad

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Trees

Lofty trees at the horizon of love

River flooding with its alluvium ... agony, ... color, . its, perfume on each shore

Lofty trees between a dream and dream

Repeated
Erase the gloom

Repeated

Erase the distance
Repeated
Erase the bitterness

trees fill the horizon standing, ... spread. Its color in the memory

Abdul Aziz Haider
30 / 4 / 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Trifling Existence

Trifling existence

Every day I knocking on door of the dark hallway
of myself
Half of my time looking closely at pictures and half of spending in cry
Close the door and go back to
The trifling existence around me
Turn cone of the time on calm fire
Bloating until the conjunctivitis
Here I am collecting the old basements inactive things
All of them are new
since the clocks were stopped and everything were gone
and I.....
In the trifling existence of my presence
Where no dream!
Making my dreams by papers boats
By paper planes... releasing on the coast of the memory
But I do not cry except with my self
When the dust of the waste land suffocates me
in the Trifling existence..... the city's streets
Is the minds laws Converted to all this mold jelly?
How? And the birds still chirping
And the waves clashing from the small window of the pictures
And the branches still shaking
Since the immemorial.....
Everything mocking on this Trifling existence
The presence..... the ruin....

Abdel-

Aziz Haider

Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Two Steps Prior To Departure

Two steps prior to departure

If you do not stop this tampering
Do not stop this unjustified downpour of your rancid acids
What does this monkey do..? ? this Malignant
My hand do not accept me to spank his face
The time..... circus clown...
This fool who always boast with his adultery
His glorified adultery.... his yellow books and his censers those have strangled
each beautiful perfume
Give me your hand... maybe I am close to death, but I do not want to meet you
Give me your hand..... may you feels the pulse of life
Once and for ever.! !
What is between me and you not your burned hunting net in the open air
Your branches that withered to the hell
You are a piece of no thing
And I am a burning Sea..... train which did not pay attention to the Valley of
illusion days

And the experience did not terrifying me.... I did not hide it... I'll go two steps
.... two years further..
Draw clouds that coming with the freshwater
Sweet Water... and childhood faces... and the. friend book...
I will awake after death to the people reading my poems
Lurks my short steps
Where I am being under the rain
Balled In the whirlwind... ready to explode

Abdel-Aziz Haider
Baghdad 2010

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Viscosity

here I am sitting on the bench of the ship
Besides silent wind
In an abandoned port
With its ramshackle timber
In front of the sorrows
 Sea of Adamic
sorrows
Here I am preparing my eyes for poems of slut tears
identical with my pictures
With my long hair
With my up standing stature
Going inside through a dwarf time
Obliged to bending the back of the truths
To adapt
Luxury poets and erotic critics
And Politicians with merchants beards
The black clouds in my sky
And the land not more than dust and smooth small broken stones between my
ribs
As a stray words out side speeches
As an echo in the supernatural valleys
As an emigration in feverish sky
Or dropping of a bird from snowy tops
That is the rising of my breath viscous with mad yearn
The homeland is warming in my heart
But my leaving skin chilling from a coldness

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AbdelAziz Alhaider

Waiting

waiting

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

when he is failing in removing his fingers
his nails from the frivolity of the silence
when he is failing
he will sitting under midday sun...leaning on the smell of the old years
then the heart will pass through the unpaved till
now..sighting from under the stones-tombstone- to the shadows
he not reform how to choice... do not know how to swim deeply
he escaping to the swings of the old names
reasoning skein of time
turning in his box the frivolity that adhering with eroded walls
wiping up the face of his ghost
knowing how pains in the defeat
the silence
the nails
leaving every things to waiting

AbdelAziz Alhaider

Your Wars

Your wars

Abdel Aziz Alhaider

When I found you thrown upon the seat..

the illusion

I turn to your legs

burn them by fire

So you fly

And slate as you like a dreams dropping from the trees as honey as a wine

The Gods history close your mouth and the names of the villages ...the smile of violet spread you name

Not so far you will go..ever..for you whom I sew a heart from silk

However you fly above the sea

The tunnels that are going deep in the mountains abdomen with the birds skyward

They seduct your extended childhood

Your lisping

You never leave the convolution of my cave.. because I still since decades dig drawing on the silver of the poems and the dishes of friendship with the dreams of fresh fruits.. digging for your name

You may float over the words..you may rowing the shadows in the river but soon you will stagnate in the night...in the bottom of the storm...I protect my self by the shadows of your dropping hair the green fountain in my courtyard

I heard your shellfishs laughs and laugh with themwith my words...and catch your fingers which try to extract my lungs ...and you count your last papers preparing for the statement of silence...

Without me the clouds will not reach your hands..and the rain will not brocade your name on the green foot... and all the wars seep from the walls and there darkness spread on the dry lips if you decide to frown or to put your sight to the neutral direction

AbdelAziz Alhaider