

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# How Do I Hate Thee, Let Me Count The Ways

To start or to end  
To keep or to send  
To wound or to mend  
To resist or to bend

To LOVE or to HATE

To leave or to wait  
How do I hate thee? Let me count the ways  
How do thou hurt me? Let me count the days

I hate thee:

When the darkness of night shackles coercively the light  
When the creatures of love be hidden really out of sight

When blossoms of emotion be closed until further notice  
When verses be pressed willingly set off at short notice  
When the sun be before the merrier combs her shiny rays  
When the foliage for photosynthesis waits for the raise

When motherly nests cuddle their dwellers and guest  
When thou move restlessly, pine for some restful rest  
In the middle of such green springy lands  
For my sentiments really are of my hands

When thou march across this lovely open ground  
That love is gone whose eye is asleep sound  
When thine be wide awake while getting some shut-eye  
That mine be weepy while going to go dry

When the sun got up while the moon already left  
When the sky made her bed, and bestowed her own gift  
When the stars melted away and sunk into the deep sky  
When the wolves stopped howling and said Goodbye

When the sun combed her hair, and washed her own face  
When the crescent went into a deep sleeping and replace  
When the flowers opened their petals and let  
When the darlings stepped out of theirs, and met

When bashful sun, behind the dark, does set and hide  
When shy rainbow, beside the horizon, does lie and bide  
When blushed birds scatter unevenly, out of haven  
When flushed blooms re-coloured in gloom raven

When the sun her bed doth part  
While thou dost wound and start  
As the falling of swaying, innocent, soft feather  
As the steps, as one swaying under the weather  
As haughty peacock, slowly pace and not apace  
As thine, pass many a pace in herbs and, space  
As falling leaves, which fall in the full fall, kindly  
As thine, step forward, with no attention, blindly

I hate thee when:

Joined land, madly doth tear itself for paving a road  
For thee, gladly doth sweat with lots of heavy load  
As my heart into two chambers is cleft softly inside  
As the eager land is split gently into two a side

I hate thee when:

Flight of birds homeland in those hills forsake  
For thee look flying high over this keen lake  
Does sing nicely the LOVE Song  
For thee does search and long

I hate thee when:

Peopled hill does her eyes open in the morning sunny  
Finds no dweller, bird, nor even one innocent bunny  
Springs of tear over the cliffs doth fall as waterfall  
For them do give off painfully a noisy sharp call

The sun rips again the clouds to have a look  
Upon thee with dazzling eye that's already been took  
The sky doth abort a new child for thee  
While thou fly blindly as an errant bee

When the sky does bear a fresh rainbow  
For seeing thee has already made a real vow  
In the lake, his lovely colours does mirror and reflect  
While thou know'st nothing but to ignore and neglect

I hate thee when:

By thy lover thou pass with pride aside  
Who's singing his ballad for thee doth abide  
Asking thee to stop just for a while  
While thou his love take'st aim to rile  
Leaving just for a stripped autumnal way  
Venturing to have a gloomy sad day  
For those gathering to have just a glance  
At thee then set fast into a deep trance  
SO  
Is it just with such conceit in love to be? ?  
Despite this, me still do loyally adore thee.!

Abdullah Rihawi

# Sonnet I

Shall I be fond of thee after that all,  
When thine did my heart many a stab  
Think not me still be ready on thy call  
Recall the day my looks thou didst nab.  
Shall I be cheat'd misled lover to be  
By words false that me were they sent  
Think not me fool be won easily by thee  
Recall the day my heart thou didst rent.  
Shall I be tied by thine forever and ever  
Me can't save utter be cursed with damn  
Think not me back, SO be not too clever  
Recall thy knocks the day I did slam.  
But all those vanish with smile upon thy face,  
Within thy heart I dwell, and never replace.

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## Sonnet II

Thou, LOVE, dropp dead, prithee my heart forsake  
Thou knowest but mine in eager to be left,  
So try not this heart to hurt nor bloody make  
Lest get died while for him thou pine to be cleft.  
Thou, LOVE, be still, move not, be wide awake  
For thou knowest not but mine thou art to be  
Keep up just within till thy arm I am to take  
Lest get lost when mine for a hug yearn to thee.  
Thou, LOVE, be here, leave not for heaven's sake  
For thy going is none but mine doth despise  
Woe! Suffer me not woo nor forcibly to fake  
So let me hold thy hand, body and realize.  
Yet, let me back into the very first only lest,  
In thee be gone or lost as all the rest.

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## Sonnet IX

Where the hell can I find thee, dear gallows? ?  
For age is gone; and the rope I do expect  
Where my head on it softly rests and pillows  
And away do I pass, be hanged direct,  
For my soul had my body alone forsaken;  
So let my skeleton swing thence, in the dark  
At peace and among those I shall be taken  
Before my sun rises within this sad park.  
So damned this life, so damned this swing  
All have gone, all have run, still I'm here  
So let me at once that bill in hell ring  
Lest my fine string vanish and disappear.  
I know! ! by so doing, I am at once to Hell,  
So let me back, the sacred soul I won't sell.

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## Sonnet Vi

Being thy thrall, what should I do but bow  
To thee and ask thy pardon for being too nice?  
So hearken to thy slave and pity just for now  
For thy absence his heart to pieces did slice!  
And thus by heart he did always stand at,  
And so did he cry, shout with faith and tend  
Where by night he on thy porch lay and sat  
And all those nights often did he alone spend,  
When thy snore was merg'd firmly with his sigh  
That he did eagerly seek nothing but only you  
Lest he lose thee and for thy mercy he may die  
And pass away without bidding him just adieu.  
OH! he said the truth that love is too blind;  
Though you offend, I claim thou art too kind.

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## Sonnet VII

How pitiful guys whose smiles were spread;  
And how foolish lads, those abjectly besought  
Such jilts and knew they fairly would be misled;  
Yet, blindly they risk'd and gained naught.  
And how silly hearts, those are steadily still  
Fond of one whose heart will reject some day  
Such slow fools and wish them all ill;  
Yet, ahead do they go despite the wrong way.  
And how poor those who long to fall in love  
With such a lass whose wont won't please, I think,  
For the ugly raven is not a fair dove,  
Yet, stupidly they woo to win a fake wink.  
Lo! how tricky and sly those cunning women are  
And how pathetic those men have been thus far! !

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## Sonnet Xii

How mendacious thou art my deceitful smile,  
And how misleading thou art my roseate lip;  
Thou dost snake slyly and change as a reptile  
But when all alone, thou always rise and dip.  
Oh! Many days, for this, I slept in torment,  
Where my smile veil'd my interior wound  
And from my dear wish it did often dissent  
When I over myself desperately mooned.  
Heaven! Seldom has my smile been sincere,  
And scarcely do I grin truly in public  
So never think my thoughts are that clear  
Yet, I bear with it till my time doth click.  
Alas, think not my smile reflects my heart,  
Some when death, with a smile do depart.

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